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VOL. 10. GOLDSBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1873. NO. 11.

Carolina Messenger.

SEMI-WEEKLY EDITION.

The Withered Daisies.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OVER THE RIVER."

You ask me why I love them so,
Those little simple flowers,
That over every pasture blow,
In April's sunny shwers;
And why a daisy wreath I twine,
Instead of dewy roses,
To hang about the holy shrine,
Where our lost child reposes.

'Twas in the spring time that she came,
And all the forest mazes
Were bright with flowers without a name,
The fields were white with daisies,
You know how beautiful she grew,
How fair, and swee , and holy,
But the violet, wet with morning dew,
Is not more pure and l wly.

She flitted like a sunbeam bright,
Around our cottage door:
Her footsteps as a fair's light,
[illegible]
On [illegible] of wood or glade,
She [illegible] all things the Lord has [illegible]
[illegible] loved the daisies.

[illegible]
Her [illegible] thoughts beyond her years,
[illegible] then were all unheeded,
Weeks [illegible] fore, with blinding tears—
Sweet teaching that we needed
[illegible]
Along the's stony [illegible]
[illegible]
Beneath the [illegible] of trees.

[illegible]
For the who gave [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] her [illegible]
And [illegible] he calls for me,
[illegible] with her has praises,
[illegible] memory,
[illegible] in April daisies.

[For the Messenger.

Wayside Sketches and City Observations.

"My deeds, and speeches Sir,
Are lines drawn from one centre,—what I premise
To do, I'll do."

The premise may have been hastily made—but improves not by being broken—so exacting friends I am your humble servant until I shall have recapitulated my pleasant trip to and from Baltimore.

The formula you proposed was to embrace all I saw and heard, so with truth for my platform I must lay aside even sensitive self—and render the trip for the gratification of those who might like to know the incidents of my "out."

As the story book has it, bright and early on the morning of Sept. 15th, after packing my "Saratoga" and bidding adieu to friends, my wiser and smarter half and myself took the morning train from one of Carolinas enterprising villages for a run of several hundred miles.

When traveling the newest and nicest books has no control over me, for why should I tax my eyes for a description of scenes that are constantly before me? Why draw on the fancy of another, for reminiscences of what my eye and ear may then and there grasp. Are not rich landscapes, romantic dales, towering hills, easy villas and bustling cities rapidly succeeding each other? Am I not in the presence of age, youth, refinement, intellect and improvement? Do I not witness a tableau of customs and manners sufficient to divert and enlighten the most curious, and has not dame Fashion opened her generous hands around me?

Then, kind reader, draw no uncomplimentary conclusions when, I acknowledge, I turned my back on literature without even providing myself with one of Harper's "un desirable" burlesques, as a specific against listless ennui. Nay do not chide—call me unsophisticated if you will—(there is a freshness and newness implied in that term that adds, at least, one charm to its uncultivated definition), but remember, for me, nature ever has charms that are paramount to fiction's choicest productions. So, with only a skeleton diagram of our routes (to which I sometimes referred) I bade defiance to books and periodicals, while I enjoyed whole volumes of unwritten novelty.

Tickets are secured, baggage checked, we are comfortably seated, the whistle shrieks, one long look at a sad boyish face, and our village recedes like a shadow.

Goldsboro, our first point of notoriety, is reached, but this pretty town is too well known here for comment.

After a short detention, we move on, passing towns and depots, that have no special interest to me, saving Rocky Mount, where twenty years ago I spent several freezing hours before taking a hack to the pretty town of Tarboro. Those hours yet retain their serenity over me, even in sultry August. My eyes wander in search of Mrs. Grey's hotel, and my mind wanders to the past. My traveling companion on that occasion was a loved brother, who, like many that I was then visiting have passed away. I fail to identify the "Grey" building. Our iron horse is in motion, and I dismiss my sad meditations.

In Battleboro and Whitaker I have neither link to the past nor present interest. Enfield is reached; here, as at previous stations, passengers are filling up the few vacant seats, one of whom, a dignified, robust gentleman takes a seat just over the way, when my fancy assures me he is quite certain he is a friend and college mate of his, whose genial face he has not met in twenty years. So, after some hesitation, he presents a card on which both of their names are traced. The stranger glances at his own name and then if another can look of quizical surprise, and his hands were extended, a gleam of pleasure mantled his handsome face, a seat is prepared by his side and of course a delightful conversation followed; but which was doomed to be of short duration, for we are nearing Weldon and here our path in life must again diverge—for our friend's home is Petersburg, and we take the Seaboard line to Portsmouth.

Having an idea of geographical location, I was puzzled to find our Portsmouth route to the westward of the Petersburg track, and for the life of me could not quite settle my doubts, when in our onward flight I espied far below us the semblance of a railroad track across which we were dashing with fearful rapidity. I learned too, from a traveling companion, that this cross originated from an unwillingness to have a certain bridge used by both roads.

And now I am flying eastward with such velocity I feel as if the locomotive is in a fair way to plunge headlong into the blue waves of the Atlantic. A gentleman informs us we are passing Seaboard, (the State boundary). With grateful affection for home, we bid adieu to the "Old North State," and welcome the high hills and rich verdue of the "Old Dominion."

Suffolk is quite a pretty place, or so we think, from the glimpse we get.

The conductor, by telegraph, has already secured our staterooms, and when he announces Portsmouth, there is a general stampede for the "Adelaide." What a magnificent boat she is! And how very glad we are to see the blue sky and cheerful little twinklers out in their dignity and splendor, with not one murky cloud visible, and tho' the moon has withdrawn her bright face, we are still sure we shall have a most delightful time.

Supper on the Adelaide is no ordinary repast, and so you would have concluded could you have seen the busy waiters, busy hands and mouths. Delicacies of every kind were before us, tempting sweetmeats, golden butter, the renowned Portsmouth bivalve, snowy rolls and (as one lady observed) "lovely fish." I was too much absord to speculate upon value received by many of that assemblage, but shall ever regard my own dollar as advantageously expended.

The stateooms, tho' larger and handsomer than our river-boats afford, were nevertheless too confining to lure one from the delightful sea-breeze of the saloons, where, by an open window the white caps, and undulating waves in their silvery sheen were glancing; where the Pilots friends, those glittering coast lights, either steadily shone, or coquetishly revolved; and where the tall mast towered on either side of us.

As we gallantly skimmed the bright water without misgiving of danger, (had not the breeze been just a wee bit to stiff), I should have enjoyed that splendid scene far into the "small hours," but remembering I should need rested eyes for the morrow, I retired and having enjoyed refreshing slumbers awaked next morning just in time to see "Old Sal" rise, as it were, from the depths of the Chesapeake. A grander sight I have never witnessed, than this golden orb surrounded by a crimson halo, and while emerging from the water, forming his crown of diamond stalactites.

On reaching the saloon I was amazed to see the vast number of vessels, their white sails unfurled, and tho' seeming to be motionless in comparison with our steamer, yet, I was told they were making excellent time.

Our breakfast like its predecessor - supper received special attention, and was really sumptous. I was amused at a learned lady, who, deemed it in good taste to inform us she was a travelling personage.—She wore an opera glass—which was constantly in use. The silver was or was not plated, the damask [illegible] or was not genuine linen, the china French, and the goblets real cut glass and costly. The effects of her neighbors were cruelly arrayed. I was never partial to an opera glass—could never feel they were perfectly genteel and having tested tho' the method I assure you, my antipathy remains undiminished.

Had this lady been very old, I might have flattered myself, the glass would do only half execution; had she been very youthful, I might have excused her folly for mistaking several dozen ladies and gentlemen, for so many zoological specimens of bugdom; but, she was neither, being an erect matron, of most dictational mien, whose practised tongue was so superlatively fluent in examining the polished plate, that an old lady to my sight surmised, she was a silver smiths wife. Her conversation then drifted to diseases, and their remedies, gaining for her the title of Mrs. Dr. Boggs. As if to foil our witticisms, she now hailed from one of our far off Southern cities, and personally knew many notable Generals, and Colonels; was the first Southern lady who civilly entertained Federals, for which distinguished honor—she was made the recipient of an elegant banquet, when a celebrated dance was first introduced.

She had also had charming times at Fortress Monroe and knew many distinguished "hofficers," Ah! yes, now we have it, she is the wife of give her over to a lady, (who I hope is partially deaf, and that martyred man, whose excessive politeness, in bowing and smiling assent to her ladyships remarks, had not allowed him so much as a sip of his tea.

Annapolis, the beautiful capital of "Marylands," rose in quiet grandeur on the western coast, but is too far off, to note with precision.

Eight o'clock found us gliding up to the "Monumental City." In a tornado of noise and confusion, we work our passage thro' the phalanx of cab drivers, and porters, to our omnibus and under its sheltering roof gladly find a haven of safety, and ere long—are whirled to the Maltby House.

This house is not styled the upper-ten, but is in special favor with Virginians, Carolinians, and most Southerners. It is in splendid condition. It can easily entertain three hundred and fifty. The rooms are delightful, parlors elegant, and attentive, the proprietor gentlemanly, and the guests refined. The terms are very reasonable.

The city noise to country ears, is simply distracting. The first day I muffled my ears, and longed for one record of quiet. I felt as if I were in the wildest storm, with every cotton gin, grist mill, saw mill, coffee mill, gong, sewing machine, railroad engine I had ever heard all at perpetual work. That fine day was spent in trying to see, and trying not to hear; the second, my eyes were less sensitive, and my attention was given to observations from my window.

My good man was on business and I had one whole day to memorise the figures of my papered walls, as, well as, the signs across the street. The windows had been numbered, and measured—solitude was getting irksome. A locked up room, and no companion is a dull prospect on a rainy day, but far worse now, that the sun-shines and, happy faces are constantly passing - but hope whispers, to-morrow I am to do better, so I make a virtue of necessity, and determine to have a fine time all to myself.

"A Whiteman's agricultural implements" would seem to furnish nothing of interest, for a lady, when looking up city ideas; but reader, it is marvelous how I speculated on farm life during those solitary hours; that gilded plow poised on a staff far above house top, and turning with every breeze, seemed to hold out inducements, not only to the new born granges, but even a merchants wife, might hope to reap some of its riches. Then there is that old Dutch fan, that carries me back to a farm in Dixie, where long years ago, merry children sported on mounds of harvest straw

"S. Sands," recalls the blue-backed "Rural Register" that once made its weekly appearance with its nice short stories, and valuable recipes, Just in the door beyon, are two Irish women who are packing eggs, before placing them in the cell, they are held up to the light as a test of their fondness, but so dexterous are these uninterested biddys that I fear, many of those same eggs would not stand approval by Madams Boggs eye glass. Over to the right is a tantalizing book-store, and I make a vow to spend a few moments, as well as, a few dollars there.

Here come the Baltimore and Ohio R. R. cars, drawn by six horse, and fine mules arrayed in Indian file - how I pity them, as they pull up grade with those great whips exploding over their heads. It looks almost sinful, to subject those splendid animals to such hard usage.

Now comes the Globe Lines, thundering along, with another magnificent tram; the driver toots his horn, those cruel whips pop, the grade is reached, and each horse and mule strains his muscles to avoid a 'stall."

The dingy coal carts, ice carts, hacks, omnibuses, carriages, and every imaginable vehicle, with every imaginable freight, are dashing and lumbering along in such confusion, a collision appears inevitable, and get, your fears are never realized.

Twielight is now stealing o'er hill and dale, but arts confronting lines of luminaries, have already bequeated darkness to the country, where the bat and owl may exercise their right to roam. The plaintive voices of childhood are borne on the air, I thrust my window open to enjoy the melody; no word is intelligible; they are only Italian ballad singers, but, the strain is sweet, sweet and I catch the last note ere I retire.

'Tis a splendid morning, and I am on my way to the wholesale notion house of Hodges Bros. In a sea of fashion, and business, we drift to our destination. This is an enormous six storied establishment, where almost everything, useful and beautiful, may be found. We make our purchases on floor No. 1, and then by means of an elevator ascend to the second story and likewise, successively to the topmost room.

I can never say too much in praise of those elevators—what an auxilliary it is to the salesmen and clerks, who are on their feet the live-long day; and, reader, just imagine your friend, who often pants and turns pale from ascending one short stairway, away up to the sixth story, where I have a splendid view of the grand houses making up the metropolis, and feeling as comfortable as if I had kept on "terra firma." You should have seen my self satisfied composure as we noiselessly glide from basement to attic story. It is charming, the beautiful articles we are leaving fade from sight, and like magic we glide in the midst of others, quite as gay and dashing. It is all so quiet and delightful you think of fairy's and dreamland, and feel tempted to pinch yourself to see if it is really you, in your senses, and wide awake.

So busy have we been, and so fascinated, that before we are aware of it, night has o'ertaken us. The goods are perfectly bewildering by gas light. Our bill is filled and we return to 109, (our room.)

To-morrow I shall go out again—with this pleasure in view I succumb to morpheus, who kindly allows me to dream at home with our boy.

Disappointment might sometimes be postponed. So thought I, as I heard the pelting rain during the interval of dark morn, that preceeds the clamor of awakened city life. Yes, I positively had to imprison myself another whole day—Oh, that intolerably tormenting bookstore why have I not been there! Tip, tap, at my door, and my Irishmaids brings me Hapers Weekly, my husband, dear thoughtful soul, has pitied my condition, and sent me this. I asked Ellen to bring me a city directory, and having vainly endeavored to gain any information of Baltimore, its localities, &c., in disgust I closed the volume, when I disdiscover it relates entirely to the State of Va. I indulge in a contemptuous smile at our Irish blunders, and then fill up and cross-write the only two sheets of paper I have—despatch the one to my boy and the other to my sister—feeling as if I could write half a quire of cap, without in the least exhausting myself. But the paper is minus. The rain increased, and I take my bible, tuck myself under that pink net, and ere I have read a sixteenth of Job's troubles, I am dreaming.

A quick rap at my door upsets the finale of my visions, and brings me to my feet. The gas light halls are in contrast to my dark chamber, I proceed to brighten up and then to tea.

The raindrops of last night, like pendant gems are sparkling in the sunlight, and the bracing breeze gives assurance of a bright day. So I once more mingle in the throng and halt at a fashionable hat house where I select our stock, some with frosted sprays, and some with silken feathers, but all very nice and pretty. The pleasant salesman hails from our State and gives me news from some of my old school friends. From there we go to the clothing house, where I do not feel quite in the right place, but receive so much courtesy and kindness that I enjoy the huge piles of "ready made" and the indefatigable click of the tailors' great shears, and feel on leaving that I have learned something, even there. My wonder is "where will purchasers be found for all of this apparel?"

(To be continued.)

Thoughts for the Month.

Of course the principal efforts of the the farmer this month, will be directed to saving the crops already made—cotton, corn, etc. But there are other things which ought to be attended to as opportunity offees. Oats may still be sown. If the land is rich and the seasons favorable, those sown before the 15th will do well—put in later than the middle the crop is by no means certain. It may be laid down as a general rule that with winter crops the richer the land the later may sowings be made.—Clover and grass may also be sown the first half of the month, with like chances of success; but we would not advise it done—it would be better if the sowings are delayed till October, to wait till Spring. Every failure with above crops is a misfortune at the South, because their cultivation is not yet sufficiently established, for the farmer to fail without discouragement—and it is exceedingly important that no injudicious advice be given. It has been a great misfortune to the country, that many of its agricultural writers have little actual experience on the farm, and in other cases have an experience which can neither benefit themselves nor the readers of their writings. If a successful farmer makes a failure it is always instructive; if a visionary makes one, it may not throw a single ray of light on the path of progress. The efforts of the latter are neither properly directed nor kept within legitimate bounds, and every one expects failure as a natural result. Whilst with the former, perhaps only one important condition of success, was omitted; if so, that one stands forth prominently, to be studied and weighed and its share in the failure carefully ascertained.

WHEAT.

Preparations for this crop should now be made, even where it is regarded injudicious to seed down in October. The clean fallow of the English, as a preparation for a wheat crop, may be regarded as a waste of labor, but there can be no doubt of its great value to the crop. The repeated ploughing of the land brings the latter into a state in which it can give promptly of its elements to this most civilized of our domesticated plants; civilized, in the sense of being farthest removed from its wild state, and incapable of thriving except under most artificial conditions. It is not a gross feeder, cannot, like corn, thrive on coarse fare—its elaborating power is relatively small. Choice and delicate food must therefore be within easy reach of its delicate florous root—and the soil soft and pulverized, that the delicate rootlets may roam at pleasure in search of it.

We say then if circumstances permit; break up and harrow or roll or drag your wheat land several times in advance of the seeding down, just as you would a turnip patch. Give it also a good supply of well rotted stable manure, whose originally offensive and complex compounds, the chemistry of nature has reduced to the simpler elements of carbonic acid, ammonia, &c., or else of cotton seed, almost too nearly approximating the food of animals to be converted into manure, or else of pure chemicals like sulphate ammonia, nitrate soda and superphosphate lime Whichever of these your choice may fall upon, see that it is thoroughly mingled with and distributed through the soil. Wherever the roots wander let them find a portion ready for them—remember that wheat is a fibrous rooted plant and that its roots are exceedingly numerous, literally filling the soil—let the manure do likewise.

As remarked before, wheat, of all cultivated crops, is least able to care of itself. As lands become exhausted by cultivation, they refuse to yield crops of wheat sooner than any other. It is useless to sow it on poor land, or the poorly prepared. Better expend your labor and money on something else But every farmer ought to raise wheat enough for his family and dependents—if he has a little surplus for the poor widows and orphans of dead but immortal Confederates, no harm will be done.

Recognition of Friends in Heaven.

Rev. Abner E Kittredge Pastor of the Third Presbyterian Church, says the Chicago Journal, preached a most interesting discourse at his church on the recognition of friends in Heaven, the sermon being suggested by an unusual number of deaths in his congregation during the past summer. Notwithstanding the severe storm the church was well filled as usual, and had the day been pleasant all could not have been accommodated with seats The reverend speaker took as his text the words in Second Samuel twelfth chapter: I shall go to him. He commenced his discourse [illegible] to the only [illegible] in the other world of departed [illegible] even among heathen nations [illegible] timent of Christian [illegible] to be natural longings [illegible] heaven of rest and [illegible] Bible: F[illegible] grave till [illegible] [illegible] Stephen [illegible] depart and be with [illegible] is a surprising [illegible] ing. Second we [illegible] bodies like unto [illegible] matters very little what the form of the physical form, for it was a vehicle for its purpose here, and when we lay it in the grave it returns to the dust "There are bodies terrestrial, and bodies celestial, and the glory of the terrestrial is one, and the glory of the celestial is another." Third, the Bible distinctly declares that we shall recognize the Saviour, and enjoy his presence and love "The lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them," etc. Fourth, we know Christ in heaven we shall know one another. "We shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob." Moses and Elias knew one another on the Mount of Transfiguration, and talked together with Christ Paul anticipated eagerly meeting with his converts in glory David knew that he would meet the child of Bethlehem again. Heaven is a home not a cold, chilly place. Earthly friendships will not fade away in a universal benevolence, the death does not change form character, but only changes our piece.

Wearing Flannel.

The majority of people are not aware of the beneficial effect of wearing flannel next to the body, both in cold and warm weather. Flannel is not so uncomfortable in warm weather as prejudiced people believe. Frequent colds and constant hacking coughs have left me since adopting flannel garments. There is no need of great bulk [illegible] the waist, which [illegible] wearing flannel [illegible] wasp waist to h[illegible] case the flannel [illegible] ly fitting waists. [illegible] the back. There is [illegible] the bad effects of [illegible] felt by those who [illegible] ments, and mothers [illegible] should endeavor to secure such for the little people, in preference to all those snowy outside trimmings which fashion commands.

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