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Agricultural Implements, English and American Cutlery, Iron, Steel, Nails, Guns, Pistols, Ammunition, &c.

We would respectfully call the attention of wholesale buyers to our full and complete assortment embracing all and every description of Goods in the Trade, and to the superior advantages we can offer from having the agency of several of the best leading Factories.

NATH'L JACOBI'S Hardware Depot, 9 Market Street, Wilmington, N. C.

W. H. MOORE, M. D. [Office in the Cobb Building.]

DR. W. H. MOORE, having removed his office to the Cobb building, can be consulted at all times when not professionally absent.

DR. THOS. A. WOODLEY, LATE OF KINSTON, N. C.

Offers his Professional Services to the citizens of Goldsboro, N. C., and surrounding country. Office, at present, at Barham's Hotel, where all orders may be left.

WALTER CLARK, J. M. MULLEN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, HALIFAX, N. C.

Practice in all the Courts of Halifax, Martin, Northampton and Edgecombe counties, in the Supreme Court of North Carolina and in the Federal Courts.

HENRY C. PREMPERT'S FASHIONABLE Shaving and Hair-Dressing Saloon, Opposite Metropolitan Hall, near door to A. W. Frog's Saloon.

RALEIGH, N. C. The only white Saloon in Town. Shaving, Hair-Cutting, Dyeing, &c., done in the Latest and Best Style.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL, GOLDSBORO, N. C.

This is one of the best conducted Hotels in the State, (now and established since the late fire.) At this House you will find the best of Fare, comfortable fires, excellent Lodging Rooms, a well furnished Parlor and accommodations for Ladies.

JOHN ARMSTRONG, BOOKBINDER AND BLANKBOOK MANUFACTURER, RALEIGH, N. C.

Trial, Execution, Minute and Recording Dockets made to order.

WILLIAM HAY, HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER.

The undersigned begs leave to give notice to his friends and the public generally that he still continues the PAINTING BUSINESS, and all orders left with Messrs Clark & Roberts, at Newbern, or Mr. W. F. Kornegay, at Goldsboro, will receive prompt attention.

GOLDSBORO BRANCH. E. B. BORDEN, R. P. HOWELL, President, Cashier.

TARBORO BRANCH. M. WEDDELL, J. D. CUMMING, President, Cashier.

Issues Certificates of Deposit bearing interest.

Authorized Capital - \$1,000,000

DR. WORTHINGTON'S FAMILY MEDICINES, Recommended by Surg. Gen'l S. P. MOORE, C. S. A. Dr. WARREN, Surg. Gen. N. C.

"Everybody's" Pills, PURELY VEGETABLE.

Dr. Wade's "Liver Corrector" Cure for Dyspepsia.

W. B. FEID, Dealer in Family Groceries and Provisions, GOLDSBORO, N. C.

Corner Store on E. Centre and Mulberry Streets.

Would inform the public that he has now fresh and keeps constantly on hand a full and complete stock of the best Family Groceries, Provisions, Flour, &c., and asks the patronage of the public.

New York & N. C. Hay. B. M. PRIVETT & CO.

Carolina Messenger.

VOL. 9. QUARTER 4. GOLDSBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1873. NO. 43

Just Received

Miller & Kirby's

Fresh Garden Peas,

For Truckers and Gardeners; also the genuine "Early Rose" Potatoes, Silver Skin and Yellow Onion Sets, and a large assortment of

FRESH GARDEN SEEDS, such as Peas, Beans, &c., usually kept in first-class Drug Stores. We call special attention to our stock of the celebrated non-explosive "House & Perkins" Lamps; also our large stock of Perfumery, Toilet Soaps and Cigars.

OUR BOOK STORE

Is supplied with a good assortment of School Books and General Stationery, to which we invite the attention of Teachers, Parents and Guardians.

We heretofore have kept on hand all Medicines, Drugs, Dye Stuffs, &c., usually kept in first-class Drug Stores. We call special attention to our stock of the celebrated non-explosive "House & Perkins" Lamps; also our large stock of Perfumery, Toilet Soaps and Cigars.

NOTICE!

THE undersigned, having this day sold their entire interest in the Carriage Manufacturing Business, to Messrs. Kornegay & Borden, hereby return their thanks to their friends and the public generally for their patronage, and earnestly bespeak a continuance of same for the new firm.

THE undersigned, having purchased the interest of R. E. Jones & Co. in the Carriage Business, propose to continue the manufacture of

Carriages, Buggies, Carts & Wagons,

at the old stand on East-Centre St., under the name and style of

"The Jones Carriage Manufactory."

Having unequalled facilities in the purchase of material, and a set of experienced and tried workmen, under the management of Mr. R. E. Jones, who will give every job his personal supervision, we think we can safely promise the patrons of the old firm, and our friends generally, perfect satisfaction. The innovations in the manufacture of Carriages, which we propose to introduce, will, we hope and believe, save any one the necessity of sending to Northern markets to supply their wants, and it is our intention to manufacture and to keep constantly on hand such styles and varieties of

Open and Top Buggies and Carriages,

as that the most fastidious may always be enabled to find something to suit their tastes. Nothing but

First-Class Material

will be used in any job. We solicit the patronage of the public and hope that our prices and promptness will induce them to continue that aid which has heretofore been so generously extended to the old firm.

CANCERS CURED BY DR. KLINE'S Wonderful Cancer Antidotes,

which destroy and remove the Cancer entirely without the use of the Knife or the loss of Blood, and at the same time

Overcomes the Tendency to Cancer in the System!

We also treat all forms of Chronic, Long Standing and Obsolete Diseases with unparalleled success; especially Epilepsy or Fits, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Asthma, Scrofula and Secondary Syphilis.

For full particulars, circulars, &c., call on or address

E. H. GREENE, M. D., Goldsboro, N. C. A. H. LINDLEY, M. D., Charlotte, N. C. or J. E. BENTLEY, M. D., Sumter, S. C. Jan 1-14

DR. "WORTHINGTON'S" FAMILY MEDICINES, Recommended by Surg. Gen'l S. P. MOORE, C. S. A. Dr. WARREN, Surg. Gen. N. C.

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New York & N. C. Hay. B. M. PRIVETT & CO.

Carolina Messenger.



SEMI-WEEKLY EDITION.

"Goin' Home To-Day."

"Goin' Home To-Day," said a friend to us last week. He had been a juror in our special court, which Judge Tourgee had continued for five weeks, and he appeared to be truly glad that court had adjourned. The smile on his face when saying "Goin' home to-day" suggests to us the following lines:

My business on the jury's done—the squabbling all is through—I've watched the lawyers, right and left, and give my verdict true; I stuck so long into my chair, I thought I would grow in;

And if I do not know myself, they'll get me there ag'in;

But now the court's adjourned for good, and I have got my pay;

I'm loose at last, and thank the Lord, I'm goin' home to-day.

I've somehow felt uneasy, like, since first day I come down;

It is an awkward game to play the gentleman in town;

And this 'ere Sunday suit of mine, on Sunday rightly sets,

But when I wear the stuff a week, it's somehow galls and frets;

I'd rather wear my homespun rig of pepper-salt and gray—

I'll have it on in half a jiff, when I get home to-day.

I have no doubt my wife looked out, as well as any one—

As well as any woman could—to see that thin, a were done;

For though Melinda, when I'm there, won't set her f out doors,

She's very careful, when I'm gone, to 'tend to all the chores;

But nothing prospers half so well, when I go off to stay,

And I will put things into shape, when I get home to-day.

The mornin' that I came away, we had a little bout;

I coolly took my hat and left, before she show was out;

For what I said was naught whereat she ought to take offence;

And she was always quick at words, and ready to commence;

But then, she's first one to give up, when she has had her say,

And she will meet me with a kiss, when I go home to-day.

My little boy—I'll give 'em leave to match him, if they can;

It's fun to see him strut about, and try to be a man!

The gamest, chiestest little chap you'd ever want to see!

And then they laugh because I think the child re-embles me.

The little rogue! he goes for me like robbers for their prey;

He'll turn my pockets inside out, when I get home to-day.

My little girl—I can't contrive how it should happen thus—

That God could pick that sweet bouquet and fling it down to us!

My wife, she says that her 'some face will some day make a stir;

And then I laugh, because she thinks the child re-embles her.

She'll meet me half way down the hill, and kiss me any way;

And light my heart up with her smile, when I go home to-day!

If there's a heaven upon the earth, a fellow knows it when He's been away from home a week, and gets back again.

If there's a heaven above the earth, there often, I'll be bound, Some homesick fellow meets his folks, and hugs 'em all around.

would ever learn to love her, while Gretchen, who was so fair and pretty that she was called "The daughter of Spring," dwelt near her. Elise was not loved for she tried to gain love. She always fancied that it would be in vain to endeavor to please, in vain to be kind and thoughtful and loving. When nature had so squired her, who could care for her, or think of her, or be interested in her? "Ah!" she sighed one day, "if I could have but Gretchen's beauty, I should be the happiest girl in the Fatherland, for then I should not fear any rival; and Carl, sunny-haired Carl, might love me."

But Carl never came near her now, and only thought of her as cross and fretful Elise, and wished Gretchen had less vanity with her pretty face, and a rather larger heart in her slim body.

One day—it was in the time of the vintage—Elise went down to the Rhine to bring in water, and she dipped her pail in the clear ripples, she saw her own face reflected, and turned away wretched and discontented. She sat down on a rocky stone, and watched the sunlight playing on the castle-crowned hills, and listened to the far-off song of the workers in the vineyards; and she thought of Carl, who was there, and of Gretchen who was there also. "Ah me," she sighed, "what a gift is beauty!"

"Elise," said a voice; and looking up, she saw an old woman, a very old, deformed woman, standing near to her. "Elise," she said, "I will tell you the secret of beauty, and you shall obtain all that you long for so much. Go home and never look in a glass, never see the reflection of your own face in the water, never once again gaze on your own features, and you will grow pretty—so pretty that all will wonder at the change; and Carl will learn to love you."

"Ah, I will never see my face again as long as I live—never, never!" said Elise. "But are you sure, quite sure?"

"Quite sure," replied the dame; "but remember, if you once see your own face, your ugliness will return. Now go home, and be light of heart; and every day more love will hover round" you.

"But how shall I know that it is true, if I may not see my face?" asked Elise.

"Can you not tell by the altered manner of those around you?" asked the dame.

"Oh, yes," said Elise; "how I will watch them!"

Elise went home with a new and strange happiness at her heart, a happiness that changed her nature, and influenced every day of her life, and made amiable, and soft, and loving, and kind, and considerate, and anxious to please, and ready to serve and help others.

Presently people began to remark the alteration in the miller's daughter, and to tell her how differently she was from formerly, and the maidens sought her out and talked to her about their lovers, and the youths declared that Elise, the miller's daughter, was the nicest girl that side of the Rhine, and Carl learned to think how different she was from Gretchen, and he learnt to love her, and through the Fatherland there was not so happy a girl as Elise. And all this time she never once saw her own face, but turned away her head when she dipped her pail in the stream, and through all the miller's houses there was not to be found a looking glass. She longed (ah, how much!) to see herself in her new garb of beauty; but she remembered the old woman's warning and conquered her wish.

In the spring time came the wedding day, and early in the sweet, fresh morning she was married to Carl, and the young flowers peeped out to see her face as she passed by, and the tender grass kissed her feet as she went along and the birds sang out a greeting, and even the light feathery clouds seemed to stoop over her head, as if with their shadowy hands they blessed her on her bridal-day. Ah, happy Elise!

"Thou art so changed!" said Carl. "Thy face is so different from what it formerly was. It does not

seem to me that it is possible thou art the same Elise I used to pass without even looking back to gaze on thee; but to-day in the bridal veil thou art a sweet picture, which memory will paint on my heart forever."

Elise felt herself thrilled with happiness, but never once told the secret of that change, though she herself did not know that the real secret lay on her own changed nature.

So presently they were all feasting; and Elise, longing to be alone for a few minutes with her wonderful happiness, crept down to the side of the Rhine, and thought over the past.

"Ah, and he said I am so altered too! Happy Elise, thou art indeed altered; and he said how pretty I looked in my bridal-veil. Do I—I wonder? What would I not give to see myself!"

Elise was forgetting, as she longed to see herself, how strict had been the old woman's warning. She stood on the edge of the water with her face turned away; but her vanity kept saying to her: "Look once, for a single moment, Elise, and see thyself on thy bridal day;" but she hesitated and longed, and wondered if punishment would really follow if she looked. "It cannot make any difference," she thought, and she moved her head a little way—a very little way round—till she could just see the shape of her head reflected in the water, and saw—what? the same plain face she remembered long ago; the same, the very same, without one feature altered!

With a scream of despair she tottered forward a step too far, and before she could recover herself, she fell into the water which had shown her the dreadful truth. The tide bore her away, and never again was seen the miller's daughter—Carl's young bride. Alas, vanity!

Boys, Listen to This.

True as the gospel is the following, said by Robert Collyer of Chicago:

"It is true that the working, successful man of to-day were once poor, industrious, self-reliant boys. And the same thing will be repeated—for from the ranks of the hard working economical temperance, and preserving boys of to-day, will emanate the progressive prominent men of the future."

"Every man doing any sort of work in Chicago to-day, was raised a poor man's son, and had to fight his way to his place. Not one of them, as I can ascertain, was a rich man's son, and had a good time when he was a boy. All boys should grow as strong as a steel bar, fighting their own way on to an education, and then, when they are ready, plunge into life with that traditional half-dollar and a little bundle tied up in a red handkerchief, as I have known great men to start. I tell you that in five and twenty years, when most of us that are in our middle ages have gone to our retribution, the men of mark in this country will not be the sons of those whose fathers can give them all they wish for, and ten times more than they ought to have, but will be those who are brought up in farm houses and cottages, cutting their way through the thickest hindrances of every sort, and will the brown stone houses of this metropolis will be as nothing to bring out the noble man."

[Communicated.] To The Public.

I take great pleasure in writing the following for the benefit and encouragement of those afflicted with cancer. My wife had a very bad cancer on the left breast of about three years growth, occupying the entire gland, and discharging a great deal of offensive matter through ulcers and cracks in the skin. Her general health had become very poor, and I, nor one else who saw her, thought she could live more than a few months.

Just while she was in this condition I heard of Dr. E. H. Green, of Charlotte, N. C., and of some of the wonderful cures of cancer he was performing; and in a day or two I started with her to see him. After

a thorough examination he expressed his belief that he could cure her, and commenced her treatment at once, 27th May, 1871. She staid with him six weeks, and in that time he removed the entire breast down nearly to the ribs without the use of a knife or the loss of a drop of blood. She suffered very little pain during the operation, and her general health improved very much. The wound healed very nicely, hardly leaving a scar, and now after nearly two years it is still perfectly sound, and her health better than for ten years.

I think this, considering Mrs. Balla's age—now 65 years old—a very remarkable cure; not more so than many others that I personally know of the doctor's performing. Out of a large number being treated at the same time with my wife, some very bad cases, only one failed of being permanently cured!

I would, therefore, most earnestly and all who are afflicted with cancer, no matter how hopeless their cases may seem to be, to consult Dr. Green, or some of his associates, at once, and can assure them that they will be dealt with honestly and candidly, and believe if a cure can be effected, all they can do it.

Dr. Green is spending the present winter in Goldsboro', N. C., while Dr. Lindley has charge of his office at Charlotte, and Dr. Bentley, another of his assistants, has charge of an office this winter in Sumter, S. C.

Very respectfully, T. J. BULLOCK, Fayetteville, N. C. Jan'y 3rd, 1873.

High Farming.

In the present disorganized state of the labor question in the South, a problem of great importance is presented to our planters. The uncertainty of depending upon farm laborers, and the various disintegrating agencies at work among this class of people offer the strongest incentives to the consideration of the question. How can the condition of the farmer be ameliorated? This interrogation is receiving the earnest attention of thoughtful men throughout the country, and it must be conceded that no topic of more vital importance can be broached. As agriculture naturally takes precedence over every other form of industry, it is evident that this subject concerns not only those who till the soil and produce our staple crops, but likewise every inhabitant of the land.

As one method of escape from the exigencies of the situation, why do not our farmers pursue that system of culture which has produced such profitable results in Europe and on not a few of the model farms of this country? In other words, instead of half cultivating a tract of a given size, why not thoroughly till one of smaller dimensions? "High farming," which is so successfully practiced in England, France and Belgium, which is merely another name for thoroughness of culture, is the reason why crops of such magnitude are grown on comparatively small areas of land. The farmer of those countries, instead of investing the principal part of his capital in land, contents himself with a moderate acreage, and by resorting to every means which industry, thrift and energy can dictate to insure success, his crops give evidence of his foresight in the quantity and quality of their yield. Take England for example. Agricultural statistics show that the average production of wheat per acre is more than double that of the United States. British soil is naturally no better than ours. It has been subjected to cultivation for a far longer period of time; and had the proper attention been paid to thorough tillage, and its indispensable concomitant, manuring, the condition of the farmers of England would have been deplorable indeed. Heavy manuring is the secret of success in raising such crops as the British farmer delights in; and whether he be the owner of his broad acres, or merely a tenant at the sufferance of his landlord, his interests are equally great. In Great Britain, where the total acreage is not equal to the surface of our New England and Middle States, upwards of 300,000 tons of superphosphates and other concentrated fertilizers are annually used. Heavy manuring has been found to pay the farmer a liberal return on his investments, and large crops have rewarded his efforts.

In other countries the same effects have been observed. In France, under the auspices of the late Emperor Napoleon, the very elaborate experiments of Prof. Ville were conducted. On the farm of the Emperor, M. Ville has succeeded in raising one hundred bushels

of wheat per acre! and this astonishing result was brought about simply as the result of his experiments to determine what elements plants need for their development and healthy growth. These experiments have been conducted for more than fifteen years, under every condition of climate, and the results have been published to the world. Careful analyses of various important plants proved what they required in order to insure their healthy development. The ordinary meteorological conditions were likewise carefully noted. It was found that when the natural forces of light, heat, rain, &c., operated in usual proportion, a proper supply of plant food would almost unerringly produce good crops; and not only good crops, but would reimburse the farmer in a far greater ratio than his outlay for the manure.

Is not this system worthy of being followed by our planters? Ville's experiments, indeed, did not refer to cotton, which is our leading crop, but their import is none the less significant. The principle is precisely the same. Varying crops, it is true, deplete the soil of greater or less quantities of nutritive matter, which must be restored to it, or the inevitable consequences of barrenness will result. Every crop which grows removes elements of fertility, which, if not restored, deprive the land of just so much power to sustain the growth of plants. A slight expenditure places it within the power of every planter to maintain the fruitfulness of his land, and by earnestly endeavoring to restore and replenish these lost elements continued prosperity may be secured.

Now, by a system of thorough manuring, we think it will be evident to our planters that a higher degree of prosperity may be maintained. It is a matter of record, to the truth of which many attestations can be brought, that the average production of cotton in the South can be very largely increased. By the use of reliable standard fertilizers—such as Whann's Raw Bone Superphosphate, for example—the product of many of our plantations has been more than doubled. To a farmer of limited means it is a matter of no small moment. By doubling up on a portion of his land he may readily dispense with the labor of cultivating the remainder, and in a measure render himself somewhat independent of the vexed labor question. Even apart from this consideration, the incentive to endeavor to raise large crops has many other advantages. A portion of the land heretofore devoted to the leading staple of our section—cotton—can be given up to other crops; and one of the most important lessons of modern agriculture teaches the advisability of raising diversified products. The corn crop is one of no small importance, and hitherto it has received too small a share of attention from our planters. Raising cotton only, and buying corn and bacon, is poor economy. The operations of the farm should be conducted on the same broad and liberal principles which characterize our large manufacturing concerns. Nothing should be sought which can be made on the premises, and every refuse should be saved and turned to a profitable account. A diversified system of agriculture is always more profitable than exclusive attention to one particular crop. This has been proved time and again by the experience of the best planters, who will not grudge our assertion.

But of one thing our agricultural friends may rest assured. The only solution of the labor question in the South is to get along with less of it. By more thorough cultivation, by heavier cropping, and by resting to the soil such elements as growing crops take from it, the prosperity of our people may be dependent upon. Fertilizers of various kinds are offered for sale in quantities, Standard articles such as Whann's, are always readily sold; and it is plain that a more general dependence upon the efficiency of reliable manures would add much to the comfort and prosperity of our section. This, at least, has been the experience of the best farmers at home and abroad, and why the same result should not hold good here it is difficult to explain.

Put the Agreement in Writing.

How many misunderstandings arise from the loose way in which business matters are talked over, and then each party puts his own construction of the conversation, the matter is dismissed by each with the words "all right, all right." Frequently it turns out all wrong, and becomes a question for lawyers and the courts. More than three-fourths of the litigation of the country would be saved if people would put down their agreements in writing, and sign their names to it. Each word in our own language has its own peculiar meaning and memory may, by the change of its position in a sentence, convey an entirely different idea from that intended. When once reduced to writing, ideas are fixed, and expensive lawsuits avoided.

That fellow they call "Judge" Durell down in New Orleans was turned out by the State of Vermont. If the State of Vermont ever intends to be ashamed of herself, now is the time to do it.

The most general assortment and best laid in stock of goods to be found in town is at John H. Powell's. Don't fail to go there before buying.

If you want to sell your cotton for a good price and buy your goods cheap, don't fail to call on John H. Powell.