

Carolina Messenger

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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. 8.

GOLDSBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1872.

NO. 104.

NATIONAL HOTEL, WILMINGTON, N. C. THE YARBROUGH HOUSE, RALEIGH, N. C. SWIFT GALLOWAY, ATTORNEY AT LAW. FARRAT'S HOTEL, PETERSBURG, VA. JOHN A. RICHARDSON, JOSEPH A. BELL. JAS. W. MORRIS, Proprietor. HENRY C. PREMPELT'S FASHIONABLE Shaving and Hair-Dressing Saloon. KINSTON HOTEL, KINSTON, N. C. JOHN ARMSTRONG, BOOKBINDER AND BLANKBOOK MANUFACTURER. W. W. F. KERNEGAY, Proprietor. METROPOLITAN HOTEL, BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Richmond & Danville Railroad. CONDENSED TIME-TABLE. In effect on and after Sunday, June 24, 1872. GOING NORTH. STATIONS. MAIL. EXPRESS. Leave Charlotte 8:40 P. M. 6:30 A. M.

OCEAN HOUSE, BEAUFORT, N. C. Refitted and Furnished. AND is now open for the reception of guests.

THE TABLE Will be supplied with every luxury that this and adjoining markets afford. Particular attention will be paid to the neatness and good order of the rooms.

MACON HOUSE, MOREHEAD CITY, N. C. THIS most popular Summer Resort will be opened on the 6th of June, 1872.

CEMETERY NOTICE. GADDESS BROS. Steam Marble Works, CORNER SHARP AND GERMAN STREETS, BALTIMORE, MD.

A GOOD FAMILY PAPER. Everybody should subscribe for the FRIEND OF TEMPERANCE!

5000 Agents wanted to sell the beautiful Photograph Marriage Certificates and Photograph Family Records.



SEMI-WEEKLY EDITION.

The Desert Rock. Rock of the desert pouring still. Thy streams the thirsty soul to fill; Rock of the desert now as fall; Of living water, pure and cool.

Only a Song. Monsieur Bufonte, who had a large family and a small income, hired the upper floor of a large building in Paris; and to reduce his rent, underlet a room to young Monsieur Fermaude, the musical composer.

White Sulphur Spring. To be found at no other Watering Place on the Atlantic Coast. The Rooms are large, easy of access, and commodious.

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him when the proper time came. She had found this man in her room. He had a valuable ornament in his hand. She believed that he intended to steal it. She had never seen him before—O no, never.

If, indeed, some well-known singer would have sung one of them—Mademoiselle La C—, for instance—then there might have been a change. The thought crept into poor Fernando's heart by degrees; but it must be the best of all that he should lay before his idol, the very best—nothing else would do.

So he wrote in his attic room, the poor composer, and below the happy the happy song-bird trilled her songs, and laughed and chatted, and never even knew of his existence, who, evening after evening, watched her, listened to her, envied the men who had the right to sit by her, hold her fan, perhaps—who knew? her hand also; the men, one of whom might one day be her favored lover.

He copied it out daintily, he wrote a pretty note without any signature but that of "An Admirer," and he resolved to leave it at her door and await the result. "If I should ever hear her sing it, I should be so happy—so happy," he said to himself, "I should be willing to die."

What strange things we say sometimes! Did you ever say anything, not quite meaning it, that afterwards proved itself true, though not as you intended it? I have.

"To-day I will do it!" and with these words left his little room. He ran down stairs with the precious little parcel in his hand, and stood before the door that led to Mile. La C—'s suite of rooms with a palpitating heart.

It was a little narrow room, with one very high window; but it had this advantage; out of this window one could, at the risk of breaking one's neck, catch a glimpse of the beautiful prima donna, Mlle. La C—, as she fanned herself on the balcony of the first floor.

It was a little narrow room, with one very high window; but it had this advantage; out of this window one could, at the risk of breaking one's neck, catch a glimpse of the beautiful prima donna, Mlle. La C—, as she fanned herself on the balcony of the first floor.

At this the young man felt that it would be well to be dead. She had never seen him before! Then she had never seen him before! Then she had never seen him before!

The gentleman who had been with Mademoiselle gave his evidence, only he was fierce, and called the hapless Fernando a thief, a brigand and a rascal, when he alluded to him.—And Fernando could only say that he was not guilty. He would say nothing else in his misery. He would not give his calling and bring his respectability forward by way of defense.

"I am named Fernando, and I have twenty-three years, and I am nothing and nobody." This he said when called upon to account for himself, and nothing more, and he written down vagrant and condemned to six months' hard labor as a thief.

Mlle. La C— went home pouting, and declaring that she "hated to go to such dreadful places." She ate a delightful little lunch, and afterward finding a packet upon her table, opened it and read Fernando's little anonymous note, at which she laughed and hummed over the song, pronouncing it "very pretty."

Poor Fernando! If he could have been there to have seen how the women wept over his pretty little lay of love and death, and to have heard how the applause rang.

After that the manager besought Mademoiselle to sing "Love's Dying Dream," every night, and the lady obeyed his request. Amateur singers went mad over it, and it was published. Having the name of no composer upon it, it was called Mlle. La C—'s song, and by many was believed to be her own; and it sold as never song sold before.

One day, with a party, she visited the prison where Fernando was confined. She stood among her little circle of cavaliers, and said to one in authority of the place, "What do they like, these people? Shall I sing them a little love song?"

"As Mademoiselle pleases," said the man. "Every one understands that theme." And Mademoiselle smiled, and tried her voice with a little trill, and began poor Fernando's song, "Love's Dying Dream." "Oh, the eager, glittering eyes that watched her! Oh, the flushed cheek—the hurried breath! Oh, the mad throbbings of the heart of Number Twenty-four as he whispered to himself: 'It is my song! It is my song!'"

so pretty, so sweet, then it was the work of an unknown admirer. It is the favorite with madame and always has been. No one now remembers Number Twenty-four, named Fernando, who was so impolite as to die while Mlle. La C— was singing.

Now that there is every probability that Mr. Greeley will be our next President, a truthful history of his life becomes a matter of highest interest and importance to every citizen.

It is therefore most fortunate that we have such a book from the able and impartial pen of James Parton, the well known essayist and biographer. Any life of Mr. Greeley that is likely to be put forward now, got up under the press of present political excitement, will be liable to the charge of partisanship.

The work is a profoundly interesting one; and aside from the attention now devoted to Mr. Greeley, arising from his present candidacy, the mere story of his wonderful and singular career—his early life, its poverty, its hardships, and his precocious development under it; his life as a printer's apprentice at East Poutney, Vt; his journey to Western Pennsylvania, his arrival in New York almost penniless and alone; his study progress, first as a journeyman printer, then as editor, until his establishment of the New York Tribune; his success in building up the Tribune as it were out of his own brains, until it became the most powerful journal in America; his subsequent career as one of the most active, influential, honest and best abused men of his time—all this, as graphically told by Mr. Parton, is valuable reading at any time; and particularly valuable to young men as an example of what can be accomplished, by integrity and devotion to honorable pursuits.

The narrative is brought down to the present time, giving a history of Mr. Greeley's connection with the railing of Jefferson Davis, his views on reconstruction, etc, and closes with an account of his nomination, and letter of acceptance. It is published by the National Publishing Co., of Atlanta, who want agents in every County.

Be a Man. Now there are two courses, either of which you can take. One is to say—I am not living or dressing as well as my companions, and I must have fine clothes and better fare.

"I have come here to make my way; and honestly and simplicity require that I should not live any higher than I myself can earn the means of living. I will be no man's pauper or beneficiary; I will make what I take; and what I make and take shall support me."

Such a young man gets a discipline which is worthy a university education. By forming that purpose and adhering to it, he is educating himself in the very elements of manhood. He is making a man of himself. Do you suppose men think less of you because you dress plainly? Do you think your chances in life are less because you feel ashamed to show a man where your room is, and where you sleep? Why, many a man has slept in a barn, who was better than many who slept in mansions and palaces.

ance. Mr. Voorhees spoke for two hours, and was warmly greeted. He said of the Blanton Duncan movement; "I have told you that I have great respect for that class of Democrats who found it necessary to reason themselves into the support of Mr. Greeley. I belong to that class myself, and have reached my position by a careful survey of the field of duty, and not from impulse or mere personal inclination. I have weighed the calamities which will accrue to the country from Grant's re-election against the benefits to be procured by the election of Greeley, and have taken my stand accordingly. I have no word of abuse to hurl against the men engaged in calling the Louisville Convention, but their purpose cannot be mistaken. Every intelligent man in the United States knows that it is a movement solely in the interest of Grant, and directly tending to his re-election. That Convention is the hope of the Grant party. Mr. Greeley is now the only choice we can make to bring peace and reconciliation to the country."

Massachusetts. From the New York Tribune. We have not hitherto thought that there was any occasion for the Grant people in Massachusetts to be alarmed about carrying that State. But it seems that the general panic has reached even there. They considered it necessary in their Convention at Worcester yesterday, after re-nominating Governor Westburn for Governor, to cast about for means to secure all the odds and ends of faction in the State to help elect him.

Arkansas.—The Reform State Ticket. By Telegraph to the N. Y. Tribune. LITTLE ROCK, Aug. 28.—The Democratic Liberal, and Reform Republican Committee, met here on Saturday, for action on the State ticket nominated on the 22d of May last. They concluded their labors on Monday, making three changes in the State ticket, as follows: Associate Justice, Attorney General, and Superintendent of the Penitentiary. Some changes in the Electoral ticket were agreed on. No change was requested by any of the Committees, or any member of them as to the head of the ticket, Joseph Brooks. The result of the conference gives great satisfaction, and it is conceded that the ticket will be elected by upward of 20,000 majority. Greeley and Brown's majority will not be less than that for the State.

Radical Jurors. We learn that all the Jurors, who served here at the Federal Court last week and all who were summoned, were Radicals of the deepest dye, with but one or two exceptions. It is further stated that the Jurors were selected by leading Radicals of this section several weeks ago, and their names sent to Raleigh to Carrow, who authorized them to be summoned.

It is claimed that the administration of General Grant has reduced the Federal debt \$300,000,000. The American people have paid in taxes since his inauguration \$2,200,000,000. What has become of the odd \$2,200,000,000? Some of it, we know, went to North Carolina, and a round sum, we presume, is held in reserve to meet the exigencies of the Presidential election. But allowing for these items, what has become of the immense sums paid into the Federal Treasury, or at all events, levied upon the people since 1865?

The Lumberton Robesonian learns that a negro woman died in Columbus county, on Monday night of last week, at the extraordinary age of 114 years. The woman's name was Hannah Powell. She was born in the year 1758, as the slave of a gentleman named Stephens, at whose death she descended to Col. Isaac Powell, who had married the daughter of her old master. At the death of Mr. Powell she became the property of Mr. Josiah Maultby, and continued his slave until she became free in 1865. She raised six children, of whom the youngest now has great grandchildren. "Old aunt Hannah," as she was called, enjoyed perfect health up to the time of her death, retained all her mental faculties in a remarkable degree, and was revered by all as a venerable relic of the "golden time."

Blessings brighter as they take their flight. The chief of blessings is good health, without which nothing is worth having. It is always appreciated as its true value only when it is lost, but too often, and before it is properly and correctly valued, it is squandered. For diseases of the liver, kidneys, skin, stomach, and all arising from impure or fermented blood, DR. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA VIRGINIA BLOOD-PURIFIER is a safe and speedy remedy. It has never yet failed in a single instance.

Mr. Voorhees Denounces the Louisville Convention. CHICAGO, Aug. 28.—The Hon. Daniel W. Voorhees addressed a large gathering at Greerfield, Ind., to day, the rain interfering somewhat with the attend-