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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

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HARRY FOYE'S EDITORIAL CAREER.

BY CLARY AUGUSTA. SECONDARY EXPERIENCES.

Scarcely had seated myself at the desk, and resumed my pen to go on with my leader, when in came a gigantic countryman, bearing a bag in one hand and a basket in the other.

"Be you the editor of the Bugle?" inquired he. "I am, sir."

"Well, I'm owing you for two years' description to your paper, and as I was coming to town with a load of apple-sass, wife said I'd better step in and settle. I've bought you some garden stuff and a couple of turkeys for Thanksgiving. Just look here, sir."

With a dextrous movement he emptied the contents of the bag on the floor; and beets, carrots, onions bounced around my domicile in admirable confusion. Then the cover of the basket flew off, and out stepped two venerable turkeys—a gentleman gobbler and his wife—apparently in their usual health and spirits.

Before I could offer a single word of expostulation, my country friend had departed, leaving his 'two years' description' behind him. I hardly knew what to do with my turkeys, but as they seemed to be peaceable, well disposed birds, I concluded to let them remain in the office until I shut up for the night.

I put my vegetables in the wood-box, for want of a better receptacle, and turned my attention to my writing. But not a single letter had I traced before a market woman entered. She wanted to find me in milk. So conscientious was she in her business, that she assured me that she did not allow her cows to drink a drop of water for ten hours prior to milking. And when I declined to benefit myself by the lacteal products of her dairy, she went off, slamming the door behind her with a violence that shook the whole block.

My next caller was an old lady who had lost her husband a month previously. She wanted me to write an obituary notice of the good man, and insert in the next number of the Bugle. If I would, she said she'd do as much for me some day. God forbid! She wasn't very particular about the notice, only she wanted me to be careful and state that dear Reuben was a great tobacco chewer, and always voted the regular ticket straight through.

The next was a doctor. He had called to get me to advertise his patent Anti-billious Exterminating Pills; and by way of a bribe, he gave me a box with which to make experiments in the cathartic line. These pills, he said, would amply pay for the advertisement. I told him we usually had pay for advertising. He regarded me with a kind of lofty scorn truly refreshing, and assured me that one box of the medicine was much more than he ought to give for a paltry puff; but he was a friend to Africa's down-trodden race, and wouldn't be hard with me. I might keep the whole box—he was sure they would cure all the complaints that a respectable white man would be likely to have.

This allusion to my color touched me, and I flung the pills and patent boot-jack at the retreating head of the doctor. Confound that ink! It has persisted in striking in!

Next came a jolly-faced Irishman, who wanted to advertise for his sister, whom he had left in Ireland. And thus read his copy:

"NOTIS.—If Biddy McShane that is living in a bit of shanty foreinist a bog-hole in County Cork, Ireland,

will give notis where she may be found, she will hear something to her advantage by calling on the writer at his home in Ameriky.

"N. B. If you do not see this notis, Biddy, be plazed to let me know, and I will write yet another just like. Your loving brother, PATRICK McSHANE.

It is unnecessary to say that Patrick's favor was marked "must go in," when I tell you that a bright silver dollar was tendered me for 'trouble.'

As I turned to the desk again, I espied the folded paper which my pretty golden-haired visitor had left, and without delay I gave it the benefit of an examination. It was the notice of the marriage of John C. Smith to Miss Helen Weeks, both of Dover. I was irritated enough to have torn the offending paper to shreds—as if that lovely, laughing little sprite could marry a John Smith! Pshaw!—said common sense—it's not at all likely that a lady would bring you a notice of her own marriage! So keep cool, Harry.

My next guest was a tall, long-faced individual, who introduced himself as the Rev. Israel Well-spring, of Dover. He indulged in a few common-places, and then clearing his throat, said: "Ahem—he! All men are born free and equal, don't you think so?"

"Probably that is the case." "Yes, my friend, and to my mind it's a wicked and perverse thing to look down upon anybody on account of the color of his skin, I never do, sir."

"You are very benevolent and Magnanimous." "Yes, sir—I trust so, sir." Talent may hide behind the complexion of the Ethiop, as well as behind the delicate cuticle of the Anglow Sax-on. But never, until to-day, sir, did I know that the Bugle of Freedom was edited by a colored gentleman. You are not more than two-thirds African, are you, sir?"

no longer, but roared for the 'devil' with all my might. That individual came to the rescue in his haste, as black and sooty as his redoubtable namesake. Jim Jones was a valiant fellow, and he spared no pains to rescue me from my disagreeable situation.

The bird flew hither and thither under the influence of Jim's demonstration. Miss Fitz Brown wept and tore her hair, and clung to me like a crab-fish, and in the midst of the melee down came Charley's glass cabinet of curiosities, 'whang-bang, on the floor, and mummies, skeletons, rare stones, crystals, and sea-weeds, were scattered in every direction.

Jim swooped a chair, and with one fell swoop laid the turkey dead at his feet—severing the head from the body. So delighted was I to be rid of my biped, that I gave Jim the poultry as a reward.

Jim said that the red hue of the lady's dress had done the mischief—gobblers having a strange and unaccountable dislike for that color.

I hurried Miss Fitz Brown down the stairs as quick as might be, and returning to the sanctum, I gave John and the devil a fortnight's holiday, shut up the premises, and went home. When Charley returned he laughed at me, and when I related my experience, he said it was nothing to what he had undergone daily for the last two years. I wonder he remains to tell the tale.

I understand that Miss Fitz Brown has told among her dear friends that I hugged and kissed her on the occasion of her call at the office of the Bugle, and that she contemplates taking me up for paying her attentions, and then refusing to marry her.

Well, let her come on, I am ready for her. I'll spend every cent of money that I own, before I'll unite myself to a woman who choked me as she did.

P. S. I have met the pretty young lady of the golden hair several times. Her name is Alice Weeks, and her sister is married to John C. Smith. Providence permitting, Alice will be married to Harry Foye, next Christmas.

This was a little too much. Naturally I am a quiet sort of a man, but on this occasion my temper got the better of my discretion, and I am sorry to be obliged to say that I arose and kicked the reverend gentleman down stairs. Charley and I settled the damage afterwards to the tune of fifty dollars, for assault and battery.

I had hardly disposed of Rev. Mr. Wellspring, when a decidedly elderly lady, with a profusion of curly curls, and very red cheeks, presented herself. Evidently she had passion for red, for her dress, shawl, and bonnet were all of that sanguinary hue.

She was Miss Fitz Brown, the authoress. Would I like to engage her to write a novelette at five dollars a column? She thought she could complete a first-rate romance in fifty columns. She had no doubt but she could suit me.

I had no chance to reply to her generous proposal, for a new actor appeared upon the scene, in the shape of my turkey-gobbler. He flew at Miss Fitz Brown with the most warlike demonstration, uttering, meanwhile, one of the strangest sounds that I have ever heard. It was about half-way between the bray of a donkey and the cackle of a goose. Miss Fitz Brown attempted to beat off the enemy with her parasol—I made the same effort to effect the same object with a walking cane. But vain were all our exertions. His comb only grew the redder, his eyes more fiery, his whole aspect more hostile.

Miss Fitz Brown screamed and flung her arms frantically around my neck, hiding her face in my bosom, completely ruining the glossiness of my linen, and finishing the demolition of my already dilapidated dickey.

Evidently the irascible bird was delighted to see his two opponents both converted into one, for his melancholy music changed to a strain of triumph, and the way he pitched into us was a decided caution.

I could do nothing—Miss Fitz Brown bound me hand and foot. That miserable gobbler pecked at me with forty damning-needle power, and gobbled and cackled as though sure of the victory.

I could bear this state of things

T.—Go home, and bathe your feet in mustard.

T.—Parse 'Girl.'

P.—Girl is an angelic noun of the Grecian bend gender, and masculine tendencies.

T.—Save us from sudden death! These boys will never be raised. How is that sir?

P.—Girl is an angelic noun cause she paints her cheeks and loves in-juns; she's compounded of cosmetics, flowers, fess and feathers; is of masculine tendencies, cause she wears shirt bosoms, paper collars, and always has her head full of boys; singular number cause the boys are afraid of them, and matrimony is played out, third person, cause she's much spoken of; in the objective case and governed by a gipsy bonnet.

T.—Next, parse Fashion.

P.—Fashion is a tyrannical noun of the common gender.

T.—Cattish and blunderbusses, what's that sir?

P.—Fashion is a tyrannical noun, cause it must be obeyed and laughs at a poor man's purse; common gender, cause all people must bow to it; it is compounded of flounces, flimsies, ruffles, scuffles, hubbles, troubles, ruffs, cuffs, snuffs, higgles, sniggles, curls, farls, hairs, snares, Grecian bend, fess and feathers. It was once in the objective case and governed by Eugenie, but is now in the nominative case independent.

T.—Go home, sir, and go to bed.

T.—Next parse Baby.

P.—Baby is an obnoxious noun of the neuter gender.

T.—Moses and the prophets save us from destruction? What do you say you little imp?

P.—Baby is a musical noun cause it sings a soft tune between midnight and day, specially of a cold night—it is neuter gender 'cause it is neither male or female till it is big enough to wear breeches. It weighs according to size and measures according to proportions; compounded of milk and lungs, and specially of lungs; grows at a rapid rate. It is also of the spoilt gender, 'cause it is allowed to put its foot in the gravy whenever it pleases; is in the objective case and governed by candy and sugar plums.

T.—Go home, sir, and tell your mother to rock you to sleep.

T.—Parse matrimony.

P.—Matrimony is an ancient noun defunct gender.

T.—Hear him! You little vagabond, what do you say?

P.—Matrimony is of the defunct gender, cause it's played out. Girls are as plentiful as black berries, but they've got nothing. Matrimony is compounded of the words mate and money, but when there's a match now-a-days, it is nothing without the money. Third person, cause it's spoke of much by the Girls. In the objective case and governed by the sponduliks of the girl's dady.

The Vienna Exposition.

From letters received here there can be no doubt that the Vienna Exposition will excel in magnitude of display and minuteness of detail any of the great world's fairs ever held before, not even excepting the famous "Paris Exposition Universelle."

All the great cities of the Union are actively preparing, among other things, to make as fine an exhibition as possible of the school systems of their respective States.

Boston proposes to exhibit a completely equipped school, which has been pronounced by those who ought to know a model for all others. In addition to the school proper there will be a room for the display of apparatus. St. Louis will send out a statistical chart showing the condition of education in the city, and fifty copies of reports (printed in German) of the operations of the schools since 1869; also architectural drawings of school buildings in the city. Chicago, Indianapolis, Pittsburg and Cincinnati will send specimens of drawings by the pupils of their schools. Other cities are moving in the matter, but nothing definite has been determined. About the 1st of March the first vessel bound for the Exposition will sail. It will be loaded exclusively with models and representations to be placed upon exhibition at the Fair. Several enterprising

steamship lines are getting up excursions with Vienna as an objective point, though they propose to touch at many other places of interest during the trip. As they propose to charge greatly reduced rates, thousands will avail themselves of an opportunity of seeing the sights of the Old World.

The Cook Company, of Pittsburg, are especially active.

One feature in this Exhibition which was but little attended to in the others, will be the prominence which is given to the science of education. A comparison will thus be made between the different systems of the world, the best of course, receiving the sanction of the most competent judge.

AN ADDRESS.

The Farmers' and Mechanics' Association.

The annual meeting of the Stockholders of the Farmers' and Mechanics' Association of North Carolina took place in the Court House in Goldsboro, N. C., Thursday, February 6th, when the following were elected a Board of Directors for the ensuing year: viz: W. F. Kornegay, L. W. Humphrey, A. J. Galloway, H. Well, A. Day, C. F. R. Kornegay, J. Rhodes, D. Cordell, B. F. Hooks, of Wayne county, J. B. Faircloth, of Greene county, A. M. Faison, of Duplin and John C. Weoten, Sr., of Lenoir.

The Stockholders are determined to make the most ample preparations for holding the next Fair and to make it the grandest success of all our State exhibitions. In view of this fact the undersigned were appointed to issue an address to the people, setting forth the true condition of the Association, and to solicit a liberal cooperation of the citizens of Wayne and adjoining counties, and the public generally. To discharge this task intelligently, it is first necessary to recur briefly to the origin and history of the Association.

The Farmers' and Mechanics' Association was organized, under a charter granted by the General Assembly of North Carolina, on the 15th day of February, 1872. Its object is that of developing the material interests of the State, and that of Eastern Carolina in particular, to encourage and the promotion of art, science, agriculture, mechanics and manufactures, and the holding of Agricultural Fairs and Industrial and other Exhibitions. It is a corporate company, has the privilege of increasing its capital stock to the amount of one hundred thousand dollars, has a corporate existence as a body politic for ninety nine years, may sue and be sued, plead and be impleaded, in any Court in the State, has the use of a common seal, and capable of purchasing, holding, leasing and conveying estate, real, personal and mixed, and in fact, the Association enjoys all the rights and immunities which other corporate bodies lawfully exercise.

The capital stock of the Association was created by subscription on the part of individuals in shares of the value of fifty dollars each. Its property is free from taxation.

Shortly after the organization, in February 1872, the Directors effected a purchase of the old Goldsboro Fair Grounds, situate in the Southern suburbs of Goldsboro, also several town lots, the whole embracing about 23 acres. They enclosed the same, built all necessary improvements, such as a large and commodious Floral Hall, perhaps the largest and best arranged in the State, all necessary offices, houses for the exhibition of machinery, stables, and a Grand Stand seating about 1500 people, and a splendid Race Track. The buildings are substantial in style and handsome in appearance, not only large enough for the wants and the convenience of the country interested, but admirably suited for the purposes intended. The property at a low estimate, is worth \$14,000. The Association has had only one Fair in October 1872, which exhibition was a signal success, despite the many disadvantages and inconveniences usually attending every first effort of any enterprise. The attendance, owing to the very inclement state of the weather, was not very large, but all who did attend speak in praise of the exhibition—gotten up hurriedly though it was. All concede that but for the inclement state of the weather, the receipts of the Association during the Fair would have been three to five thousand dollars more than what they were.

At its first Fair the Association distributed in cash premiums, medals, &c., the amount of several thousand dollars, much of this sum went to farmers, manufacturers, mechanics, and citizens who own no stock. Besides this sum, several thousand dollars were expended for rent, buildings, labor, printing, paying employees, &c. The greater portion of this expenditure was expended for

among the people of Goldsboro and vicinity.

The exhibit of the Secretary shows that the outstanding liabilities against the Association are about \$7,000. This debt could be easily borne and carried, to be met by the income of future exhibitions, if the officers and directors only had the confidence, the encouragement and the support of the community at large. At any rate \$4,000 of the debt can easily be carried. It is therefore desired to raise the remainder by an increase of stock. And the object of this address is to appeal to and enlist the public in behalf of the enterprise to that extent.

The present period we regard as a most auspicious one for the advancement of agriculture, science, and especially for the holding of annual Fairs. It is hardly necessary to tell the intelligent public of Goldsboro, Wayne and surrounding counties, of the vast importance of such annual exhibitions to their future welfare and improvement. We know there are those who make light of all such enterprises as Agricultural Fairs—some will say they are gotten up to make money—but we do not hesitate to declare that, in the changed condition of things amongst us, there can be no general development in the South, except through the concert of action and combined effort of our people, and especially if the enterprise is inspired by our farmers and mechanics, and countenanced by their aid, presence and influence. The new Board of Directors are gentlemen of acknowledged ability and energy and possess the confidence of all who know them. Let us then make another effort to have a still grander exhibition here in the Fall of 1873 than was the one got up under so many disadvantages in 1872. Our former friends should lead in this movement. They have realized fair returns for their crops and certainly could not make a more laudable investment than by taking one or more shares of (\$50 each) stock, and thus aid the Directors in pressing on their preparations for the next Fair. The investment is safe, and will doubtless prove profitable as soon as the Society can get clear of debt.

The undersigned, on the part of the stockholders and in the interest of so noble an enterprise, would therefore appeal most earnestly to the people and all interested in the continued success of the Fair to come to its aid. It is absolutely necessary that the floating debt, about \$3,000, should be met at once, it would then leave only about \$4,000 which could easily be carried one or more years at a low rate of interest.

There would be no trouble in disposing the property of the Association to a few individuals for its indebtedness. This, however, would be a total loss to the smaller stockholders, and it is this that is desired to be prevented.

We have thus, fellow citizens, addressed you in a plain, frank and candid manner on this important subject. The undersigned are individually but little concerned. Our appeal is in the interest of the laudable object and that of the stockholders who so readily preferred their aid last year. We invite all our people, planters, farmers, mechanics, merchants and manufacturers to aid us in making the Farmers' and Mechanics' Association and its Fairs what they should be, and what they in fact are, a success. We mean to make this a people's enterprise. Then come and aid us.

A. J. Galloway, J. A. Bonitz, A. Day, B. F. Hooks, C. F. R. Kornegay.

Influence of Food on Poultry.

The influence of the food of poultry upon the quality and flavor of their flesh and eggs has not generally been taken into consideration, but it is now well ascertained that great care should be taken in regard to this matter. In some instances it had been attempted to feed poultry on a large scale in France on horse-flesh; and although they devour this substance very greedily, it has been found to give them a very unpleasant flavor. The best fattening material for chickens is said to be Indian corn-meal and milk; and a certain large poultry establishment in France uses this entirely to the advantage both of the flesh and the eggs.

The Flavor of Butter.

A German journal says that a great portion of the fine flavor of fresh butter is destroyed by the usual mode of washing, and recommends a thorough kneading for the removal of the buttermilk, and a subsequent pressing in a linen cloth. Butter thus prepared is pre-eminent for its sweetness of taste and flavor, qualities which are retained for a long time. To improve manufactured butter, we are advised by the same authority to work it thoroughly with fresh cold milk, and then to wash it in clear water; and it is said that even old and rancid butter may be rendered palatable by washing it in water to which a few drops of a solution of chloride of lime have been added.

MARKET REPORTS—Tongue plenty, but going fast; brains scarce and wanted; beef, full supply; pluck, market bare; hearts, steady, price fluctuating, mostly sold for cash on delivery.