THE DANBURY REPORTER-POST

"NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS."

VOLUME XVI. DANBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1887. NO. 9

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

Reporter and Post.

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POETRY

IN THE GRAVE.

CHRISTIANA G. ROSSETTI.

Underneath the growing grass,
Underneath the living flowers.
Deeper than the sound of showers;
We we shall not count the hours
By the shadows as they pass.

Youth and health will be but vain,
Beauty reckoned of no worth;
There a very little girth
Can hold round what once the earth
Seemed too narrow to contain.

DR TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "Woman's Opportunity."

TEXT: *"So God created man in His own image, the image of God created He him; male and female created He them."* —Genesis i, 27.

In other words, God, who can make no mistake, made man and woman for a specific work, and to move in practicular spheres—man to be regnant in his realm; woman to be dominant in hers. The boundary line between Italy and Switzerland, between England and Scotland, is not more thoroughly marked than this distinction between the empire masculine and the empire feminine. So entirely dissimilar are the fields to which God called them, that you can no more compare them than you can oxygen and hydrogen, water and grass, trees and stars. All this talk about the superiority of one sex to the other sex is an everlasting waste of ink and speech. A jeweler may have a scale so delicate that he can weigh the dust of diamonds; but where are the scales so delicate that he can weigh in them affection against affection, sentiment against sentiment, thought against thought, soul against soul, a man's world against a woman's world. You come out with your stereotyped remark, the man is superior to woman in intellect; and then I open on my desk the swarthy, iron-typed thunderbolted writings of Harrett Martineau and Elizabeth Browning and George Elliot. You come on with your stereotyped remark about woman's superiority to man in the item of affection; but I ask you where was there more capacity to love than in John the Disciple, and Robert McCheyne, the Scotchman, and John Summerfield the Methodist, and Henry Martin the missionary? The heart of those men was so large that after you had rolled into it two hemispheres there was room still left to marshal the host of heaven and set up the throne of the eternal Jehovah. I deny to man the throne intellectual. I deny to woman the throne affectional. No human phraseology will ever define the spheres while there is an intuition by which we know when a man is in his realm, and when a woman is in her realm and when either of them is out of it. No bungling legislature ought to attempt to make deffinition, or to say: "This is the line and that is the line." My theory is that if a woman wants to vote she ought to vote, and that if a man wants to embroider and keep house, he ought to be allowed to embroider and keep house. There are masculine women and there are effeminate men. My theory is, that you have no right to interfere whith any one's doing anything that is righteous. Albany and Washington might as well decree by legistation how high a brown-thrasher should fly, or how deep a trout should plunge, as to try to seek out the height or the depth of woman's duty. The question of capacity will settle finally the whole question, the whole subject. When a woman is prepared to preach, she will preach, and neither Conference nor Presbytery can hinder her. When a woman is prepared to move in highest commercial spheres she will have great influence on the Exchange, and no boards of trade can hinder her. I want woman to understand that heart and brain can overfly any barrier that politicians may set up, and that nothing can keep her back or keep her down but the question of incapacity. There are women, I know, of most undesirable nature, who wander up and down the country—having no homes of their own, or forsaking their own homes talking about their rights, and we know very well that they themselves are fit neither to vote nor fit to keep house. Their mission seems to be to humiliate the two sexes at the thought of what any one of us might become. No one would want to live under the laws that such women would enact, or to have cast upon society the children that such woman would raise. But I shall show you this morning that the best rights that woman can own, she already has in her possession; that her position in this country at this time is not one of commiseration, but one of congratulation; that the grandeur and power of her realm have never yet been appreciated; that she sits to-day on a throne so high, that all the thrones of earth piled on top of each other would not make for her a footstool. Here is the platform on which she stands. Away down below it are the ballot-box and the Congressional assemblage and the Legislative hall. Woman always has voted and always will vote. Our great grandfathers thought they were by their votes putting Washington into the presidential chair. No. His mother, by the principles she taught him, and by the habits she inculcated, made him President. It was a Christian mother's hand dropping the ballot when Lord Bacon wrote, and Newton philosophized, and Alfred the Great governed, and Jonathan Edwards thundered of judgment to come. How many men there have been in high political station who would have been insufficient to stand the test to which their moral principle was but had it not been for a wife's voice that encouraged them to do right, and a wife's prayer that sounded louder than the clamor of partisanship! Why, my friends, the right of sufferage, as we men exercise it, seems to be a feeble thing. You, a Christian man, come up to the ballot-box and you drop your vote. Right after you comes a libertine, or a sot—the offscouring of the street—and he drops his vote; and his vote counteracts yours. But if in the quiet of home life a dauther by her Christian demeanor, a wife by her industry, a mother by her faithfulness, casts a vote in the right direction, then nothing can resist it, and the influence of that vote will throb through the eternities.

My chief anxiety then is, not that woman have other rights accorded her: but that she, by the grace of God, rise up to the appreciation of the glorious rights she already possesses. This morning I shall only only have time to speak of one grand and all-absorbing right that every woman has and that is to make home happy. That realm no one has ever disputed with her. Men may come home at noon or at night, and they tarry a comparatively little while: but she, all day long, governs it, beautifies it, sanctifies it. It is within her power to make it the most attractive place on earth. It is the only calm harbor in this world. You know as well as I do, that this outside world and the business world, is a long scene of jostle and contention. The man who has a dollar struggles to keep it; the man who has it not struggles to get it. Prices up. Prices down. Losses. Gains. Misrepresentations. Gouging Underselling. Buyers depreciating: salesmen exaggerating. Tenants seeking less rents: landlords demanding more. Gold fidgetty. Struggles about office. Men who are in trying to keep in; men out trying to get in. Slips. Tumbles. Defalcations. Panics Catasirophes. O woman! thank God you have a home, and that you may be queen in it. Better be there than wear Victoria's coronet. Better be there than carry the purse of a Princess. Your abode may be humble, but you can, by your faith in God and your cheerfulness of demeanor, gild it with splendors such as an upholster's hand never yet kindled. There are abodes in the city—humble, two stories; four plain, unpapered rooms; undesirable neighborhood; and yet there is a man here this morning who would die on that threshold rather than surrender it. Why? It is home. Whenever he thinks of it, he sees angels of God hovering around it. The ladders of heaven are let down to that house. Over the child's rough crib there are the chantings of angels like those that broke over Bethlehem. It is home. These children may come up after a while, and they may win high position, and they may have an affluent residence; but they will not until their dying day forget that humble roof, under which their father rested, and their mother sang, and their sisters played. Oh, if you would gather up all tender memories, all the lights and shades of the heart, all banquetings and reunions, all filial, fraternal, paternal, and conjugal affections, and you had only just four letters with which to spell out that height and depth, and length and breadth, and magnitude, and eternity of meaning, you would, with steaming eyes, and trembling voice, and agitated hand, write it out in those four living capital; H O-M-E.

What rigth does woman that is grander than to be quen in such a realm? Why, the eagles of Heaven cannot fly across that dominion. Horses, panting and with lathered flanks, are not swift enough to run the outpost of that realm. They say that the sun never sets upon the English empire; but I have to tell you that on this realm of woman's influence, eternity never marks any bound. Isabella fled from the Spanish throne, pursued by the nation's anathema; but she who is queen in a home will never lose her throne, and death itself will only be the annexation of heavenly principalities.

When you want to get your grandest idea of a queen, you do not think of Catharine of Russia, or of Anne of England, or Marie Theresa of Germany, but when you want to get your grandest idea of a queen, you think of the plain woman who sat opposite your father at the table; or walked with arm in-arm down life's patnway; sometimes to the thanksgiving banquet, sometimes to the grave, but always together—soothing your petty griefs, correcting your child is a waywardness, joining in your infantile sports, listening to your evening prayers, toiling for you with needle or at the spinning wheel, and on cold nights wrapping you up snug and warm. And then at last on that day when she lay in the back room dying, and you saw her take those thin hands with which she toiled for you so long and put them together in a dying prayer that commended you to the God whom she had taught you to trust. O, she was the queen! The chariots of God came down to fetch her; and as she went in, all heaven rose up. You cannot think of her now without a rush of tenderness that stirs the deep foundation of your soul, and you feel as much a child again as when you cried on her lap; and if you could bring her back again to speak just once more your name, as tenderly as she used to speak it, you would be willing to throw yourself on the ground and kiss the sod that covers her, crying: "Mother! Mother!" Ah! she was the queen—she was the queen. Now, can you tell me how many thousand miles a woman like that would have to travel down before she got to the ballot-box? Compared with this work of training kings and queens for God and eternity, how insignificant seems all this work of voting for aldermen and common councilmen, and sheriffs, and constables, and mayors, and presidents. To make one such grand woman as I have described how many thousands would you want of those people who go in the round of godliness, and fashion, and dissipation, distorting their body until in their montrosities they seem to outdo the dromedary and hippopotamus, going as far toward disgraceful apparel as they dare go, so as not to be arrested by the police—their behavior a sorrow to the good and a caricature of the vicious, and an insult to that God who made them women and not gorgons; and tramping on, down through a frivolus and dissipated life, to temporal and eternal damnation.

O woman, with the lightning of your soul, strike dead at your feet all these annurements to dissipation and to fashion. Your immortal soul cannot be fed upon such garbage, God calls you up to empire and dominion. Will you have it? O, give to God your heart; give to God your best energies; give to God all your culture; give to God all your refinement; give yourself to Him, for this world and the next. Soon all these bright eyes will be quenched, and these voices will be hushed. For the last time you will look upon this fair earth. Father's hand, mother's hand, child's hand will be no more in yours. It will be night, and there will come a cold wind from the Jordan and you must start. Will it be a lone woman on a trackless moor? Ah, no! Jesus will come up in that hour and offer his hand, and He will say: "You stood by Me when you were well; now I will not desert you when you are sick." One wave of his hand and the storm will drop; and another wave of his hand, and midnight shall break into midnoon; and another wave of His hand, and the chamberlains of God will come down from the treasure-houses of heaven, with robes lustrous, blood-washed and heaven-glinted, in which you will array yourself for the marriage supper of the Lamb. And then with Miriam, who struck the timbrel of the Red Sea; and with Deborah, who led the Lord's host into the fight; and with Hannah, who gave her Samuel to the Lord; and with Mary, who rocked Jesus to sleep! whil there were angels singing in the air; and with Florence Nightingale, who bound up the the battle-wounds of the Crimea, you will, from the chalice of God drink to the soul's eternal rescue.

One twilight, after I had been playing with the children for some time, I laid down upon the lounge to rest. The children said, play more. Children always want to play more. And half asleep and half awake, I seemed to dream this dream: It seemed to me that I was in a far distant land—not Persia, although more than Oriental luxuriance crowned the cities; nor the tropics—although more than tropical fruitfulness filled the gardens; nor Italy—although more than Italion softness filled the air. And I wandered around, looking for thorns and nettles, but I found none of them grew there. And I walked forth and I saw the sun rise, and I said:

"When will it set again?" and the sun sank. And I saw all the people in holiday apparel, and I said: "When will they put on workingman's garb again, and delve in the mine, and swelter at the forget?" but neither the garments nor the robes did they put off. And I wandererd in the suburbs, and I said: Where do they bury the dead of this great city?" and I looked along by the hills where it would be most beautiful for the dead sleep, and I saw castles, and towns, and battlements; but not a mausoleum, nor monument, nor white slab could I see. And I went into the great chapel of the town, and I said: "Where do the poor worship? where are the benches on which they sit?" and a voice answered: "We have no poor in this great city." And I wandered out, seeking to find the place where were the hovels of the destitute; and I found mansions of amber, and ivory, and gold but no tear nor sigh did I see or hear. I was bewidered; and I sat under a shadow of a great tree, and I said: "What am I, and whence comes all this?" And at that moment there came from among the leaves, skipping up the flowery paths and across the sparkling waters, a very bright and sparkling group; and when I saw their step I knew it, and when I heard their voices I thought I knew them; but their apparel was so different from anything I had ever seen I bowed, a stranger to strangers. But after awhile, when they clapped their hands, and shouted: "Welcome! welcome!" the mystery was solved, and I saw that time had passed, and that eternity had come, and that God had gathered us up into a higher home, and I said: "Are we all here?" and the voices of innumerable generations answered: Here;" and while tears of gladness were raining down our cheeks and the branches of the Lebanon cedars were clapping their hands, and the towers of the great city were chiming their welcome, we began to laugh, and sing, and leap, and shout: "Home! Home! Home!"

Then I felt a child's hand on my face, and it woke me. The children wanted to play more. Children always want to play more.

OPINION IN NORTH CAROLINA.

N. Y. Herald Greenbriar White Sulphur Springs Correspondence.

Ex-State Senator John N. Staples, of North Carolina, who headed the Cleveland electoral ticket in 1884, and is now here recuperating his health, said:—

"There are no elections in North Carolina this year. Next year we elect a Governor, a Supreme Court Judge, members of the Legislature and a few local officers in the counties. The Legislature to be elected will choose a United States Senator to succeed Ransom."

"Will there be a contest for the Senatorship?"

"If there is it will be between Ransom, Governor Scales and ex-Governor Jarvis, now Minister to Brazil, with the chances in favor of the present incumbent."

"What will the issues in the State be?"

"The local issues will be county government, stock laws and local option, but the main battle will be fought on national issues, and the democratic column will be in line on the platform of the democratic party, as promulgated by the coming National Convention. Prohibition will be an important factor, and I am of opinion that it is stronger in the State now than it was a year ago."

"How about the internal revenue laws?"

"I do not believe you could raise a corporal's guard in North Carolina in favor of the present internal revenue system. It is regarded as a war measure of the most offensive and objectionable character. The people of the State are overwhelmingly in faver of its repeal. There is a great diversity of opinion on the subject of taxing whiskey and tobacco. Some people would not object to be taxed on whiskey, but the greater number would favor the repeal of the tax on tobacco. The system of collection greatly augments the objections to the tax."

"How do the people of North Carolina regard President Cleveland?"

"I believe our State Convention next year will not only cordially indorse Mr. Cleveland's administration but will send a unanimous delegation in his favor to the National Convention. I very recently conversed with one of our judges who had ridden the extreme western circuit of the State, and he said that Mr. Cleveland was stronger then with the people than he was in 1884."

"Have you heard any other similiar indorsements?"

"Yes, I have met several gentlemen of prominence here from different portions of the State, and all of them express the opinion that Mr. Cleveland will be the choice of the State for the second term. He may be very little democratic leaven in the estimation of some of our democratic leaders, but, like the leaven of old, it finally leavened the whole. Mr. Cleveland may be working slowly, but he is working surely. He is giving us an honest administration instead of a corrupt one, a peaceful one rather than one of strife, national and not sectional. Our State is prosperous and our people are happy under Cleveland's administration, and that is a good sign of the times."

SMALL INDUSTRIES.

The *Observer* has time and again called the attention, of its readers, especially the people of Fayetteville, to the necessity of small industries. It has pointed out many that might be established with benefit to the people and to the town; but thus far no attention has been paid to it, and it often feels as if it were wasting time, and perhaps tiring its readers. But it does not intend to be discouraged in its attempts to further the interests of the town, and it hopes that it may be casting bread upon the waters and belies that it will return after many days. Our duty as a journalist and our love of the old town, both demand it. We wish to see the place busy making useful and necessary things. A wide-awake, progressive town, with the hum of machinery and the whistle of engines, ever sounding in our ears, are true indications of a live people, and it does not want to see all its young men in stores preparing themselves for only a mercantile life, where it is said that only one-tenth succeed; and for them it is more important than for "we older folks," whose steps are tottering on the downward path of life, that other things than store-keeping be followed. Manufactories build up towns and cities, they help the farmer—give him a better market, and thus aid all. Go into our stores and see how many things there are purchased from Northern manufacturers that could be just as well made here. We do not advocate that they be started on a big basis, requiring large capital, but gather the mites and put them together and start on a small scale, and let the establishment gradually grow, for there is in this age searcely anything that is not needed and will not sell. If our young men could travel more, could seen the innumerable articles that are made to keep the world going, they would surely select one of the thousands to begin with, and utilize many things here which now decay for want of proper manufacturers.—Fayetteville *Observer*.

LOOK HERE.

Now is the time, the accepted time, to grub up and pile up your ditch banks, hedge-rows and swamp muck to make your next year's manures. Put as many green weeds and vegetable matter in the heaps as possible and be sure to pack the dirt around and over the heap, so that ammonia and other ingredients generated by the decomposition of the weeds and other vegetables matter can not evaporate and escape in the air. Their is nothing gained by composting green plants, if all the fertilizing ingredients drawn from the air during growth is allowed to evaporate and escape back into the air. Therefore it is always best to let pea vines and weeds send their sap down into the soil that these ingredients may be retained for future uses. But don't fail to pile up your ditch banks, hedgerows and swamp muck this fall.—Scotland Neck *Democrat*.