

# THE DAILY JOURNAL.

VOL. I.

NEW BERNE, N. C., SUNDAY, JULY 30, 1882.

NO. 83.

## LOCAL NEWS.

**Thermometer Record of Yesterday.**  
7 a. m. 74  
3 p. m. 92  
9 p. m. 79

**Journal Miniature Almanac.**  
Sun rises, 5:07 | Length of day,  
Sun sets, 7:07 | 13 hours, 59 min.  
Moon rises 6:50 p. m.

Too hot for Mayor's court.

No marriage license issued during the past week.

Miss Sallie Faison, who has been quite sick for several days, was, we are pleased to note, improving last night.

The condition of Miss Ida Amyette, which was reported very critical yesterday evening, causes universal regret in the city.

The Treasurer of the Pamlico Transportation Company requests those who have not paid the first assessment to come forward and pay at once.

We noticed one of our young men smiling mightily last night just after the mail had arrived. He had seen her name in the Raleigh and Wilson papers.

Owing to sickness in the neighborhood, the bell of the Presbyterian Church will not be rung to-day. Services, 11 a. m. and 5 p. m. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

The Directors of the A. & N. C. R. R. were in session here yesterday. Upon strict inquiry we could find out nothing they did but to draw five dollars per day for meeting.

The church gossip in Bits of New Berne History makes good Sunday reading. We think no better lesson will be given than inculcated in some of Chester's teachings.

In response to a call made through the JOURNAL a few days ago for a policeman to keep order in the post office entrance, Postmaster Manix has had Mr. Hamilton appointed special policeman by the Mayor to attend to that duty.

Alfred Ward, col., of Jones county was sent down on Friday night by Justice Jos. F. White in default of bond for his appearance at the next term of the Superior Court of Jones to answer to the charge of rape. Thos. Stanly Esq. assisted him in giving the required bond and he was released.

We reproduce from the Elizabeth City Economist a very readable letter from Alex. Graham, Principal of the Fayetteville Graded School. It will be especially interesting as it gives us practical ideas of what we need. We notice the school is run for \$4500, but as ours will probably have 600 pupils, we will need more money. We commend Mr. Graham's letter; we have known him personally for years, and can add that he is sound and level headed in everything he undertakes.

**Moonlight Excursion.**  
There will be a grand excursion down the river on Tuesday night next on the steamer Trent by the white people of the city.

**Big Timbers.**  
Abram Lee brought up on Friday from Adam's Creek a raft of heavy timbers for Radcliff's mill. We learn from Mr. Hilton that lumber for the new boat being built at Norfolk for the New Berne and Pamlico Transportation Company will be sawed out of this raft. One of the pieces in the raft contained over 2000 feet of square lumber.

**Passengers on the Tiger Lily.**  
W. S. Carter, Mrs. W. S. Carter, R. E. Carter, G. P. Carter, D. C. Burrus, Mrs. F. A. Spencer, Miss Julia Spencer, Miss Zell Fortisene, C. W. Davis, H. C. Carter, Mrs. Rovina Carter, Mrs. A. V. Mann, T. S. Burrus, T. H. B. Gibbs, Mrs. T. H. B. Gibbs and child; Daniel Cheadle, Mrs. Mary Midyett, Miss Susie Midyett, Miss Ada Burrus, Miss Ella Gibbs, Norfleet Gibbs, Mrs. Adolphus Credle, B. G. Credle, Leonard L. Rue, Jane Watson, col.

**The Meeting at Seven Springs.**  
Our canvasser, C. C. Taylor, returned from Seven Springs last night, and reports the crowd in attendance at about 3,000. Speeches were made by Gov. Jarvis, Capt. Swift Galloway and W. A. Dorton of Greene. He has a report of the Governor's speech which will appear in Tuesday's issue. Gov. Jarvis arrived at the Springs on Friday evening, and the young people of the neighborhood gave a nice ball in honor of his arrival.

**Your Name in Print.**  
Mr. O. C. Farrar, of Tarboro, was in the city yesterday. Seven years ago he was engaged here in the manufacture of tobacco, with very limited capital. Since moving to Tarboro he has been very successful in business, and is now one of the wealthy men of the place.

Capt. E. R. Page of Trenton was in

the city yesterday. He reports the crops in fine condition—says he has been all over the county—to see the crops of course.

Dr. N. H. Street of Pollocksville was in the city on Saturday. He reports a few cases of malarial fever in his section.

Mr. J. H. Rouse of Lenoir called to see us on Saturday. He is traveling through Craven county with a gin sharpener.

W. T. Cahoon of the Pamlico Enterprise was in the city on Saturday attending meeting of the Directors of the A. & N. C. R. R.

Mr. B. J. Best of Baltimore, formerly of Greene county, arrived last night.

Dr. Chas. Slover, C. E. Slover, Geo. E. Tinker, J. W. Harper, Mrs. E. H. Meadows and G. H. Henderson of the city; J. F. Parrott, C. S. Wooten, J. C. Wooten, C. L. Rountree, B. H. Sugg, E. S. Pittman and B. F. Nunn of Lenoir; Gov. Jarvis of Raleigh; J. S. Carr of Durham; Col. W. H. Moore of the Augusta News and L. W. Humphrey of Goldsboro, were among the passengers for Morehead City last night.

### Our Churches To-Day.

**BAPTIST CHURCH.**  
Morning—11 a. m. Subject: The need of our country and times. Text: Acts, xx:26, 27. Night—8 1/2 p. m. Divine instruction and admonition. Text: Matt. xiii, The parable of the tares.

**METHODIST CHURCH.**  
There will be regular services, morning and night, at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m., at the Methodist church; but no bell will be rung on account of the sickness of Miss Sallie Faison, living near the church.

**PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.**  
The Pastor, Rev. L. C. Vass, will preach at 11 a. m. from Math. 21:17-24, Mark 11:12-26; "The Miracle of the Withered Fig-tree." Some common but strange objections will be met; and the teaching of the incident be unfolded. 5 p. m. The subject will be "The Friendship of Jesus, its Conditions and Blessings."

A cordial welcome to all to these services.

### LAST WEEK'S EVENTS.

**The Journal's Comprehensive Review of the News of the Week, Condensed as an Index.**

**SUNDAY—JULY 23.**

Mr. Wm. G. Bryan loses a one hundred dollar bill—and finds it.

The 67th holds its annual reunion.

The early churches of New Berne written up—called "meeting houses" in the olden time.

Moonlight excursions are the order of the night.

The Kinston is successfully launched from Howard's ship yard—a lot of good old champagne wasted.

**TUESDAY—JULY 25.**

The Tiger Lily brings in passengers from Hyde who report fields flooded with water.

Some of the pretty New Berne ladies leave for Warm Springs.

The Midland road fails to pay its lease money.

O'Hara's adherents print circular with eighteen names of delegates as supporting him.

**WEDNESDAY—JULY 26.**

Elizabeth City is shipping corn to New Berne.

The Shenandoah carries of 2261 water melons.

"Aunt Sally" announces her determination to come to New Berne.

The Trustees of New Berne Academy fill the seven vacancies on their Board in accordance with the request of the EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

Mr. Nelson Whitford finds a gate for a lazy man.

**THURSDAY—JULY 27.**

Capt. Gray gets in two new hydraulic presses for his plate factory.

Mr. W. H. Oliver introduces an engine that doesn't require much feeding—a Tamer.

Gen. Estes publishes a card declaring Hon. O. Hubbs nominated to Congress.

G. W. Richardson sues the New Berne Academy for his wages.

O'Hara makes a bitter speech against Hubbs.

"Warwick Jr." goes for the Onslow officials again.

The "Jewels" call the 67th the Band Box regiment.

**FRIDAY—JULY 28.**

New Berne is short of building contractors.

The Trent backs down from her White Hall trip.

Mr. J. L. Kham goes up head with fine cattle—a cow weighing 1680 pounds and giving 7 gallons of milk a day. We print it, but fear there will be doubting Thomases.

Capt. John Richardson gets back safely from the big North.

A Beaufort correspondent tells how nicely they are catching fish and enjoying themselves in that county.

The "Jewels" concluded to disband for a summer's holiday.

**SATURDAY—JULY 29.**

The hot weather improves New Berne's morals—no Mayor's court for three days.

Major Cartaway goes North and leaves

Mr. Geo. Oliver to perform his duties—what are the duties?

A Pamlico farmer sells home raised pork in New Berne.

Geo. Allen & Co. ship a rotary plow to an Elizabeth City farmer.

The EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION completes its organization and everything is ready for the Graded School.

### Kinston Items.

J. W. Grainger has sold \$3,000 worth of machinery during the last week.

Miss Laura W. Bryan, with her father, Dr. J. P. Bryan, left last Thursday for the "city by the sea"—Morehead.

Mrs. E. F. Cox, with her children, took the train last Thursday for Hickory at the foot of the mountains in Western North Carolina, to spend the summer amidst the cool and healthy breezes of that locality.

Deputy Collector, Hugh Humphrey of Goldsboro, was here last Thursday, taking "Fruit distillers' bonds". He is an efficient and accommodating officer, even if he is a revenger and a terror to all who make sell or drink "apple jack" *sub rosa*. Judging from the number and character of distillers going to work, a good quality and quantity of brandy will be made this season.

A certain retired merchant of Kinston, with the view of making a sale of his land, is frequently engaged in demonstrating to his amazed tenants how they might supply the cities of New York, Boston and Philadelphia with Irish potatoes raised only on his Dover farm—*duo* Jos. L. Rhem—is now a gentleman *duo* far *nicote*, as well as of money. He was seen a few days since in the country with herds of country girls around him. "Patula recubans sub togamine fagi" like another Tityrus, happy as a shepherd "on the Grampian hills" and "a bigger man than old Grant."

The city member of our Inferior Court, Judge Fields and the greatest trader of Eastern North Carolina, "Doc" Mitchell, paid a visit to Jones county last week. Capt. Page took charge of the visitors and treated them in baronial style. They report the Captain's crops—particularly his cotton—to be truly magnificent and delightful to behold. His marl beds contain wonderful geological deposits of shells—evidences of the world's great upheaval. There are three of these beds, out of which he has taken three large oyster shells, one of them being 17 inches in length, while the other two are fully as large, though not quite so long. His mill pond contains fish of wonderful size and palatable in kind—a chub having been taken from it weighing 131 pounds and measuring over a yard. The Captain is out with Dr. Kainitt—thinks he does not stimulate sufficiently; but believes in Dr. Pocomoke, who has made and protected, in sickness and in health, the fine crops which gladden the heart of the proprietor.

### From Warm Springs.

WARM SPRINGS, N. C., July 28th.

MR. EDITOR:—According to promise we send you a little Springs gossip.

How doubly blessed would we be if we were just able to describe the trip here; certainly it has its disadvantages, but the pleasure derived so far, out balances these so, that they need scarcely be mentioned, and who has it not in his heart to run the risk of having his neck broken because the train might run off the track or the trestles might give way deserves to lose what he does, a sight of the land, a glimpse of which is in itself sufficient "to make an old man young," to say nothing of the health giving atmosphere. The situation of the Springs is peculiarly picturesque in the valley of the French Broad, the mountains on every side, the brightness of whose verdure, the lights and shadows, the rising mists, make indeed a most charming picture, quite lovely enough to be sketched by the artist. Mrs. Lee of Tennessee, now here, who judging from the picture she made crossing the bridge, mounted, her habit of rich velvet falling in graceful folds, has quite an eye for the artistic. We were surprised to find the crowd so large, being at present, actual count, not including servants, six hundred and fifty guests, and the arrivals average about fifty daily. Of course others are leaving, but not nearly so many as come. The general expression is, what charming people; the crowd is, indeed, a pleasant one.

Among the many distinguished guests we notice Col. Bethel and family of Columbia, Tennessee; Mrs. Hogue, wife of Congressman Hogue, of Virginia; Dr. Moore and daughter, Norfolk, Va.; Rev. Dr. White and family, Memphis, Tenn.; Miss Colquitt, daughter of Gov. Colquitt, Ga.; Dr. Martin and mother, Savannah, Ga.; Gen. Barnes and family, Ala.; Capt. Clisby and wife, Montgomery, Ala.; Col. Johnston, N. Y.; Col. Wilson, New Orleans; Maj. Leroy Da-

vidson, Charlotte, N. C.; Mr. Ludwick, La.; Mrs. Keger and daughter, La.; Mrs. Wood and family, N. C.; Col. T. M. Holt and family, N. C.; Col. A. B. Andrews and family, N. C.; Maj. Courtney and family, Richmond, Va.; Mr. and Mrs. Forbes, Mr. Holagen, New Orleans; Mr. Marks and family, Ala.; Maj. Hane Ellis, Ga.; Mrs. Col. Sam. Tate, Ga.; Mrs. Edwin Hale, Ga.; Judge Ruffin, N. C.; Judge Henry and wife, N. C.; Mr. Geo. Snow, Mr. Burwell, Col. Hicks and family, Raleigh; Mrs. Hunt, daughter of Jefferson Davis, Memphis, Tenn.; Gen. Beauregard, La.

The one thing to be remarked, and is, by the old especially, the manner of the young people in the ball room, so bright and merry, and yet so gentle and refined. The proprietors do all in their power for the comfort and pleasure of their guests, and though the crowd is large, there is still room, the hotel having been considerably enlarged. The fare is good, which is of course to those of us here a most important item. Amusements varied; baths for the sick and well, quiet places and comfortable seats for the lazy, beautiful rides and walks for those who are more energetic, the loveliest nooks, cool, mossy retreats for the really sentimental. Readings frequently for those intellectually inclined, concerts by traveling troupes for the musical ten pins, cards and dancing for all and are indulged in by all. One can scarcely resist tripping the light fantastic, the band being really one of the best we ever heard. Grand Dress Ball every Friday night, the one this week and next to be the special features of the season. This is the place for young and old, to enjoy themselves, for they can do it in whatever way best pleases them. Now that the place is easily reached, we are sure it will be the summer resort of the South, for its advantages are many. The great beauty of the place is such that one cannot resist its charm.

### Bits of the History of New Berne.

**TO MUSIC.**

Al! who heavenly maid, hath not felt thy control,  
Entranced by the charm of thy magical lay?  
Hath not felt that cannot touch the fine chords of the soul,  
Whether sorrow or joy prompt thy fingers to stray?  
Al! who, when the moonbeams sleep softly around,  
And the murmurs of ocean are hush'd to repose,  
Can hear, unrecaptured, the lute's silver sound,  
On the zephyr just kissing the wave as it blows?

Or who, 'mid the same tranquil slumbers of nature,  
When silence but deepens the sorrowful wail,  
Does not sadden, as Philomel's heart-piercing measure,  
Swells plaintively shrill in the echoing vale.

From her coral abode some fair maid of the billow  
Seems chanting gay notes to the Queen of the Skies;  
But the nightingale, perch'd on the sad weeping willow,  
Plains dirges of grief where her sweet lover lies.

Thus the same gentle gale that wafts peans of gladness,  
And fans with light pinions the breast to a glow,  
When flut'ring oppress'd with the burden of sadness,  
Will droop o'er the bosom and load it with woe.

The above lines are Chester's, written in 1819; and he continues in prose—

What is there which possesses such a talismanic influence over the feelings as music? It binds the mind to its musings, and surrounds it spell-bound with any ideal creation at its pleasure. In the service of virtue it becomes a salutary incentive to all that is lovely in goodness; and though its delights are of the most exquisite nature they are never found to cloy.

While the friends of public worship are making such signal efforts to secure the enjoyment of its many privileges, it is sincerely to be hoped that *Sacred Music* may not be overlooked from exclusive regard to the other exercises of devotion. It has long been a subject of serious regret that the female members of our worshipping assemblies, who should be "the sweet singers of our Israel," so generally refuse to render this tribute of praise to the author of all their blessings. In the service of pleasure their voices are "sweet as the music of Carryl," and they echo the siren notes of the piano with all the skill of science and all the fervor of enthusiasm. It is an accomplishment which sheds a kind of fascination around them, and they feel while they pour the full tide of song upon the ear, the heart of the listener irresistibly beats in unison. But they deem the holy strains of devotion worthy of those visionary beings only, who vainly think such feeble accents will ascend to a distant Heaven. Their minds must derive enjoyment from the palpable objects immediately around them, and are incapable of those exalted conceptions which enrapture the bosom of the Christian. With them the service of the sanctuary is the dull drudgery of fanaticism; and one would imagine from their contemptuous indifference to

its most delightful exercise, that they fully coincided with the sceptical Byron—  
"Vainly man's incense burns, his victim bleeds,  
Poor child of dust and doubt, whose hope is built on reeds."

And is it possible that an employment which constitutes the very raptures of angels is beneath the regard of mortals? Forbid it, every principle of reason and of virtue. The contemplation of His goodness who crowns us all with loving kindness, should make every bosom fill with gratitude, and tune every voice to praise. Man is ennobled in thus emulating the employments of the blessed, and his feelings never rise to so sublime a height as when he soars on the wings of holy zeal to Heaven. Our fair readers will excuse us for presenting a second time a picture recently before them, but whose vivid colors will always be gazed upon with pleasure.

"Oh! sweet, when on the bended knee,  
Her thought, her spirit, mount above,  
In pious, deep-felt ecstasy,  
To realms of everlasting love."

Undoubtedly Chester's singing—we have heretofore spoken of his "royal basso"—and writing did much to refine and exalt the society of Newbern. He was fond of both, and his efforts were not labor to him, but love. This sincerity and earnestness runs through all his lines, whether poetry or prose. One turn more of the wheel of fortune would have made him a great poet, and as he was he was a sweeter poet than many who have acquired greater reputation in the world of literature. If it were possible now to disinter the dust of Chester, reanimate his perishing form, and allow him to visit the churches in Newbern, how his heart would swell with joy to find the Methodist Church with not only spire and bell, but also with one of the largest organs in the State. So also would he find a very fine organ in his own Church, the Presbyterian, and an organ in the Baptist Church or Meeting House—as our fathers in his time insisted upon calling it—as well as organs in the Catholic and Episcopal Churches. And in all these Churches our own ladies are the organists, voluntarily and liberally giving their time and talent in the praise of One, at least, that will never forget it.

Chester years ago joined the Heavenly choir of which, while on earth, he so sweetly and constantly sang. What his efforts did to bring about this result and in overcoming the prejudice of our fathers to steeples, bells and instrumental music, can never be known. Yet his good work must go on until it reaches eternity's shore. But to do justice to our fathers, some of them anticipated a change in the opinions of the generations coming after them respecting instrumental music in the churches, and Elijah Clark was active in his efforts to have a place arranged for an organ during the construction of the brick Baptist Church on Middle street, and was overruled, singular to say, by younger members.

I might add here, with one exception we learn, all the colored churches in Newbern also have organs.

Again, two years later, in 1821, Chester writes:

Mr. Lewis and his family left us this morning for the southward. During their short visit of four days they have given us many concerts, and, sequestered as we are, we cannot refrain from tendering our tribute to the burst of wonder and applause that has rung so loudly from our largest cities and been echoed on their route. Much as we had been led to anticipate, and excited as our expectations were to "that nervous point which trembles on perfection," our most extravagant conceptions have, by their magic minstrelsy, been far surpassed, and it beggars language to express the fullness of our rapture and astonishment. His two lovely daughters, the youngest only four years old, played on the piano with a skill and taste incredible; and his sons, the eldest only ten, performed the most difficult and complicated pieces on the harp and piano, with an execution indescribably rapid and brilliant; whilst the father, ever and anon, elicited from his violin such strains of liquid melody and Ariel sweetness, as "take the prisoned soul and lap it in Elysium." We envy not the soulless beings who can regard such scenes with cold indifference, and it is with sentiments of unmingled pity that we listen while they ridicule the "Heaven-born art" which constitutes its fascination. The spell of music kindles and exalts the best affections that enhance existence, and gives a refinement to society that sheds a hallowed glory round the human character.

Not only do we think it a misfortune to be callous to the "divine influence" of music, but we even think that it implies a marked and defective organization, inconsistent with commanding genius. Such persons cannot have that radiant bloom of mind, that freshness of enthusiasm, and ethereal instinct, which is ever sketching fairy scenes, and draws its subject from a palette "whose colors are the light of setting mists." 'Tis true they have not interdicted moderate distinction in severer studies, but the eye of their imagination, the mind's brightest avenue, is closed—they soar with clipped and baffled wings, and tail fluttering through the empyrean realms of fancy with a paralysis of feeling to which lovers of the lyre are strangers. It is stated of the celebrated Curran, by his biographer, (his son) that his most glowing groups of imagery—the most pic-

turesque and rapid flights of his imagination, were inspired by musing over his violin.

We have been led into these reflections by the ludicrous affectation of insensibility, which some of our prosing gentry awkwardly assume on this occasion. They seem to think that an air of feeble gravity, and a simple uniformity of deportment, will compensate for the absence of those social virtues which spring from a cheerful and eloquent intercourse with life. They may, however, have very cogent reasons for undervaluing those accomplishments they cannot rise to, and which will not sink to the level of their tame and humdrum insipidity. In fine, we heartily congratulate those generous souls that feel as we do, and unite with them in wishing bright success to Mr. Lewis and his fairy group, and to music in general.

### LINES.

Suggested by Mr. Lewis' first concert in which was introduced Haydn's "Praise to God":

"Of Such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

I've seen, I've heard the infant choir:  
Their fairy fingers swept the lyre,  
And threw a magic o'er its strings  
That gave my fluttering spirit wings.  
Now the spell'd wire breath'd soft and sweet.

As sighs of lovers when they meet:  
Anon it pour'd the crash of sound  
Of warriors met on battle ground!  
But when it woke to holier lays,  
And swell'd the great Jehovah's praise  
It seem'd that I had soar'd from earth  
And drunk in strains of heavenly birth,  
Methought my ravish'd sight could trace

Devotion in each infant face,  
While cherub smiles diffus'd the glow  
Of rapture o'er each lovely cheek,  
And eye, and ringlet cluster'd brow,  
Seem'd all of bliss—of heaven to speak.  
Oh! 'twas a scene of magic spray,  
To melt th' Atheist's doubts away,  
If such the best employ of Heaven,  
Who would not pant to be forgiven;  
Who would not gladly die—to share  
Such thrilling tones forever there.

We find Chester always writing with the purity of a woman and the faith of a christian and no writing better suited to improve the morals of youth and exalt them could be placed in their hands. Chester may have been considered visionary and imaginative, as all poets are, yet, there is solid sense in what he says and much truth as well as poetry. D.

## COMMERCIAL.

### NEW BERNE MARKET.

COTTON—None in market. No change in quotations.  
CORN—\$1.06 in bulk; \$1.08 in sacks.  
TURPENTINE—Receipts moderate. Firm at \$2.50 for yellow dip.  
TAR—Firm at \$1.25 and \$1.50.  
RESIN—20c. to 22c. per lb.  
HONEY—60c. per gallon.  
COUNTRY BACON—Hams 18c.; sides 16c.; shoulders 15c. Lard 15c.  
BEANS—On foot, 5c. to 6c.  
SWEET POTATOES—50c. per bushel.  
EGGS—10c. per dozen.  
PEANUTS—\$2.50, per bushel.  
PODDER—\$1.50.  
FRUITS—25 to 40c. per peck.  
APPLES—30c. per bushel.  
PEARS—\$1.25 per bushel.  
LIMES—Dry, 9c. to 11c.; green 5c.  
TALLOW—6c. per lb.  
CHICKENS—Grown, 50c. per pair.  
MEAL—Bolted, \$1.15 per bushel.  
SHINGLES—5 inch, \$2.25 per M.; 6 inch, sups, \$4.00 per M.; hearts, \$5.00 per M.

### BALTIMORE MARKET.

BALTIMORE, July 28.—Oats dull; southern 63a67c.; western white 65a67c.; Pennsylvania 63a67c. Provisions steady; mess pork \$22.25a23.25. Bulk meats—shoulders and clear rib sides, packed, 11a13c. Bacon—shoulders 12c.; clear rib sides 15c. Hams 15a16c. Lard—refined 14c. Coffee firm; Rio cargoes, ordinary to fair, 24a26c. Sugar quiet; A soft 9c. Whisky quiet at \$1.18.

### NEW YORK COTTON MARKET.

NEW YORK, July 28.—Futures closed steady; sales 65,000 bales; July 12 80a 12 82; August 12 78; September 12 95a 12 96; October 11 99; November 11 81a 11 82; December 11 82a11 83; January 11 92a11 93; February 12 02; March 12 16 April 12 26a12 28.  
Cotton steady; uplands 12 13-16; Orleans 13 1-16.

### WILMINGTON MARKET.

WILMINGTON, July 28.—Spirits turpentine steady at 42c. Rosin quiet at \$1.40 for strained, and \$1.50 for good strained. Tar firm at \$2.25. Crude turpentine firm at \$1.75 for hard, \$3.10 for yellow dip and virgin.

### CITY ITEMS.

This column, next to local news, is to be used for Local Advertising.

### Preemptory Sale.

Beginning Monday, July 31st, at 10 a. m., my entire stock, consisting of shoes, hats, dress goods, notions, etc., will be sold at public auction.  
J. F. IVES.

### BRICK FOR SALE

FERIBEE & CHERRY

STONEWALL, N. C.

Apply to Dail Bros.,

July 28 1882 New Berne, N. C.

### Brick for Sale.

I will keep constantly on hand at Maxwell & Crabtree's lot in New Berne a lot of first class hand-made brick.  
For terms apply to James Maxwell or to the undersigned  
J. M. D. C. SIMPSON.