

MEMORIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

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THE JOURNAL.

H. R. SWAN, Editor.

NEW BERNE, N. C., APRIL 29, 1893.

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MY NATIVE TOWN.

THE JOURNAL.—The following beautiful poem was written by Mr. J. H. Hutchings of Austin, Texas, to which country he emigrated, when Texas was an independent Republic. He is a native of New Berne, left here over fifty years ago.

JONATHAN HAYNES.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead Who never to himself hath said, 'This is my own, my native land?'"

WALTER SCOTT.

No time suffices to efface The hallowed memories of the place That gave us birth—where'er we roam.

Thy much loved haunts to range anew, The holy haunts that childhood knew.

'Tis night—'neath bearded errand come, With timid footsteps wandering home.

In my childhood, the whole square in which the grave yard lies, was to me haunted ground.

George Kusyer's tomb announces the fact that he died in 1796, and his epitaph closes with the following lines:

"Behold and see as you pass by, As you are now, so once was I."

All natives of Newbern, fifty years ago, will remember old Sarah Simpson.

But ah, the goal of safety's near, Now do they beat my childish fear; Quick, quick I win the corner post.

Fit place for solemn musing, this An old time, full Necropolis.

Here Newbern, all thine ancient lie, Thy low born families and high.

These voiceless denizens of clay! How few the names survive on stones.

From longings vain to pry beneath— To ope this sealed-up urn of death.

And Kusyer, sure with saintly dread Life's devious maze thy feet did tread.

With curious eye I pause to trace Of Elliott's tomb the well carved face.

When pride for palm of victor quakes, When fee contingent is the prize.

My graveyard stroll, wide circling ends Where the old willow weeping bends.

As years ago in wave rocked boat, Where confluent Neuse and Trent unite.

Like loving hearts on bridal night; Tall maids before me pierce the sky.

Of ancient dames here dainty met, With tempting trays before them set.

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"Behold and see as you pass by, As you are now, so once was I."

All natives of Newbern, fifty years ago, will remember old Sarah Simpson.

Whose face so kindly always beams; She stoops with age, but her old heart is youthful yet in every part.

And quick at Sarah's side I'm found. "Aunt Sarah," trips my childish tongue.

"My child," the ancient dame replies, While tears came starting from her eyes.

And thus old Sarah's story ran, And thus the dame her tale began.

For conscience sake an exile come In our new world to find a home.

And she in song and grace their peer, And wooed and won she too was now.

And soon a bride she is to be, And soon a happy husband he.

And round the board did sweetly wait, While the stern gourmand fiercely ate.

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And she in song and grace their peer, And wooed and won she too was now.

And when, awhile, no war cry rung, They either strolled, with wampum string.

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And she in song and grace their peer, And wooed and won she too was now.

And now, her floral treasures won, She homeward turns at set of sun.

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And thus old Sarah's story ran, And thus the dame her tale began.

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B. B. LANE,

Dealer in and Shipper of Fresh and Salt Fish, Oysters, Etc., Etc.

New Berne, N. C. Fresh Fish and Oysters shipped by Express C. O. D. to all parts of the country.

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Very Choicest Butter, Dried Apples, Dried Peaches, Hominy Beans—by the Bag or Bushel.

Wm. Peck Ballance & Co. April 29-1893

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Sealed Proposals.

Sealed Proposals will be received by the Board of County Commissioners of Jones County, to be opened at the May Meeting, 1893, of the Board, to BUILD A JAIL at Trenton, Jones County.

W. L. PALMER

Exchanges for cash, Cigars, Pipes, Smoking Tobacco, Chewing Tobacco, and many fancy articles.

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The Queen's Steel Plow. The Improved Climax Cotton Plow.

The Champion and Granger Turning Plows. Flow Castings, Etc., Etc.

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