

PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENT.

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Communications containing news or a discussion of local matters will be published if they contain objectionable personalities, without the name of the author, or will make more than one column of this paper.

Any person feeling aggrieved at any anonymous communication can obtain the name of the author by application at this office and a showing wherein the grievance exists.

THE JOURNAL.

H. S. HUNN, Editor. J. HARPER, Business Manager.

NEW BERNE, N. C., FEB. 13 1886.

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WHAT WILL BECOME OF IT?

The 4th Ward of New Berne seems to have spoken a prayer. In the language of THOMAS JACKSON SPRIGGS as GEO. WASHINGTON crossed the H-les, out and asked MARY ANDERSON to say to JULIET that THOMAS CLEVELAND was still unmarried; what will become of that organization down there?—North State.

With "all history and men behind it," probably it will call two conventions at the same time and place, as did the Republican party at Raleigh in the summer of 1884, and nominate a man, not T. Y. Y. with a mule, that will not be defeated as Y. O. K. was, but most gloriously elected. The North State need not be uneasy about the 4th Ward; the Republicans therein can run three candidates and still defeat a Democrat.

THE AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

Mr. A. LEAZER has written a reply to the Chronicle's charges of extravagance in the management of the Agricultural Department which he publishes in the Charlotte Observer. The JOURNAL, for some reason, we know not what, is not in favor with the Observer, and could never get it as an exchange; consequently we have not seen Mr. LEAZER'S reply. But the Wilmington Star, a competent critic, says it is clear and elaborate, taking up the Chronicle's charges seriatim, and makes a favorable showing for the management of the Department.

It is an easy matter to find fault with some one else's ideas of economy, especially in the expenditure of money where the disbursing is allowed so much latitude for using his judgment. If the Department of Agriculture is to be useful and instructive to the farming interest of the State, its management must not be restricted to penurious ideas of economy. There must of necessity be expenditures in experimenting and making exhibits that will appear to the uninformed as extravagance and waste. It would be difficult for the General Assembly to itemize the work to be done and fix the amount of money to be expended for each item. Hence, it was wise to give the Department, if such a Department is needed at all, the money arising from a specific tax, and place competent, honest, and practical men in charge of it, who will use it to the best advantage in advancing the agricultural interest of the State. Of course these men should be held responsible for the manner in which they expend the funds, and the certainty that they will be held to a rigid account will prompt them to use it in the most economical and beneficial way.

What Would be the Result?

Let the papers of North Carolina cease to publish for six months and force the people to rely upon the great luminaries of New York and other cities, and see how it would fare with the people. A vast amount of murders, rapes, arsons, political and personal scandals, and news from the old world at large would be obtained, and some able discussions of many topics in addition, but there would be no home or State news, and our people would know absolutely nothing of each other. It would be a bad exchange to give up State papers, poor as they may be regarded by Yankeeized newspaper men, and re-

ly upon the papers of other States. Our public institutions would soon languish, State pride would peter out, and North Carolinians would soon become no better than New Yorkers. But the suspension of the whole State press for six months would have one admirable result—it would make the people of North Carolina better appreciate and more liberally sustain home papers. —Wil. Star.

THE LEGEND OF THE BLACK MADONNA.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

In the French town of Chartres stands a beautiful cathedral, and within this cathedral is the famous statue of the Black Madonna. You may buy little pictures of her for a small sum, and you may hear the legend connected with the statue if you will. It is worth listening to.

Once upon a time a young French widow, who had a little boy left to comfort her, registered a vow never to marry again, but to live always single for the child's sake.

Every French woman knows that the Madonna highly disapproves of second marriages, and that she particularly loves a widow who does not change her condition; therefore this lady felt herself particularly under the care of the Virgin. She supposed herself to have received a promise that no harm should ever come to the child; and this was very comforting, for there had been a great deal of contention amongst the relations of her husband about the property her boy had inherited, and many of them hated him enough to spirit him away or kill him; and in those days such things were done much more easily than they are now. However, the child, who did not guess that he had an enemy on earth, was very happy, grew finely, gave every indication that he would become a brilliant man, and developed a wonderful voice, that made one who heard him think of the angels. It was so beautiful that the Bishop of Chartres himself took notice of the boy, and when a great church festival was in preparation requested his mother to let him sing, saying that such a voice would be most impressive, and that it would add greatly to the success of the whole affair.

Such a request from the bishop, besides a great compliment, was a command. The mother set to work to prepare for her boy a beautiful costume of white and blue embroidered with silver. In this, with his fair hair, hanging over his shoulders, he was wonderfully lovely. The mother looked at him with inexpressible love and admiration, and felt that other women were less blest than she. Hand in hand they proceeded to the cathedral, and the child joined the other singers while the mother knelt near the altar. A great crowd filled the place. Amidst it was one of the child's envious kinsmen, who, disguised as a peasant, had determined to put an end to the little life which stood between him and his wealth. All was arranged. He had with him a delicate dagger, the tip of which was poisoned. One scratch with this was certain death.

When the crowd gathered about the beautiful boy, as it was sure to do, he would strike the blow, so that no one would suspect him, and he would mingle with the crowd, change his dress in a quiet place he knew of, and vanish. As the exquisite voice arose to heaven, and the throng passed nearer to see the beautiful singer, the would-be murderer, with the air of an innocent country fellow, seemed to be pushed forward by the crowd. The dagger was concealed in his long sleeve. He uttered a little cry of admiration, and put forth his hand as one who sought for his own good to touch some blessed thing.

An instant more and the weapon would have pierced the child's heart. A fiendish joy already filled the heart of the mercenary wretch. Then—the boy was gone. His song still filled the air, growing fainter with every instant. But where was he? Where?

It was the mother who first cried out for her boy.

Then all voices were lifted. Some cried out that they had seen a band of angels bear him away through the lace-like intricacies of the carved ceiling; others that he sank through the floor. Less spiritually minded observers believed that he had been stolen away by some enemy. The would-be murderer slunk off. He had not harmed the child; but as he lifted his hand to stab him he had gone out of existence as a flame is extinguished.

The mother—the unhappy mother—who had decked her child for this festival with such care, who had been so proud of him, so glad that he was her own, was carried home more dead than alive. She might, perhaps, have died or gone mad but for strange visions that came to her in the night. From these she awoke comforted, sure that the Madonna had not deserted her. A voice had said to her: "The child lives. In due time Our Lady will restore him to you. Be at peace." So she lived; but she could no longer rejoice. Watching and wait-

ing forever, wrapped always in her sable vest, pale as white-marble, her form became familiar to all Chartres. Even strangers knew her as the mother whose child had been stolen from her on the day of the great festival—some said by men; some by angels, who thought him too lovely for this world. But when that yearly festival came about again, she knelt in her old place in the church, her eyes on the spot whence he had vanished. But year after year went by. The mercenary relatives of her husband laid claim to the property, but since there was no proof of the heir's death, could not have their will. Quarrels arose between them. One stabbed the other in a quarrel, another died of some strange malady. At least all were gone—all the enemies of the widow's only son; and the great festival came about again, and the crowd gathered at the cathedral as it did every year.

The mother knelt in her black veil, and prayed to the Madonna to restore her child, as she did every day of her sad life. The music arose, the same grand song he sang that day, the boys' voices were shrill and sweet, but suddenly above them all rose one beautiful beyond description. Whence did it come? From above the earth, or from below? The eyes of all present sought in vain to see the singer, and over that poor mother's face spread a flush of hope, and she looked up to heaven. Nearer, sweeter, clearer, it came! Now it was there amongst them. They saw the singer. On the same spot, on the marble floor, whence he had vanished, stood the child—a delicate and dainty figure in blue and white embroidered with silver, not one whit changed since that day when his mother had dressed him in her handiwork, not seemingly an hour old. As though he had never even left off, he continued his song, and the people thought they beheld a vision or an angel—but the mother knew the Madonna had restored her boy. She waited until the music ceased, then opened her arms and clasped her son in them once more, and showered her kisses on his golden hair and snow-white brow, while he with equal ardor embraced her.

The legend goes on to say that the bishop and many holy men inquired into the case, and that the child told them this story; as he sang seven years before in the old cathedral he had felt himself drawn downward through the floor. There, in a strange white cave, where a sort of moon-light reigned perpetually, a beautiful woman had taken him in her arms, and had bidden him to have no fear.

"Danger threatens you," she said, "and I must keep you here until it is over."

Then when he wept for his mother she sang him songs that made him forget; and when he grew hungry fed him with milk and honey. He seemed to have slept on her bosom a long while, when she awakened him with a kiss, and bade him adieu; and then he was in the cathedral again, singing, and he saw his mother, and was glad.

This was all the child could tell. And when asked to describe the woman he said she was beautiful, with lovely eyes and a gentle smile, and black.

The good men held a council and resolved to lift the stone. Below, it is averred, they found a strange white cave, and in it the statue now known to all who visit Chartres as the Black Madonna. They placed it upon a shrine for all to see. And every year, as long as she lived, the mother whose son had been restored to her, came on the eve of the festival to hang about the neck of the beautiful Black Madonna a jewel of great value.

As for the boy, somewhere in Chartres his portrait is preserved; a fair baby, with golden locks, and great blue eyes; his head is thrown back, and his lips lie apart as though he be here singing; and his dress is blue and white, embroidered with silver.

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I used POCOMOKE super-phosphate this year in connection with several of the best Guanos on the market and think it less good, if not better, than any I ever used. It keeps the crop more and makes cotton mature earlier than any I used, consequently have very little stained. R. J. LIDEN, Franklinton, N. C.

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