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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. 9.

GOLDSBORO, N. C., MONDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1873.

NO. 48.

Carolina Messenger.



SEMI-WEEKLY EDITION.

A PRAYER.

Oh, my Father! Take me, Make me, Pure and holy, all Thine own, May each changing moment find me, At Thy footstool, Near Thy throne!

A NIGHT ADVENTURE.

BY CLARENCE E. STONE.

Riding in a stage-coach on a rainy day, of all things, I believe is the dulllest. In pleasant weather you can enjoy the fresh air and charming scenery from the top of the coach; but in rainy weather you are obliged to be cooped up inside, with the curtains rolled down in the vain hope of excluding the mud and water, suffocating for a breath of fresh air, with a fat woman and a half a dozen band-boxes almost in your lap, and entirely on your toes (you are supposed to be sitting on the back seat), with a fellow beside you who has taken a stiff dose of "busters" every time the coach stopped, and who is now reclining with his greasy head pillowed upon your shoulder; with a cross old maid with a flea-bitten puppy in her lap; with a big Irish woman and an irrepressible baby that cries for water all the time; this is to ride in a stage-coach on a rainy day.

One day last spring it was my misfortune to be obliged to ride forty or fifty miles in a stage-coach in Connecticut. It rained—no, rain is no word for it—it poured, and, as usual, two streams of water found their way within the curtains, and still further, down my back. We had all the accompaniments of fat women, band-boxes, drunken sleepers, old maids, snapping puppies, burly Irish women with thirsty squallers, in addition to a tall, lank specimen of verdancy, and a gray-haired man, apparently about sixty. We had ridden about twenty miles, I should think, without any one speaking except the old maid, who blew up because I didn't choose to allow her flea-bitten puppy to lie in my lap, and the young one that bawled for water till I almost wished it was at the bottom of the river, where it could drink to its heart's content; when, upon emerging from a covered bridge, the gray-haired passenger startled me by exclaiming: "Say, stranger, did you notice that covered bridge we just passed?" And without waiting for a reply, he went on: "I shan't forget that bridge as long as I live. Had an adventure there, like to hear it?" I gave him to understand that his story would be acceptable, and he continued as follows: "It's now going on twenty years since I had my adventure at the bridge, but the circumstances are so fresh in my mind that it seems as if it happened only yesterday. I was twenty years old then, though I look more'n forty now; but I ain't. I always had gray hair since I was thirty; my father did, and so did his father. I don't know the reason. There had been a lot of robberies about there at that time, and the night before they had broke into Squire Hobbs' barn; but the dog

got hold of one of the fellows, and held on to him until the Squire who had been woked up by hearing the dog bark, could come and secure him. The fellow, to save himself, offered to turn State's evidence. So the next night a meetin' was called at the tavern, to hear what he had to say. He told the names of those concerned in the robberies, and where they had buried the things stolen. Some men were sent to the place where he directed them, and there they found a harness and several other things, enough to show that he was telling the truth, for once in his life, at least. In the meantime a spirited discussion was going on at the tavern. Some were for compromising with the thieves and letting them escape while others urged that they should be brought to justice. I was among the latter, though smaller part. The strong party carried the day, and three men were appointed to go to the robbers the next day, under the guidance of the prisoner, who gave his name as Tom Jones, and see what terms they could come to. I had an idea that the gang would steal all they could that night, and skedaddle the next day, seeing that Tom Jones had blowed the whole thing; but I couldn't make the others think so. About midnight they broke up, and all started for home. I had about three miles to walk. I didn't take the mare, because she had been hard at work haying all day. I had company for the first mile, but after that had to go alone. I walked along at a pretty good pace, whistling to keep up my courage. I had got about half way, and was congratulating myself that my walk was most over, when I heard a rustling in the bushes by the side of the road, and the next minute a man appeared and accosted me with: "Can you tell me the time o'night?" I told him it was nearly one o'clock, and stepped aside to let him pass. He showed no inclination to do so, however, and kept along with me, though I kept the width of the road between us. "I say," said he, "you're not very sociable," and tried to get nearer to me, but I moved on faster. "There's been some robbers about here," he continued, drawing still nearer, "and we should be safer to keep together." I told him I was not afraid, at the same time opening my jack knife, and large one I had for cutting corn and things, to be ready to defend myself in case of an attack. We had now reached the covered bridge I have just called your attention to, and I began to feel rather squeamish and to wish myself well out of it. About half way on the bridge was a hole, made by a team a few days before, and across it a rail had been placed till haying time should be over to repair it. My compulsive companion was now at my side, spite of my endeavors to keep him at a respectful distance; and just as we were abreast the hole, he pushed upon me and endeavored to hurl me over the slight railing into the water, which is quite deep under the bridge. He was a stout man, but I was by no means weak, and was moreover, prepared for him; so when he leaped upon me I fell, and pulled him down after me to the edge of the hole. He was an adept at his trade, if he managed to exact my watch, and at the same time we rolled over. We each struggled desperately to throw the other overboard, but were evenly matched that neither could get the other over without going himself. At length I brought myself of my knife, which I had held on to from the first, and after several successful attempts, managed to insert it between his ribs. This gave me an advantage, and I exerted my utmost strength to push him over the edge. I was successful in my attempts to a certain degree, for in the struggle he wound one of his legs about me, and we went over together. The fall loosened his hold from me, and I found myself some feet from him upon reaching the surface again after my involuntary plunge. I was

a good swimmer, and since he had my watch, which was a good one, I determined not to let him escape. In accordance with this decision I swam towards him, and grasping him firmly attempted to reach the shore. The current was so swift I doubt if I could have reached the bank alone, much less with the burden of the now senseless man. All I could was to keep myself and my prisoner from sinking. In this manner we were carried on by the current for full half an hour. Several times I had tried to reach land, but in vain. I was growing exhausted, and hark! that voice! It cannot! It cannot—yes, it is the rapids! Good heavens! we are lost. I let go of my prisoner, and strained every nerve to reach the land. My long exertion began to tell on my muscles, and I could make no headway against stream. My only chance was to make for a large rock at the head of the rapids; and putting out my remaining strength, after a desperate struggle with the seething waters, I reached it, so exhausted that I just managed to drag myself out of the water, and then fainted. During the narrative he had been frequently interrupted by exclamations from the old maid, such as "Good gracious! Dew tell! My stars! Lor' sakes!" etc.; and when he got to the part where he daunted himself on to the rock in a fainting condition she fell to crying hysterically, and could only be quieted by repeated doses of cherry brandy, of which our inebriated passenger possessed a bountiful supply. When she had become sufficiently calm and only sobbed to herself, our story teller proceeded: "I soon recovered, however, and began to examine into my chances of reaching the shore. The rock stood in the middle of the stream, twenty feet from either shore. The surface of the rock above water was about a yard square, no very pleasant place to spend five or six hours in my exhausted condition. I did it, nevertheless; I don't know how, but I guess I wasn't born to be drowned; and in the morning was got off by the mill hands, after two hours' labor and six hours' talking. The body of the unfortunate man who attacked me on the bridge, was found two days afterwards, just below the rapids, so mutilated that he wouldn't have been known by his own mother, except for what clothes he had left on him. I never got my watch again; but I was so thankful that I didn't mind the loss of the watch. As I had predicted, the gang broke open a barn that night, stole all they could lay hands on, and accamped the next day. I never pass through that bridge without a shudder at thinking how near I came being mashed to jelly in the rapids during my night-adventure."

A Bravo Boy. Napoleon used to speak of "four o'clock in the morning" courage, which he thought the only kind worth much admiration. He meant, we suppose, what is called presence of mind—the ability to decide rapidly to do the best thing or nearest the best thing required in an emergency. There is perhaps no faculty more decidedly inborn and natural than this. When a great emergency, at sea, for instance, arises, by which a number of lives are put in peril, there is usually some one perhaps of those in authority, who asserts his right of leadership, takes command, it may be, out of the hands of the officers, and inspires the whole tremulous crowd with fortitude. This ability, this born power of leadership, this rapid and decisive quality of decision, was recently exhibited by a mere lad at Dawlish, England, during a peril of which we find an account in a letter written by Admiral Craige to the Secretary of the Life-boat Association. A boy, Frederik Perraine by name, and only fourteen years of age, had occasion to go from some placenear Exmouth in a small dingy, when the tide suddenly swept him out into the open sea. There

those who think the business all fun. The idea that newspapermen are the charmed circle where the favored members live a life of ease, free from care, is a mistaken one. Business is business, and the journal that succeeds is the one that is run on a square business footing, with the same system as a banking establishment. The Measureless Love. I can measure parental love—how broad, how long, and strong, and deep it is; it is a sea—a deep sea which mothers can only fathom. But the love displayed on yonder hill and bloody cross, where God's own Son is perishing for us, nor man nor angels has a line to measure. The circumference of the earth, the altitude of the sun, the distance of the planets—these have been determined, but the height, depth, breadth and length of the love of God passes knowledge. Such is the father against whom all of us have sinned a thousand times! Walk the shore where the ocean sleeps in the summer calm, or lashed into fury by the winter tempest is thundering on her sands, and when you have numbered the drops of waves, the sand on her sounding beach, you have numbered God's mercies and your sins. Well, therefore, may we go to him with the contrition of the prodigal in our hearts, and his confession on our lips—"Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight." The Spirit of God helping thus to go to God be assured that the father, who, seeing his son afar off, ran to meet him fell on his neck and kissed him, was but an image of Him who, not sparing his own Son, but giving him up to death that we might live, invites and now awaits our coming.—Dr. Guthrie. One of the sweetest and most attractive titles of our Lord Jesus Christ is "the friend of sinners." He was in his manner so gentle towards offenders, so graciously did he seek out the lost, and so tenderly did he invite the erring to pardon, and reconciliation, that he was the friend of sin as well as of sinners. This was the old heathenslander of the days of Celsus. Philosophy and Pharisaism sneeringly asserted that Jesus treated iniquity so lightly, and made it so easy a matter to escape from its consequences, that he was rather the aider and abettor of sin than its destroyer; and they blasphemously declared that his apostles had preached the doctrine of "let us do evil that good may come." My brethren, you know that this charge was utterly and entirely false, and those who uttered the libel knew it to be so too, if they were at all conversant with our Lord's history. In his example evil meets with no encouragement, and in his teaching it finds no excuse. If they possessed the slightest acquaintance with the objects of his life, they must have known that though the friend of sinners he was emphatically beyond all other public teachers the enemy of sin. His hatred towards sin was not a mere passion; it was a principle. It did not flash forth now and then; it was a constant flame. He hated sin if I may so say, implacably, never making a moment's truce with it; he pursued it by day in his ministry, and by night in his prayers; he lived to smite it, and died to destroy it; and now in his risen glory it is upon sin as well as upon Satan that he sets his heel. He was manifest that he might destroy the works of the devil, and he has erected a battering engine which will not leave of Satan's stronghold as much as one stone upon another which shall not be thrown down. Church Manners. "Mamma, don't you think Marcia Willis, is a lovely girl?" asked Mary Antis of her mother. "No, my dear!" answered Mrs. Antis so promptly that Mary looked up in surprise. "Why, mamma, I am sure she has very nice, pretty manners!" "Mary," said Mrs. Antis, "did you notice Marcia in church yesterday?" "No, mamma; you know I was not there." True. I do not often observe the conduct of my neighbors in church, but Marcia sat before me so that I could not help it. In the first place, she came in very late—during the Lord's Prayer—and instead of sitting down near the door, or waiting until the prayer was over, she walked all the way up to the front, interrupting the others in the pew and forcing them to move for her accommodation. During the psalms she was lounging in her seat and looking about her, and during the prayers and the sermon she was whispering and laughing with a young woman—I can't call her a lady—who sat beside her. She disturbed every one in her neighborhood, and I should not be surprised if the clergyman had spoken to her. "Well, mamma, I suppose she didn't think!" "Didn't think of what Mary?" "Didn't think where she was, mamma."

was a brisk gale from the N. E., and the boy immediately got up his tiny mast and sail, vainly hoping to find some sheltered place where he could land. He was fast driven, however, upon the heavy breakers. When he was within a hundred yards of Dawlish Beach he anchored, in the desperate hope of holding on until the sea should a little subside. He had now attracted the attention of those on shore to his perilous situation, but it was impossible to send him aid without too great a risk of life. Nothing could live in the broken water, with occasional heavy rollers, except a life boat, and the life-boat was at Teignmouth. The little fellow in the dingy made up his mind that she would soon swamp where she was; so he rapidly got up his mast and sail again, weighed his anchor and stood to the Westward, his craft almost on her beam ends. "With lightning precision and decision," he selected the only spot where he could possibly have landed, and boldly bearing up, he pushed his little boat into the foamy waters. "Over the first roller she went like a seagull, but she was suddenly becalmed, so that it seemed inevitable that she must soon broach to, be rolled over and knocked to pieces. The small mariner, however, remained perfectly collected, with his tiller in one hand and the sheet in the other. Then the gale caught his sail, and over the second roller he went right upon the beach. There was now no need of the life-boat from Teignmouth, and she was countermanded. Admiral Craige, supported in his opinion by a naval friend of great experience who saw the whole, testifies that this boy of fourteen did the very best that could be done under the circumstances, took the only course which afforded the least chance of escape, and showed (to use the Admiral's word) that "courage, self-reliance, and judgment are the chief elements of success on such occasions."

Life in a Printing Office. The subjoined article, from the Printing Gazette, contains so much fact and good common sense that we specially commend it to those of our readers who may be disposed to regard the publication of a newspaper as a matter of amusement: Few people are aware of the inside workings of a printing office, nor of the annoyances attendant upon the publication of a newspaper. It is impossible to form anything like a correct idea of the number of men there are in every community who make it a point about every other time they meet you, to tell you of some important fact that ought to be noticed by the paper, pro bono publico. Generally, however, it turns out that the item referred to is one in which the informant has an ax to grind, and the newspaper is to be the free horse on which he expects to ride into public notice and confidence. Or, if not that, he is constantly annoyed by a multiplicity of communications which are always lengthy, and contain nothing that anyone cares to see in print or know anything of whatever, except the writer, and perhaps one or two other particular individuals, and for whose exclusive benefit it was written, it is not for a moment occurring to the writer that communications for a newspaper should be such as would interest thousands of readers. The newspaper business is very exacting on all connected with it, and the pay is comparatively small. The proprietor risks a large amount of money for smaller profits, and the editors and printers work harder and cheaper than the same number of men in any other profession requiring the given amount of intelligence and training. The life has his charms and pleasant associations scarcely known to the outside world; but it has its earnest work and hours of exhaustion, which, likewise, are not known to

"I suppose she knew where she was, my dear. She knew that she was in church—in a place set apart for God's worship and service—a place where our Lord has specially promised to be present, and where others beside herself had come to meet him. She must have known that she was disturbing those around her." "To be sure!" said Mary thoughtfully, "And now I think of it, she did just so at Mr. A's concert. Mr. Baringhame spoke to her about it." "Such conduct is very improper anywhere," said Mrs. Antis. I can never think any one a lady or gentleman who misbehaves in church."—L. E. G. Bad Spelling. Among examples of bad spelling furnished the Cincinnati Times by a correspondent, are the following: Occasional cases of bad spelling crop out among the professions, and some lamentable instances of weakness in this respect come to light among the "humanitarians." For instance, a young lawyer in an interior city one morning early, locked his office door and left upon it this mysterious legend: "Go to breakfast." In a small New England town a druggist was surprised and disturbed to receive at the hands of a dirty looking customer the following prescription: "Please give the bura sumphid to fash him-15 cents worth." During the war a letter was written by a soldier to his sweetheart, was captured, wherein he said: "We will lick the confeds to-morrer if goddlemity spares our lives." Rufus Choate, or somebody else, said the ways of Providence and the decisions of a petit jury are past accounting for. We may safely say the same of the spelling of their letters, since a Pittsburg hanted to the Judge a communication endorsed: "To the onerable gag." The proprietor of a country store once worked himself nearly into a brain fever endeavoring to make intelligible the following note handed to him by a small boy, the son of one of his customers: "mister Greaan, "Wund you let my boay hav pare of Eay toad shuz!" However, he was probably less horrified than the schoolmaster who received a letter from a man who wrote: "I have decided to enter my boy in your scull!" The letter which some person wrote to an editor, when discontinuing his paper contains internal evidence of the truth of its assertions: "I think folks ottent to spend their money for paper, my dad diddend and everybody sed he was the intelligentest man in the country and had the smartest family of boize that ever dugged taters." "This house for sail," was the announcement a traveler saw nailed over the door of a humble dwelling in New Hampshire. He called the proprietor to the door and gravely inquired, "When is your house going to sail?" "When some teller comes along who can raise the wind," responded the man, with a sly twinkle in his eye, and the traveler moved mournfully on. He couldn't drink Wine. That was a noble youth who, on being urged to take wine at the table of a famous statesman, in Washington, had the moral courage to refuse. He was a poor young man, just beginning the struggle of life. He brought letters to the great statesman, who kindly invited him home to dinner. "Not take a glass of wine!" said the great statesman in wonderment and surprise. "Not one simple glass of wine!" echoed the statesman's beautiful and fascinating wife, as she arose, glass in hand, and with a grace that would have charmed an anchorite, endeavored to press it upon him. "No," said the heroic youth resolutely, gently repelling the proffered glass. What a picture of moral grandeur was that. A poor, friendless youth refusing wine at the table of a wealthy and famous statesman, even though proffered by the fair hands of a beautiful lady. "No," said the noble young man, and his voice trembled a little and his cheek flushed. "I never drink wine, but—(here he straightened himself up and his words grew firmer) if you've got a little good old rye whiskey, I dont mind trying a snifter!" "He Carries Them Up Hill." The other day the children were learning the twenty-third Psalm, and we were talking about the Good Shepherd, and how he takes care of the sheep and the little lambs, and impetuous Mammy, eager to speak her one thought, said rapidly: "He feeds them, and drives away the lions and bears." "Yes," said Tiny, thoughtfully, "and he carries them up the hill." "He carries them up the hill." The words went to my heart with a strength and sweetness the little speaker had not dreamed of. Often, often since, their music has thrilled through my tired soul like an echo of the angel's song. Mrs. M. E. Bonitz has just received new specimens of Embroidery patterns.—Finking and Stamping done at her Establishment in the neatest style. 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.