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GOLDSBORO, N. C.

Oct. 14, 1872-73

Carolina Messenger.

J. A. BONITZ, Editor and Proprietor.

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

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SEMI-WEEKLY EDITION.

CALL ME DARLING.

Call me darling, darling call me, Speak it tenderly once more, As you used to when we parted, Nightly at your father's door.

Call me darling, darling call me, Though thy love be dead and cold, I would hear the fond pet name, Softly spoken as of old.

Call me darling, darling call me, It will love's best hours recall— Though for years you have not loved me, I've been faithful through them all.

Call me darling, darling call me, It will soothe the fever flame, Could I hear the accents lowly, Syllable the old pet name.

Call me darling, darling call me, Though to-night I'm fever flushed; Pale will be my cheeks to-morrow, And my pleadings will be hushed.

Call me darling, darling call me, Though I am no longer young, White hairs gleam the dark among, But my darling, call me darling, Though I am no longer young.

LOVE AND LAW.

"There are always two sides to these questions, you know," said Murray Lennox. Mr. Arkwright, the lawyer, balanced himself on the two hind legs of his chair, and polished the end of his nose reflectively.

"Not a doubt of it, my young friend, not a doubt of it," he said; "but, you see, it's my business to see only one side."

"That may be law, but it isn't justice," observed Lennox. "The two terms are not necessarily synonymous."

"I did not come here to chop logic," said Mr. Lennox, a little impatiently. "Well," nodded Mr. Arkwright, with the least possible approach to a smile on his lips, "I didn't begin it."

"Just let's sum up the question," said Lennox. "Here I am made unexpectedly rich by the discovery of an old paper whose very existence has been unsuspected for years!"

"Exactly so," assented Lawyer Arkwright, under his breath. "And these girls—these Miss Ellerslies—are made beggars by the same discovery?"

"Not beggars, my dear young friend, not beggars; you are altogether too sweeping in your assertions."

"But they are seriously impoverished?" "Well—yes; I suppose that is the state of the case. But you are not responsible for that."

"In a measure I am." "Quixotism, Mr. Lennox—mere quixotism. Pray dismiss any such far-fetched ideas from your head, I assure you."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Arkwright, I did not propose to detain you further than to obtain the address of Miss Ellerslie."

The lawyer shrugged his shoulders, but nevertheless wrote a few words on a slip of paper. Murray Lennox glanced at it in surprise. "Why, it is a tenement house in Bland street," he exclaimed.

It was unquestionably 'genteel,' however. Miss Parley kept a select school on the first floor; Mr. Johnson who gave lessons on the flute and piano, and Mrs. Dreey, who 'cut and fitted dresses in Parisian style on the very lowest terms,' occupied the second story; and two or three pale seamstresses, a wood engraver, a clerk, a manufacturer of artificial flowers were packed compactly away above, like sardines in a box; and two young ladies had the southeast room on the fourth floor, young ladies who, to use original expressions of Mrs. Ryan, the landlord's wife, 'had seen better days.'

Kate Ellerslie sat by the window that dreary November day, her chin resting on her eyes fixed mournfully on the opposite roof, where a colony of dust-colored sparrows were pluming their wings. She was a bright, regular featured brunette, with large brown eyes and very dark hair, her figure slender as a reed and quite as graceful.

She looked up languidly as the door opened, and Emily, her junior by two years, came in. Emily Ellerslie was not at all pretty. No one would have vouchsafed her a second glance in the street; no poet would ever have been stimulated to rhythmic rhapsodies over the gray blue eyes or brown tresses; yet when you came face to face with her you could not but confess that she was very pleasant to look upon; with wholesome pink cheeks, a complexion entirely independent of 'rose balm,' or 'cream of pearls,' and pretty regular teeth, that shown brightly whenever she smiled or spoke.

"Good news, Kate?" she said, cheerily, taking off her hat as it were an encumbrance of the pretty head. "I've a whole dozen plain shirts to make."

Kate looked distastefully down upon the bundle of 'plain work' which her sister tossed gleefully into her lap. "Shirts!" she sighed. "Oh, Emily, who would ever have thought we should come to this?"

"Shirts aren't disagreeable to make," said Emily, cheerfully. "All we have to do is to fancy them embroidered or crocheted work."

"My imagination is not so powerful as that!" "Cultivate it, then, dear," said the young sister, with a laugh. "They must be finished by Saturday noon."

"By Saturday noon?" cried Kate, fretfully. "It is not possible."

"Oh, yes, it is. Come, dear, get you thimble."

Kate Ellerslie burst into tears, and threw the unoffending shirts disdainfully from her. "You never had any aristocratic pride, Emily. You would be willing to slave yourself to death for five shillings!"

"Five shillings is a very handy sum now, Kate." Said Emily as she went patiently down on her knees to pick up the scattered rolls of work.

"But it's a shame," went on Kate, flashed and indignant, "that I, who was born to better things—"

"Wait and see little girl."

"Kate Ellerslie gave her brother-in-law elect rather a cool greeting that evening when he dropped in, as usual, about 9 o'clock."

"I hope you congratulate us?" he said cheerily. "Of course you have my best wishes," she answered, with some little acerbity.

"It will be your turn next, Kate. She tossed her head haughtily. "I am in no particular hurry."

"Wouldn't it be a nice little chapter of romance in real life," he added, smiling, "if Murray Lennox, to whom the law has awarded the property that was once yours, should come and marry you?"

"Nonsense!" said Kate, sharply. "Such things don't happen in real life."

"Do they not? But just let me suppose it—only for once. What would you say?" "No, of course."

"And you, Emily?" "My heart is already given away," she answered, smiling and blushing. Emily smiled and nodded as she

threaded her needle with black silk, and put on a thrifty-looking silver thimble. "Is anything the matter, Miss Kate?" asked Harley as he observed the elder sister's flushed cheek and discomfited mood.

"Nothing," she answered, petulantly, "but the old story—poverty and humiliation. Oh, I wish I were dead, or better still, she went on, with increased energy, 'I wish the villain who cheats us out of our money were dead?'"

"Mr. Harley winced a little, and no wonder, Emily thought; her sister had spoken with unrestrained vehemence.

"Kate, Kate!" she said, softly, "you don't consider. He is not to blame because the law has given him what was rightfully his own."

"He is, I say! burst out Kate, but then she repressed herself. "Give me the shirts, Emily," she said, resignedly. "We can't starve. Now the foot-stool and the work basket. And just draw that curtain; the sun is shining in enough to dazzle forty pairs of eyes."

Patiently Emily trudged hither and thither for her sister, only to find that the storm of Kate's temper was temporarily averted by Mr. Harley's fortunate presence. The young man quietly observant of all that transpired around him, began to think that, after all, Kate was not so beautiful as he had at first supposed. Emily had the sweeter, more Madonna-like face. Then she was so gentle, so quietly resigned.

"Emily always was a drudge," said Miss Ellerslie, contemptuously. "She never had any more spirit than a canary-bird."

So Emily did the work of the contracted little room, washed and ironed Kate's laces, arranged her sister's luxuriant dark hair, sat up at night to finish the sewing that Kate had thrown aside 'because it made her so nervous,' hours before, and was sunny and happy through it all, while Kate sighed over her fate, and persuaded herself that she was the most wretched of created beings.

And one day Mr. Harley astonished her out of her equanimity by proposing to marry Emily.

"Upon—my word!" ejaculated she; "the young man must have a very good opinion of himself! Of course you said so?"

Emily hung her head until she looked like a sweet pea vine that had been exposed to the July sunshine.

"I'm afraid I seduced," she faltered. "What on earth could have induced you to accept him?" demanded Kate, with both hands imploringly uplifted.

"Because I loved him!" said Emily, plucking up courage. "The selfishness of some people!" sobbed Kate, burying her face in her pocket handkerchief. "I suppose you never once thought what was to become of me?"

Innocent Emily felt that she had indeed been a monster of ingratitude and egotism.

"We must provide for our sister Kate in some way or other," said Mr. Harley, when Emily timidly confessed her tribulation to him.

"Kate Ellerslie gave her brother-in-law elect rather a cool greeting that evening when he dropped in, as usual, about 9 o'clock."

"I hope you congratulate us?" he said cheerily. "Of course you have my best wishes," she answered, with some little acerbity.

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"Nonsense!" said Kate, sharply. "Such things don't happen in real life."

"To Murray Lennox?" She looked at him in surprise. "My darling," he said, "I have deceived you all this time. I am not John Harley, but Murray Lennox, your distant cousin. I came here to study your characters apart from the disadvantage which would surely follow me were I known as the unwilling usurper of your fortunes. Nor do I regret the ruse. Upon my wedding-day, Kate, I shall settle upon you enough to make you entirely independent. As for Emily," with a smile, "she must be contented with her fortune as my wife."

Certainly Miss Emily looked more than contented.

"It's quite an unusual proceeding," said Mr. Arkwright, when he was called upon to draw out the papers; "but I've lived long enough to cease being astonished at anything. And love is certainly a better mediator than law."

Who can doubt that Mr. Arkwright was correct in his conclusions?

Old Ladies.

We take the following from a London paper, endorsing its sentiments to the full:—

"A pleasant, cheerful, lively, generous, charitable-minded woman is never old. Her heart is as young at sixty or seventy as it was at eighteen or twenty; and they who are old at sixty or seventy are not made old by time. They are made old by envy, jealousy, by hatred, by suspicions, by uncharitable feelings; by slandering, scandalizing, ill-bred habits; which if they avoid, they preserve their youth to the very last, so that the child shall die, as the Scripture says, a hundred years old. There are many old women who pride themselves on being eighteen or twenty. They carry all the characteristics of age about them, without even suspecting that they are old women. Nay, they even laugh and sneer, and make themselves merry with such mirth as malice can enjoy, by sarcastic reflections upon the age of others, who may step in modestly between them and admiration, or break down the monopoly of attraction which they have enjoyed for a season, either imagination or reality. Pride is an old passion, and vanity is gray as the mountains. They are old women that have much of either. They are dry, heartless, dull, cold, indifferent. They want the well-spring of youthful affection, which is always cheerful, always active, always engaged in some labor of love which is calculated to promote and distribute enjoyment. Old woman, old lady, old grim face, old gripe, or any other nickname with the epithet old prefixed to it, is as commonly applied by children to bad-tempered mothers, nurses, or aunts, as piety, kind, sweet, dear and other round epithets are instinctively applied to the good-humored grandma with her wrinkled face. There is an old age of the heart, which is possessed by many who have no suspicion that there is anything old about them; and there is a youth which never grows old, a love which is ever a boy, a Psyche who is ever a girl."

The Presidential Praydoodle—Prayer and Praise by Proclamation—Religion According to Law—Devotions Manufactured to Order.

The whiskey steeped bundle of old hides and cigar-stumps, ignorance, avarice, and brass-mounted insolence, that recently returned to Washington, from a four month's cruise at Long Beach, has issued his third annual piety-blanch, "proclaiming" Thursday, the twenty-eighth of November, a day of "thanksgiving and prayer." What has he, the inflated boar, to do with our thanksgiving? Let him give thanks for his brown stone houses; his sea-side cottages, his marble-topped dollar-festivals, his Seneca quarry and Wisconsin copper interests; his "Little Emma" schenckia; mining buckraering gains; his silver table sets; his carriages, Jewels; hundred and fifty dollar boots; demijohns, decanters, kegs, barrels and hogheads, his imported havanas, his free lunches; dead-head tickets, stand horses, and eight-hundred dollar bull terrier pup. Let him thank God or Devil, as he pleases, for his pickings, steelings, gobbings, and bridgings. But let him not thank forty millions of aching, groaning im-

perished, fallen freemen, by calling on them to return thanks for the extravagance, the rioting and debauchery, the extortion, robbery and outburst, by which they have been beggared, and he enriched! Thanks! HE commanded us to be thankful? For what? Thanks, that the Republic of our fathers is a defunct dominion, a dead cock in the pit of nations. Thanks, for the groaning prison pens of South Carolina and Arkansas,—where nigger dragoons stand grand over cowering white captives, broken spirited American citizens.— Thanks, that a herd of perjured outlaws, ruffians sworn to support the constitution, the foundation of all law and liberty on our continent, have torn the sacred parchment into a million tatters and trampled it beneath their animal hoof, in the muck and mire of the modern Sodom. Thanks, that once glorious, sovereign states, are kicked in and out of the Union bull pen, at the will of a drunken cabal of Congressional conspirators—States to pay taxes and ratify hideous mortuaries known as Amendments—Territories, Satrapies, Vice-consularies, in everything else.

Thanks, that gibbering herd of busy plantation niggers, and twaddling imported vagabonds, the offal of Africa and Yankeeedom, meet in ten noble State Capitals, to legislate for the souls of the Washingtons, Randolphs, Pinckneys, Rutledges, Hamptons and Lees. Thanks; that a Pinchback negro barber, scowls his uncouth crossmark to official acts and edicts, as Lieutenant Governor of queenly Louisiana! that a negro hotel waiter issues commissions as secretary of State of Mississippi; that a Pennsylvania nigger fills the Supreme Judgeship of South Carolina, and that a grinning nigger thief, from Leavenworth, Kansas, until recently, picked his cannibal fangs and combed his vermin-creeping wool, in the seat once filled by the patriot, soldier, scholar and statesman, Jefferson Davis, as United States Senator from Mississippi. Thanks for the hideous corruption of the ballot box, the paladium of our republican liberties, and the flagrant and scandalous abominations lately witnessed in Pennsylvania, the President, cabinet officers and other high officials openly in the market, hawkers of damnation, buying up and flipping scoundrel voters, like swine, from city to city. Thanks, that the wife of our commerce have been swept from the ocean like butterflies before a breath from hell. Thanks, that our government stands like a remorseless highwayman, a gigantic foot-pad, with its foot on at the head of forty millions of citizens, demanding money or life. Thanks, that our taxes are seven fold greater per capita, than those of Great Britain, and four times as onerous as those Austria. Thanks, that one laboring man has to pay sixteen dollars for the very same cassimere coat which a Canadian gets for seven. Thanks, for a tax of 155 per cent, on our salt; 138 on our blankets; 180 on our horse shoes and nails; and on everything else that we drink or wear, in proportion. (Thanks for a debt of \$3,000,000,000—for which their scientific lying and fancy figures add one year's interest, leaving embezzlement and stealage, and that's just what it amounts to. Thanks, that the very foundations of right, order, morality and common decency have been overthrown; that from Maine to Mexico, a perfect avalanche of crime and outrage is rolling, dark, bloody and terrible, over the land; that murders, rapes, arson, and suicides, iniquities and horrors of every eye, are the established rule, and innocence the exception; that our half our churches have become mere trap doors to damnation, sin-agoes of discord and hate—and that calumnies and penitentiaries have become respectable, compared with our Congress and Legislatures. Thanks, that an oath bound conclave of gallowa-worthy quines, has within the last three years, squandered 175,000,000 acres of our land; the PEOPLE'S land, bought and paid for with the PEOPLE'S money, upon bogus corporations, of which every former Senator and Representative who voted for the monstrous villainy, is a missionary stockholder. Thanks, for the gigantic congressional, senatorial and presidential 60,000,000 Credit. Mold of robbery and bribery.

Thanks that the ermine of Marshall Tany and Grier, is polluted by an conclave of purblind old reptiles, every one of whom has 'Perjury,' stamped in letters of hell's own indelible blackness, upon his soul by that most flagrant of all politicolegal atrocities, the Missouri Test Oath Decision. Thanks, for the soon expected safe return of the Young Tumblebugus, Princess Nellie Oslan yards, from her European king and queen boot-ticking, toe-kissing and slop tub smelling pilgrimage. Thanks, that all over the South, land of our birth and fondest devotion, thousands of free-born, tax paying white men are still fettered every right and privilege of citizenship—kicked like tongs from the ballot box, while, corn field, raggers vote, impost taxes, elect their rulers—and make their laws. Thanks! thanks, for these things!

Ha! ha! Let who will, get down on his marrow-bones, turn his snout heavenward, and pour out his gratitude that a once mighty and illustrious nation, half a hemisphere, is bound headlong for hell at a 3-60 gait. But as for us—no, not our thanksgiving day will come, our polity and harp ring forth a peep of joy, when all these horrors, infamies and shames and their perpetrators and supporters, are hurled, yelling and screaming, back to the devil, their dad.

Political Prospects and Probabilities.

We desire to state some reasons for our opinion that the chances for a revival of Democratic principles and the victorious re-estabishment of the Democratic party have not been so promising at any time within the last fifteen years as they are at present.

In the first place the Republican party, in spite of its recent factitious success, has lost its vitality and its principle of cohesion. It has outlived the reasons on which it was founded, and must go to inevitable decay as soon as other questions that interest the public mind shall come into the foreground. The Republican party has represented the negro cycle in our politics, a cycle that necessarily ends with the complete acquiescence of all citizens in the civil and political equality of the freedmen, and the ingratment of their rights behind no longer disputed constitutional guarantees. The issues which preceded led to and grew out of the war, are settled by universal public consent. They have passed out of politics into history. The Republican party went into court as plaintiff, and had its controversies presented, argued, finally decided with full submission to the judgment on the part of the defendant. It has no longer any standing in court except in a new suit, and against the Democratic party, it has no new suit to bring. It has had its day, accomplished all its objects, and having no longer any principle of life, it must go into the here and yellow leaf.

To be sure, there remains the cohesive force of public plunder; but that is a mere flax in the flame as soon as vital questions arise which take a strong hold on the public thought and conscience. The Democratic party can easily understand this by its own experience. We had all the advantages of the public patronage from 1833 to 1861; but how little did they avail us against the moral convictions of the country. Patronage cannot stand its ground against vital issues. Moreover, this influence will be weakened by the circumstances of the next Presidential campaign. General Grant will then be quite out of the field, for the country will never consent to the re-election of a President for a third term. There will be a general scramble for the Republican nomination which will have a disintegrating effect on the party. Such remains the Republican statesman of such connected prominence that he can easily outvote the suffrages of the party. The old chiefs and leaders are either dead, disabled or out of favor. Seward has lately died; Chase long ago ceased his public relations; Greeley, Sumner, Trumbull, Banks, Brown Palmer and Parsonsworth have put themselves beyond the pale of choice by their participation in the recent opposition movement. The Republican party has not only outlived the issues on which it was founded, but it has estranged and discarded the statesmen who were most instrumental in building it up and accomplishing its mission. In 1876 its nomination will be completed for by secondary leaders who came late into its ranks, never entered much into its principles, and have no strong hold upon its confidence. It is likely enough to split into fragments and run several candidates, as the party of the same did in 1824, when it was on the point of breaking up.

It would seem to follow from this state of facts and these prospects, that the best thing to be done now is not to insist much on mere names or shibboleths, but seek to interest the public mind in the great principles which all former Democrats held in common. If, as seems certain, the politics of the country are to be reconstructed on financial and commercial issues, what is most needed is fervent apostleship for sound principles. It must be our purpose in the new era to bring those who think alike to act together. We must rebuild the Democratic edifice by bringing back the stones carried insidiously into other structures. Or, in plain language, we must reunite all who held Democratic doctrines before the Republican party was formed, and enforce them by the manly recent converts to the same order of economic and political ideas. To accomplish this we must drop mere partisanship and discard principles. First the quarryman, then the architect; first believers, then the church.

An ancient and exciting epic is the predicted to fit the times: Plog Wing the Bremen's son, Was the very worst boy in all Cantos, He stole his mother's pickled rice, And threw the cat in the boiling rice, And he ate her up, and then says he, "Me wonder where the new cat be!"

There is a town it west called Randon. A resident of the place being asked where he lived, said he lived at Randon. He was taken up as a vagrant.

What are domestic magazines? Wives who are always blowing up their husbands.

Ladies, Misses and Children's Home—large variety—cheap—at Strout's. I