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Prayer I Don't Like.

I do not like to hear him pray. Who loans at twenty-five per cent. For then I think the borrower may be pressed to pay for food and rent in that book we all should read.

Who says the lender shall be blessed, As sure as I have eyes to read, It does not say, "take interest."

I do not like to hear him pray. On bended knees, about an hour, For grace to spend aright the day, Who never seeks her home to say, I'd rather see him go to mill.

And his the luckiest brother bread, And see his children eat their fill, And laugh beneath their humble shawl.

I do not like to hear him pray, "Let blessings on the widow be," Who never seeks her home to say, "I want overtakes you, come to me," I hate the prayer, so long and loud, That's offered for the orphan's weal, By him who sees him crushed by wrong, And only with his lips doth feel.

I do not like to hear him pray, With jewel-ear, and silken dress, Whose washer-woman toils all day, And then is asked to "work for less," Sue for shavers I despise!

Who fold his hands and face demure, They'll let it have their "angel's eyes," Then steal the earnings of the poor.

I do not like such soulless prayers: If wrong, I hope to be forgiven; No angel's wing hath upward bears, They're lost a million miles from Heaven!

A Russian Order.

A rich banker named Saderland enjoyed for a long time the favor of Catherine II of Prussia, but one day he suddenly saw his house surrounded by an armed force, led by a commissary of the police, who demanded to speak with him.

"My dear sir," said he to the frightened banker, "it grieves me deeply to have receive orders from our gracious sovereign to execute towards you a severity beyond anything I have ever yet seen. I know not what extraordinary offence you have committed to excite such extremity of anger in her majesty as to induce her to command a punishment so horrible and unprecedented."

"I do not understand a word of what you are saying," answered the astonished banker. "I am as much amazed as if you had fallen from the clouds!" "What are the orders you received?"

"I have not the courage to tell you; and yet I shall be compelled to execute them."

"Am I so unfortunate as to have lost her majesty's confidence?"

"Ah, it that were all, sir, you would not see me so disconsolate. You might regain her confidence and even her favor—but—"

"But then I am banished from Russia?"

"That would indeed be a sad misfortune, yet with your riches you could find a hospitable reception in any other country. But—"

"Oh, heavens! is that possible that I am to be exiled to Siberia?"

"Even from there you might, sooner or later, be recalled to Russia."

"Perhaps, then, you are going to put me in prison?"

"I wish it were so, for then you might be liberated."

"Am I, then, condemned to undergo the knot?"

"The knot is a dreadful punishment to be sure, but it is not all ways fatal."

"Then, oh! then, you would lead me to death! tell me plainly; this suspense is worse than death itself."

"Know, then, that your most gracious Empress has given orders to take off your entire skin."

"To take off my skin!" exclaimed Saderland, seized with horror—"to lay me alive!"

But regaining his self-command, he added, "No, no—it cannot be; either you have lost your senses, Mr. Commissary, or your most benign mistress has lost hers. Is it possible you might answer when you received such cruel orders?"

"I did more than any other would have dared to do. I did not conceal my grief and surprise. I lingered in the imperial presence, and had actually began a humble remonstrance to her Majesty, when our gracious sovereign, turning to look on me, with a look and voice of anger, bade me begone and perform her will. I still seem to hear her threatening and appalling words: "Go," said her majesty, "and never forget that it is your indispensable duty to execute without questioning the commands I think you worthy of receiving from me."

It is impossible to describe the agitation, and anguish, or the despair of the poor Saderland. After he had for a time given vent to the violence of his distress, the commissary told him that he was allowed a quarter of an hour to settle his affairs.

In vain the banker prayed for a longer interval, or at least an opportunity to write to the Empress and implore her clemency. At length, although trembling for the consequences to his own life, he consented, and he immediately followed the letter himself, but not having courage to present himself at court, he went to seek his friend and protector, Colonel Bruce.

The count thought that the commissary must have made a mistake, and took him directly to the imperial palace. There leaving him in an ante-chamber, he obtained admission to the presence of the Empress, to whom he related the whole affair.

What was his astonishment to over hear the Empress, exclaim: "Just heaven! what atrocity! There can be no doubt Nicoloff (the commissary) is mad. Quick! Count, take the horse before it is too late, and deliver my poor banker from his alarm, and assure him of my favor and good wishes."

The count hastened to communicate this order to the commissary, and was yet more astonished when returning to the presence of the Empress, to hear her exclaim, amidst bursts of the loudest laughter: "Now I understand the cause of this strange and incomprehensible scene. I have for several years had a fine dog, which I valued highly, and I have given him the name of Saderland, both for the sake of a joke on my good banker, and also in compliment to an English gentleman of that name from whom I obtained the dog. Early this morning I gave orders to Nicoloff to take off his skin entire, in order to have it stuffed, as the poor thing was dead. He seemed to hesitate whether to obey, and I was very angry, because I thought it silly pride on his part."

Reserving Worthless Memorials, Especially Letters.

We are all given to relic-hunting after a fashion. The instinct is natural enough, and yet it is a rather troublesome one, and apt occasionally to defeat its own purpose. Most young people, and especially young women, are in the habit of accumulating museums of objects which have a sentimental value.

They possess miscellaneous collections of odds and ends of jewelry, locks of hair, and perhaps fragments of clothing. A child's shoe may become a piece of embodied poetry, and be valued at an indefinite price. As for the piles of correspondence, they are preserved till their ink is faded and their paper tattered; they are enough to strike with awe the librarians of the British Museum. Any one who has accidentally come on an old deposit of this kind in some forgotten chest has found an admirable text for melancholy, and, perhaps, cynical musing; for not only are they sad by force of the contrast between the interest which they once excited and their present want of meaning, but we cannot help asking how far they ever served their purpose.

Was not even the first proprietor intolerable bored with them during his or her life time and only restrained by a half superstitious feeling from summarily consigning them to the flames? When they were first neatly arranged, and put away in a sacred receptacle, it was

doubtless with the intention of frequently recurring to them and re-awakening old emotions. The chances are that they were never examined again, and that the sacred receptacle only asserted itself at a distinct nuisance when a change of habitation became necessary, of a lumber-room had to be cleared out. They were originally preserved as a kind of pledge that the sentiment associated with them should be permanent; and as luckily the pledges which every one makes to himself are void of any bidding force, they have survived to be merely a ghastly reminder of smallness of the space occupied by old memories. A pile of letters may not occupy much room in a house, but it is odds that it will, in a year or two, occupy more room than proportioned to the influence of the past upon the mind of the proprietor. A person who systematically burns every letter as soon as he receives it is probably accumulating fewer reasons for regret that the person who religiously preserves them in the hope of some future effusion of pious sentiment. The question, therefore, which any one should ask who is thinking of preserving memorials is the very simple one whether they are dead or living; whether that is, they are calculated at a future time to revive fading impressions or to be merely passive, deriving such interest as they may possess from a reflected light without intrinsic illuminating power. In the latter case they cannot, as a rule, be too soon destroyed. What is the use, for example, of preserving a document in which A. B. presents his compliments to C. D., and requests the pleasure of his company to dinner? Can you realize any more distinctly the character of either of the correspondents, however remarkable they may be in themselves? Is there not rubbish enough in the world already, and sufficient material stored up to perplex the future historian of the nineteenth century? Indeed it may said that as a rule all the private correspondence should be burnt. Nobody writes good letters since the introduction of the penny postage. The art is lost, and the practice of preserving the documents which now usurp the name is bidding fair to ruin the art of biography. The life of a remarkable man is now, for the most part, a set of dreary scraps of utterly faded communications about trifles connected by thin links of barren dates and dry statements of fact. A biography ought to be a literary work of art of the highest kind; it is rarely more refreshing than a blue-book of dispatches.

The hero, as the author asserts with meek humility, shall paint himself, and he does it by the hurried scraps of scribbling which now do duty for letters, and into which no reasonable being thinks it worth while to insert a fragment of his soul or intellect. Our reverential affection exceeds its proper bounds when it endeavors to preserve that which is essential perishable.

Practical Advice.

Hon. B. H. Hill recently addressed a meeting of planters at Jonesboro, as follows: First, make cotton your surplus crop! In these five words lie the Sampson locks of your future power. Make your own fertilizers by resting, cropping, grassing and manuring your lands. Thus you become independent of guano merchants. Raise your own provisions. Thus you become independent of the provision merchants. Your cheapest and safest line of transportation runs from your own fields, and hog pens to your barns and meat houses! With no debts for your supplies, you will need no accommodation credits at two per cent. per month! Thus you become independent of brokers, and cotton factors and lien merchants. You can then sell your cotton, at your own chosen buyers, and for your own prices, and will get your own money. None of these things can a cotton planter do who plants on a credit and borrows money to buy his provisions. But you say, the Western States can raise provisions so much cheaper than we can that we can make more money by making cotton and buying from

them. This is the teaching of figures and a greater lie was never taught.

Now, I affirm, that it is cheaper for you to raise your own provisions than to have them brought from the West, and given to you at the nearest depot free of all cost and charges? How is this? In the first place, if we raise 5,000,000 of bales of cotton, we will get no more money for them than we would get for half that number. Then, out of the same amount realized, you may pay for raising 6,000,000 just double cost production. The labor and supplies employed in raising 5,000,000 bales of cotton would be employed in raising supplies without reducing the value of the cotton to one dollar. But half this labor would raise more than you need for supplies. You could employ much of it, in enriching your lands, and improving your property in many ways. Then come to the end of the year with your cribs full of corn, and your meat houses full of meat, your families full of smiles, yourself full of independence, and your pockets full of money for investment. And how would you invest it? In cotton factories on the waterfalls which God sent all through your county to run spindles.

This would make you independent of Old England and New England. Then, also, you would mine your own iron and make your own implements of husbandry and this would make you independent of Pennsylvania foundries and Massachusetts workshop. In a word every improvement would be built up in your own country, and all the profits of these improvements would go into your own pockets.

Go on as you are now going, making cotton your chief crop, and slavery is the doom of your children's children forever! A people who depend on other people for their food and clothing are and must be slaves. Make cotton your surplus crop, and your wealth, independence and power will multiply as surely as the years increase.

The Spanish Navy.

The Washington Evening Star thus advises us of what we have to counter against in the event of war, so far as the Spanish navy is involved: "As there is a good deal of talk indulged in just now about a probable war with Spain, and as such a contest would be waged almost entirely on water, it would be well enough to remember that she is the second maritime power in the world. Her navy is surpassed by that of England only, and is regarded as far superior to ours, both in the quality and number of vessels.—This fact probably will not, and certainly should not, make any difference as to the duty of our government in the premises, but at the same time it had better be kept in view. Furthermore, as Spain is not a party to the treaty of Paris, there is nothing to prevent her sending out privateers under letters of marque."

Occupation. What a glorious thing it is for the human heart? Those who work hard seldom yield to fabled or real sorrow. When grief sits down, folds its hands and mournfully feeds upon its tears, waving the dim shadows that a little exertion might sweep away into a funeral pall, the strong spirit is shrill of its might and sorrow becomes our master. When troubles flow upon you dark and heavy, toil not with the waves and wrestle not with the torrent; rather seek by occupation to divert the dark waters that threaten to overwhelm you, into a thousand channels which the duties of life always present. Before you dream of it, those waters will fertilize the present, and give birth to fresh flowers that will become pure and holy in the sunshine which penetrates to the path of duty in spite of every obstacle. Grief, after all, is but a selfish feeling, and most selfish is the man who yields himself to the indulgence of any passion which brings no joy to his fellow-men.

It won't do to be so devoted to a tender-hearted wife as to comply with her request when she asks you. "Now tumble over the cradle and break your neck my dear, won't you?"

Spanish Statements. STORIES ABOUT ALFERE—FRY'S APPEAL. El Cronista, the Spanish journal published in New York in the interest of the Spanish government, contains a letter purporting to have been addressed by Pedro Alfero, the day before his execution, and other Cubans, found on the Virginia, offering their services in defense of the Spanish cause if their lives were spared. The letters sent to Gen. Burriel by the United States vice consul Schmitt are also published, but they contain nothing different from what has already been telegraphed. Captain Fry, of the Virginia, wrote a letter while on the Tornado, appealing to the Spaniards to spare the lives of a number of persons found on the vessel who were ignorant of its destination when they embarked, and declaring that his blood ought to be sufficient to atone for the acts of the Virginians.

Alfero in his letter bound himself to deliver over all the official secrets which as Quesada's private secretary, he possessed, if his life were spared. He also promised to reveal certain negotiations with the government of the United States and the bribery of American officers. His proposed treachery, however, did not save him.

From the Santiago de Cuba correspondence of El Cronista it appears that after the British vice consul found his efforts to secure a postponement of the shooting of the persons claiming British citizenship were vain, the British commodore at Jamaica took the matter in hand and telegraphed to the Governor of Santiago de Cuba.

To this urgent request Burriel curtly replied: "I do not possess the authority (no tengo facultades) to accede to the petition you sent me. The law must fulfilled."

Three letters of United States Vice Consul E. G. Schmitt to Burriel are published. The first, dated November 2, asks why a dispatch sent by the consulate of the United States of America, at 9 o'clock to-day, to the office of the telegraphic company of the West Indies and Panama, directed to the consul of the United States in Kingston, Jamaica, for information as to the nationality of the steamer Virginus, was detained by Burriel.

The second letter, dated November 3, repeats the above inquiry, to which no reply had been received, and says: "I respectfully ask your excellency to permit me to be admitted in the prison and on board the vessel where the latter are detained as prisoners, to enable me to fulfill my duties as consul, representing the government of the United States."

On the evening of the same day the consul sent Burriel a third letter, saying he was still without replies to his letters.

Burriel in his reply began by saying that one reason why he had not answered the first communication was that the consul ought to know that it was on a day of religious festival, in which the employes of the government devoted, like all the world, to meditation on Divine mysteries, the commemoration of All Saints and of All Souls, as prescribed by our religion, were not in the habit of remaining at their offices. He first refers to the telegram, makes a facetious allusion to the counsel's expression of the American colors, saying that there were many American nations and it is not clear to which one of them the consul refers. He said that the consul's demand to visit the prisoners was without foundation, as he had received no official information of their nationality, and so far as General Burriel knew, had not been requested to visit them. Alluding especially to the case of Mr. Ryan, he said that Ryan claimed to be an English subject, having been born in Canada. Burriel thus concludes: "Such conduct, in view of the fact that Ryan was English, makes it necessary for me to propose to the Government that your exequatur as Vice Consul be annulled, because an official who send protests upon such slight foundation, and who tries to deceive the Spanish authorities, accustomed to transact business with a rectitude and loyalty which are notorious to all, cannot but compromise the dignity of the country which he represents, and became the cause of extremely annoying questions between countries which should regard each other with mutual respect."

J. N. BURRIEL. It seems that Vice Consul Schmitt wrote another note, to which Gen. Burriel replied in the same insolent tone, complaining strongly of the pertinacity and officiousness of Vice Consul Schmitt in wishing to intervene in affairs in which he had no proper concern, intimating that if the Vice Consul had asked permission to visit the prisoners as a favor it would have been granted, but asking it officially, as a right, it would not be conceded.

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Beauregard and Longstreet.

It is painful to see such statements as the following, from a New Orleans letter to the Columbia, Ga., Sun. "In reply to a question concerning Longstreet and Beauregard a friend simply said, 'nothing'—politically dead, and memory abhorred; and, if possible, the latter thought more ill of than the former, inasmuch as he went many lengths ahead of General Longstreet in his concessions to the blacks—concessions disgraceful to the white people of the State. The star of Beauregard's destiny with no more flash upon the unclouded sky of fame and glory, starting the people with its purity and brilliancy, but will remain in the grave prepared by the hands of one whose pathway it was wont to illuminate. 'Twas an unfortunate moment when the chivalrous Beauregard turned his back upon the people who loved him so well, and joined himself to their oppressors."

The President's Organ on Cuban Affairs.

The correspondence that was recently begun does not promise an immediate termination, the desire of the Government being, as already expressed in the Republic, to obtain full information as to all the circumstances concerning the capture of the Virginians and the atrocious executions which followed. No American, however deeply he may sympathize with those who have suffered by the murders at Santiago de Cuba, can expect the Government to hastily resort to force in the absence of well-ascertained facts which, when they are known, may justify the most stern and decisive measures. The President is free in his utterances concerning his duty in the matter, and only yesterday said that "this Government will take care that the national flag shall be everywhere respected, and American citizens everywhere protected in all their rights."

The Constitution and the law rests the war-making power in Congress. Under the circumstances it is apparent that the Executive cannot use force, even if he were so disposed, to right the wrong of which we have so long and so frequently complained. Hence Congress will be made acquainted with all the facts in the case, so far as they shall have been obtained at the time of its meeting, and the responsibility will rest upon it to direct such action as the circumstance at the time may demand.

Inflation.

The New York Nation has "as yet to hear of any newspaper or man of influence and reputation for financial sagacity who is in favor of inflation. Indeed, one of the most remarkable things about the present crisis is that, though it is taken for granted on all hands that Congress, as soon as it meets, must inflate, the avowed object of every one who speaks or writes on the subject, including the President and Secretary of the Treasury, is to get back to specie payment as soon as possible."

Those who speak and write, including the President and the Secretary of the Treasury, may favor specie payment, but those who work and vote want currency, and more of it, and we opine that the politicians will heed the wishes of the latter rather than the former. It will be safe to predict that no Western or Southern member will be returned to Congress who does not use his efforts and cast his vote for "cheap money." The people intend to have it, and those who speak and write cannot keep them from it.

Boss Tweed, so long a big "Ingin" among the politicians of New York, and grand mogul of all municipal thieves, has, after all the ingenuity of counsel and the weaknesses of juries, been convicted and sentenced to twelve years in Sing Sing and a fine of \$12,000. So it turns out that it is a little more dangerous in New York to steal than it is to kill. Stokes, the murderer, goes for two years; Tweed, the thief, for twelve. This verdict will have a happy effect in restraining the arms that were so familiar with the public treasury, and in bringing about a little more honest administration of public affairs in New York city. The Boss will have abundant time to reflect on the vicissitudes of a peccolating politician's life during his twelve years retirement.

The cotton mills interest is going grandly forward in Georgia. The Macon cotton mills were built in 1851 at a cost of \$164,000. The mills use 6,000 spindles and 130 looms, and turn out 3,500 yards of domestics daily. The company have recently put in new engines and boilers at a cost of \$15,000. Since the mills have been in operation the company have paid promptly a dividend of ten per cent. per annum. The goods are in active demand, and stand high in Louisville and Cincinnati, where they find ready sale. And in Columbus subscriptions to the amount of \$10,000 were a few days since received from a neighboring city, to the capital stock of one of the contemplated new factories in that place.

"Why, Sambo, how black you are!" said a gentleman the other day to a negro waiter at a hotel. "How in the name of wonder did you get so black?" "Why look here, massa, de reason an dis—de day dis child was born dere was an eclipse." Ebony received a shilling for his satisfactory explanation, and after grinning thanks continued:—"I tell you what it is, massa, dis nigger may be black, but sint green so how!"

"Sam, why don't you talk to your master, and tell him to lay up treasury notes, and tell him to lay up lying up treasury dar! He never see an again."