

# Goldsboro Mess

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., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1879.

NO. 42.

### New Advertisements.

## GET A GOOD FIT!

### OLSSON,

Fashionable Tailor,  
GOLDSBORO, N. C.

Would inform the citizens of Goldsboro and surrounding country, that he is prepared to guarantee entire satisfaction to all who want a good fit in a

### Suit of Clothing.

From his long experience in the business of Goldsboro and the surrounding country, and more recently at Raleigh, he is prepared to guarantee a good fit and entire satisfaction, and make to order the latest styles of business and dress suits, and at the very lowest prices.

Cutting and repairing done at reasonable rates.

Opposite H. Well & Bros. field-st.

### Poetry.

#### LOVE'S SUNSET.

The summer twilight through the shades  
Of kindly maples slowly fades  
Two long, changing rays and with  
Two long, changing rays and with  
And in each other's eyes  
In long fond looks of sweet content  
They gaze, as if each heart so went  
In sympathetic pulses toward  
Were not the other there, to take  
The secret and the price.

Gray is her venerable head,  
And over his wrinkled cheek have fled  
The hopeful hours of graceful youth,  
The years of manhood's life and rest,  
The lingering months of age,  
Gray are her ravened hairs and thin,  
And over brow and nose and chin  
Time's stern three scores and ten have writ  
The mementoes of his life and sin,  
And yet they love; hands clasped in hands  
They sit and look out on the land,  
And breathe the incense of their youth,  
The mementoes of his life and sin,  
A love that's true and true.

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upright in fresh alarm as a gust of wind whistled down the chimney and clapped the blind together.

"That's nothing but wind. How it does blow, though," Aunt Abigail, what are you going to do?"

"Do? I'm going to fasten that wash room door," responded Miss Abigail, who was dragging a heavy beam of wood across the shed, which she proposed to lean against the door in question, bracing the other end against the boiler. "I don't want any of Jonathan's little pieces of wood stuck over the hinges. I mean to have it safe. The latch don't hold anyway, and a wind like this would have that door open in a minute. I don't exactly like this arrangement, either," she added, eyeing the uneven base of the beam with unfriendly eyes, which Mollie cast sympathizing in the door of the kitchen.

"Well," continued Miss Abigail, after a final crowding in of the beam, "I suppose that must do. Now, Bridget, we want dinner at 12:15 o'clock. Get your fire made and let the cabbage be boiling. It won't do any good to sit there crying. I'll take care of the pudding. I'm going up stairs to put mother to bed. If you want anything, speak to me, and don't unlock a door for your life. Mollie, will you just see that the lower windows are fastened?"

ing the kettle in the first hasty place, which happened to be the lowest step of the back stairs, obeyed; but Miss Abigail was already on the way back with the clothes line in her hand.

"If we can't get in," she exclaimed in a nervous whisper, "they shan't get out at any rate!" "I don't see as we can help Bridget any, but we can keep 'em down there till Jonathan gets back. There's only one window and that's barred and too small for a man to crawl through."

Miss Abigail proceeded to tie a slipknot around the old-fashioned handle of the latch on the cellar door, which she drew tight, then, crossing the kitchen, she passed the other end of the line around the pump, and making it "taut" with considerable exertion, wound it around again and again, and finally tied it in an unskillful but "victoriously-twisted" knot. Mollie, who in spite of her concern for Bridget, had been in "error" lost the out-laws should suddenly burst in upon them, drew a long breath of relief when this was done, but her satisfaction was disturbed by a sharp exclamation behind her. Grandma Richton, alarmed at the noise, had crept feebly down the back stairs to find Abigail, and had, of course, fallen over the kettle of boiling water, amidst rivulets of which she was feebly struggling.

covered that they had entered the corn barn by means of a rear window, had opened the door, and were seated upon two barrels, smoking.

"Merry on us!" exclaimed Miss Abigail, glancing at the clock and then sinking into a chair, "here it's ten minutes of 12 o'clock, and Jonathan and Marthy coming home without a thought of what's happened. Jonathan'll drive right round that corn barn, as sure as fate, and into the barn. They'll be there lying in wait for him. They're sitting just where they can see the whole length of the road, and they mean to do the job. They'll murder him and go on with the plunder in the wagon—that's all!"

"Mollie's cheeks grew paler yet."

"But, aunt, you know we can rush out and save him when he is at the foot of the hill, and he'll have Uncle Nathan's pistol."

"Not he! I never knew Jonathan Price to do anything the way he said he was going to, and he's an old man—no match for those wretches. They just mean to kill him, with not a particle of color in her Irish face, and her tongue cleaving to the roof of her mouth with terror."

It required the combined strength of the two Clarks to force the door, which being done they discovered Bridget on the lower stair, with not a particle of color in her Irish face, and her tongue cleaving to the roof of her mouth with terror.

Any artist had depicted the various attitudes of the various persons gathered around the cellar door, the picture would have made his fortune. Clark senior was the first to perceive the comedy of the affair, and a broad grin gradually spread itself over his face, which was mirrored on the countenance of his two sons. In one minute the kitchen was ringing with a universal and prolonged burst of laughter.

One fact remains to be stated, that is, that Bridget left the farm the next day. Miss Abigail says little concerning burglars, and less concerning fire-arms. Whenever she does, Uncle Price merely alludes to "that Sunday morning's experience."

### WASHINGTON LETTER.

#### Conkling's Defeat and its Mollifying Effects—Prospects of an Extra Session—Expected Important Reports—The Tobacco Tax, &c.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 10, 1879.

Senator Conkling has lost his grip. Had the crushing defeat he has just sustained occurred some months ago the loss of power and prestige that must result, might have overthrown him in the race for reelection. Less than a year ago, when this same contest was on, the Democratic Senators almost unanimously voted with Conkling to assist him in defeating Mr. Hayes' appointments in New York. This time twenty-four Democrats voted the other way, not because of any love for the frauds in and about the White House, but because the public good demanded that the case be effectually disposed of, and because Conkling failed to manifest any appreciation of the service done him before. The vote was a sore disappointment to the New York Senator who had counted noses, and up to within a few hours of the Executive Session believed he had a majority. But the seductive influences of patronage had been at work, and John Sherman's promises of fat places were too much for Conkling's mere personal appeals. There is scarcely a doubt that this sort of bribery won over to the administration side some half a dozen Republican Senators who had pledged themselves to Conkling, among them one, who, as a member of the committee, signed the report against confirmation. Senators do love to have good berths at their disposal for their dependants. Moreover, there are some of them who go out of office in about three weeks, and the prospect of a foreign mission, or some such thing, has a decidedly mollifying effect upon their tempers. This administration don't hesitate to buy anything it wants. It bought its way into office, and has done nothing since but confer rewards upon the rascals who sold out to it. Some very interesting correspondence was read in the course of Senator Conkling's remarks in executive session. One of the letters was sent from a high treasury official to the Collector at New York, requesting the appointment of "for manifest reasons." Another letter wanted one Howard stored away in some fat place, and Senator Conkling said this was for "manifest reasons," too, as Howard was Mr. Hayes' biographer. These letters were written before the acting President suspended Arthur. This is a nice administration to make loud professions of civil service reform and purity. Bah!

### School Notice.

CAPT. W. S. BYRD, A. M., will open his School in Mount Olive, on Monday, the 27th inst.

Terms for Session of Twenty Weeks, From \$8 to \$20—INCIDENTAL EXPENSES, \$1.

This School affords every facility for acquiring a good, sound practical Education.

The Principal makes Mathematics, both pure and applied, a specialty. Having graduated in one of the best Commercial Colleges in the country, he is fully competent to instruct in Double Entry Book-keeping and the Collateral Branches of the Science of Accounts.

Students charged from time of entry to the end of Session. No deduction made except in case of protracted sickness.

January 25, 1879. 30-3w

### Miscellaneous.

#### A MORNING'S EXPERIENCE.

The Price family were gathered in the kitchen one Sunday morning. The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Price—commonly called "Uncle" and "Aunt" Price; Miss Abigail Price, a spinster sister; Mrs. Richton, Mrs. Price's sister—an aged lady of 70 years; Mollie Jennings, a niece visiting the farm, and Bridget, a new recruit from Ireland. Aunt Price were dressed in their best, and their ancient horse, Elijah, harnessed to an open wagon, was in readiness to take them to church in the village—three miles away. A hiatus, however, appeared to have occurred in the proceedings, for Aunt Price stood in the kitchen, irresolutely swinging her parasol, while Uncle Price switched the honey suckle that grew around the door, with his whip. Miss Abigail stood grimly regarding the twin, with her head tied in a duster. Mollie had paused in the open parlor door, Grandma Richton rocked in the corner by the dresser, and Bridget peered in from the sick-room open-mouthed.

"Well," Miss Abigail was remarking, "if you think it's safe, far be it from me to make objections. You know James and Joseph are both gone."

"Sho!" put in Uncle Price, testily, "it's come to that Marthy's I can't go to church Sundays, we'll move. We shan't go more'n a two hours. Just look up all you like, and I'll risk your being troubled in broad daylight."

"But, Uncle," said Mollie, nervously, "you know they went to Simpson's at 3 o'clock in the afternoon when they were all out lorrying, and they went to Floyd's—"

"They'd naturally expect to get something at Floyd's," said Aunt Price, "but coming here right in the face of a parcel of women folk for the little we've got would be some different."

"I'm up!" commented Miss Abigail, "they might as well steal our spoons as anybody else's; but as I said before, if you think it's safe, and we a mile from any house, and the bolt lost off the wash-room door, why then—"

"Bolt lost? How's that?"

"We can't find it, that's all; and there's no earthly way of locking it. And here there've been six robbers and almost a murder in a fortnight."

"Well, well," said Uncle Price, latching the wash-room door meditatively. "I'll go round to Nathan's after service and get his pistols. I hain't thought so much about it, but it would be a good plan to have 'em here nights. Jest put in a piece of wood over this latch; that'll hold it, and keep quiet and don't worry. Lord! I never see nothing like you for worryin'."

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"A hearty rollicking laugh rolling out from behind the closed door, caused the Uncle Price to stop and stare blankly; then to jump to the ground and throw open the barn door, precipitately, in spite of a warning from Miss Abigail, who had approached from the house. There were the two cased of the disturbances, one calmly tilted back on the barrel, the other in the midst of a hearty laugh.

"Je-rusalem," cried Uncle Price, dashing his foot to the ground in the extremity of his astonishment—"David Henry!"

Explanations ensued. The newcomers were two seafaring nephews of Uncle Price, who had come down "between times" to see how the farm stood it, and had taken up quarters in the corn barn, meaning to surprise the family on their return.

### "Spanish Chufa."

300 Bushels, saved clean and sound, expressly for planting, for sale at \$3.00 per bushel, \$2.00 per 100 bushels, \$1.00 per sack, shipped in strong bags, delivered free on board of cars, or at Express office, at Magnolia. Order early, and get good seed, lower than ever before. Send money by registered letter or P. O. Money Order, on P. Office at Kenansville. Any information desired in regard to the cultivation of the crop, on the unsolicited plan. Address R. H. BROWN, Janitor Hallsville, Duplin Co., N. C.

### SCHOOL BOOKS

Stationery, Slates, Pens, Pencils, Inks &c., &c.

A full supply at greatly reduced prices at KIRBY & HILLS.

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### 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 are located in the corner room of the Cobb Building, where at all times they will be pleased to receive orders for new work of any description, and to do the same 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 years' experience, and guarantee entire satisfaction as to styles, fit and price, in repairing, and we make invaluable patches a specialty.

All work promptly attended to.

P. WEDDON,  
WM. SULLIVAN.

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### Wholesale Liquors.

## E. M. Lehman,

GOLDSBORO, N. C.

Importer and Rectifier of Wholesale Prices.

Not presuming to make any broad assertions, excepting those which are justly entitled to 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 on the unsolicited dealer, all patent Brandy and Brandy.

"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.

Oct 14-1f E. M. LEHMAN.

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### 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 salt meats, bacon, lard, gitt-edge butter, selected cream cheese, flour, meal, large and small hominy, rice, buckwheat, sugar, all grades coffee, all grades, roasted Rio and Java, best, best brands, soap, starch, lye, potash, all grades, pepper, soda, baking powder of all kinds, molasses, vinegar, and all cakes and crackers of all kinds and butters.

### CANNED GOODS.

Such as fresh peaches, tomatoes, cherries, strawberries, pineapple, lima beans, corn, lobsters, oysters, sardines, Wilson's corn beef, pickled tongue, brandy, preserves, pickles, catsup, pepper sauce, and all grades of apples, peaches, and all grades of all styles and varieties, nuts of all kinds, raisins, one-quarter, one-half and whole boxes, citron, mince, meal, jellies of all kinds, extras, all flavors, age, Malaga grapes, pears, apples, cranberries, currants, peaches, lemon, coconuts, preserved ginger and peaches, dried apples and peaches, onions, Irish potatoes, corn, and all grades of all grades of all grades.

"Thank you for a generous public for past patronage. I hope by all means to continue to merit the same. Remember that full weight and measure will please come forward and assist us."

Respectfully,  
Nov. 28-1f A. H. KEATON.

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### LUMBER, LUMBER.

The undersigned begs leave to inform the citizens of Goldsboro and surrounding country that he is now prepared to furnish them with Lumber from pine that have never been used, at very short notice and at satisfactory prices.

Orders left at the store of Messrs Baker & Broadhurst will receive prompt attention, who are authorized to contract.

JOHN F. HUMPHREY.

Feb. 25, 1878-3m

"I'm up!" commented Miss Abigail, "they might as well steal our spoons as anybody else's; but as I said before, if you think it's safe, and we a mile from any house, and the bolt lost off the wash-room door, why then—"

"Bolt lost? How's that?"

"We can't find it, that's all; and there's no earthly way of locking it. And here there've been six robbers and almost a murder in a fortnight."

"Well, well," said Uncle Price, latching the wash-room door meditatively. "I'll go round to Nathan's after service and get his pistols. I hain't thought so much about it, but it would be a good plan to have 'em here nights. Jest put in a piece of wood over this latch; that'll hold it, and keep quiet and don't worry. Lord! I never see nothing like you for worryin'."

"I didn't get the pistols," said Uncle Price, remorsefully. "I got so sorter calmed down after hearing the sermon. I'll stop at Clark's—Huddup, Elijah."

Elijah, induced by a thorn bush, did huddle, and in about fifteen minutes they drove up to Mr. Price's farm with three stout men in the wagon. All was quiet. House and barn seemed uninhabited. Uncle Price, rendered warlike by his reinforcements, drove straight to the corn barn, and after careful survey began to unload.

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### THINGS IN GENERAL.

The Democrats in Congress are said not to harmonize, whilst the Radicals cling together with due fraternity of feeling. When the Democrats get control fully they will do better, for great is the cohesive power of public plunder."

The bonded debt of New York city is only \$114,102,291.37. There is no danger of repudiation. North Carolina—a great State—owes but \$27,000,000—less than one-fifth, and yet our Legislators are afraid to even attempt to pay the interest or any part thereof.

Chief Joseph and the Interior Department have arranged for session by the Nez Percés of about 4,800 square miles in Idaho. The terms are \$100,000 for the Indian Territory and \$250,000 to money, to be placed in the Treasury and to draw 4 per cent. interest.

The wife of Rev. Dr. Doring died in Augusta, Ga., a few days ago, aged sixty-eight years. She accompanied her husband to California, in the early history of the State, riding a mule across the plains. Her husband established the first Methodist church in California.

Miss Jackson, the daughter of the Alexandria hotel-keeper, who killed Col. Alexander, was in the city on business in a Treasury Department place at Washington by Col. Mosby until he left for Hong Kong. Since his departure Miss Jackson has lost her place.

The public debt statement for February 1, shows an increase in the debt for the preceding month of \$2,000,000, making the Treasury, \$382,450,633; legal-tenders outstanding, \$346,743,031; total without interest, \$429,193,664; total debt, \$2,585,321,136; total interest, \$23,054,689.

Mary Anderson has a moon-struck lover, J. S. Henscock, of Buffalo, who was a student at Princeton in 1850, and now follows her all around the country, puts up at the hotels where his innamorata stops, and often annoys her so much that she is compelled to take her meals in her room.

The Washington correspondent of the Richmond States says: "The wife of Senator Bruce, of Mississippi, who has been out this week returning the calls of the ladies who placed her on their visiting list recently. She is very light colored, and looks like a young girl, but has some visiting suit. She wears a white hat, and a white veil over her face."

That is very sad news that tells us of the serious illness of Gen. Wade Hampton, especially as we were just congratulating the whole country upon the hope that he would be able to return to his home, and that another amputation may be necessary, as the bone of the leg protrudes nearly three inches from the point at which it was formerly removed. He is now confined to his bed.

The attorneys engaged in behalf of the Louisiana Lottery Company give notice that the repeal of the charter by the Legislature will be taken to the Supreme Court of the United States, and that the Lottery will continue to operate until that court renders its opinion. In the meantime, however, it is a pertinent question to make, who are to appeal the ticket-holders, and who are to be in possession of the fund. The latter has been the case since the founding of the lottery.

The founded debt of New York city, on the 1st of January, 1879, including taxation bonds, sinking fund bonds, assessments and revenue bonds, (issued in anticipation of taxes), amounting to \$146,356,691.37, from which aggregate, however, to be deducted \$32,357,029.85, on account of the sinking fund, leaving net bonded debt \$114,102,291.37. This is a heavy sum for even a metropolis to carry, but New York has never been proverbially fond of big things.

A Democratic Congressional Caucus has decided to favor the repeal of that clause of the Judiciary act imposing a test oath on jurors in the United States Courts, which delays any person from serving as a juror who voluntarily signed an affidavit of cause; also, an amendment providing that jurors drawn to serve in United States Courts shall have the same qualifications and be entitled to the same exemptions as jurors of the highest court in the State where such United States Courts is held.

The Russian Government has determined to take extraordinary measures to stamp out the plague. Gen. Louis Melnikoff has been appointed Governor-General of the plague-stricken districts, which are cordoned into a single province during the continuance of the epidemic. The infected districts is to be surrounded by a cordon of soldiers; houses and even villages are to be destroyed if necessary, and to work necessary, and the inhabitants removed elsewhere within the quarantined district.

### HOW TO LOAD A GUN.

The author of "Shooting on the Wing" says of loading the gun: Under this head we have to consider not only the best quantities and proportions of powder and shot, but the proper mode of inserting the charge in the gun. If the weapon be a breech-loader, full directions in regard to the point will be given by the manufacturer; but where muzzle-loader is used, there is a certain routine to be observed, both for the sake of securing rapidity and certainty, and of avoiding danger.

Both barrels of the gun being unloaded, the following is the system that we allways follow: Grasping the barrel with the left hand a few inches below the muzzle, the hammer being an half-cock and the gun in such a position directly in front that the trigger-guard is toward the person, we measure out the proper quantity of powder for a load, and pour in into each barrel in succession; and, after returning the flask to the pocket, insert a cut wad in each barrel, draw the ramrod, and press it gently to the bottom. For doing this, Frank Forester gives come very excellent advice as follows: "Remember not to grasp the rod, much less cover the tip of it with the palm of your hand in ramming down, but to hold it only between the tips of your fingers and thumb. In case of an explosion, this difference in the mode of holding it will just make the difference of lacerated finger-tips, or a hand blown to shreds."

The rod may now be held in the same hand that supports the barrels, while the shot is carefully measured and poured into the chamber, and again inserted and pressed home, and the ramrod returned to its proper place. All that now remains is to cap the piece, and see that the hammers are at half-cock.

The Washington Post says: A Frenchman, disappointed in love, determined to commit suicide. Previous to carrying his design into effect, he wrote a letter to the lady who had jilted him. In another document he noted his last wishes, which he desired should be scrupulously adhered to. His corpse was to be taken, boiled down, and the fat extracted. Out of this a candle was to be made, and presented to the subject of his misplaced affections