

# THE DAILY JOURNAL.

VOL. I.

NEW BERNE, N. C., SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1882.

NO. 151.

## LOCAL NEWS.

### NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Miss MARY D. ELLIS—Music and French.  
GEORGE McFRATER—Carpenter.

### Journal Miniature Almanac.

Sun rises, 5:50; Length of day,  
Sun sets, 5:54; 12 hours, 4 minutes.  
Moon sets 2:41 a. m.

### Autumn weather yesterday.

The Cotton Exchange is the centre of attraction at this season.

Two marriage certificates—both colored—were issued last week.

Rev. Mr. Forbes will preach at Christ Church to-day at the usual hour.

The luscious Northern apple has made its advent in our grocery stores.

Two interments at Cedar Grove cemetery during the week, one infant and mother.

Rev. J. L. Winfield will preach at Temperance Hall to-day at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.

The funeral services of Mr. S. N. Dewey will take place from Christ's Church this evening at 4 o'clock.

The steamers *Kinston* and *Neuse* brought in to New Berne this week 537 bales of cotton—the bulk of it coming from Kinston.

Two nymphs *du pape* were up before the Mayor yesterday for loud talking and cursing. One paid costs and the other an additional fine of five dollars.

Capt. John Richardson, yesterday, had deserted his railroad to mingle with old acquaintances at the Cotton Exchange. A money centre has natural attractions.

The Midland road in addition to running a daily freight train, had to send up an extra on yesterday to bring down the cotton accumulating at Goldsboro and La Grange.

The "wild cat" story in our Bits of History is just splendid. Any sportsman who has hunted fox or deer will recognize its truthfulness to nature. It is well worth reading.

An anxious man—Capt. Dan Roberts, sitting on Congdon's pile of lumber, keeping anxious vigil for the appearance of the *Kinston*, eight hours behind time. A happy man—Capt. Joe White as the *Kinston* steamed into dock loaded with 293 bales of cotton.

The steamers *Trent* and *Contentnea* arrived from Trenton and Polkville last night with cotton, wool, cotton seed, tar and hides consigned to K. R. Jones, T. A. Green, C. E. Foy & Co., Thos. Gates & Co., D. N. Kilburn, A. R. Denison, F. D. Koonce, Dail Bros., F. G. Simmons, E. R. Page and J. N. Whitford.

### Your Name in Print.

Geo. T. Wassom, Esq., candidate for Solicitor against Capt. Galloway, and J. E. O'Hara, Mr. Hubb's partner in the Congressional race, passed through the city yesterday to attend a meeting in Polkville.

### The Cotton Market.

We note in the Raleigh *Observer* of Friday, middling cotton quoted at 11½. On same day it was selling here at 11½. It takes, however, good cotton to grade middling. The bulk of the nice cotton that is marketed here generally grades only strict low middling—selling from ½ to ¼ cents less than middling.

### Cotton Yesterday.

Seventy-two bales of cotton sold at the Exchange yesterday at 11½ to 11½—about one third bringing the latter price. There were 22 bales of Smithfield cotton in the lot. The gross receipts for New Berne this week amounts to 1730 bales, and of this 330 were sold at the Exchange.

### G. T. Wassom's Appointments.

Geo. T. Wassom, Republican candidate for Solicitor of the third Judicial District, will address the citizens of Onslow, Duplin, Lenoir and Carteret as follows:

Onslow, Tuesday October 17th, Jacksonville, Thursday the 19th, Richlands.

Lenoir, Saturday October 21st, Pink Hill.

Duplin, Hallsville, October 15th.

Carteret, Beaufort, October 23rd.

### Graded School Notes.

Prof. Johnson of the Graded School desires us to say that on Tuesday next he wishes all the children between six and seven years of age, inclusive, who are going to attend the Graded School, to meet him at his office in the Roberts building (opposite Methodist church) between the hours of 10.30 a. m. and 2 p. m. for examination.

On Wednesday, at same hours, he will examine all between 8 and 9 years inclusive.

On Thursday, all between 10 and 11 years, inclusive, will appear; and on Friday all above 11 years will call and pass examination.

### The Kinston.

The new steamer belonging to the Neuse River Transportation Company came in yesterday evening from Kinston loaded with 293 bales of cotton—a pretty fair start for a trial trip. She handles admirably on the river, and is a model boat for her business, with one exception which will soon be remedied—she has not sufficient capacity to hold steam and a new steam dome will have to be put on. If she is run under four bells the water is being continually blown out of smoke stack. She was loaded up with merchandise and left for Kinston late in the evening.

### Practical Economy.

Jas. G. Oden, a colored boot and shoe maker residing in this city, has gathered from his lot this year two crops of corn and now has the lot set out in collards with a fair prospect of a good third crop.

Mr. W. R. Lawton of Lincoln University, will deliver an address to-day at 3 p. m. to the children at the Ebenezer Sabbath school. The public are cordially invited.

The Charlotte hotels were contemplating free "busses" for their guests, but finally backed. New Berne has long offered this accommodation, the Central Hotel and Gaston House keeping, each an elegant omnibus for the free travel of their guests.

The Charlotte *Journal* is now issuing a 36 column Weekly in addition to the Daily. The local columns of the *Journal* deserves special mention for excellence.

### Obituary.

We copy from the New York *Herald* the following obituary on the death of an old New Bernian. The service performed by him in the civil war was at a station on the Pacific coast, and not against the South:

At Schraalenburg, N. J., Lieutenant Colonel Harvey A. Allen, a retired officer of the United States Army, yesterday died of apoplexy. He was born in North Carolina and graduated from the military academy in 1841. As second lieutenant of the Second artillery he served in garrison at Fort Columbus, N. Y., then acted as assistant professor of mathematics at the Military Academy, and at the outbreak of the Mexican war went into active service. He was at the siege of Vera Cruz and the battles of Cerro Colorado and Molino del Rey. For meritorious conduct in the latter action he was brevetted captain. At the close of the war he returned to the States to resume service in Florida against the Seminoles. He served through the war of the rebellion, and then was assigned a command in California with the rank of major. After his subsequent elevation to a lieutenant colonelcy he was retired and lived privately till the time of his demise.

### Jewels at Work.

The session to-day was of mingled pleasure and sorrow with the Panel.

The pleasures consisted chiefly in the enjoyment of each other's "recounts" of the vacation season and planning out the winter campaign.

The sorrow was over the departure of a visiting statesman now of Virginia, but many years the jovial friend and custodian of the funds of the members as the obliging Cashier of their bank of deposit.

He was to steam on the *Shenandoah* and the delay of that ship on account of heavy freights prolonged the parting scene.

Should any surprise at the allusion of "banks of deposits, among the members be expressed by any one we would say that jewels generally keep large bank accounts with mostly small entries, as they are not forgetful of the early lesson taught them that, "modesty is a virtue that greatly adorneth a female, and in the opinion of the Panel, no less applicable to a jewel." The Panel therefore could be but sorely grieved at the departure of he who had with so much kindness, constructed and directed the course of their financial operations in the past after a brief visit to the corner.

He carries with him the hearty good wishes of all the Jewels both as to health and prosperity in his new home in Norfolk.

While on the subject of banks, the sale of the bank property was considered and appeared as well as that of the Lodge property further up the street.

Another source of pleasure was in meeting of his Honor the Mayor out on the corner after a brief illness; and the news that the Jones county convention went for the penitentiary authorities without gloves, in the series of resolutions passed by that body.

The Panel regard this as the most difficult of all the questions of the day.

The authorities can't be frightened by a third of the penitentiary as they are already there, and as to the alarm of the Governor about the unhealthfulness of the locality of the Quaker Bridge Road, they wish to remind him that the "Potomac Flats" are distressingly dangerous, to unacclimated persons about Washington.

The cotton season being now upon

them, the Panel will have much to say and hear about the large yield and high price—the small yield and low price—and will endeavor to keep a correct list of those who declare they will quit growing cotton, and also of those who express a determination to abandon the use of tobacco.

These two classes of persons have been supposed to leave this world in some as yet unknown way, as they are never found in the execution of their designs, nor their exits announced in the usual way or mortal betings.

Science demands and the Jewels concur in the solving of this hidden mystery at great expenditure of labor and capital.

The Panel will also generously reward the man who can find the bottom of his heart affirm that no fertilizer dealer, cotton buyer, or weigher, steamboat or railway line, Captain of a ship, schooner, boat or scow; cotton picker, gin, broker, or any other man has done him a wrong within the last year.

If the successful men be less than thirty five his reward will be a copy of Bunyan's Pilgrims Progress. If older, a pair of celluloid spectacles with a large red pongee pocket handkerchief, to wipe them with.

Notes and on the Way to Greenville.

A great deal of sickness in Greene and Pitt counties.

Died in Hookerton, Sept. 20. Rosa, daughter of M. F. Pate at the age of two years.

Mr. D. V. Dixon has completed his residence in Hookerton, and it is the prettiest little building the town can boast of.

R. C. Hill at the "Golden Fork," six miles from Kinston, is now building a large store twenty-five by eighty feet long. A natural increase of business has compelled him to build.

The new firm of Haskitt, Smith & Bro. of Greenville, who have just launched out into the mercantile world, are dealing very largely in furniture, dry goods etc., seem to be doing a lively business.

Mr. T. R. Cherry of Greenville is building a large brick store and warehouse. Mr. Henry Jones of Snow Hill is the contractor who is also building a market house and town hall in front of the court house.

A Revival of religion is in progress at Hookerton, conducted by Rev. Jno. N. Andrews, assisted by Revs. Swindell of Kinston and R. B. Gilliam; there have been about thirty-five conversions and the interest seems to be unabated.

Improvements seem to be the order of the day now at Greenville. The county is just finishing a very handsome jail. There are some half dozen convicts from the penitentiary putting in the Iron works, and from all appearances it will be perfectly secure when they are done.

Messrs. Latham and Skinner of Greenville are building a row of fine brick stores, five in number, and when completed will certainly be an ornament to the town of Greenville. Mr. J. E. Wilkins, of Wilson, has the contract, and Messrs. G. A. Jackson and Jesse Loftin, both of Kinston, have charge of the wood and brick work.

### Kinston Items.

Thos. McDaniel, the Hermit of Lenoir, was found dead in his bed on Saturday morning. He had been sick a few days.

It is said that Jesse W. Grainger, the great business man of Kinston, is to be the Democratic Senatorial candidate for Greene and Lenoir.

A regular northeast rain, with heavy storm clouds, has been coming down all day and as night sets in, it looks like we will have a fearful storm before Sunday begins.

The Cummings Bros. have just finished the inside painting of Esq. R. W. King's parlor, and a nice job they have made of it. They wield the brush with much skill and taste.

A protracted meeting of much interest has been going on at the Methodist Church in this place for several days. Rev. Dr. Burkhead and others have been assisting in the good work.

Little Bert Vaco, son of Mrs. and Mr. A. Mitchell died on Friday, aged about ten months. He was buried on Saturday, the funeral services being conducted by Rev. F. D. Swindell.

"There is no use knocking at the door," dear Elisha. Kilby Jones is master of the situation and of himself too. You may beg for his silence, but he is bound to "let the cat out of the bag." He affirms you and your wire pullers have covered the negro with a wet blanket "as long as they can stand it. It must be removed or they will all take the consumption and die.

The steamer *Neuse* left Kinston with 76 bales of cotton for New Berne last Thursday morning. The steamer *Kin-*

ston arrived immediately on the departure of the *Neuse* and took on 133 bales and left in the afternoon for New Berne. The *Snow Hill* took 60 bales to the mouth of Contentnea, where she will discharge to one of the above named steamers. The cotton carried off by these steamers sold at 10½ to 11 cents.

The Republicans of this county have cut the tail feathers—trimmed them to the bone too—of the "old wheel horse" of the party, my uncle Richard, and turned him out to eat grass like another Nebuchadnezzar. It is predicted, however, before this campaign closes, these vain and empty youths who now seek to master the Republican party through corrupt conventions, will discover they have burnt down a building to roast their eggs in the ashes and be heard calling lustily on Hercules.

We acknowledge with thanks the present of a beautiful gold head walking stick, on which is inscribed, "Presented to W. A. Coleman by the New Berne Journal." This stick is received as an elegant and useful means of support and as a powerful weapon of defensive warfare and, if an enemy shall attack us, Jay Gould and Wall street will take notice that gold will rise and fall as if another "Black Friday" had dawned upon the country.

Kilby Jones, Esq., corrects us in our item of last Wednesday's issue, wherein Uncle Richard himself is said to have had a three hours confab with him on political matters. It was Uncle Richard, the Sheriff and the two Republican neophytes—both lawyers—altogether who had him three hours. We cheerfully make this correction in justice to Uncle Richard who seems to take it as a mortal offense to be published with having a three hours talk with a colored gentleman.

### Who is the Editor?

We have to go day and night to get money to pay our printers. The *Banner* has the advantage of us in this respect. Government time is taken to write it, and government money is spent to publish it. We don't mean Fred, who they say is Editor, nor Tucker, the manager, because they never held a government office since God made them. If they continue to (*Tinker*) after the *Lodge* we will try and (*Peel*) somebody. Daniel Stimson is the regular nominee.—*New Berne Lodge.*

### Bits of the History of New Berne.

HUNTING THE WILD CAT—AS ENJOYED IN NORTH CAROLINA.

NEWBERN, Sept. 22, 1832.

We have a species of game with us which, I believe, is peculiar in this section of country—at least I see no mention of it made in your excellent magazine, where I have met with descriptions of every variety of hunting. And yet the wild cat will afford the huntsman as much sport, and the hounds as much work, as any other that I ever followed. Indeed it requires a staunch and numerous pack to take them, for even when run to a stand still—no easy work, by the by—they are enabled, from their great strength and ferocity, to keep five or six dogs at bay without difficulty.

The wild cat is much larger, and infinitely stronger, than the gray fox (the red not being an inhabitant of our woods, I know nothing of). It is about as fleet as the common fox, but as it confines its run to very strong and thick covers, the chase lasts much longer than that of the fox. And being, in addition to this, a terrible enemy to the farmyard, taking off pigs, poultry, lambs, and sometimes even grown sheep, our sportsmen, who are all farmers, pursue them with inveterate industry.

Invited by the flattering appearance of the weather last week, Mr. W. and myself determined to give our dogs a trial. We accordingly rode to cover on Saturday morning, with six couple of as fine dogs as ever followed deer, fox or wild cat. It was our first turn out this season, the whole pack was, consequently, full of riot, and the young dogs in particular were perfectly frantic.

The morning was as auspicious as we could wish—the dog fennel and pine bushes hung droopingly overloaded with dew. It was quite cool, clear as a bell, and so perfectly calm that the joyous notes of the dogs, as they gambolled in wild excitement before us, or leaped up fawningly upon our horses, were heard to reach over the distant *Neuse*.

After leaving the river a little to the right we threw off the hounds to a very promising cover, on the north side of Smith's creek. Here we had not proceeded very long, when old Drummer told us that some prowler had been passing during the night. The scent was very cold, and we worked it slowly and with difficulty along the windings of the creek, frequently interrupted by the outbursts of the young dogs, after rabbits, etc. By dint of whipping and scolding, we succeeded in bringing these last under some subjection. The trail still appearing very cold, we made a cast on the opposite bank of the creek, but with no better success. The game had been there, but it must have been very early on the previous evening. In the meantime old Drummer had got back to his old trail, and continued to work it with untiring perseverance. The drag appearing to grow warmer, he concluded to bark the other dogs to him. Echo and Rover soon gave tongue. Macduff and Nimrod joined in; still our best fox dog, old Milton, refused to recognize the trail as legitimate; we were not sure of the nature of our game; it

must be a wild cat. We continued to encourage the dogs with increased anxiety. At last all of them, young and old, acknowledged the trail, and growing into a confirmed drag, it proceeded through the river swamp, deep into the marsh, far along the margin of the river; and then what a crash! you might have heard them down the wind three miles off. And now swelling into louder and still a louder strain, the quarry makes directly for the spot where we had taken our stand, upon the verge of the swamp, as far as we could well make our way. We had raised our voices in one exulting shout when the wild burst had told us the game was up. But in the tumultuous roar behind him every other sound was hushed, and the cat made straight for us, either not hearing or heeding our halloo. We were now still as statues—and the pack came rushing on—the crushing of the reeds, the rending of the undergrowth, the splashing of the mud and water, and the deep moaning of the hounds, uniting together, like the mingling tumults of a September gale, and seeming to give to the terrified animal the wings of the wind.

He must have passed within ten steps of us, but owing to the thick cover we could not catch a view. The pack, however, were close upon him, for they passed us, running breast high, all together—no running dog, or in line, but each emulously dashing for the lead. The cat seemed determined to try their mettle and beat them by downright game. Contrary to the usual practice of the animal, he made a straight stretch over the highland, along the border of Smith's old field, at such a slashing rate that to lie by them made Mudge blow like a blacksmith's bellows on a frosty morning (he's a little too fat at present, and not long from grass). Finding this game could never last long the cat endeavored to throw them off by a rapid succession of ugly dodges, which bothered the young dogs excessively. But old Milton was wide awake—he had followed too many foxes in his day to be outgeneraled even by a wild cat. He followed him cautiously but unerringly through all his circles and angles, and the whole pack winding after him with such close and unremitting assiduity, that they only made two losses, and then for only two minutes. After circling for about half an hour in a very thick gum swamp, where he had a great advantage over the dogs, *Monsieur le Chat*, finding himself considerably in advance of the hounds, thought he might try them again at long tow; so, hoisting out all canvas, he made sail for Bachelor's creek. This is just what the pack wanted; the young dogs were terribly pestered in the swamp, but here again all was plain sailing; and so the cat seemed to think too, for finding that he could not make good his retreat to Bachelor he tacked ship and stood back on his old track—but he was done up. He did indeed contrive to get back on his old place of refuge, the swamp, but we knew by the manner in which the old dogs were pushing for the lead that his fate was sealed.

He had been now two hours and a half on the pad, and we could tell, as we saw him mount a log, his eyes flashing, his hair bristling, his short tail lashing, "as doubting to return or fly," his race of existence was run. As we raised the view hallo his tail dropped again, which he was elevating as a signal for combat, and he dropped himself from the log with weak, unsteady steps. Scarcely had he jumped from one end of the log when Milton and Echo mounted it at the other, followed by the rest of the pack. Animated by our cheer, and the sight of the devoted game, they seemed to gain additional vigor, and before we had made our way a hundred yards further in the swamp we heard a sharp angry growl, then Echo's shrill yelp as she leaps upon the prey, and then a cry from her as if she had run afoul of a kettle of hot water. Talleyrand next gave a howl of agony as he shrunk from the rule welcome of the wild cat. All the rest as they came up seemed to acknowledge by their cries that they had caught a tartar. But what can one do against twelve? most of them, too, young, strong and active. Why, Jackson and Beaufort alone are strong enough to pull down the strongest buck that ever stood at bay! Even a wild cat must yield to such fearful odds. So that when we succeeded in scrambling to them we found our enemy (and a huge one he was) dead upon the field and the dogs limping and baying around, manifesting by their condition the severity of the chase and combat.

Yours respectfully,  
ALEXANDER F. GASTON.

Alexander Gaston bears the name of his grandfather, Dr. Alexander Gaston, victim of the Tories. He never approached his father in ability, and was more fond of field sports, in fact early in life all kind of sport, than business of any kind. His first wife was a daughter of Dr. Hugh Jones, of whom we have spoken in connection with the sword exploit in John Carruther Stanly's barber shop. Mrs. Gaston was a lady of extraordinary business capacity as some of those still in our midst could testify. She died leaving a daughter and two sons. William was killed in his first skirmish with the Indians, in Oregon, just before the war. At the time he was in Col. Stephens' command. Hugh Jones, his second son, had a short arm and was exempt from service. Yet he volunteered in the late war, and was Adjutant of the Forty-eighth N. C. He was possessed with the belief that he would be killed in his first battle, and it turned out to be true. Being mortally wounded at Sharpsburg, his first fight, he died a week afterwards. Susan, Alexander Gaston's daughter, married Mr. Bayliff and lived in Cuba. Her husband died, and she is now living in Boston. Some of our citizens can yet remember what a daring and graceful horsewoman she was when a young lady visiting Newbern some years ago.

The Honorable Edward Stanly's first wife was also a daughter of Dr. Hugh Jones. She is buried in the Stanly lot in our cemetery.

### Greensboro Fruit in London.

We have seen specimens of dried fruit from the State of North Carolina, United States of America, shipped here by J. W. Scott & Co., of Greensboro, leading American fruit dealers. The fruit is superior to any American fruit seen on the London market this season.—*London Trade Journal.*

This is a feather in Scott & Co.'s cap and they look well under such plumage. Enterprise, printer's ink, and square, solid dealing are essential to success in every business. It would not surprise us to see a picture of Jim Scott's handsome face in the illustrated London *Trade Review*.—*Greensboro Patriot.*

## COMMERCIAL.

### NEW BERNE MARKET.

COTTON—Middling 11½; strict low middling 11½; low middling 11. CORN—68c. in bulk; 70c. in sacks. TURPENTINE—Receipts moderate. Firm at \$2.50 for yellow dip. TAR—Firm at \$1.50 and \$1.75. BEESWAX—20c. to 22c. per lb. HONEY—60c. per gallon. WHEAT—90c. per bushel. COUNTRY BACON—Hams 18c.; sides 16c.; shoulders 15c. Lard 15c. BEEF—On foot, 5c. to 6c. EGGS—18c. per dozen. PEANUTS—\$1.50 per bushel. PODDER—75c. per hundred for new. PEACHES—50c. per peck. APPLES—50a75c. per bushel. PEARS—\$1.00 per bushel. GRAPES—Supperground, \$1.00a1.10 per bushel. ONIONS—None in market. BEANS—80c. per bushel. HIDES—Dry, 9c. to 11c.; green 5c. TALLOW—4c. per lb. CHICKENS—Grown, 50c. per pair. MEAL—Bolted, \$1.15 per bushel. POTATOES—Irish, \$1.50, sweet 65c. per bushel. SHINGLES—West India 5 inch, mixed, \$2.50 per M. Building 5 inch, hearts, \$3.50; saps, \$2.50 per M.

### WILMINGTON MARKET.

WILMINGTON, Sept. 21.—Spirits turpentine dull at 41c. Rosin firm at \$1.324 for strained, and \$1.424 for good strained. Tar firm at \$1.70. Crude turpentine irregular at \$1.70a1.70 for hard, and \$2.70 for yellow dip.

### NEW YORK COTTON MARKET.

NEW YORK, Sept. 22—1 P.M.—Futures quiet; September 11 97a11 98; October 11 64a11 65; November 11 41a11 42; December 11 40a11 41; January 11 45a11 46; February 11 56a11 57. Sales 4,000 bales. Cotton quiet; uplands 12 5-16; Orleans 12½.

### BALTIMORE MARKET.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 21.—Ons steady; southern 38a44c.; red rust proof 35a38c.; western white 42a44c. d.o. mixed 40a42c. Provisions firm and unchanged. Coffee dull; Rio cargoes, ordinary to fair, 7½a9c. Sugar steady; A soft 9½c. Whisky steady at \$1.20a1.22.

### CITY ITEMS.

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

Benj. McFrater a first class carpenter, has just returned from Jones county and respectfully solicits work. When not employed can be found near the Market on Middle street. 1 ti.

### Fall Samples.

A full line of fall samples for gents', youths' and boys' clothing, to be made to order by Wamamaker & Brown, Philadelphia, can be seen at A. M. Baker's, Pollock street. A sure fit guaranteed. CHAS. L. IVES, Agent. sep14c2w.

### MUSIC PUPILS.

Miss MARY D. ELLIS desires pupils in MUSIC and FRENCH. For terms apply at the residence of Mrs. McLEAN on Middle street. 24-1w

### THE

## WAR IN EGYPT

IS ENDED, BUT

## Humphrey & Howard

Are waging a

## Terrible Warfare with High

Prices,

And will never rest until they have

## Routed Them, Foot

and Dragon.

Call and see how we slaughter Generals

Groceries,

Provisions,

Dry Goods,

Boots, Shoes,

Hats and Caps,

AND HELP US TO BURY THE DEAD.

HUMPHREY & HOWARD.

Brick Block, New Berne, N. C., opposite the Ice House.