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J. W. HARPER, M. S. NUNN, } Proprietors.

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New Berne Advertisements.

D. W. HURTT,
MERCHANT TAILOR.

ZANG'S old STAND.

MIDDLE STREET,
New Berne, N. C.
Mar. 30, 6mw

Ferdinand Ulrich,
—DEALER IN—
GROCERIES & DRY GOODS
BOOTS, SHOES, HATS,
Ropes, Twines, Paints Oils Canvass, and Oakum.
The place to buy GRAIN SACKS in any quantity and
LORILLARD SNUFF
by the bbl.
Orders taken for
NETS and SEINES.
Foot of Middle street,
NEW BERNE, N. C.
Mar. 30, 1 y w

U. S. MACE,
Druggist.
MARKET WHARF, NEW BERNE, N.C.
Also keep on hand full line of
ROPES AND TWINES,
SPIKES, NAILS, CANVASS,
AND ALL KINDS
SHIP CHANDELRY,
PAINTS, OILS and BRUSHES.
April 1-w-6m.

HORSES, MULES, PONIES
Wagons, Phaetons, Buggies,
HARNESS, WHIPS, SADDLES,
LOUIS COOK'S CELEBRATED WORK.
GOOD YOUNG STOCK
always on hand, and for sale
LOW FOR CASH.
A. & M. HAHN,
Middle Street,
Opposite Episcopal Church and Odd Fellows Hall. June15w-6m

Furniture
F. BŒSSER
has been in the business for the last
29 YEARS.
—a—
FULL STOCK
ALWAYS ON HAND
Give him a Trial
Corner of Broad and Middle Streets,
NEW BERNE, N. C.
Mar. 30, 6mw

J. J. Tolson & co.
BROAD STREET
(Second door East from Railroad)
Receives GOODS by every Steamer.
The best of Potted
Canned Goods,
Best grades of Coffee, best grades Flour, best kettle rendered Lard.
Very best selected BUTTER, Pure Apple VINEGAR, SUGAR of all grades best Family GROCERIES, of ALL KINDS.
Our country friends will find it to their advantage to call and try our prices before buying. All goods sold at
Bottom Prices.
Goods delivered at any part of City prompt and free. Broad Street second door east from Railroad. w Apr. 1, 1 y

JOHN DUNN,
MANUFACTURER OF
And Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Steam refined Confectionery.
CANDIES,
FRESH & CANNED FRUITS,
Crackers and Cakes,
CIGARS,
And all Kinds of Children's TOYS
WAGONS &c. &c.
POLLOCK St.,
April 3, 1y w New Berne, N.C.

New Berne Advertisements.

THOS. GATES & CO.,
OFFER A LARGE STOCK OF
BAGGING
AND
TIES.
PARTICULAR ATTENTION
GIVEN TO
Consignments of Cotton,
AND HIGHEST MARKET PRICE
GUARANTEED.
SOUTH FRONT ST., OPPOSITE
GASTON HOUSE.
Mar. 30-w-1y.

O. MARKS,
HEADQUARTERS FOR
Dry Goods, Notions, Shoes, Trimmings and Laces of all Kinds, Table Linens, the Best Napkins, all Linen, from 5 to 12 1-2 cts apiece.
Hamburg Edgings in endless variety and sold at lowest prices.
MOTTOES,
AND
MOTTO FRAMES
RUSTIC FRAMES
of all sizes.
I make a specialty of supplying the Jobbing Trade. Country merchants are invited to call and examine my extensive Stock before buying.
Also the Celebrated
STANDARD SEWING MACHINES
of the following makes:
The Light Running DOMESTIC, HARTFORD AND HOUSEHOLD, the three best Machines on the Market.
Do not forget the place, O. MARKS,
No. 30, Pollock St.,
Apr1wly New Berne, N. C.

Small Profits and Quick Sales.
HACKBURN BROTHERS,
WHOLESALE & RETAIL
GROCERS
Corner Broad and Queen Streets,
NEW BERNE, N. C.
—JOBBERS OF—
LORILLARD'S SNUFFS AND TOBACCOS
Mar. 30, 1 y

E. H. MEADOWS & co.
DEALERS IN
DRUGS, SEEDS and GUANOS,
Agricultural Chemicals.
Trucker's Supplies a Specialty
New Berne, N. C.
apr20-3m w

For
COLDS,
HEADACHE,
TORPID LIVER
and CHILLS,
use
BERRY'S
Chill Pills.
Measures taken for Clothing from
ROGERS, PEET & CO., N. Y.
—at—
Berry's Drug Store.
Parties buying for CASH, can buy
DRUGS, GARDEN SEED,
Paper and Envelopes, Paints, Brushes, Glass, Toys, Wall Paper, and many other things at bottom prices at
Berry's Drug Store. Apr. 9 1y w.

WM. LORCH,
DEALER IN
GENERAL MERCHANDISE
CART HOUSE ACCOMMODATIONS.
Broad St. New Berne, N. C.
dwMar. 1st.

DAIL BROS.,
WHOLESAE GROCERS
—AND—
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
NEW BERNE, N. C.
April, d w 1 y

From the Ohio to the Sea.

The Burning of Marietta—Letting an Army Loose to Plunder and Destroy.

(*Detroit Free Press.*)

Neither Sherman nor his admirers have been able to convince more than a small share of the American people that his order removing the women and children from Atlanta was not a studied act of cruelty. When Bragg was driven out of Chattanooga, Rosecrans did not find it necessary to remove the woman and chifdren, though he had a more reasonable excuse than Sherman. When Grant captured Vicksburg he issued no such order. Lee did not inflict such cruelty on the helpless people of Frederick City, Harpers Ferry, Sharpsburg and the other towns he captured. Burnside did not do so at Fredericksburg, nor Butler at New Orleans, nor McClellan on the Peninsula. All had the same excuses as Sherman, or could have found them, but none had his malignity. He meant to destroy Atlanta before he left it, and he must first get rid of the women and children. Atlanta could have been made a great base of supplies without disturbing a single person, as dozens of other points had been, but Sherman had a better plan. He could not take the city with him when he started for Savannah, and he would not leave it to be reoccupied by the army which had defended it so well.

AT MARIETTA.

One of the most devilish acts of Sherman's campaign was the destruction of Marietta. One of the present editors of the Marietta *Journal* was then a boy of 14, but he has a vivid remembrance of every incident, from the hour he heard the cannon shot which killed Polk to the afternoon he stood on the street and saw the family homestead in ruins and the Federal soldiers mocking at the grief of his poor old mother. If there was any excuse for destroying Marietta, then Lee may be blamed for not burning every building in every Pennsylvania town he has passed through. The military institute, and such mills and factories as might be of benefit to Hood, could expect the torch, but Sherman was not content with that. The torch was applied to everything, even to the shanties occupied by colored people. No advance warning was given. The first alarm was followed by the crackling of flames. Soldiers rode from houses io house, entered without ceremony, and kindled fires in garrets and closets and stood by to see that they were not extinguished. In some cases a few articles of furniture had been saved. In others the women and children stepped forth bare-headed to make the ground their bed and the sky their roof. If any one protested or asked for time a revolver or bayonet silenced and drove them out.

When night fell Marietta was no more. Three or four half-burned dwellings and the smoking heaps of ashes alone remained of one of the handsomest towns in the South. The people had not only been deprived of their homes, but of clothing and provisions as well. Next morning the hungry children were prowling around the Federal camps in search of bits and bones, and the women had nothing. Sherman should have been there to gaze on the picture and to hear what was said by Federal soldiers who had wives and children at home and who had the hearts of men beneath the discipline of the soldier.

PREPARATORY LESSONS.

At the very opening of the campaign at Dalton the Federal soldiery had received encouragement to become vandals. Not one private soldier out of evory forty in that army turned robber and incendiary, but there were enough to cast a stigma on the whole. From Dalton to Atlanta every house was entered a dozen times over, any each new band of foragers robbed it of something. When there was nothing in the shape of money, provisions, jewelry or clothiog left, the looters destroyed furniture, abused women and children, and ended by setting fire to the house. As these parties rode back to camp, attired in dresses and bonnets, and exhibiting the trophies of their raids, and nothing was said to them, others were encouraged to follew suit. The treatment of colord women was brutal in the extreme, and not a few ot them died from the effects. One who has the nerve to sit down and listen to what they can tell will find his respect for the ignorant and savage Indians increased.

But these were preparatory lessons. When Sherman cut loose from Atlanta everybody had license to throw off all restraints and make Georgia drain the bitter cup.

LOOTING.

In the first place Sherman intended to subsist on the country. Details were made from every regiment to forage. The quartermasters and commisaries took in all live stock, hay, grain, meat, etc., and destroyed what they could not carry off. Then the men who skulked out of the ranks to forage on their own account visited the houses and robbed them of whatever they fancied. Then the camp-followers appeared to insult and abuse the helpless, smash furniture, rip open beds, break out windows and end by applying the torch. When Lee invaded Pennsylvania his men foraged liberally, and in many cases cleaned out stores and houses, but where is the instance of an insult to a woman or burning of a farm-house? It cannot be shown that they destroyed what they could not remove. In scores of cases Lee guarded farms so rigidly that not a rail was taken for fire-wood.

The Federal who wants to learn what it was to license an army to become vandals should mount a horse at Atlanta and follow Sherman's route for fifty miles. He will hear stories from the lips of women that will make him ashamed of the flag which waved over him as he went into battle. When the army had passed nothing was left but a trail of desolation and despair. No house escaped robbery, no woman escaped insult, no building escaped the fire-brand except by some strange interposition. War may license an army to subsist on the enemy, but civilized warfare stops at live stock, forage and provisions. It does not enter the houses of the sick and helpless and rob the women of finger rings and carry off their clothing.

SHERMAN'S REPORT.

In Sherman's official report of his march to Savannah he says: "We have consumed all the forage on a line of thirty miles front from Atlanta to Savannah; also, all the sweet potatoes, cattle, hogs, sheep and poultry, and have carried away more than 10,000 horses and mules. I estimate the damage done to the State of Georgia at $100,000,000, $80,000,000 of which is simply waste and destruction."

Does Lee's report of the Pennsylvania campaign contain any such figures? He had the same right to plunder, burn and destroy as Sherman had, and yet he did not destroy, outside of the town which Early burned, $200,000 worth of private property.

The march from Atlanta to Savannah was so little opposed that it was a sort of holiday excursion to the Federals. He who desired to let himself loose had only to leave the ranks. He could rob and burn and Sherman had no reproofs. The more he destroyed, the greater hero he was. While only $20,000,000 worth of legitimate plunder could be laid hands on, these bummers were licensed to destroy four times that sum in private property, and they accomplished it in a manner to do credit to the savages of the West.

M. QUAD.

Stocks and Futures.

What the South Has Gambled Away in the Last Ten Years.

A letter of Mr. H. W. Grady in the Atlanta *Constitution* contains the following in regard to what the South has lost by gambling in cotton futures and stocks in the last few years.

I met Mr. R. O. Barker, of Selma, who had been North for the summer. He said: "I have studied the situation pretty thoroughly, and do you know what the great of cur seof the South is? It is speculaion! I am satisfied that the Southern people, by speculating in cotton and stocks, send to the North from $25,000,000 to $50,000,000 every year—perhaps more than the larger figure. In return for this they get nothing but experience, which don't seem to do them good." I mentioned that Mr. W. H. Inman estimated the South had lost $30,000,000 a year in speculation for the past ten years. "No doubt of it," responded Mr. Baker "not a bit. Now suppose this enormous sum had been invested in improvements here instead of going North to keep brokers in riotons living? In ten years it would have stocked every farm in the South with the best implements the best cattle and the best improvements; or it would have built fifty cotton factories of 30,000 spindles each in every Southern State. It would have built and equipped five times as many miles of railroad as are in Georgia and Alabama. Think of it. A people that has wasted $300,000,000 in ten years by betting with outsiders stocked againt us.

"Is the tendency growing?"

"Yes sir, I was informed on this trip that the Southern people had never speculated so generally, so heavily or so unluckily during the past year. In my own town I notice that the spirit of speculation is growing. I am constantly astonished at finding new men at it. It is the crying evil of the day, and if I were a journalist I should give my whole life's work to putting it down. Suppose you have a business friend that gambles. You are in despair about his business. So if a people gambles there is no sort of geneal economy or industry that will save them. They will throw away in a week the saving of a year. Think of what we could do if it was not for this terrible drain on our resources.

We make $300,000,000 worth of cotton annually, and $90,000,000 worth of seed and oil, 80,000 hogsheads of sugar, rice and tobacco in enormous quantities—we have our coal, and iron, and woods, and are now largely raising our own provisions and wool. We ship our gold, fruits, truck in great quantities, and yet what progress are we making? Where are the fine farm houses, the fine stock, the factories, barns, shops, etc., that this tremendous surplus should give us? We see but little of them, because our gambling debt amounts to $30,000,000 to $50,000,000 a year, and ever dollar of it goes out of the country to bring nothing back. We do not appreciate the extent of this evil. We see the effect in a people impoverished that should roll in wealth, but we do not look for the cause. It is cotton and stocks peculation!"

Bits of the History of New Berne.

We were last on New street, telling the joke of the Academy boys and the plums. On the lot adjoining the Academy Green, as before stated, lived for many years Chief Justice John Louis Taylor. He was married twice. His second wife was the only sister of William Gaston. In April, 1818, he presided over the Superior Court in Craven for the last time. Soon thereafter the system of our courts was changed. The Supreme Court, by act of the legislature in the winter of this year was organized with three judges, elected by the legislature—John Louis Taylor, Hall and Henderson. Taylor was made Chief Justice. A communication in the *Sentinel* of the above date says of his last charge to the jury in Craven:

"The Superior Court for this county is now in session; the Hon. John Louis Taylor, Chief Justice, presides, and opened the court on Monday last with an impressive charge to the Grand Jury, a charge which for comprehensiveness of matter, perspecuity of arrangement, chastity of style and eloquent illustrations, may, in our estimation, challenge a comparison with any production of the kind with which the public have been favored. We are among those who are of opinion that addresses of this character, when duly prepared, are calculated to be eminently useful in a community, in preventing crimes and promoting sound morality. In his remarks on the vices of drunkenness and profane swearing, the Judge is peculiarly happy. We know not the essay of the moralist or the sermon of a divine that affords so forcible persuasives against those odious and destructive propensities."

Judge Taylor afterwards resided in Raleigh. The Academy about this time was in a very flourishing condition, as it had been earlier in its history. The boys of 1780 and '85, now some of them eminent citizens, were its trustees, and their children were its pupils. Many of their sons, too, afterwards were prominent in the political world—in fact in every profession and occupation, while their daughters were noted for their exquisite loveliness, cheerfulness and accomplishments. In a social point of view then Newbern was at a high point, and had an enviable reputation in the State.

Dr. Freeman was then the Principal of the Academy. On Monday, the 31st September, 1818, commenced the semi-annual examination of the students of Newbern Academy, and terminated on Thursday.

"It is with great pleasure the trustees of the institution have it in their power to state, that out of nearly two hundred pupils belonging to the Academy not a single individual was absent by reason of indisposition, and it was a remark often repeated, with pleasure, by the numerous spectators, that not one countenance exhibited the paleness of disease."

Remarkable, and recollect this too was the last of August. After a careful examination of the different departments of the Academy, a long report, in which every scholar is named, is thus concluded:

"The trustees are confirmed by every examination in the high opinion they had conceived of the Lancastrian system of education. For rapid and easy diffusion of knowledge, at a diminished expense, it stands unrivalled by any preceding method of instruction. The pupils employed every moment of their time, kept in habits of order and obedience, constantly urged into a laudable emulation to excel, present one of the most beautiful and affecting scenes that can be conceived. The institution owes much to Mr. Attmore for the zeal and ability with which he has enabled us to realize the advantages of the Lancastrian system.

"The trustees would do injustice to their own feelings if they closed this report without expressing their deep sense of the obligations which they and the community they represent owe to the zeal of the able Principal, Doctor Freeman; and their satisfaction with the attention of the assistant teachers."

Dr. Freeman was a Presbyterian minister, and previous to the erection of either the Baptist or Presbyterian churches preached for his pupils and others in the Academy. His piety was unaffected, and he was beloved for his gentleness. We recently heard an aged lady say: "If there ever was a Christian he was one, and we all loved him so much." No doubt Dr. Freeman would value such an expression from an old pupil of his, if he were now living, more than he would a statue in brass or marble. He lived some years in Washington, N. C., where he also taught school and where we believe he died.

The Lancastrian system was a school in one room organized somewhat similar to the Graded School in different rooms we believe. Monitors, scholars of the school, most advanced, had supervision of the different classes. There was marching and countermarching for books, orders to sling slates and take slates, swing into seats and out of seats, bowing out of school, etc., etc. The different classes stood on the floor in circles at the same time. The teaching in the Lancastrian school was rigid, and the benefit of it was felt by every child in after life. Many of us can speak feelingly on the subject, and have often had Mr. Attmore's left hand to fall upon our ears like a clap of thunder from a clear sky. He sat on the end of a bench and kept his hand swinging and the inattentive boy near him never knew it was coming until it was there. Many of these young gentlemen promised when strength and age would permit to pay the faithful old teacher back with "compound interest," yet when years had passed away they were thankful for his discipline and punishment. Mr. Attmore kept up his Lancastrian system of education in a room in the Academy until his death, which occurred about thirty years ago or more.

We have walked new nearly the entire length of New street, and let us by the same street return to the Neuse. As it seems to be misunderstood I would here state that Mrs. Eunice Hunt was the mother of George Pollock and Mrs. Thomas Deveraux; they were own brother and sister. After their birth, Mrs. Pollock being a widow, she married a Mr. Hunt, who was the father of Mrs. John Burgwyn. Mrs. Burgwyn therefore was half sister to George Pollock and Mrs. Deveraux. Mrs. Hunt was not an Episcopalian but a Presbyterian, and to her memory is a tablet on the walls of the Presbyterian church, to which we have before alluded. George Pollock lived for years, when in Newbern, in the house where now resides Mrs. M. E. Manly. He sold that place and bought the John Stanly property, which had before belonged to John Wright Stanly, his father. There Mr. Pollock lived for a few years before his death in the house as it was in the Revolution near the corner of Middle and New street, the lots extending along New street, on which is the old Stanly office, to Hancock street. The exterior of the dwelling has been only slightly altered. Since its erection, a century ago, a portico in front has been added on the last few years, which may add to the comfort of those living in the house, yet it detracts, we think, from its appearance. The piazza was put to the rear of the house by the late John Blackwell when he owned and lived in it soon after Pollock's death. It has had several owners since, and is now the residence of Mrs. C. W. McLean, a proper guardian for this still stately structure. It has rooms in it made sacred by the occupancy of George Washington, Nathaniel Greene, and many other eminent persons. When Edward Everett walked by that house he raised his hat, observing, "Once the home of statesmen and patriots."

We shall allude to this residence again in connection with the communication respecting John Wright Stanly and Capt. Davis, from Wilson.

We have before stated the younger Spaight's residence, during the most eventful period of his life, was opposite the Stanly mansion, and also, on Middle and New streets on the opposite corner from the Spaight house too on Middle and New streets is the Catholic Church. To the liberality and efforts of William Gaston is its erection mainly due. He did not survive long, however, after it was finished. Next we come to his office on New street and a few steps from it was his dwelling on the corner of New and Craven streets. Benjamin Woods, before referred to, owned and lived in this house previous to Gaston. The Blackledge house was opposite on the same streets.

Now we are at the old Bryan tavern again. The front was north, and in our time on Short street. It is very evident no house of that kind would have been located on the point of a triangular shaped lot with its rear on New, the principal street. Undoubtedly, originally the land of the hotel extended to Craven street west, and to Neuse Front, (East Front) street, east. It was then on a creek and after the creek was filled in those narrow streets, Change, Short and New, were opened. In 1723, we find an act increasing the township of *Newbern* to two hundred and fifty acres, reserving to the owners thereof, the property of such lots as are already sold by William Hancock, attorney of Thos. Pollock, etc., and the rest of the land not already laid out be forthwith laid out into lots of half acre each, with convenient streets and passages, with fronts belonging to the said lots, etc. Next, in 1740, an act was passed allowing persons willing and desirous to be inhabitants of Newbern to take up any lot or lots so laid out as aforesaid, and not before taken up upon the payment of twenty shillings Confederation money, with a pepper corn yearly if demanded, as an acknowledgment to Cullen Pollock, his heirs and assigns, forever for each lot. Provided always, that, the person soever shall take up and have conveyed to him any lot or lots as aforementioned and shall not build or cause to be built thereon within eighteen months after the date of conveyance, a good and substantial habitable house not of less dimentions than twenty feet in length and fifteen feet wide, without shed, every such conveyance shall be void, etc. We will publish more of these acts hereafter and tell also what our fathers paid for their breakfast and dinner with grog, toddy or punch; for a "cold supper," for a "bed room above stairs" horses kept at livery etc. etc., at the Bryan tavern, the Fifth Avenue Hotel in its day. The writer of this was once in a room in the "old tavern" and witnessed with an elder brother the marriage, by our father, an Esquire, of a colored man of Beaufort, James Ellison, to Pheabe Green of Newbern. She was a near relative of the Princess Green, emancipated with John Caruthers Stanly. In those days the marriage ceremony generally ended with "Salute your bride" and the report would follow nearly equal to the explosion of a charge in a gun. It was before free people learned from civilization the christian spirit of getting clear, at pleasure, of an objectionable wife or husband to try for "another and better pick." But then as now, there were some singular marriages in the land and our fathers would have their sport respecting them, for instance, from a Newbern paper, 1808:

Married, near Fort Mitchell, on the 14th of June, Mr. James Hall, aged twenty-three, to the amiable and accomplished Miss Lucy Frisbie, tender maid of *sixty-seven!*

"If love's a flame that kindled by desire,
An old stick's surely best because 'tis dryer."

Thus all women were not grandmothers at 27, by a bow shot, previous to this generation.

Now, Messers Editors, as imperfectly as I have given the history of New street, you must concur with me in the opinion that it was almost sacriligious to change its name after it was made so famous by those great men living on it. As long as Newbern is known their deeds cannot be forgotten. They make a State as well as a street and town great. Even more, do they not make a country great?

But we have had a long talk, perhaps too long at the corner of New (Neuse) street and East Front and must pass on, yet let us linger to say that not the least eminent and deserving of honor, among those great men who have resided on New street, in the estimation of his fellow citizens, was the last to fall when ripe for the Reaper. We need not tell we refer to the late Hon. M. E. Manly, who at various times had conferred upon him the highest offices in the gift of the State of North Carolina. His last public service was as Mayor of Newbern. It was then through his influence the name of New street was changed to Neuse street. But with proper regard to his high position and experience, we think it was an error. It was breaking in upon old names, teaching us to destroy old land marks, changing the guide board of our fathers.

"There is given
Unto things of earth, which time has bent
A spirit's feeling, and when he hath lent
His hand, but broke his scythe; there no power
And magic in the ruined battlement,
For which the palace of the present hour
Must yield its pomp, and wait until ages are its dower."

Whatever Time touches he hallows.

We pause and linger when we see the traces of his finger, and New street brings our fathers before us. Let us keep their works in view.

Come now, follow the Neuse with us to the corner of Change and East Front streets. On the very spot where stands the dwelling of Mr. Ethelbert Hubbs, was the mansion of Col. Leech. There he for a generation entertained company with an open hand and generous heart. He was the father of the wife of he elder Spaight. She was the mother of the younger Spaight and of Mrs. John R. Donnell, and the grandmother of the Hon. R. S. Donnell. R. S. Donnell had no enemies, and to his friends his heart was always open and warm. As a lawyer he was equal to the best in North Carolina, so said Mr. B. F. Moore, and as a parliamentarian he was not surpassed by any presiding officer ever in our legislature. He could and would have been made President of the State Convention after the war. His feeble health would not allow it, and Judge Reade was chosen to preside over its deliberations. The Leech house when erected was on the opposite side of the creek from Bryan's tavern. We have heard Mr. William Hancock, who was a descendant of William Hancock, the agent of Thomas Pollock, and father of Mr. James Hancock and Mr. Robert Hancock, now in Newbern, often relate how he would come from his father's résidence on the Lion Pasture plantation on Trent river, six or eight miles above this place, on his horse at night to participate in the dances at the residence of Col. Leech. At the Bryan tavern he would change his dress for a ball suit, which he brought with him tied up in a handkerchief. After the dance, returning before day, and getting his father's praises for industry and such early rising. The Leech mansion only had four rooms in it, two very large ones and two quite small. The Colonel was fond of company, and never better pleased than when surrounded with visitors. The sideboard with the inevitable punch was in the entry, and every visitor had free access to it, though, strange to say, no such thing as *mania-a-potu* was then known. Punch at that time seemed to redden the nose and "put a spur in the heel" and keep out of the brain. But are we playing our part as well as our fathers, punch or no punch, dance or no dance? The coming generation must answer?

Turning from this house and looking east we find before us a large cypress tree. Now on the land of the Hon. C. R. Thomas. It was originally the property of the Spaights. Some of the earlier members of the family were there where the remains of an old wharf can sometimes, at low water, still be seen, engaged in mercantile business. Historians of the State fix the building of the first vessel in North Carolina in Newbern and it was under that tree, so said our fathers living in the Revolution who received the information from their fathers, and we think it can be taken as truth.

"Stern dweller" of the shore,
Two centuries thou cans't count,
And perhaps as many more.

This tree is on the margin of the Neuse, with its haughty crest lifted up above the elms and cedars on the street west of it. It stands alone and erect, clear of treason and crime. No more blood can cry out against it. The tears of the widow and the hunger of the orphan it never caused—under the shadow of its boughs, amid the thunders of the Revolution, when gloom and darkness seemed to be encircling the American army Nathaniel Greene stood—the friend and associate of the elder Spaight—it was then Spaight's tree. We can emagine Greene there almost in despair, his army half famished, half naked, he doubtful, it may have been of the success of the patriots cause. He turns now to John Wright Stanly, Greene is his guest—asks him to give and it is freely given. Money loaned and never returned. With interest it would be millions after the lapse of a century. The pitchy cloud just before so threatening, is partially, at least, dissipated. Greene returned to his army with lighter heart and carries joy to his men and their suffering families.

Some years pass by, the smoke of the war rises, the echo of the last gun is hushed in the distance, liberty is assured, our country is free. George Washington stands beside that old tree; a dumb sentinel on the shore, it is; and it tells no secrets. Trusted before, it is now trusted by the great Captain of captains. Washington is the guest, too, of John Wright Stanly, Spaight their friend and associate is with them. He is importuned to aid in uniting States in the union of States, destined it seems, to make the grandest and most powerful nation the world has yet known.

We have before shown John Wright Stanly was after the war the associate of Caswell, of Leech, of Nash, of Spaight, heroes and statesmen. What think you of such a man in such company with such friends, who had cowardly succumbed to the threats of his captors—who for his liberty or his life had basely turned against his countrymen? Would it not be reversing the accepted adage, that a man is known by the company he keeps, and prove that a man is not known by the company he keeps?

In our next communication we think we can convince "H. R. S." whose admirably told story makes us wish that he would write more of them for the JOURNAL, and that he could assume our task in giving the Bits of the History of Newbern, we say we think we can convince him that he must have located his hero in the wrong place. D.

Politics in Onslow.

Politics and politicians are the topics of conversation in Onslow at present, and the Democracy is gaining strength every day. There is no man who has done, or is now trying to do, more to bring harmony in the Democratic ranks than Hon. J. W. Shackelford. His speeches which he has been making in behalf of Col. Greene has put the good men of the county to thinking, and consequently the people will soon begin to organize.

I hear that Mr. Shackelford is going to canvass a portion of the 3d district. If he does, there is a rich treat in store for all who will go out to hear him. His speeches are eloquent and effective.

The candidates for the different offices in the gift of the people of the county are numerous; and still they come. Oh, blessed is he that wanteth not an office! For surely he shall miss many an anxiety.

None of the county candidates have commenced canvassing yet, except those running for the Legislature; and they have been having a hot time of it. Dr. Cyrus Thompson, the Democratic nominee, is gaining strength every time he speaks; and it is predicted that J. H. Foy will soon quit the field and leave the contest between Dr. Thompson and Mr. Gilman, the Republican candidate.

There is a great deal of water on the ground at present. Cotton has been injured, and fodder that was pulled last week is ruined. EHI.

First Bale in New York.

We copy the following from the New York *Journal of Commerce:*

NEW COTTON.—The first bale of North Carolina cotton was received here yesterday by Messrs. Rountree & Co. It was shipped to them by Mr. A. H. Green, of Wilmington, N. C. Mr. A. J. Disney purchased the bale at auction in front of the Cotton Exchange at 16½ cents per pound.

Spoopendyke as a Farmer.

Brooklyn Eagle.

'This,' said Mr. Spoopendyke, as he gazed around on his new acquisition, six acres—'this, my dear, is what I have always wanted. A farm and a farmer's life are the highways to happiness, Mr. Spoopendyke, don't you think so?'

'It's perfectly lovely,' rejoined Mrs. Spoopendyke. 'I was born on a farm and was always healthy, though I had to go a good ways for water.'

'I'll fix that, my dear,' returned Mr. Spoopendyke. 'I'll bring the water. Now, where are my agricultural reports? I must plant right off if we are going to have crops, and when they're ripe we'll take them to market.'

'I see the report says you must give your hen chopped turnip once in a while,' said Mrs. Spoopendyke, putting her thumb on the paragraph.

'Either that or cabbages,' returned her husband. 'I don't know whether we have cabbages enough,' he continued, musingly.

'You might have less buckwheat,' suggested Mrs. Spoopendyke. 'I should think, though, that two acres would be enough for one hen, and if it isn't, you can buy a load now and then from the neighbors.'

'I'll think that over,' replied Mr. Spoopendyke. 'Here's one thing certain I don't understand. It says we should put a few seed before planting to make sure they will germinate, but it don't say how to do it.'

'Maybe it means to boil them,' suggested Mrs. Spoopendyke; 'or parching you—'

'Oh, perhaps you think it means crack 'em with an ax to see if they are hard! I s'pose you've got an idea you stick straws into 'em to see if they're done! Well, you don't, you put acid to 'em. I'll get some acid and drop 'em in, and if it discolors 'em they're no good, and if it don't they're all right. I think we ought to have some weevil for the pig.'

'I don't know where you're going to plant it,' said Mrs. Spoopendyke, 'unless it will grow with buckwheat or potatoes. You can't put it in with the cabbage, because the pig and hen would fight.'

'Don't you know what weevil is?' demanded Mr. Spoopendyke, glaring at his wife. 'Got a notion it's some kind of seed for the pig to smoke, haven't you? Imagine its gilt-edge note-paper with a monogram for him to write on, don't you? Well, it isn't a swallow-tail coat or a plug hat for him to go to church in, neither! You don't plant weevil, Mrs. Spoopendyke, any more than you do soap, or clothes-pins, or stair-rods. You buy it in barrels, and I'll order some.'

'I think we ought to have some lace curtains for the front windows,' suggested Mrs. Spoopendyke, anxious to change the conversation.

'Yes, and we want a folding bedstead for the cow, and we've got to have a new arm-chair for the pig, and I'm afraid those cabbages won't do without a wet nurse!' squealed Mr. Spoopendyke. 'I suppose I've got to hire a man to see that the meadow don't go fishing on Sundays and upset your religious notions. O! you're a farmer's wife, you are! If I had time to write an index to you and get some dog-eared binder to fix you up with a fly-leaf, you'd make a whole agricultural report!'

And Mr. Spoopendyke shot into the house and to bed, while his wife, having put all the oil lamps into buckets of water so they couldn't explode during the night, fell asleep dreaming that the cabbage patch had eloped with the onions, while the cow and the pig had died of weevil, and the windmill had abandoned agricultural pursuits and started off through Ohio preaching the Gospel.

The Minister Ceased to Wonder.

Apropos of the Egyptian trouble, we wish to relate a little story, the circumstances of which occurred during our trip to the Holy Land several years or more ago

He was a devout Christian, and had the study of the Bible and a proper understanding of the Big Book the highest aim in life.

When he arrived at the Sea of Galilee his heart was filled with awe, and he felt enervated and cleansed by the thought that he was gazing on the very spot where his Savior once stood.

Approaching the boatman, he addressed him in his choicest Arabic, and with Bible and commentary in hand awaited an answer.

'Ah! what 'smatter 'th yer? Why don't yer talk United States?' asked the man contemptuously. He was a real live Yankee who was picking up a living by ferrying tourists across the sea.

'So this is the Sea of Galilee,' devoutly murmured the searcher after knowledge.

'Ya-a-s.'

'And this is where our Savior walked upon the waters?'

'Ya-a-s.'

'How much will you charge to take me to the exact spot?'

'Wa-al, you look like a clergyman, an' I won't charge you nothin'.'

The devout one boarded the boat, and at last was pointed out where the miracle is said to have occurred. After gazing at the waters, and dividing his time between glances at his books and devout ejaculations of satisfaction, the searcher signified his willingness to return.

'Charge you $20 to take you back,' said the speculative Yankee.

'But you said you would charge nothing.'

'Naw, didn't. Nothin' to bring you out. Twenty to git back.'

'And do you charge everybody $20 to take them back?' asked the astonished searcher.

'Ya-a-s. That's about the figger.'

'Well, then,' said the devout one, as he went down into his clothes, 'no wonder our Savior got out and walked.'—*New York* dispatch.

A Taciturn Traveler.

A good story is told in the 'Topics of the Time' in the September Century, illustrative of that armor of reserve with which many travelers think it necessary to invest themselves. It is of a countryman of ours who, having crossed the Atlantic with a room-mate who from beginning to the end of the voyage had not addressed to him one word, parted from him saying airily: 'Well, good-bye! You will now proceed, I suppose, to your home at the Deaf and Dumb Asylum!"