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be recognized in intimate and constant relation with the world, and the religious faith will discover new ground for gratification.

Let science, then, go on unrestrained and unopposed, and let religion not mistake its policy by clinging, with conservatism too unreasoning, to old beliefs, which the drift of scientific opinion is pushing into disuse and merited oblivion.

LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.

With Carbons Annotated, Equally Readable to Himself, and Exemplary to his Young Countrymen.

By M. L. Weems, formerly Teacher of Mount Vernon Parish.

The above is the title of a little, unpretending volume, quite commonly found in slender cottage libraries in North Carolina, some thirty or forty years ago, generally in company with the Holy Bible, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, Walker's Dictionary, Pike's or Dabond's Arithmetic, and Goodrich's First Book of History.

The wood-cut frontispiece of the Father of his Country, with high stock, snowy cloud of ruffe on his bosom, and grave, thoughtful face, is fresh in the memory of hundreds of the now old or middle aged.

The author tells us, in the first chapter, that the task he proposes is—not to paint "Washington the Hero and Demigod, Washington the sunbeam in council, or the storm in war,"—but that it is humble but not less useful care to present in "all their lustre, to the admiring eyes of our children, the private virtues of Columbia's first and greatest son." He thus sets forth the benevolent reason that prompted this his aim: "Who among us can hope that his son shall ever be called, like Washington, to direct the storm of war, or to ravish the ears of deeply listening Senates? To be constantly placing him, then, before our children, in this high character, what is it but like springing in the clouds a golden Phenix, which no mortal calber can ever hope to reach? Or like setting pictures of the Mammoth before the mice, whom 'not all the manna of Heaven' can ever raise to equality? Oh no! give us his private virtues! In these every youth is interested, because in these every youth may become a Washington—a Washington in piety and patriotism—in industry and honor—and consequently a Washington, in what alone deserves the name, SELF-ESTEEM AND UNIVERSAL RESPECT."

In the accomplishment of his undertaking, of "putting us in love with virtue," of "teaching her not to be ashamed," of "showing her her own features, scorn her own image," the writer employs the aptest comparisons and illustrations, most lively and faithful descriptions of man and nature, scenes and passions, and a pathos rarely equalled. One thing is certain, he is no dealer in abstractions. He sticks to the concrete and is ever highly dramatic. The proofs and evidences of all these qualities and characteristics can be found on nearly every page of the book. The very opening of the story is a scene—Toulon, the place. Some young Americans and the great Corsican, the persons of the drama.

(By the way, the reader of this first chapter will be at no loss to discover whence the Hon. Edward Everett may have gotten his idea of the parallel and contrast between Marlborough, Napoleon and Washington, which he so strikingly drew in his lecture on the character of the last.)

How many times has it been attempted, and how many speakers or writers have ever surpassed that description of the stupendous magnitude of the Continent of America and its belongings which occurs in the second chapter of this little book! "She rises beneath the frozen pole, stretches far and wide to the South, ... sustaining on her ample sides the roaring shock of half the watery globe. And equal to its size is the furniture of this vast Continent, where the Almighty has reared his cloud-capped mountains, and spread his sea-like lakes, and poured his mighty rivers, and hurled down his thundering cataracts." See with what power he pictures the terrors of the journey of young Washington to the French military posts on the Ohio as narrated in the fifth chapter. "The whole country west of the Blue Mountains was one immeasurable forest, from time immemorial the gloomy haunt of ravening beasts and of murderous savages. No voice had ever broke the awful silence of those dreary woods save the hiss of rattlesnakes, the shrieks of panthers, the yell of Indians, and howling tempests." How "bright and fresh" and true, the representation of his hero's life as a surveyor in the same chapter; "Brought up to the simple harmless employment of a surveyor, an employment which more than any other tends to tranquillize the mind. The verdant and music of the love breathing spring, the bright fields and harvests of joy inspiring summer, the faded leaves and mournful silence of

autumn, with winter's solemn grandeur, were the scenes in which the youth of Washington was passed." How breezy and soul-expanding the following mere glimpse, as it were, of a sunlit sea, in the tenth chapter! "The blue fields of ocean brightly shining round, with all her young billows vaulting before the playful breeze," the ships "nodding tall and stately over the heaving surge." What an air of brightness, tenderness and gentle purity, and respect for the sanctity of the rite has this old country parson contrived, in a few lines, to throw around his little picture of the marriage of Augustin Washington and Miss Dandridge, in the second chapter. "His father, fully persuaded that a marriage of virtuous love comes nearest to angelic life, early stepped up to the altar with glowing cheeks and joy-sparkling eyes, while by his side with soft, warm hand, sweetly trembling in his, stood the angel form of the lovely Miss Dandridge."

He "points" well the "moral" against extravagance in money matters and "ill weaved ambition," in the tenth chapter in which he tells the mournful tale of Arnold's treason: "The British commander, well knowing the ticklish situation of a proud man, caught on the horns of poverty, sends up Major Andre with money in his pocket."

What a sad, sweet and pathetic music is there in these words! "Sons of the generous soul you should I tell how Major Andre died! The place where his gallows stood is overgrown with weeds—but smiling angels often visit the spot; and it was bathed with the tears of his foes." That man or woman is "little to be envied" whose eyes do not fill with the tribute of a noble sympathy as he reads the story in this same chapter of the treatment of the captive rebel boys by this accomplished, magnanimous, but unfortunate Britain.

The writer once heard an aged, motherly, Christian-hearted lady in Duplin county—now a glorified saint in heaven—say: "Mr. Weems must have been a very good man and a right good poet too." In witness of which last she quoted these two lines in the same chapter: "Far more peace the dying Andre felt, Than Arnold, ever knew in prosperous guilt."

He must be pardoned for thinking that Mr. Weems is a right good prose-poet and that his claim might be easily made good—despite an occasional display of pedantry, over floridness and extravagance of statement—to the character of a wise, beautiful and most persuasive and attractive moral teacher.

In his limited reading it has never been his fortune to alight upon, in any profane writer, a juster and more felicitous statement of the art of happiness and the true philosophy of life than is contained in the following, which are the first words of the eleventh chapter: "To be happy in every situation is a proof of wisdom seldom offered by man. It proves that the heart is set on that which alone can ever completely satisfy it, i. e. the imitation of God in benevolent and useful life."

Immediately following this there seems to be an expansion of a part of Cardinal Welsey's eloquent lament on his fall, in Shakespeare's Henry VIII, contained in the lines: "No sun shall ever usher forth mine honors, Or gild again the noble troops that waited upon my smiles."

And a happy implied contrast of his feelings on that occasion with those of Washington, at home, on his farm, at the end of the war for independence. "His military habits are laid by with the same ease as he would throw off an old coat. The camp, with all its parade and noise, is forgotten. He awakes, in his silent chambers at Mount Vernon, without sighing for the brightly drums, and flutes that used to salute him every morning. Happy among his domestics, he does not regret the shining ranks of patriot soldiers that used to pay him homage. The useful citizen is the high character he wishes to act—his sword turned into a plow share is his favorite instrument, and his beloved farm is his stage."

On its title page is this commendation of the work: "The author has treated this great subject with admirable success in a new way. He turns all the actions of Washington to the encouragement of virtue by a careful application of numerous exemplifications drawn from the conduct of the founder of our republic from his earliest life. H. Lee, Major-General U. S. Army."

This H. Lee, quoting now from the Hon. James P. Holcombe's address on the celebration of the First Memorial Anniversary at Washington and Lee University, "was a gentleman of ancient lineage, an illustrious patriot of the Revolution, an eminent soldier and the historian of the struggle for independence in the South, the Governor of this Commonwealth, the lifelong personal and political friend of Washington, and the

orator selected by the Congress of the United States to pronounce his eulogy." He was the father of the "greatest of all the Lees—Robert E. Lee." Quoting further from this address: "When Robert was very young, the family removed to Alexandria, and he became a frequent visitor at Arlington, where the memory of Washington was almost as much the genius of the place as at Mount Vernon. He grew amid scenes which constantly recalled the Father of his Country, and in a social circle where the recollection of his virtues was fresh. It is not, therefore, surprising that this exalted character should have brooded as an ideal over the dreams and meditations of his youth."

Putting together this commendation of this book by the FATHER, and the other facts and circumstances above set forth, relating to the early life and associations of the all famous SON, is it a far-fetched inference, is it not, on the contrary, a reasonable and probable conclusion, that the eyes of the youthful Robert brightened, that his heart beat high and his cheeks glowed—as the eyes, cheek and heart of every generous youth who reads it will do—as he pored with a keen sympathy over this Life of Washington.

Time and war and changes have made copies of the old editions scarce, but the writer of this was glad to see this old favorite of his brought out in good, large, legible print, in the "Seaside Library" form, No. 1596. Price twenty cents. So that it can, for a mere trifle, be put in the library of every Southern boy (when at least it ought to be found) by the side of "Personal Reminiscences of Gen. Robert E. Lee" "By Rev. J. William Jones, D.D." Robert E. Lee, that other great American "worthy to be named in the same breath" with George Washington.

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At BOTTOM PRICES for CASH. Thankful for past favors, he invites his friends to come again.

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FIVE NEW TABLES JUST PUT IN. Three Billiard and Two Pool, Finest in the Country.

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The finest Liquors and Cigars, the celebrated BERGMER & ENGEL BEER, Sour Kraut, Sardines, Lobster, Limburger and Schweitzer Cheese constantly on hand.

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Ice Cream. We have fitted up a Parlor for Ice Cream.

and can furnish Ice Cream, Water Ices and fine cake. Families and parties supplied with cream packed in porcelain freezers. Orders taken during the week for ice cream, to be delivered for Sunday's dinner. Parlor open every night until 12 o'clock.

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COTTON GINS AND SIMPLICITY POWER PRESSES, the best made.

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For further information call on or address J. L. BRYAN, Manager, Watertown, N. C.

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OFFICERS—Judge D. J. Godwin, District Superintendent; J. F. French, Treasurer; Rev. E. H. Jones, Secretary and General Agent.

GENERAL DIRECTORS—Judge D. J. Godwin, Col. A. S. Lewis, E. T. Powell, Esq., Captain J. H. Hester, Wm. Richard H. Jones.

This Society pays at death, from \$1000 to \$5000, according to the amount of the contributions made by the members.

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THE GEM COTTON FLOW A SPECIALTY.

Call and see us or write for samples and prices. Thos. Gates & Co., apsdawly Opp. Gaston House.

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And we solicit a call from the city trade. We call special attention to our English Breakfast and Japan Teas, and our "Hampden" Java and Rio Coffee, fresh ground every day, at 10c. The best in the city. Try a package.

Standard Granulated Sugar, 10c. A No. 1 Fancy Flour 4c. Our "Le Bonnet" Cigar, 5c. each; 5 for 25c. We keep the best of everything, and guarantee both price and quality, and cheerfully REFUND THE MONEY ON DEMAND. The Cash Trade Only Solicited.

Wm. Fell Ballance & Co. 8 Front St., New Bern, N. C. nov17-dly

J. L. McDANIEL, DEALER IN Choice Family Groceries, CANNED GOODS of all kinds.

The Very Best Butter

Selected from the best Northern dairies every day. Special attention called to his Choice Grades of Family Flour.

Broad Street, 4 Doors above Middle, Jan2dly NEWBERN, N. C.

BATH HOUSE. The Bath House on East Front street is now open for the season. From 8 to 11 o'clock a.m. devoted to LADIES, the balance of the day to MEN and BOYS.

Admittance FIVE to TEN CENTS. Season Tickets \$3.00. Propy. J. W. SMITH.

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