

W. F. Kornegay Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Foreign & Domestic HARDWARE,

Stoves, Carriage Material, Builders' Supplies, Paints, Oils, Glass.

GOLDSBORO, - - - N. C.

After a successful business career of several years the undersigned feels that he is acquainted with the wants of the farmers and mechanics of North Carolina, and especially solicits the attention of this class to his extensive stock.

He has made Carriage goods a specialty, and desires completion. He buys twice the quantity of any house in the State, and is thus prepared to offer goods in this line at the lowest prices.

Painters! Painters!

Lined and Roan Oils, Buck, Crystal Palace and Devon White Lead, Varnishes of all kinds. Colors ground in oil and dry, at

Carpenters! Carpenters!

Saws, Drawing Knives, Braces, Bits, Augers, Squares, Spirit Levels, Planes, Hatchets, Files, &c., at

Builders! Builders!

Nails, Butt, Strap and Blind Hinges, Locks, Latches, Door Handles, Wood Fasteners, Draw Pulls, Sash Cords, Sash Poles, Frame Pulleys, Patent Brads, &c., at

Cucumber Pumps!

At W. F. KORNEGAY'S.

Table Cutlery!

Including Ladlers, Fryer & Clark's well known make, at

Pocket Knives!

Imported and Domestic. At

Window Glass!

All sizes, American and French. At

Harness! Harness!

Buggy, Cart and Wagon Harness, at

Trace Chains!

At W. F. KORNEGAY'S.

Axes! Axes!

At W. F. KORNEGAY'S.

Carriage Goods!

Spokes, Rims, Hubs, Carriage Parts, Shafts, Long and Short Arm Axles, also Trimming goods of every description, at

The Monumental Cooking Stove!

For size, weight, beauty, large oven, power of heat, rapidity of baking and roasting, size of fire box, economy of fuel, large flues, good draft, simplicity and durability, it can not be excelled. The testimony of thousands using them fully justifies the assertion. It has become the most popular and the leading Cook Stove wherever introduced. For sale at

GUNS! PISTOLS!

A large assortment of fire-arms, at

A GOOD FAMILY PAPER.

Everybody should subscribe for the FRIEND OF TEMPERANCE! IT is next to the largest Paper in North Carolina. IT is one of the best, if not the very best Literary and Family Papers in the South. IT is one of the cheapest Papers in the country. IT is one of the oldest Temperance Papers in the South. IT is the Official Organ of the Order of the Friends of Temperance in the United States. IT is the Official Organ of the State Council of North Carolina. IT is the Paper that every Temperance man should subscribe for. IT is the Paper that every Family should have.

J. FERNBERGER & CO.

Wines, Liquors, Cigars and Tobacco, No. 32 North Water Street, Wilmington, N. C.

Carolina Messenger.

J. A. BONITZ, Editor and Proprietor.

"For us, Principle is Principle—Right is Right—Yesterday, To-day, To-morrow, Forever."

Published Semi-Weekly and Weekly.

VOL. 10.

GOLDSBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1873.

NO. 24.

Carolina Messenger.



SEMI-WEEKLY EDITION.

An Old Hand.

Blue-winded and wrinkled, knuckly and thin. This good old hand is clasping mine; I bend above it, and looking down, I study its aspect, line by line.

This hand has clasped a thousand hands. That long have known no answering thrill? Some have mouldered in foreign lands—Some in the graveyard on the hill.

Clasped a mother's hand in the day When it was little and soft and white—Mother, who kissed it, and went away, To rest till the waking in God's good light.

Clasped a lover's hand, years ago, Who sailed away and left her in tears; Under Sabat's torrid sun, Its bones have whitened years and years.

Clasped the hand of a good man true, Who held it softly and fell asleep, And woke no more, and never knew How long that impress this would keep.

Clasped so many, so many—so few That still respond to the living will, Or can answer this pressure so kind and true!

So many that lie unmoved and still! Clasped, at last, this hand my own; And mine will moulder, too, in turn. Will any clasp it when I am gone? In vain I study this hand to learn!

Was it Heart Disease?

"Mrs. Delmar, did you order those paintings which I requested you to this morning?"

"No, sir! I was somewhat hurried with my work, and thought it would do no harm to defer the pictures until afternoon, or perhaps tomorrow morning."

"Well, madame, when I make a request, I wish it complied with to the letter. You will please order the paintings, and see that they are hung in the places I have designated, before I come to my tea."

And not heeding the flushed, wistful face, and trembling lips of his little wife he left the room, not shutting the door very gently after him either.

Adah did not mind that he left without the good-bye and kiss, which are a wife's due; for she had learned long ago to do without them. They had been married three years, and Mr. Hugh Delmar thought that sentiment should stop with the courtship.

Adah had read over some old letters that morning, which she had come across in cleaning up a trunk, and will not say she did, but perhaps she might have been thinking how different a life she might have lived, had she listened to a voice low and full of music, instead of this one, which now sounded so harshly to her. She was just that tired and worried, that a good cry would have done her good; but her eyes were hot and smarting, and not a tear came to her relief. So neglecting part of her work, that she might be sure and get the pictures home in season, she started on her errand. She did not know the artist's name, as he had been in the place only a short time, but he was reported handsome and rich.

Going so early, the rooms were empty; not even the artist himself being there. So she walked the length of the long room, examining and admiring as she went, for she was a great lover of pictures, especially scenery, and that was the very reason Mr. Delmar wished her to select those particular ones. Not for any pleasure it might be to her, but that his friends might talk of his fine collection of paintings.

Reaching the farther end of the room, she stood spell-bound before a large picture, the subject of which was a never-forgotten scene of her maidenhood.

It was a large tree in the edge a wood, under which lay a man in seeming great distress; beside him a basket half filled with nuts; and standing beside him a young lady signaling a farmer in the distance, who is seen coming on the run.

The young lady was herself, and the young man, Rosco Vester, her lover, whom she first met as the picture showed, in the woods, with his ankle badly sprained by a fall from a chestnut tree. It was a beautiful picture, every item, even the faces, were perfect.

Adah stood before it as in a dream. Her heart was in a tumult, and her brain on fire with a wild desire to live her life over again. And still not a tear came to her relief. Her eyes shone with a light almost fearful in its brightness, and her cheeks were almost purple with the intensity of her feelings, the rest of her face an ashy paleness.

She was still before that picture when the artist entered. He saw that there was a lady there, and thinking that she might have been waiting some time, as he had been into one of the stores on some errands, he hastened toward her.

Just as he reached her side, she turned and confronted him. "Oh Rosco! how could you?" "Adah! Adah! is that you?"

And grasping both her hands in his he looked into her eyes, as though he would search the most secret corners of her heart.

"Adah Westly, did you say that a poor artist was not fit society for Mr. Emerson Westley's daughter—that I was only sneaking around after your money—and that I only counted as one more conquest?"

"Stop, Ross! for heaven's sake, stop! I never said one of those things. Did you—could you think that of me? Oh, Ross!" and a hard dry sob choked her.

"Do you tell me it was false? how can that be? Hugh Delmar said you told him that, and ever more, with your own lips. Oh, Adah, has that accursed man caused us all this misery?"

"Hush! you forgot Mr. Delmar is my husband. Why did you not come to me, and tell me what they said? Why did you say such hard things of me? Oh, Ross? why could we not have had an understanding before it was too late?"

She had forgotten herself for the moment, and cried out in the great anguish of her heart, and her words drove her hearer almost to madness.

"Thank God, for those words?—They show me that you did love me—aye, do love me now; you must be mine. Oh, Adah, fly with me; we will go where—"

She stood before him a spirited woman. With her firm will she put down the agonized cries for love, peace, and shelter that arose to her lips, and answered Ross Vester with a steady voice, though her cheeks burned, and her pretty lips trembled.

"Mr. Vester, please remember that I am a married woman. Never cross my path again, and you may be assured that I shall never meet you again if it can be helped;" and, turning, she pointed out the pictures she had chosen, and started for the door. He sprang forward and caught her hand.

"Adah! will you—can you leave me like this?" and the look in his eyes frightened her; but again her firm will came to her aid.

"Ross—Mr. Vester; there is a deep, wide gulch divides us. We both have duties to perform, and let us try to do them faithfully;" and she snatched her hand from his.

"Adah, how can you talk so cool? Adah! Adah! I don't believe you love me. I almost believe what they told me was true. If you loved me you would give me some word to live on, and dream over; but your heart is all in old Delmar's money boxes; or at least, what little heart you had. Go your way, woman, as pleased as all your sex." And he opened the door for her with a mocking bow. She turned, and giving him a look which he never forgot to his dying day, hurried out into the street.

She went home like one in a dream, murmuring to herself now and then, "I did my duty; God help me." Reaching home, she threw off her hat, and kneeling beside the sofa, prayed to God for help, rest and peace; and a prayer went up such as only an agonized soul can breathe; and God heard and gave her peace and rest.

When Mr. Delmar came in to tea he found the pictures standing in the hall, and entered the sitting-room, with a reprimand on his lips, ready for the wife who had dared to neglect his wishes, the second time. Finding her kneeling there, he concluded that she had a cry over some little difficulty, and had fallen asleep. He went to her and spoke, but received no answer; he took her hand, it was icy cold. God had, indeed, given her rest. When Mr. Delmar, in his fright, brought in friends and a doctor, they pronounced it heart disease.

The Financial Question.

The Hon. John Sherman, of Ohio, the ablest financial Senator in the Radical party, has been interviewed on the financial question. As to specific legislative measures, the Senator thought it too early to form or express an opinion. The bill reported by the Finance Committee towards the close of the last session of Congress was a wise measure, and if it was now a law, to take effect in January next, it would do great good and furnish incalculable relief.

"I doubt," said he, "if we are quite ready for free banking, and I would hesitate to propose it without some radical change in the banking law. Still, with the right to convert greenbacks into five per cent. gold bonds and to convert them into greenbacks within the limit of four hundred millions, we would have the best standard of the value of paper money now attainable, and one that would prevent any excessive issue of bank notes." In a panic he held to rest would be the same, whether gold or paper is the standard of value, with this difference, that if the paper money is bad the loss falls upon the holder, who is the involuntary creditor of a broken bank. If the paper money is secured, the loss fall upon the depositor, who is the voluntary creditor of the bank or bankers whom he chooses to trust with his money. In a panic the first disposition is to hoard money—the better it is the more it is hoarded. It is this involuntary instinct to hoard that will break any back in Christendom unless it is checked by restored confidence or a greatly enlarged issue of money. He would only favor an increase of the volume of the currency conditionally. He knew no better way to make our legal tenders as good as gold than to redeem such as are offered in gold, if we have it, and if we do not have it, then to redeem them with the next best thing, a bond of the United States likely to remain on a par with gold. This gold value of our paper money being secured, we can readily have an increase of it, when necessary, by authorizing the payment of greenbacks, par for par, for any outstanding bonds of the United States. The disposition to hoard greenbacks would be checked by the knowledge that they could be had at any time in exchange for bonds. This would require the banks to redeem their notes in greenbacks, or, in case of their failure to do so, the notes would be redeemed by the United States Treasurer with the bonds deposited for their security. All that Congress can do, Mr. Sherman said, "is to require ample security for all currency issues; to maintain it at par with gold, to guard against artificial scarcity in times of panic, and then to leave all persons free to buy, sell, barter, exchange, bank borrow, lend or deposit as they will, at their own risk."

One of the "contrabands" who found his way to Boston with returning troops, related his experience on the battle-field as follows: "Ye see, massa, I was drivin' an ambulance, when a musket-ball come and kill my horse; and den, pretty soon, the shell come along, and he blow my wagon all to pieces and den I got off!"

FROM Gov. Caldwell's message we learn that 264,679 people have emigrated from this into other States. As an offset to this we have only received immigration of 42,638, 2029 of whom were from Europe. Bad figures these. Scarcely one come to five that went.

The Youth's Column.

A goodly prospect, tempting to the view: The height delight us, and the mountain top looks beautiful, because 'tis high to heaven: But we never think how ready 's the foundation. What storms will batter, and what tempest shake us.

Ambition.

Some conceited weights, who study party politics more than philosophy or ethics, call the laudable desires of the human heart, ambition, aiming to strip the monster of its deformity, that they may use it, as the liver of heaven to serve the devil. The former are based on philanthropy, the latter, on selfishness. Lexicographers define ambition to be, an earnest desire of power, honor, preferment, pride. The honor that is awarded to power, is of doubtful gender, and the power that is acquired by ambition, is held by a slender tenure, a mere rope of sand. Its hero often receives the applause of the multitude one day, and its execrations the next. The summit of vain ambition is often the depth of misery. Based on a sandy foundation, it falls before the blasts of envy, and the tornado of faction. It is inflated by a gaseous thirst for power, like a balloon with hydrogen, and is in constant danger of being exploded, by the very element that causes its elevation. It eschews charity, and deals largely in the corrosive sublimate of falsehood, the aquatortis of envy, the elixir vitriol of revenge, and the asafetida of duplicity. Like the kite, it cannot rise in a calm, and requires a constant wind to preserve its upward course. The tulerum of ignorance, and the lever of party spirit, form its magic power. An astute writer has well observed, that "ambition makes the same mistake concerning power, that avarice makes relative to wealth." The ambitious man begins, by accumulating it as the desideratum of happiness, and ends his career in the midst of exertions to obtain more. So ended the onward and upward career of Napoleon—his life, a modern wonder—his fate, a fearful warning—his death, a scene of gloom. Power is gained as a means of enjoyment, but oftener than otherwise, is its fell destroyer. Like the viper in the fable, it is prone to sting those who warm it in life. History full demonstrates these propositions. Hyder Ali was in the habit of starting frightfully in his sleep. His confidential friend and attendant asked the reason.—He replied, "My friend, the state of a beggar is more delightful than my evinced monarchy—awake, he sees no conspirators—sleep, he dreams of no assassins." Ambition, like the gold of the miser, is the sepulchre of all the other passions of the man. It is the grand centre around which they move, with centrifugal force. Its history is one of carnage and blood—it is the bane of substantial good—it endangers body and soul, for time and eternity. Reader, if you desire peace of mind, shun ambition and the ambitious man. He will use you as some men do their horses, ride you all day without food, and give you post meat for supper. He will gladly make a bridge of you, on which to walk in power, provided he can pass toll free. Let your aim be more lofty than the highest pinnacle ambition can rear. Nothing is pure but heaven, let that be the prize you seek.

"And taste and prove in that transporting sight, Joy without sorrow, without dark es-light."

The Country Sunday Schools.

1. Whoever you may be, already in charge of a country Sunday school, or projecting the organization of one, remember that one consecrated heart can stir up a whole neighborhood. The one great need of any country Sunday school is an earnest leader. He will attract to himself the heart of every child. This will give every parent Earnest, indefatigable love, can keep a Sunday school under the most inauspicious circumstances. The magnet, in spite of wind and wave, and blackness and tempest, points steadily towards the pole. A force silently goes forth from afar, and it trembles thitherward in responsive longing. So woos true Christianity, love, and this may throbb in your heart, brother of sister, and win childhood and age from

neglectful homes to the school, the sanctuary and the Saviour.

2. Remember that to be a successful Sunday school yours need not be a large one. Ten pupils and two teachers may have a session full of enthusiasm and profit. Instead of expending your zeal in futile endeavors after large accessions to your numbers, make the school itself so profitable and instructive that every pupil shall of his own accord become an earnest missionary, and from personal assurance of its value persuade his fellows to join your ranks.

Drink, But Remember.

If you think it is your duty to drink intoxicating liquors, by all means do so. On no account violate your conscientious convictions, but while you raise the cup to your lips, remember that this draught represents the bread of a starving brother for the food of at least six million persons is yearly grasped by the mallet and distiller and its nourishment destroyed.

Remember that so long as you are in health, these liquors are unnecessary; two thousand medical men have asserted it, and hundreds of teetotalers have proved it.

Remember that most persons who act as you do injure their health and shorten their lives by so doing.

Remember that not drunkenness alone, but drinking, fills our jails and penitentiaries, our poor houses, and our lunatic asylums; employs our coroners and our hangmen, and works mischief incalculable on all ranks and both sexes, of which humane institution takes cognizance.

Remember that dinking retards education, industry, and every branch of political and social improvement.

Remember that multitudes yearly die drunkards' deaths and go to meet a drunkard's doom.

Remember that every year multitudes call for your "moderate" ranks to recruit the wasted army of drunkards.

Remember that every drunkard once tried to follow the example you set, and on trial fell from his slippery ground into the whirlpool of intemperance.

Remember that if you sanction the custom, you are answerable for its fruits.

Remember that the weak and tempted ones look to you, and that under God it depends on you whether they may be drunkards or sober men.

Remember that "to him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin," and that there is "a woe for that man through whom offense cometh to the little ones."

Remember that you cannot be neutral, that there will be a day when you will be unable to plead ignorance.

Remember that all this weight of responsibility rest upon you, as you raise that cup, if you think it right, but we envy not your conscience.

Five Bales to the Acre.

Mr. T. C. Warthen, a thrifty planter living near Sandersville, Ga., has managed to raise five bales of cotton to the acre, and thus explains how he did it: "The soil is sandy, with clay subsoil. Has been in cultivation for sixty or eighty years, I suppose. About half of the acre was an old dung hill, the other half very poor before manuring. The guano I used was Kettlewell's A. A., or Phospho-Peruvian, 1,400 pounds; raw pine straw from the wood, 60 ox-cart loads green cotton seed, 60 bushels; stable manure, well rotted, 400 bushels. The pine straw, cotton seed and stable manure I hauled out in January, and strewed broadest over the land, then turned under with a two horse plough, breaking eight inches deep. Then with a sixteen inch scotter run in the two horse furrow, breaking from five to seven inches; in the whole thirteen to fifteen inches deep. I then followed in the scotter furrow with the guano or subsoil furrow, so on, till completed. In February I repeated the breaking in the same manner, leaving off manuring. In March, the same again, breaking each time crosswise, or in opposite direction. In April, I harrowed the land twice, to level the soil and destroy the young vegetation. Then I checked off my rows three feet each way, with a small bull-tongue plough, and on the 18th day of May I planted my cotton seed in the hill, six or eight seed, dropped, by hand and covered with the foot; the seed when covered being on a level. The seed were the "Cluster Cotton" variety. I purchased them from David Dickson, Esq., Oxford, Georgia, to whom I must confess, I am indebted for my success, to a certain extent. The seed, I am confident, were half the battle. The cotton was thinned to one stalk to the hill in June, with exception of the outside rows, in which I left two stalks. Then I ploughed with twenty-four-inch sweep, "Dickson's," very shallow, one furrow to the row, and about eight days afterward I repeated the same, running one furrow to the row, just scraping the earth enough to destroy the young weeds and grass. Did not use a hoe in it, in

order to avoid sinking the cotton, in fact, had no use for any, as the cotton grew so fast the shade therefrom prevented all vegetation from growing underneath.

Farmers, Stick to Your Lands.

We believe a good time is coming to the farmer. Out of the crash in which the banks of the country are being involved, will emerge thrift and prosperity to the trillers of the soil. The depression in the price of land will be overcome. Agriculture will be recognized as the basis of all material prosperity. In proportion as moneyed stocks recede landed property will go up.

The prime evil has been the temptation to invest money in stocks of all kinds rather than in lands. A quick interest outstripped the cause of patient plodding labor, in the race for gain. It was becoming generally believed that farming was a "losing business." Those who were once contented with realizing five and six per cent above the cost of living grew envious of those who could turn over the coveted "10 per cent," and that too without laboring from morning until night. But now it turns out that "10 per cent" may unexpectedly prove a delusive thing—a craft not staunch enough to ride the financial storm.

No doubt the present upheaval in money matters will prove ruinous to many, and produce paralysis in all branches of commerce. But it won't last long. The displacement of the cloud will reveal a serene sky. Thunder storms in nature purify the atmosphere, and the present commotion will be attended with an analogous result in the commercial world. Evils will be rectified and business turned into more healthful channels. A fresh impulse will be given to the pursuits of agriculture. The wants of society will be less artificial and numerous; extravagance will be checked; speculations will be tempered by prudence and moderation; and men will be content to follow honest toil, and esteem slow processes of accumulation more reliable than a "hasty fortune." So mote it be!

The Duke's Lesson.

A Duke once placed a rock in the road near his place. Next morning a peasant came that way with his ox cart "O, these lazy people," said he, "there is this big stone in the road and no one will take the trouble to put it out of the way," so Hans went on, scolding about the laziness of the people.

Next came along a gay soldier who stumbled over it, and went on, complaining.

Then came a company of merchants, who went off in single file on either side of the road. One said "did you ever see the like of that big stone lying here, and no one stopping to take it away!"

It lay there for three weeks, and no one tried to remove it. Then the Duke sent word to the people to meet him near where the stone lay, as he had something to tell them. A great crowd gathered. The Duke said: "It was I who put this stone here three weeks ago. Every passer-by has left it just as he found it and has cold his neighbor for not taking it out of the way." He then stooped down and lifted the stone; under it lay a small bag, marked, "For him who lifts the stone." In the bag was a gold ring and twenty gold coins. So they all lost the prize by not moving the stone.

Moral. Don't wait for your neighbor to plant less cotton, but roll the stone of too much cotton from one-fourth of your land, and raise your own pork, cows, mules, bread, hay, vegetables, fruit, and therefore manures. You will find that your reward will be gold, or its equivalent greenbacks, and prosperity. Three million bales of cotton will sell quicker at 20 cents per pound, than four million bales will at 15 cents per pound.

From Timely Topics for N. C. Farmers, published by Geo. Allen & Co.

Our Personality in Dreams.

One remarkable thing as to the stuff of our dreams is well worth a moment's consideration—and it is this: Of whatever stuff we are ourselves made (so far as regards our moral constitution and character, that is), of such stuff our dreams will assuredly partake in a very great degree, whatever may be the forms and phases—grotesque and ridiculous or awful and solemn—under which they occupy the mind in sleep. It has been frequently asserted by writers on this subject, that the dreamer is at one time a brave as a lion, at another a mere poptoon—at one time a knave, at another a saint, etc., etc. But all such descriptions are false and baseless—the moral individuality undergoes no change in dreams. The coward never dreams that he is valiant, or the brave man that he is a coward; the sordid man has no generous emotions in the land of shadows, nor does the free-handed, hospitable man become a churl in his sleep. The dreams of the miser will never be visions of self-sacrifice and benevolence, nor those of the base, mean and impure, be a whit more noble or elevated than the acts of their waking hours.

Rev. Mark Wilkes once introduced his text in this manner: "My hearers, did you ever see a cat? Did you ever see a cat walk? Did you ever see a cat walk upon the top of a wall? Did you ever see a cat walk upon the top of a wall covered with broken glass? How carefully she lifted each foot! How slowly and cautiously she set it down again! So would the text from which I am about to speak have you act. See that you walk circumspectly."