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Goldsboro Messenger.

J. A. BONITZ, Editor and Proprietor. "For us, Principle is Principle—Right is Right—Yesterday, To-day, To-morrow, Forever." Published Semi-Weekly—$4 00 a Year.

VOL. XV. GOLDSBORO, N. C., MONDAY, JANUARY 6, 1879. NO. 31.

New Advertisements.

NOTICE.

THE Third Session of the Snow Hill Academy will commence January 13th, 1879. For further particulars apply to the Priacipal,

dec12-1m GUY LOVEJOY.

Goldsboro Mills

WE CAN AT LAST ANNOUNCE to the public that we have started the above Mills, next door to Kornegay & Co's Machine Shops, where we are prepared to make

Good Flour, Meal, Mill Feed, &c., at all times.

Parties can come to town, bring their Wheat and Corn, attend to their other business, call around when they get ready to go home and get their Flour and Meal.

Come to town and to mill, at the same time—and kill two birds with one stone.

We will buy Grain and pay the market prices therefor—and keep Flour, Meal, Feed, &c., in quantities to suit all. We will do our level best to please.

☞ Give us a trial.

sep9-tf GRANT & HOLLOWELL.

Wholesale Liquors.

E. M. Lehman,

GOLDSBORO, N. C.,

Importer and Rectifier of Wholesale Prices.

Not presuming to make any broad assertions, excepting those to which I am justly entitled or claim—but I can say without hesitation that I keep as good and as

Pure Rye, Bourbon and Corn Whiskies, Apple and Peach Brandy!

as any Liquor Dealer in North Carolina, not excepting some of the Wilmington dealers (on the Cape Fear) who claim to be triumphant and put off on the unsophisticated dealer, all patent Barrels and Brands. "IT AIN'T RIGHT" But just give me a call and try our "CHALLENGE RYE," *Pure and Original*, and you will not be deceived. Call and examine our fine stock of Cigars.

☞ Also Agent for Ale and Lager Beer.

oct14-tf E. M. LEHMAN.

New Boot & Shoe Shop.

The undersigned beg to inform the citizens of Goldsboro and the surrounding country, that they have associated themselves for the purpose of carrying on a first class Boot and Shoe Shop, and may be found in the corner room of the Cobb Building, where at all times they will be pleased to receive orders for new work of any discription, and do all sorts of repairing, AT LOWEST PRICES,—lower than ever offered before in Goldsboro, and in harmony with the present low price of everything else.

We are both practical shoemakers of many year's experience, and guarantee entire satisfaction as to styles, fit and prices. In repairing we make invisible Patches a specialty.

All work promptly attended to

J. P. WEDDON,

dec9-tf. WM. SULLIVAN.

FOR RENT.

The Fair Ground Property, containing about 22 acres of land, suitable for Truck Farming.

The Allen Wooten Property, consisting of a comfortable and nicely located Dwelling and about 15 acres of Good Land, also suitable for Truck Farming, situated on William Street, in the Town of Goldsboro.

One Farm known as the Holland Place, about 7 miles from Goldsboro, good cotton land, containing about 98 acres.

One Farm lately occupied by Nancy Mason, containing about 100 acres, about 6 miles from Goldsboro.

The Store House now occupied by L. Edwards under Bonitz's Hotel, will be rented from January 1st, 1879.

The Store House on West-centre St., next to L. P. Giddens' Jewelry Store and formerly occupied by Powell & Son.

All of the above named Property will be rented on reasonable terms. For particulars, Apply to

H. WEIL & BROS.

dec1c-tf

Notice to Debtors.

All persons indebted to Gregory, Galloway & Co. must make payment immediately to the undersigned.

W. T. DORTCH & SON,

nov25-'78tf

A Large and Fresh

Supply of

Oysters, Crackers, Candy, Tobacco, Glue, Feathers, Corn, Grain Sacks, Hay, Lime, Plaster, Hair, Bagging, Ties, Twine, Salt, Alamance Yarns, Apples, Butter, Lard, &c.,

Just Received and for sale low by

B. M. PRIVETT & CO.

X X X

IF YOU WANT

SOMETHING GOOD

For Christmas,

GO TO

A. H. KEATON'S,

Where you will always find a full supply of

Family Groceries & Confectionery,

such as bulk meats, bacon, lard, gilt-edge butter, selected cream cheese, flour, meal, large and small hominy, rice, buckwheat, sugar, all grades coffee, all grades, roasted Rio and Leg. coffee, best brands, soap, starch, lye, potash, allspice, pepper, soda, baking powder of all kinds, molasses, vinegar, and oil, cakes and crackers of all kinds at bottom prices.

CANNED GOODS.

such as fresh peaches, tomatoes, cherries, strawberries, pineapple, lima beans, corn, lobsters, oysters, sardines, Wilson's corn beef, pig's feet and tongues, brandy peaches, pickles, catsup, pepper-sauce and horse radish. Plain and fancy candies of all styles and variety, nuts of all kinds, raisins, one-quarter, one-half and whole boxes, citron, minced meat, jellies of all kinds, extracts, all flavors, figs, Malaga grapes, pears, apples, prunes, currants, cranberries, oranges, lemons, cocoanuts, preserved ginger and peaches, dried apples and peaches, onions, Irish potatoes and confish, snuff and tobacco, all grades of tin-ware, wooden-ware and crockery.

Thankful to a generous public for past patronage, I hope by fair dealing to continue to merit the same. Remember that full weight and measure will always be given. Those indebted to me will please come forward and settle up.

Respectfully,

nov. 28-tf A. H. KEATON.

Poetry.

DON'T STOP MY PAPER.

[A contributor sends us the following, which appeared originally in the *Printer's Circular*.]

Don't stop my paper, printer,
Don't strike my name off yet;
You know the times are stringent,
And dollars hard to get,
But tug a little harder,
Is what I mean to do,
And scrape the dimes together
Enough for me and you.

I can't afford to drop it;
I find it doesn't pay
To do without a paper
However others may;
I hate to ask my neighbors
To give me theirs on loan,
They don't just say, but mean it,
Why don't you have your own?

You can't tell how we miss it,
If it, by any fate,
Should happen not to reach us,
Or come a little late.
Then all is in a hubbub,
And things go all awry,
And, printer, if you're married
You know the reason why.

The children want the stories,
And wife is anxious, too,
At first to glance it over
And then to read it through,
And I to read the leaders,
And learn the current views,
And scan the correspondence
And every scrap of news.

I cannot do without it,
It is no use to try,
For other people take it,
And, printer, so must I;
I, too, must keep me posted,
And know what's going on,
Or feel and be accounted
A fogy simpleton.

Then take it kindly, printer,
If pay be somewhat slow,
For cash is not so plenty,
And wants not few, you know;
But I must have my paper
Cost what it may to me,
I'd rather dock my sugar
And go without my tea.

So, printer, don't you stop it,
Unless you want a frown,
For here's the year's subscription,
And credit it right down,
And send the paper promptly
And regularly on,
And let it bring us weekly
Its welcomed benison.

Miscellany.

LYLA RUSHTON'S GLOVES.

Lyla Rushton did love three buttoned kids. She always wore them. No, I mistake! She wore four, five, and even six buttoned on grand occasions, but three buttoned daily. A handsome shoe and handsome gloves were almost essential to Lyla Rushton's happiness.

Lyla was (let me whisper it with fear and trembling, lest some fair readers toss her head contemptuously,) a compositor. She lived in a nice house, nicely furnished, on a nice street, with her father and mother. To be candid, Lyla's father did not own the house, he was a clerk in a large wholesale store, had a salary sufficiently large to enable him to hire a pleasant residence and support a family comfortably. But his eldest child, the aforementioned Lyla, was an independent little maiden, who was not at all contended after she left school to settle down to the aimless life of many girls—to dress, and shop, and read novels, and visit, and receive visits. She resolved that she would be no further expense, nor was she contended to idly fold her hands and wait for some condescending man to assume the bills necessarily incurred in a young lady's support—she would do something.

What shall it be? She could not write a book; she had not the patience to teach a school, she did not like sewing; she would not stand for twelve hours behind a counter for a mere pittance; but she had a cousin who was an editor of a country paper. She had visited for several summers at his house, and spent many hours in his office, and being a lively, curious little body, has made herself mistress of many of its secrets.

Now she wrote to Mrs. Cousin Tom, 'May I pay you a short visit?' To Mr. Cousin Tom, 'May I perfect myself in typesetting?'

Mr. and Mrs. Cousin Tom gave one answers to the two questions.

'You may with great pleasure to us.'

Lyla was down at Rockford two months, and returned, a perfect mistress of her profession, to accept a lucrative position in the city, and wear a new pair of three buttoned kids per month.

And one seeing Miss Rushton walking down the Avenue and Broadway of a morning in her neat, stylish suit, with the prettiest of fitting shoes and dainty gloves, would recognize in the pretty blonde a thorough lady; nor dream that many hours of her day were spent in the dirt and grimness of a printing office.

One autumn afternoon two gentlemen passed out from a large building occupied by the officers of the 'Daily Blank.' As the elder of the two, a fine looking, intellectual faced man, stepped foot on the sidewalk, he stopped to lift a pair of pearl colored, three buttoned kids.

'Some lady has lost these pretty articles,' he said, spreading the diminutive gloves (five and a quarter) upon his palm. 'I say, Ambrose, what shall I do with them?'

Walter Ambrose, the son of one of New York's wealthiest merchants, laughed gayly.

'Why, Durwood, you veritable women hater, I verily believe you despise the fair sex too much to keep their smallest belongings about you. Now I propose you keep one of those dainty gloves, and I the other, and see who shall find a fitting owner for them.'

Durwood Morrell smiled a sunshiny smile, and said, languidly,—'I'll agree to that; but is it scarcely necessary to add that you will be the one to find the pretty-handed feminine.'

'It must be a pretty hand,' said Ambrose, looking at the diminutive glove, then tucking it in his vest pocket.

'Yes,' a hand that can drum on the piano, work in Berlin wools, and display diamond souvenirs of conquest—nothing else, said Durwood, cynically.

'Well, old boy, what would you have a woman do?'

'Something useful.'

'Nonsense! Most women can do something useful.'

'Yes, but I admire a woman who makes her whole life useful.

Shortly after the above conversation, Walter Ambrose was riding up-town in a stage, when it stopped for a lady to enter. Walter politely held open the door, and just as the stage started, perceived that she had dropped a glove from her muff. He sprang out, secured the article, and smillingly returned it to the owner.

When Lyla Rushton (for it was she) left the stage, the dubious clouds of the wintery day were shedding copious showers of rain. Lyla had no umbrella; Walter had, for which providence that gentleman was duly thankful. Somehow Lyla's blue eyes has made a strange impression on Ambrose's heart. He begged to escort her home, and Miss Rushton looked first at the drenching rain and then—accepted his offer. When Walter left her at the door he handed her a card containing his name and address, and begged permission to call on her.

Well, it came about that wealthy, handsome Walter Ambrose called on Lyla Rushton more than once, and escorted her to theatres and concerts. One night he asked her to accompany him to the opera the succeeding week, adding that he wished to introduce her to his sisters. Theu Lyla bravely resolved that Walter Ambrose should continue his acquaintance with her on no false ground.

'I am passionately fond of opera, Mr. Ambroso, and should enjoy accompanying you, but I must not allow myself to meet your sisters, or even to continue my acquaintance with you, until I make you aware that I work for my living. I am a type-setter.'

Brave Little Lydia! foolish Walter.

Of course Mr. Ambrose was too polite to show any disapprobation, but there was a troubled, trifling coolness that Miss Rushton noticed and uneerstood.

I say, Durwood, he addressed his acquaintance next day at the club. 'what do you think of a daily working girl, as type-setter, wearing three buttoned kids always, and—and—being a lady generally?

'She must be worth knowing,' replied the distinguished editor of the 'Daily Blank,' with more interest than he often showed concerning ordinary topics.

'She is! Why I nearly fell in love with her.'

Mr. Durwood Morrell gave Ambrose a quick, searching glance, then with languidly veiled eyes, questioned,—

'But when you found out that she was one of the world's workers, you set a guard over your heart?'

'It would scarcely do to make a compositor my wife,' said Walter, very much as if he wanted Morrell to disagree with him.

But Morrell made no answer, and Ambrose sauntered away. That evening he stopped for Mr. Morrell to walk up-town with him, and as the two gentlemen stood on the walk lightning their cigars, just by the entrance of the office, Lyla Rushton tripped out.

'Good evening, Miss Rushton'.

'Good evening,' the lady replied, coolly.

At sight of her, Walter's heart thrilled strangely, and despite her coolness, he ventured another remark, for the sake of detaining her.

'Is it possible this is your'—he hesitated, but Lyla graciously answered his meaning.

'Yes, this is where I work, Mr. Ambrose.'

'Then may I introduce you to my friend? Miss Rushton, Mr. Morrell.'

'Mr. Morrell can readily understand that is scarcely less than a friend to me,' said Lyla, smilingly acknowledging the introduction. 'His face, name, penmanship and thoughts are all familiar to me.'

Though I have been in cruel ignorance of the honor I have had,' replied Morrell pleasantly and the trio parted.

Perhaps it was not odd that the most distinguished writer on the editorial staff of the 'Daily Blank' should often meet one of that paper's compositors; perhaps it was, considering that the said gentleman was reputedly a woman-hater, at all events is was tantalizing to Walter Ambrose, who found out thst he loved Lyla Rushton madly after he himself had broken the smooth flow of their acquaintanceship.

Poor Walter! how he raved—privately—when the newspawer world, literary circles, and fashionable society, announced that handsome, talented, courted Durwood Morrell was soon to marry blue-eyed Lyla Rushton, and Miss Helen—Walter's sister remarked. having met Lyla, that she thought Miss Rushton 'perfectly splendid,' and 'so noble, not to be ashamed of her past profession!'

Durwood asked Walter to be groomsman, but that gentleman declared he must be in Philadelphia that week, it was bad enough to have to send the bride an elegant gift, and to listen to his sister's extravagant praises of her loveliness.

Mrs. Durwood found a pearl-colored glove carefully stowed away in her husband's mouchoir case, and examining it—perhaps a little wifely jealously—was surprised to recognize one of a pair she had lost nearly a year previous.

She greeted him at night with—

'Durwood, where did you get one of my old gloves?'

He recognized the article and remembered the circumstance.

'Is it yours?' he questioned, with an amused look.

'Of course; didn't you know it; where did you get it!'

'I found it outside of the office, and kept it at Mr. Ambrose's suggestion. He has the other. I certainly did not know it was yours, not dreaming that our employees were so extravagant as to wear three buttoned kid gloves.'

'Oh!' laughed Lyla, 'they were always my weakness.'

'If I had but known that sooner, I might have a right to this some months ago,' and he deliberately took a kiss—nay, several.

PRESIDENTIAL PROBABILITIES.

The correspondents of different prominent papers, writing from various points, are giving what they claim to have ascertained as public sentiment in regard to Presidential aspirants. Of course, these writers only get the opinion of the light political material that floats on the surface of the great body which is to settle the great question. They get what is believed in the Legislatures, and is retailed about the hotels and saloons. What the people—the masses may do—what they will in all probability do—taking, as they seem disposed to do, the bit in their teeth is, in our opinion, not only unknown, but beyond safe conjecture. That the South will not contend for either place on the Presidential ticket, we believe, because we have never heard among the masses any such desire—they are losing, in the South, the disposition to man worship, losing their confidence in what are called great men and trained politicians, and are concerning themselves more about principles than men, more about practices than policies. A special dispatch from Cincinnati to the Philadelphia *Times* says:

"Interviews with leading men of both political parties throughout the entire South have been collected by the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. They bear mainly upon the Presidential issue of 1880. The mass of views presented is summarized by the *Enquirer* as follows: Not a Southern man is presented on either side as the choice for President, if we accept Senator Bayard, of Delaware, and many of the gentlemen who are interviewed, expressly state that the South will ask nothing at the hands of the National Convention, but will cheerfully support whoever chances to be the nominee, no matter where he comes from. Among the Democrats the first choice seems to be pretty equally divided between Thurman and Hendricks, a Western man being preferred. Bayard, however, has many devoted supporters through the South, and may be reckoned a good second.

"Tilden, who went into the St. Louis Convention two years ago, with the solid South at his command, has, in a great measure, drifted out of notice, while Hancock and Pendleton, the former of whom was reckoned as third in the Convention of 1876, have both a few zealous supporters, who yet believe in their destiny. It looks now as though the race in the Democratic ranks was between Thurman and Hendricks, and was a very even race at that. Thurman has the advantage of his seat in the Senate to assist him in the fight this winter against the banks, while the failure to carry Ohio this fall tends to cripple him. Hendricks has the satisfaction of having carried his State with a magnificent burst of success, though he has to endure the disadvantage of being a retired statesman out of the ranks of public life. Among the Republican candidates Grant fairly leads them all. Next to him Blaine is entitled to the place, while Conkling follows the man from Maine at some distance,"

In regard to Mr. Tilden we go further than this correspondent. All that has happened since the Presidential election has tended to carry him farther from the Southern Democracy. He never had any personal strength in this section; was never a favorite; was a leader only on one question—reform. We do not believe he is the choice of a single Southern District. Hancock only had negative Southern strength, and that in view of the military occupation of Southern States, and the illegal use of troops. Neither had any strength on the financial and material questions now controlling our people.

Altogether, the views of the *Enquirer* in regard to the South, are probable Hendricks and Thurman, both have personal strength. The masses look on them as friends. Their financial views find favor with the people. We believe that Thurman is the favorite in the South, beyond doubt, in Virginia. Our people trust him as an honest, conservative, able, firm, conscientious man; not liable to be led into extremes, or driven from honest convictions. We believe the East would prefer him to Hendricks, while the West would be satisfied, the South gratified and Virginia delighted. A liberal platform on all subjects directly affecting the masses, with Thurman for President, and Hancock or McClellan for Vice-President, will take the wind out of the sails of all the bloody-shirt and hard-money arrangements of the Radical party for 1880.

GRANT'S FOLLOWERS AND ADVOCATES.

Several of our cotemporaries are publishing interviews with men who are in favor of nominating Grant for a third term. It is curious and instructive to observe the class in politics to which these men, in the main, belong. They are spoils-men—politicians of some former distinction, who, for one cause or another, have lapsed from the standing they formerly held even in their own party.

It is easy to make a large show for a candidate with very little substance for the superficial appearance to rest upon. The noisy talkers in politics are very few in comparison with the vast multitude of silent thinkers and voters.

For twenty years a traveller through the United States could hardly resist the conviction that Henry Clay would be the next President. The great majority of persons to be found in the stage coaches of those days, and the steamboats, and later in the cars—the men who mostly talked politics—talked for Clay; but when the successive election days arrived Mr. Clay was far in the rear.

Gen. Grant has nothing like the chance even of Henry Clay. He not only has the silent masses against him for good and sufficient general reasons; he has also the tremendous force of the traditional hostility to a third term. This we do not believe it is possible for him to overcome.

The description of politicians most forward and loudest in their advocacy of Grant for a third term may be regarded as an indication of the objectionable influences by which he would be surrounded if again placed in the White House. His surroundings were bad enough before. It looks as if, in the event of his election to a third term, they would be worse, if worse they could be.

REVIEW OF THE YEAR.

At the close of the old year and the opening of the new, it is interesting to look back over the past twelve months and and dwell for a moment on its leading events. We condense from the fall record published in the Baltimore *Sun Almanac* for 1879 the following review:

Abroad the year 1878 witnessed termination of the of the Russo-Turkish war, the signing of peace at Berlin and the conclusion of a new treaty by a congress of powers defining the future status of Turkey in Europe, the occupation of Bosnia by Austria, the ceding of Cyprus to Great Britain, and the latter's declaration of war against Afghanistan and practical victory over that power. A remarkable feature was the coincidence of socialist demonstrations in Germany, Italy, Austria and Spain. Two attempts were made at the life of Emperor William, of Germany, one at that of King Humbert, of Italy, and one at King Alphonso, of Spain, while Emperor Joseph I of Austria, is said to have escaped only by the timely discovery of the conspiracy. The Paris exhibition, which opened on the first of May, proved a moderate success, and American exhibitors carried off a handsome share of the awards. The latter half of the year was signalized in Great Britain by the failure of the City of Glasgow and West of England Banks, with liabilities aggregating about $50,,000,000, and the beginning of a period of almost unexampled business and industrial stagnation. Among the many disasters which occurred during the year, the more notable were the loss of the British training ship Eurydice, with 300 lives, the steamboat Princess Alice, with 650 lives, the German iron-clad Grosser Kurfurst, with 300 lives, the steamship Pommerania, with 54 lives, and the steamer Byzantin, with 60 lives. Three serious colliery explosions occurred in Great Britain, the first at Opedall, involving a loss of 35 lives, the second, at Haydock, 200 lives, and the third at Abercorn, with 280 lives. Mention should also be made of the memorable panic at the Colliseum Theatre, Liverpool, when 37 persons were trampled to death.

ROYAL DEAD.

Among the distinguished dead of 1878, are Victor Emanuel, King of Italy; Queen Mercedes and ex-Queen Christina, of Spain; Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse; Archduke Francis Charles Joseph, of Austria; George V, of Hanover; Prince Napoleon Murat, of France; the King of Burmah, Sultan of Morocco and heir-apparent of Japan.

DIPLOMATS, STATESMEN, ETC.

Bayard Taylor, minister to Germany; Baron Adelswoend, Swedish minister to France; Don Manuel Freyre, Peruvian minister to the United States; Senator Benj. F. Wade, Congressmen T. J. Quinn, of New York, J. E. Leonard, of Louisiana; A. S. Williams, of Michigan, and Beverly Douglass, of Virginia, Lord Russell of England, and Leitrim, of Ireland; Senator Henri, of France; Senor Rivero, of Spain, and Count Sciopis, of Italy.

IN THE CHURCH.

Pope Pius IX, who has been succeeded by Cardinal Pecchi as Pope Leo XIII; Cardinals Franchi and Cullen; Bishops Rosecrans, of Columbus, Ohio, and Galberry, of Hartford, Conn., Archbishop Dupanloup, of Paris; Rev. Dr. Charles Hodge, of Princeton; Rev. Alexander Duff, the Scotch missionary, and Right Rev. Bishop Wilmer.

THE BENCH

Chief Justic Pearson, of North Carolina; Asa Biggs, United States Circuit Judge at Norfolk, Va.; Alexander S. Johnson, Circuit Judge of the United States Court at Utica, N. Y.; Associate Justice W. B. Eagan, of the New Orleans Supreme Court; Judge Sidney Breeze, of the Supreme Court of Illinois, and Judge George F. Shepley, of the United States Circuit Court of Maine. Right Hon. Wm. Keoh, Chief Justice of Ireland, died insane at Geneva, after nearly murdering his valet.

ARMY AND NAVY.

General Thomas C. Devin, Brig. Gen. Israel Woodruff, General Daniel McCallum, Gen. Robert C. Buchanan, Lieut. Benner. Rear Admiral Hiram Paulding, and abroad, Brig. Gen. Julius Hayden, Count Achillee d'Hilliers, marshal of France; Gen. de la Mamora, of the Italian army; Gen. Sir Wm. Haly, commander of the English forces in Canada; Gen. Hermam, of the Russian forces; Mehemet Ali, the Turkish commander who was assassinated, and Count de Paliko, of France.

OTHER PROFESSIONS.

James Hamilton, the marine painter, George Cruikshank, the caricaturist, and Wm. Cullen Bryant and Richard Realf, among the poets; Samuel Bowles, of the Spaingfield (Mass.) *Republican*; John A. Graham and Col. Thos. B. Thorpe, British war correspondents, and Col. James Johnson, proprietor of the London *Standard*, the English novelists, George Henry Lewes, Captain White Neville and Sir Wm. Stirling Maxwell. In the dramatic profession: Robert Heller, George Vining Bowers, Henry J. Mentague, Charles Matthews, Wm. G. Fredericks, Miss Mary Wells, (Mrs. Richard Stapells,) Miss Lily Davenport, (Mrs. Frost Thorne,) Arthur Cheney of Boston, Wm. Niblo of New York; Frederick Gye of London. Among the roll of scholars may be mentioned Professor Joseph Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution, and Dr. Peterman, the German geographer. Not included in any of the above clasifications are John Morrissey, of New York; Wm. Welsh, of Philadelphia; Gideon Wells, ex-Secretary of the Navy; Wm. Orton, President of the Western Union Telegraph Company; Theodore Roosevelt the New York merchant; Wm. M. Tweed (the 'Boss') Dr. James C. Ayer, and Minnie Warren, the famous dwarf.

THE HARVESTS OF 1877 AND 1878.

The following table, which we copy from the *Sun Almanac* for 1879, was compiled from the official returns received at the Agricultural Department at Washington:

	Acreage. 1877.	Acreage. 1878.
Wheat	26,000,000	52,000,000
Corn*	50,000,000	51,000,000
Potatoes	1,790,000	1,775,000
Barley		1,790,000
Cotton†		12,950,000
Buckwheat		657,000
Rye	1,320,000	1,631,000
Oats	12,750,000	13,170,000
	Yield. 1877.	**Yield. 1878.**
Wheat, bus	365,000,000	425,000,000
Corn,* bus	1,342,000,000	1,380,000,000
Potatoes, bus	170,000,000	124,000,000
Barley, bus	34,000,000	42,000,000
Cotton,† bales	4,750,000	5,200,000
Buckwheat, bus	10,170,000	11,980,000
Rye, bus	22,144,000	25,000,000
Oats, bus	406,000,000	411,000,000

Tobacco—25 per cent. less than 1877.
*Yield per acre 27.6 bushels for 1878.
†Estimating 450 pounds to the bale.

THE YELLOW FEVER EPIDEMIC.

We take from the *Sun Almanac* for 1879 the following official returns of the yellow fever epidemic received at the office of Surgeon General Woodworth, of the Marine Hospital Service of the United States, up to the middle of November, which show a total of 62,403 cases of yellow fever and 13,536 deaths during the epidemic of 1878. Owing to the disorganization of the local governments in the South during the prevalence of the plague, no complete records were made at many points, and in New Orleans and other places daily additions are being made to the list of cases and deaths by physicians and undertakers who failed to report them at an earlier period. The first case reported at New Orleans occurred about the 17th of July, and is supposed to have been imported from Havana, and the epidemic may be said to have terminated on November 19, when clean bills of health were issued by the authorities for the first time. The first death at Memphis occurred on the 6th of August.

THE FATAL CURRENT.

The Macon (Ga.) *Messenger* in a recent issue says: "The extraordinary phenomenon displayed on the Florida coast, by which not only the coast waters, but as far out as one hundred and fifty miles into the gulf, have been rendered so poisonous as to kill the fish and create a pestilential stench in bays and harbors, where the floating carcasses collect, should receive a thorough investigation. We have seen no other explanation of the poisoning than that it comes from inland waters—the Everglades prominently—and penetrates the gulf in stratas of dark reddish water, which kills all the surface fish so soon as it reaches them, and even far beyond any apparent contact. This poisonous outflow is stated to have been nearly fatal to the fish trade between Florida and Havana, the smacks finding it almost impossible to select a route in which the fish in their wells are not destroyed by the poison.

The Key West *Key* says: "The smack George Storrs, Capt Zeb Allen, attempted to run to the westward in hopes of escaping the deadly waters, and when fifty miles west of Tortugas, in twenty-five fathoms of water, lost his whole fare of fish in a very short time. He describes the poisoned water to the south and west of him, as far as he could see. The largest fish, such as a shark, jew-fish and turtle were floating around his vessel. He pointed his vessel eastward, and entered our port on Tuesday last, almost disgusted. Fifty miles west of the Tortugas would make the locality indicated 150 west of Cape Florida and not very far from mid-gulf—a reach of shore poisoning unexampled and almost incredible. The evil is probably beyond human remedy but the cause of it should be scientifically investigated and inquiries made into any possible danger to public health of coast cities, should the evil continue till next summer."

POWER OF THE VOICE OVER CHILDREN.

It is usual to attempt the management of children either by corporeal punishments, or by rewards addressed to the senses, or by rewards alone. There is one other means of government, the power and importance of which are seldom regarded. I refer to the human voice. A blow may be inflicted on a child, accompanied by words so uttered as to counteract entirely its intended effect. Or the parent may use language in the correction of the child, not objectionable in itself, yet spoken in a tone which more than defeats its influence. Let any one recall the image of a fond mother long since in Heaven. Her sweet smile and ever clear countenance are brought vividly to recollection. So also is her voice; and blessed is that parent who is endowed with a pleasing utterance. What is it which lulls the infant to repose? It is no array of mere words. There is no charm to the untaught one in letters, syllables, and sentences. It is the sound which strikes its little ear, that soothes and composes it to sleep. A few notes, however unskillfully arranged, if uttered in a soft tone, are found to possess a magic influence. Think we that this influence is confined to the cradle? No, it is diffused over every age, and ceases not while the child remains under the parental roof. Is the boy growing rude in manner, and boisterous in speech? I know of no instrument so sure to control these tendencies as the gentle tones of a mother. She who speaks to her son harshly, does not give to his conduct the sanction of her own example. She pours oil on the already raging flame. In the pressure of duty, we are liable to utter ourselves hastily to our children. Perhaps a threat is expressed in a loud and irritating tone. Instead of allaying the passions of the child, it serves directly to increase them. Every fretful expression awakens in him the same spirit which produced it. So does a pleasant voice call up agreeable feelings. Whatever disposition, therefore, we would encourage in a child, the same we should manifest in the tone with which we address them.

THE SPREAD OF A BAD EXAMPLE.

Without known precedent, and certainly contrary to both the letter and spirit of the national organic law, the Governor of Massachusetts, Hon. Alexander Hamilton Rice, dropped his ministerial character and took the responsibility of inquiring into the motives of Governor Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, in uttering a requisition for one Kimpton, a fugitive from justice. This juridical inquiry was the first false step, and it had to be followed by others, of course. The motives were found to be political, and the requisition was dishonored, an act as disgraceful as it was illegal. In spirit it sought to establish a State right that Alexander Hamilton would have scorned to consider, and which the most advance Democrat of his time would never have approved. After a time Kimpton saw what a bad blunder had been made, and he surrendered himself to the authorities of South Carolina, and had Gov. Rice acknowledged his error no harm would have followed his decision of this case. But the precedent was set and the order was not revoked. Pretty soon Massachusetts sent for two criminals who had fled from the "Bay State" to "Little Reody," and, although Governor Vanzandt was willing to honor the requisitions of Governor Rice, he thought it best to inform that official that he questioned his motives and would first investigate them. Meanwhile the scoundrels escaped the clutches of the police and are still at large. Nor did the bad example rest here, for recently Governor Hartranft sent requisitions to the chief magistrate of a Western State for some persons charged with high crimes and misdemeanors who had fled from the jurisdiction of Pennsylvania, and they are yet unnoticed or unanswered, because Gen. Cullom, the Governor of Illinois, "questions the motives" of Gov. Hartranft, and will first inquire into the cases of the alleged criminals before he delivers them up to the watching and waiting "minions of the law from Pennsylvania." And there is no telling where this dangerous practice will stop unless some one brings the case before the Supreme Court of the United States for final settlement.

THE LATE BAYARD TAYLOR.

Bayard Taylor, United States Minister, died at Berlin, Thursday afternoon, of dropsy. Mr. Taylor's official career has been so short that it is chiefly as a private citizen we must speak of him, and it is as a writer that he will longest be remembered. From the time when his "Views Afoot" were first published in the New York *Tribune*, down to the present time, he has been a most industrious literary workman. Few Americans have contributed so voluminously to the different departments of our literature. He was first known as a writer of travel and poem, in which the same poetic fancy and charm of diction that prevaded his prose was christalized in verse. His first effort in the field of fiction, "Hannah Thurston," hailed at the time of its publication as the American novel for which critics are still awaiting, and in the "Story of Kennet," he has given the local color of his native town in Pennsylvania, which, citizen of the world though he was, the only place where he ever had a legal residence. In his "Poems of the Orient," he translates into strong English that dreamy life of the East that has always facinated the imagination of the traveler, and if he does not stand in the front rank of our poets, we have had none who has written with a truer instinct or a broader human sympathy. When we wanted a centennary ode, we could find none worthier than he to write it. A great traveler, he has not been a mere collecter of scientific or geographicts; he looked at people with a feeling of the kindship of humanity.

GREAT REDUCTION—In Durham Smoking Tobacco. Reduced to 60c. a pound, at Griffin Bros.', under Gregory House, in Post Office. †

Parties wishing presents for their wives, children or sweethearts, should go to M. E. Castex & Co.'s. †

☞ Best White Linen Shirts in town for $1.00 at M. E. Castex & Co.'s.

An extra fine 4-Button Ladies' Kid Glove, at $1.25, at STROUSE'S. †

Highest Prize Port Wine.

The best wine in the country, that took the highest premium at the Centennial, is Speer's Port Grape Wine, which has become so celebrated. This wine and his P. J. Brandy are now being used by physicians everywhere, who rely upon them as being the purest and best sold by Druggists. For sale by Dr. Kirby & Hill.

STATE NEWS.

The Salem *Press*—a good and true paper every way—has just entered its 27th year.

The Lumberton *Times* has suspended publication, and sold out to the *Robesonian*, of that place.

Hon. Francis E. Shober, who formerly represented the Seventh District in Congress, is ill is Washington of Bright's disease.

A Wilmington lad had the only eye he had left so badly injured by a fire-cracker exploding near it that he will probably be totally blind.

Shelby *Aurora*: Petitions are being circulated for the signers, in the various portions of this county asking the next Legislature to pass the Stock Law.

Raleigh *News*: About five tons of railroad iron passed through this city yesterday, to be laid on the Western Railroad of North Carolina to the Gulf, in Chatham county.

Raleigh *Observer*: It is said that all candidates for United States Senatorial honors are to be invited to address the caucus of the approaching Legislature. This was the custom some years ago.

The descendants of Alexander and Margaret Love, who, in 1775, resided on Fishing Creek, Craven county, N. C., can hear of something of interest by addressing box 181, Pottsville, Pa. Southern papers copy.

Concord *Sun*: Three negro men living in the lower part of the county left their families last week and ran away, each taking a white woman with him. We don't known which to pity but feel that the negro men are the worst off for the swap.

The largest hog thus far slaughtered in the State, during this winter, was in Forsyth and belonged to Philip Reed. He kicked the beam at 854 pounds. After that do not let us hear anything further about four or five hundred pound pokers.

Concord *Register*: Wm. Nicholson and John Meacham broke jail and escaped, Friday morning. They were both in the cage, and with a piece of gas pipe they drew the staple, opened the door, and with a rope made of their blankets reached the ground. Nicholson was charged with murder, and Meacham with fraud and obtaining money under false pretences.

Charlotte *Observer*: A family, including seventeen persons, besides a grandfather and grandmother, came down on the Statesvile train, yesterday afternoon, en route to Florida. There were so many children that the parents had to resort to the plan of tying a red ribbon around the hats of each in order to keep them together. Fact. They were from Virginia, the mother of statesmen.

Raleigh *News*: During the past year the receipts of Internal Revenue in this collection district for each month were as follows: January $64,908.19; February $43,365.92; March $78,394.61; April $53,630.63; May $85,932.86; June $65,285.00; July $86,205.09; August $99,423.75; September $80,689.02; October $96,764.30; November $82,839.74; December $45,605.04. The total amounts for the year amounts to $873,244.75.

Raleigh *Observer*: Wyatt McIver McKensey, who was in November last convicted of the murder of George Goode, made his escape from the jail of Rockingham county on the night of the 26th, together with other prisoners. They made their escape by burning the floor and prizing the iron bars of their cells. McKensey is said to be a shrewd, bold, desperate man, and being favored in his enterprise by the fall of snow, which almost obscured his tracks, it will be a wonder if he is ever taken.

According to the Salem *Press* Adam Butner and wife, of Forsyth county, have eight children. Here are the ages of seven: Christian, 88 years 2 months and 5 days; Henry Harmon, 86 years 2 months and 14 days; Daniel, 81 years 9 months and 10 days; Adam, 78 years and 1 month; Annie Elizabeth, 74 years and 7 months; Jacob, 72 years 1 month and 12 days; John, 69 years 9 months and 6 days, aggregating a total of 550 years 2 months and 17 days, and an average age of 78 4-7 years.

Washington *Press*: The light draught boats to be used for the survey of Tar river as far up as Tarboro, have arrived, and the steamer with which they are to act in concert is hourly expected. We are not at this writing definitely informed as to the object of the survey, but we presume that it is in connection with the proposed great coast line canal which is to form inland communication to ships from Boston to New Orleans, and this, we understand, is an experimental survey to ascertain the most practical route.

Captain N. Dumont, an ex-Federal soldier, and for several years after the war in charge of a Federal Signal Service Observatory in Massachusetts, of which State he is a native, we believe, has issued a call for a convention of Northern men, who have resided in the South sufficiently long to judge of the merits of the location, to meet in Charlotte on the 15th day of January, to prepare a statement, make addresses, etc., for publication in Northern papers concerning the advantages and disadvantages of the States of North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia, as homes for Northern men.

Wilmington *Sun*: A gentleman from the lower portion of Pender county, who was in this city yesterday, tells us about two colored men killing a curious looking animal on his plantation New Year's day. The negroes, who are farm hands of informant, and named John Pauls and Jule Pickett, took his pack of hounds and went out on a fox hunt. About dinner time, the barking of the dogs in a thick forest attracted the negroes' attention, and making their way into the woods the found all the dogs squatting around the tree and barking at a queer looking animal that was quartered among the topmost branches. The darkies at once set to work cutting down the tree, but before they had half finished, the varmint attempted to leap in an adjoining tree and fell to the ground among the dogs. A severe fight at once ensued, but the dogs were finally victorious, killing the animal after receiving many bloody wounds among themselves. The animal, in appearance, resembled a young tiger, and our Pender friend says that all who have seen it, pronounce it to be of the genuine tiger species. He had the hide taken off and will exhibit it in our city as soon as it can be stuffed.