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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."

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SEMI-WEEKLY EDITION.

The Man Who Cheats the Printer.

The man who cheats the printer Out of a single cent, Will never reach that heavenly land, Where old Elijah went.

He will not gain admittance there— By devils he'll be driven, And made to loaf his time away Outside the walls of heaven.

Without a friend to greet him, Without a pleasant grin, The happiness that he will reap Will be mighty thin.

He'll have to eat the thistle Of sorrow and regret; He'll have to buck around right smart With cussiness, "you bet!"

Back Again.

When the good ship Europa sailed away, and carried with it Harriet Menton's betrothed, that young lady looked beyond the present parting to the time of return. Hope is strong in young hearts, and already she found herself wondering where her first letter would be dated from.

Letters are such comforts when they are of the right sort, and the kind words sink away down below the sting of unkind ones. If we had our way, all the letters should be kind ones; not that we would take out the life, sparkle, and quick report, but would destroy all venom. Burning never destroys an unkind note, and no amount of christian philosophy will make the wounded place sound again.

By-and-by the letters began to come; such long, overflowing letters they were too! No hurried excuses no polite fictions, no tedious egotism; but good, sound, sensible letters, with love and tenderness peeping through every line, but never appearing in mawkish sentiment, or extravagant expression. Little extracts were read aloud to the family; description of places, new found friends, and glimpses of student life.

And the reading time was the moment for an artist. Hattie in the old arm-chair by his favorite window, bright blushes on her cheeks, a half timid, wholly happy light in her eyes, and her voice just a little tremulous; and there was the mother, wisely oblivious of her daughter's embarrassment, but watchful; the father, full of eagerness, and prone to interruption—for now and then Hattie's keen eye detected a little of the man's great love, and the passage was passed over lightly or remodeled in reading. Sometimes a reference to past things would occur, and the girl would hesitate, only to be urged to "read on, read on; why, how well the fellow writes!" from her father, and consciousness would return suddenly and prompt the introduction of a word or two, to give the sense of the extract to others, and retain its richness and flavoring for herself.

"Perhaps you would rather not read them to us, my dear," said the tender mother; and receiving for answer, "Indeed, I prefer to share them. It must be a poor love, or a poor love-letter that fears to be held up to the kind, good, faithful eyes that have watched over one from birth." And the girl would go on with more heart in her voice, and more color in her cheeks.

"Only one year," he whispered, at parting; but the months rolled on, and business cares still kept him when three years had gone. At last the steamship sailed again, and the thin, pale student walked her decks no longer thin and pale. Eager eyes watched for her, and kind hearts bounded for her joy when the tidings came, "the Europa is in." On the homeward voyage he had found old friends, formed new acquaintances, made engagements for the midsummer, and with American

readiness, transacted some business with his companions; but now and then he found time to think of the "little woman," whose glowing words and trust had more than once assisted him in overcoming temptation.

"I wonder if she has changed?" he asked himself. "I have so much how will she receive me?" And he smiled as he asked the question; but a few moments later found him discussing a new brand of cigars with a fellow-passenger, as earnestly as if love were out of the question.

Womanlike, Hattie saw her love everywhere. He appeared in the midst of the most prosaic duties; danced before her eyes as she read the morning paper; presided over her music—and at last came himself, and spoke but two words as they met: "Back again."

How full of marvel is the face to face, and eye to eye conversation after a long separation! How the far-away strangeness gradually lessens. How the little changes in dress or manner become familiar; and how after all the skirmishing of words about "last letters received," and "letters missing," and the "dead and married" among kinsfolks, and the "wonderful growth of the little brothers and sisters," and all the manifold ups and downs of life, for three long years—they grow cosy and comfortable, and "back again" means thanksgiving, gratitude, joy, and love, all in one.

And there is the evening stroll down through the well known path, and the same dear flowers peeping up, and he gathers one: a copy of one he gave her on the evening long ago, when it was offered as a reward for the first timid utterance of his homely name of Hugh. How they laughed over it now, and soon fell into the old ways, and brought back the old love. Brought it back!—no we were wrong then, for we think with Goethe, "it was not love that went, my child," but the happy memories, revived, deepened and increased it. Love abides!

Whether they walk hand in hand over tangled undergrowth, or wander apart, love must abide or it has never been. There is no change for it. The object may fade and die, deceive, or neglect; but the genuine coin is known, for it never grows dim, but amid all cares and trials sorrows and joys, it grows brighter and brighter.

What a beautiful poem we read in the few words of a good, public man, who has just gone "down the dark valley": "I tried hard to get 'mother,' and do what she may, I shall always love her."

Did his great-hearted love die when death came? I trow not; for in the gardens of the city called "Beautiful," there dwelleth a King, and his name is—Love.

"A Bolt Always in Order."

Squills declares that his wife is always taking some kind of mean advantage of him. "The best woman in the world, Sir," says Squills "but now and then she will act mean, and she can't help it."

"Last Saturday at breakfast," said Squills, "she was as smiling as a bundle of chips."

"Are your chops done to your liking, Squills, dear?"

"Deliciously, my love"

"I broiled them myself, dear."

"I knew it was going to be hot," said Squills, "and when I got into the hall to leave, Mr. Squills was there with my hat in one hand and my overcoat in the other."

"Squills, dear," she began.

"I thought it time to pitch in here," said Squills, "so I said quietly:—"

"How much, Mrs. Squills? Out with it my love."

"Mr. Squills," said she, "Don't be unmanly, sir I beg; not to say ridiculous. Gussy wants a silk dress to go to church in, the poor child really isn't decent—you are very sorry," well so you ought to be. Lather say her prayers at home. No, Mr. Squills, she shan't stay at home, and she shan't say her prayers, and Mr. Squills, you're enough to aggravate a saint, and your conduct is disgusting, and it's

enough to drive a woman to bolt right off to Chicago, and get a divorce."

"I thought this was a good time to fire off my pet joke," said Squills "so I said Mrs. Squills, 'a bolt is always in order.'" Then I bolted myself, for Mrs. Squills comes of a fighty family.

"When I went home at night, Gussy, dear child played all my pet Offenbach music, and I knew I was in for the dress only I wanted to hold out till morning, just for the look of the thing."

"For five years after we were married," said Squills, "Mrs. S. would persist in looking under the bed for a man. It's the same man every woman looks for, I suppose, because they all do it. Well failing to find the man, Mrs. Squills finally give him up in disgust and took to something else." "I suppose," said Squills, "they all take to something else after they can't find the man under the bed. Mrs. Squills, weakness is in bolting the door. Mr. Squills, have you bolted the door?"

"This particular night," said Mr. Squills, Mrs. S. was very dignified and distant. "No familiarities, Mr. S. if you please, you wounded my feelings in their tenderest point this morning, and I cannot forget, though you did, that I am your wife, sir, and the mother of your children, Mr. S."

"This was pitching it uncommonly strong, you know," said Mr. S. "and I was about to surrender, when Mrs. S. turned off the gas, and then coiled herself up in a pet, somewhere on the outside bed-rail. Not even good night, Squills. I felt pretty bad about it, I can tell you, but I went to sleep. I don't know how long I had slept, but some time when I experienced a kick in the back, as if a playful mule had been fanning me. Perhaps it was necessary, as I always sleep hard."

"Mr. Squills," at last I heard Mrs. S. say, "Mr. Squills, have you bolted the door?" "Now, I leave it to any man," said Squills, appearingly, "whether that is a correct thing for the mother of a family to do? Of course I got up and bolted the internal door, and as I said, Mrs. Squills, why the deuce didn't you think of bolting the door before I went to sleep, and not wake up a man in the middle of a cold night to do it? And what do you suppose her answer was?"

"Why, Mr. Squills," said she, "I thought a bolt was always in order."

"What did I say? What could I say? And the worst of all," said Squills, "I'll be hanged if she wasn't laughing at me; I could feel the bed shaking."

Ghosts in Washington City.

The officers on duty at the central guard house are troubled nightly by ghosts, and they are unanimous in the opinion that the old building is haunted. Officer Yeatman is willing to make his "davy" that he heard a noise in a cell a few nights since, and upon asking "Who's there?" a reply was made from the inside of the cell, "Bring me a glass of water." As he put the key into the lock the door flew open, and he again heard the request for water, but was surprised upon going into the cell to find that there was no one near. The other cells were searched, but it was a fact that no prisoner was put on that floor during the night. During the night, and often since, noises have been heard coming from empty cells. The ghosts, as they are called, furnish much amusement to the station-keeper and others, and they say that they keep them company, which is far preferable to intoxicated prisoners or sick lodgers. —[Baltimore Sun letter.

That Early Bird.

The London Athenaeum says that the philosophy which urges the excellence of early rising has been very rudely and successfully shaken. Charles Lamb has shown that there is as much excess in rising with the lark and lying down with the lamb as in the practice referred to in Moore's song, which recommends a lengthening of our days by taking "a few hours of the night, my dear!" That philosophy was shaken in the early days of the world by two sleepy children who came under the rebuke of vigilant fathers.

"My son," remarked one sire, "I once found a piece of gold by rising early."

"Ay," rejoined young hopeful, "but the man who lost it was up before you."

"My son," said the other worthy parent, "observe that it's the early bird that catches the worm."

"I do, observe my father," replied the excellent boy; "also, that the worm was caught by getting up earlier than the bird."

It has been considered not beneath the dignity of Field Marshal, the Duke of Wellington, to hold rank among the philosophers of the bed; and, as nobody knew that he had ever delivered himself of an axiom or maxim illustrating bed-doctrine, one has been stolen for him, and his Grace has been made to wear it as if it were his own. "When a man turns in bed, it is time for him to turn out," as the Duke of Wellington put it.

The most general assortment and best 144-in stock of goods to be found in town is at John H. Powell's. Don't fall to go there before buying.

The Month's Column.

Under this head we shall publish short essays on various subjects, both original and selected, and other matters calculated to instruct and interest.

The Bible.

Be thou my star in reason's night, Be thou my rock in danger's fright, Be thou my guide mid passion's way, My moon by night—my sun by day.—Milton.

The highest eulogy we can pronounce up this book of all books, is, to take it for the man of our counsel, and the popular star of our lives—not merely to admit and laud its superior excellency, and let it remain on the shelf, until anathema maranatha, can be written in the dust upon its lids, and criminally neglecting to aid in giving it to the millions, who are groping in papal and beathen darkness. Divine in its origin, written by the pen of inspiration, dipped in the burning indignation of God against the wicked, on the one hand; and in the melting fountain of his love, for the good, on the other; the sublimity of its language caps the climax of Rhetoric. As a history of that grand epoch, when God said, "Let there be light; and there was light," it stands alone, clothed in the majesty of Divinity. As a Chronicle of the creation of man, after the moral image of Deity, of his ruinous fall, and of his subsequent mad career, it must remain unrivalled. As a Chart of human nature, and of human rights and wrongs, and of the character of the great Jehovah, its delineations, and precision, fullness, and force of description; far exceed the boldest strokes and finest touches, of the master spirit of every age and clime. As a system of Morals and Religion, every effort of man, to add to its transcendent beauty, or omnipotent strength is presumption, and as vain, as an attempt to bind the wind, or imprison the ocean. As a book of Poetry and Eloquence, it stands, in lofty grandeur, towering above the noblest productions of the most brilliant talents, that have illuminated and enraptured the classic world.—As a book of Revelation, it shed a flood of light upon the wilderness of mind, that added fresh lustre and reticence to those of Reason, Philosophy and Science, that had guided mankind to that auspicious, glorious era, when it burst upon the astonished world. As a book of Counsel its wisdom is profound, boundless, infinite. It meets every case in time, and is the golden chain that reaches from Earth to Heaven. It teaches us our native dignity, the design of our creation, the duties we owe to our God, ourselves, our families, and parents, our children, and our fellow men. It teaches us how to live and how to die. It points the finally impatient to their awful doom—it arms the Christian in panoply complete—snatches from death its poisoned sting, from the grave its boasted victory, and points the soul to its crowning glory—a blissful immortality beyond the skies.

used to say! So we are told, as if the Field Marshal were always saying it. Now, the phrase, was a favorite one with our early Archbishops, and it was probably not original even on the lips of the very earliest of the prelates to whom it has been assigned by the Dean of Chichester.

The earliest illustration of the evils of lying late in bed, which some of our older people used to receive when they were children came to them from Dr. Watts. Who has not heard of the famous lines, with their halting philosophy?

"Tis the voice of the sluggard, I heard him complain, 'You have waked me too soon! I must slumber again!' As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed Turns his sides, and shoulders, and his heavy head."

The door that hangs on its hinges is doing its duty as a door, let Solomon and Dr. Watts say what they will; and the wild brier, the thorn, and the thistle, which grew broader and higher in his garden, were at least acting busily according to the nature implanted in them. And, after all, the so-called sluggard seems to have been more harmless in bed than his censurer, who let him, after an impertinent missionary visit, with such an outburst of pharisaical pride as this:

"Said I then to my heart, 'Here's a lesson for me! That man's but a picture of what I might be; But thanks to my friends for their care in my breeding, Who have taught me betimes to love working and reading!'"

Perhaps if the sluggard had had such friends and they had found him work to do, he would have risen to do it. There was some reason in the young fellow who, on being asked why he did not get up, replied that he had nothing to get up for! We are not even sure that Quin is to be severely censured for the part he took in the morning dialogue with his valet:

"John, what's o'clock?" "Nine o'clock, sir." "Is there any mullet in market to-day, John?" "No sir." "Then call me at nine to-morrow, John."

Moreover, it does not follow that, because a man is in bed his mind is idle or that he is careless of the welfare of his fellow creatures who are up and abroad:

"Herodotus wrote most in bed; And Richerand, a learned physician, Declares the clock-work of the head Goes best in that reclined position."

Planting Trees in Autumn.

Any time after the tree is done growing for the season is the best time to transplant in the autumn.—The moment it can be seen from the leaves that the season's growth is over, the transplantation of trees should be attended to. By so doing the roots will have time to become established before severe weather sets in, and be ready to make an early, healthy start when spring opens. Some of our leading horticulturists assert that the root of trees grow all winter, except when the ground becomes deeply frozen; but whether this be so or not, transplanting as early in the autumn as circumstances will admit of, doubtless has its advantages. And especially is this the case with large trees, which can be moved with more safety early in autumn than at any other period of the year.

Remedy for Chapped Hands.

An exchange says: "The easiest and simplest remedy is found in every storeroom. Take common starch and grind with a knife until it is reduced to the smoothest powder. Take a clean box, and fill it with starch, thus prepared, so as to have it continually at hand for use. Every time the hands are taken from the suds or dish water, wipe them, and while they are yet damp rub a portion of starch thoroughly over them covering the whole surface. The effect is magical. The rough smarting skin is cooled and soothed, and healed, bringing and insuring the greatest degree of comfort and freedom from this by no means insignificant trial."

Parties in Kansas are divided into Republicans, Democrats, Independent Democrats, Independent Republicans, Republican Reformers, Anti-Monopolists, Anti-Corruptionists, and General-Principle-ists. The evidences are, however, that outside of the regular Radical organization all the rest will gradually settle down upon the old Democratic party.

There are indications on all sides that the next session of Congress will be closely watched by the people. Many of the most devoted of the Republican journals are giving notice that unless there is a genuine spirit of reform developed there will be trouble. Thus the Cleveland Leader, which has tasted the flavor of a little independence in local politics, and liked it, says: "The time has come for a general reform in the manner of doing the public business. There has been not only too much corrupt legislation and too much stealing, but a too general looseness. The people are now fully aware of this demand that it shall cease. The eyes of their constituents will closely watch members of the coming Congress. We urge them if they are found wanting."

Take your Chromos and other Pictures to Small's Gallery and have them framed as cheap as can be done anywhere. A lot of Moulding and Rustic Frames on hand; Corals, Tassels, &c. Also a lot of Stereoscopes and several thousand Stereoscopic Views of N. Carolina Scenery and others. Orders filled promptly. Call soon and get your choice.

All Sorts.

The Washington Star says it is absolutely certain that with five years we shall have a postal savings bank and a government telegraph. Now, if a government restaurant were only added, with branches at every post-office and telegraph station, where people should be compelled to get their meals prepared by government cooks, the great parental system would be perfect.

A BABY show was a feature in the late Iowa county Fair: The committee consisted of two young ladies and one married lady. Twenty-five babies contended for the prize, and one premium was carried off by the infant hope of T. P. Murphy. The mothers of the twenty-three squallers that took no premium are so mad that the committee have left town.

GEN. Grant is receiving the commission of the organs. The law entitles him to a double salary this year, but appropriation was made for only twenty-five thousand dollars. This makes the President's sort: Sorry for him, but all his subjects are short, too. His misery finds plenty of company.

A YOUNG married man went home a night or two ago as 'tight as a brick,' but with sense enough to keep his real condition concealed from his wife by undressing and going to bed at once and without talking, giving an excuse for his tactfulness that he had a pain in his stomach. His wife, who never suspected him of taking a drink, immediately made a large mustard poultice and applied it to the part complained of with-out resistance, as he was by that time almost unconscious, and he remained so until towards morning, when he was aroused by dreaming that he had died and was undergoing the broiling process in the realms below. He has been wearing his hands in his breeches pockets ever since to keep his pants from touching the sore part, and glares demonaically and with a sardonic grin at the sight of a mustard cruet.

An Indiana man was traveling down the Ohio on a steamer with a mare and a two year-old colt, when by a sudden career of the boat, all three were tilted into the water. The Hoosier, as he rose, puffing and blowing above the water, caught hold of the tail of the colt, not having a doubt but that the natural instincts of the animal would carry him safe ashore. The old mare made for the land, but the frightened colt swam lustily down the current with its owner still hanging fast. "Let go of the colt and hang on to the mare!" shouted some of his friends. "Booh!" exclaimed the Hoosier, spouting the water from his mouth; "it's mighty fine telling me let go the colt; but to a man who can't swim this ain't exactly the time for swapping horses."

The project favored by Gov. Walker and others, of assuming the Southern State debts, will, it is said, be renewed by Gen. Ben. Butler this session. There was a lobby at Washington last winter arguing the measuring on Congress; and as these debts are chiefly owned in the Northern cities, a pressure from that quarter may be expected, including such parties as Henry Clews and others, allies and carpenters of the carpet-bagger. It is not believed that this little job will stand much show before Congress.

A DISPATCH dated New Orleans, Nov. 17th, states that all the blacks except two who were concerned in the Grant Parish outrage have been summarily dealt with. The ringleaders, Hampton, Henderson, and the others of the gang, were brought into Colfax by colored men on Sunday.—They were delivered to the Deputy Sheriff, from whom they were taken by the citizens, who conveyed them to a convenient spot, where they were shot after confessing to having nine accomplices in the crime. Mr. Munford Wells shot two of the villains, whom he had discovered in the neighborhood of the house of Mrs. Lombard, and three were surprised in hiding in the vicinity of Alexandria. Another has been hung in Rapides parish. The other two are yet at large, but are known to be in Grant parish. It seems that Henderson has implicated all the negroes in Grant parish in schemes of violence and outrages, and many are leaving the parish. An armed band of negroes made four distinct but ineffectual attacks within four hours on the house of Dr. Joyce, in Colfax, a few nights ago. The town of Colfax was picketed by cavalry on Saturday last, and armed squads of mounted men patrolled the streets on Wednesday.

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