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THE ROBESONIAN.

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Shall we Meet Again?

The following is said to be one of the most brilliant articles written by the lauded Geo. D. Prentice:

The fat of nature is inexorable.—There is no appeal for relief from the great law which dooms to the dust. We flourish and fade as the leaves of the forest, and the flowers that bloom and wither in a day have no firmer hold upon life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth with his footsteps. Generations of men will appear as the grass, and the multitude that throng the world to day, will disappear as the footsteps on the shore. Men seldom think of the great event of death until the shadows fall across their own pathway, hiding from their eyes the faces of loved ones whose living smile was the sunlight of their existence.—Death is the antagonist of life, and the cold thought of the tomb is the skeleton of the feast. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although its dark passages may lead to paradise; we do not want to lay down in the damp grave, even with princes as bed fellows. In the beautiful dream of Ion she has hope of immortality, so elegantly uttered by the death-stricken Frank, "A deep response in every thoughtful soul. When about to yield his young existence as a sacrifice to fate his Clematis asks if they should meet again, to which he replies: "I have asked that dreadful question of a hill that looked eternal—of the clear streams that flow forever—of the stars among whose fields of azure raised spirit has walked in glory. All were dumb; but as I gazed upon thy living race, I feel there is something in the love that mingles through its beauty that cannot wholly perish. We shall meet again, Clematis."

For Grammarians.

The Hudson Register deals lumberously with a question of grammar as follows:

"A searcher after truth writes to us, 'which is grammatically correct, to say the house is building,' or 'the house is being built; the street is paving,' or 'the street is being paved?' There is a wide diversity of opinion upon this subject; but we incline to favor 'is being built,' for the following reasons: Suppose you wish to express another kind of an idea, would you say, for instance, 'Johnny is spanking,' or 'Johnny is being spanked?' The difference in the two may seem immaterial, but it is a matter of considerable importance to Johnny; and it is probable that, if a choice were given him, he would suddenly select the former alternative. You say again that the 'missionary is eating.' Certainly this expresses a very different and much pleasanter idea than the form: 'The missionary is being eaten,' and the sensation is very different for the missionary, too. We have consulted several missionaries about it, and they all seem to think that the two things are somehow not the same, no matter what the grammarian says.

But it is to be confessed that there are occasions when the difference in the form is not so marked. We say, that 'Hannah is hugging'—which by the way, would be a very improper thing for Hannah to do; it would be positively scandalous, indeed. Precisely a similar idea is conveyed if you say, 'Hannah is being hugged,' because it is a peculiarity of the act that it is 'hardly ever omitted; there is no selfishness about it. And it is the same with kissing. 'Jane is kissing'—and her mother ought to know about it if she is—just exactly as if you say, 'Jane is being kissed,' and the sensation is the same, although none of the grammarians, by a singular inadvertence, mention the fact. It will not be necessary, however, for our correspondent to attempt to prove

these last mentioned facts by practice. He must take our word for them. Unless he does so, we shall answer no more questions in syntax for him or any one else. Our duty is to conserve the morals of the community, not to start people to playing private games of Co-penhagen.

Bringing up or Training up.

What to do with daughters when they are grown up, is a question which some parents find it difficult to answer and certainly it is hard to tell what can be done with many girls. They are of no possible use to themselves or anybody else, cannot earn a living in the world, and require constant watching, nursing, entertaining, and other things to number to mention.

This comes from the foolish notion of many excellent parents; that daughters must be brought up. It is generally understood that boys must be trained up. Now then some fond but foolish parent tries the experiment of bringing up a favorite son. He is petted, indulged and fussed over continually. He is kept out of the street lest he shall soil his clothes, away from other boys lest he shall catch their words and ways, and never allowed to play hard lest he shall get tired, or fall down or be overtaken with some other calamity. His nurses amuse him, his teachers trifle with him, and his playmates humor his whims and yield to his petty tyranny because he is so pretty and has such pretty playthings. And so he is brought up in the arms of parents and friends until he reaches the threshold of manhood, whose door he has not strength enough to open. He is a soft, sensitive, simpering, conceited good-for-nothing, too delicate for exposure and too brittle for use, yet wanting everything that he sees and expecting everybody to do his bidding. This is bringing up.

But this method, which is so fatal to boys is the fashionable method of dealing with girls. Possessed with the notion that it is vulgar for a girl to work and unlady-like to help herself, many parents carry their daughters in their arms from the cradle to womanhood. They are dressed like dolls, caressed, indulged, entertained, waited upon, and kept in ignorance of life and the world. Their whims are gratified, their foibles laughed at, their silliness encouraged; they are taught to be proud of their weakness, and that it is led, like to lean on others and be supported through life. And so they are brought up in a palanquin of idleness, sheltered from every rude and invigorating wind, without receiving the discipline needed for self-sustaining effort; beautiful to look at, but of no sort of comfort or use to themselves or anybody else—mostly orphans requiring constant care and carrying.

Is it any wonder that girls who are brought up should be useless, frivolous, vain, and extravagant; or that parents should wonder what to do with them; or that husbands find more than their flower after wearing them awhile; or that meeting with misfortune, they fall beyond recovery? What our girls need is thorough training for a life that is real and earned. Not trained in the same way, nor to do the same things, as a boy; but trained as thoroughly for the duties and cares, the pleasures and sorrows of the world. And training means the development of the faculties, the sentiments, the body and soul, in practical and effective ways. Training is initiation. It is teaching by practice and example. It is preparing for a work by doing the work. It is acquiring strength by exercising the strength already acquired. It looks at use. It aims at skill. It means accomplishment, self support, independence, power. Give our girls this thorough practical training in the great art of living, and we shall hear no more of woman's weakness and incapacity. It is not bringing up, but training up, that our daughters need; and with this training the new womanhood will shortly come.

How to Manage Negroes.

Ex Governor Perry, of South Carolina, was always a Union man and opposed to secession, but he is an honest man and consequently opposed to the thieving scoundrels who now rule South Carolina. In a late address to the people of his Congressional District he says:

"I know that the negroes are banded together, as a race, under the lead of vile carpet-baggers and infamous scoundrels, who would as quickly sell their God for thirty pieces of silver as they have betrayed their race and country for office, promotion and the hope of stealing, swindling and plundering! But,

notwithstanding this antagonism to the white people, I know that an influence might be brought to bear on them which they could not resist, if the property holders of the State were disposed. Let every land holder refuse to rent or to employ any laborer, unless he will agree with proper stipulations, to vote with his landlord or employer. This may be done without incurring the penalty of the Act of Congress against intimidating voters. There will be no intimidation, but a fair legitimate agreement, which the parties have a right to make. But it may be said that our lands could not be rented or cultivated on these terms. This is presuming that the laborer can live longer without food than the employer can without his labor. It is far better that we should work for ourselves, and let the greater part of our lands lie idle and rest, than to live any longer under such a government as we have—robbing us of all we can make by taxation, and corrupting all the fountains of legislation.

In every other country in the world where they are allowed to vote, the tenantry and laborers vote with their landlords and employers. John Quincy Adams, Jr., old me, speaking of this very question, that when he was a republican all of his tenants and laborers, about forty in number, voted with him, and when he quit the republican party and turned democrat, they also turned with him and voted the democratic ticket without a word being said to them on the subject. He expected them to vote with him, and they knew it and did so. Now, I suppose it is just as proper for a cotton planter to require this of his colored laborers in South Carolina as it is for Mr. Adams to exact it of his white laborers in Massachusetts. And especially so when these colored laborers are voting for rogues and scoundrels in preference to honest and intelligent men.—Chief Justice Chase told me, in 1868, we need not apprehend any difficulty in controlling the negro vote in South Carolina. 'Brains and property,' said he, will always control labor. I replied that the negro vote was not for the carpet-baggers. He said the carpet-baggers would soon become identified with the citizens or leave the country.

But the carpet-bagger, in South Carolina, instead of leaving the country, or identifying himself with the people, has become, with the sealawag, through their influence over the negro, a sort of aristocrat or autocrat and tribune of the colored race. Now, we must get rid of these autocrats and tribunes. We must disarm them and break their sceptre by destroying their influence over the negro. This can only be done by teaching the negro that he is dependent on us, and not we on him. Let us therefore resolve unanimously, and stick to it, that we will not rent our lands to, or employ any one who will not agree to vote with us in all the elections. In this way, and in this way only, we can rout the carpet-bagger and sealawag, and get control of the colored people. Oufies has no gratitude in general, as I have well tested, though there are exceptions, and he can only be influenced by his wants and necessities. I there fore urge upon the white people a three over the State, to detourne unanimously and at once, to have nothing to do with the radicals, white or black, in renting their lands or employing their laborers without they will agree, in writing, under a penalty, to vote with them in all future elections. In three months after the enforcement of this rule, there would be no radical party in South Carolina, no carpet-baggers, no sealawags, except in the penitentiary. And once more we should be living under an honest government in South Carolina—Until we adopt some stringent rule of this kind, and adhere to it, and go out at elections and vote for honest and wise men, we shall be getting worse and worse every year, until the most horrible and terrible revolution and civil war covers the land with bloody desolation and ruin. The remedy is simple and easy and peaceable. The evil is too frightful to think of! Let me beseech you to avoid it.

An Arkansas Jury.

They have done and do many queer things down in Arkansas. It seems that the reputation of the State for eccentricity is cherished as a matter of pride. A brilliant instance of peculiarity took place near Brinkley Station, on the Memphis and Little Rock Railroad. The train had stopped to wood, and the passengers all got out on the platform to while away the time. One of them named John Brady, had more serious business on his hands than killing time. He stepped up to another, named C. H. Ford, and saying, "Your title has come"

—commenced on plunging his revolver into his victim's body. Clifford could not stand it, and then and there fell dead among the passengers. Brady gave himself up.

A coroner's Jury was specially summoned and an investigation took place while the train delayed in order not to carry off the witnesses. Brady made a statement telling the ladies and gentlemen that no one could resist the affair more than he, but one of them had to go, and he preferred to see and see his family again. He hoped that he would never be forced to do such a thing again, and rested the jury in this case with the coroner's body.

Annie's Economy.

BY MATTIE DYER SMITH.

"Well, Annie," said Charley Roberts, rising with a half sigh, and putting away the pencil and paper with which he had been making calculations, "we must do a little better this year. We must lessen the bills somehow, or we shall swamp the ship, that's a sure fact."

"Yes, Charley, but how?" sighed Annie, a slight cloud resting on her fair face, "I try to be as saving as I can, already."

"I know you do. You are a careful little woman, Nan, and I don't want you to think I'm finding fault. I was only stating a fact, as much for my own benefit as yours."

"I am willing to try, but I don't know where to begin," said Annie, taking up the sewing she had stopped, and working away, while Charley replied:

"Nor do I just now. Let me first keep on the lookout, and see what we must avoid any expense we can possibly do without."

"There is one thing I can do," said Annie.

"Well, what is it?"

"Let Bridget Mahoney go, and do the washing myself."

"I don't know about that," said Charley, doubtfully. "I have heard of saving at the spit and letting out at the bung-hole. There is no virtue in false economy. If you overwork yourself and get sick, doctor's bills are higher than washerwomen's."

"But our family is small. The washing is not much, and I need not get sick," said Annie.

"Still I wouldn't advise the plan," said Charley.

"Oh, yes, Charley," persisted Annie, "let me try once or twice, and if it proves too much for me, Bridget can come back."

"Well, have your own way. But I foresee Mrs. Mahoney's reign will suffer only a slight interruption."

"Oh, you don't know how much I'm capable of," said Annie, with a smile.

"I know you are a very nice little woman, and capable of a great many good things," said Charley, "but I don't want you to overwork yourself. And, Nan, I don't want any false economy in buying things—it pays to get the best, especially in clothing."

"Don't I always get good things?" said Annie, half pouting.

"Oh, yes, you do very well. I only advise a continuance of the same plan. When you get anything, get something good."

The very next day Annie went out to purchase a pair of gaiters. The best were the highest of course. Too high for her new plans, Annie thought so, with a half remembrance of Charley's advice she bought a pair quite cheap—entirely below cost the obliging shopman declared, and Annie, in her inexperience, believed him, and thought herself lucky to get such a good bargain.

When washing day came, Charley looked dubious, and Annie sent him off, laughing, and bent her slight figure over the steaming tub. The washing was small, the weather mild, and Eddy at home to open the door when any one called, so Annie got on finely, and was done long enough before noon to have dinner as early as usual.

Charley came in looking doubtful, but he saw the neat wife, the cheerful table, and glanced out to behold the clothes flapping their white wings on the line in the back yard, he said,

brightly: "What! finished already, Nan?" "Long ago," returned Annie. You see I am smarter than Bridget."

"Oh! yes, you are a famous little woman. I shall have to get you a new dress for your industry."

"No you won't, for the dress would outlast the washing, and I am trying to save, you know," said Annie, laughing.

"Well, then, I'll wait until you need it," replied Charley, sitting down to enjoy his dinner, while Annie poured the tea.

The second week Annie's washing tarb the family all broke down as they were, and what to do I didn't know.—They had laid Archy out on the bed, as I said before, and it was a feather bed, with a good time spent in it, too. I got colder and colder, and I couldn't keep my eyes off that bed to save my soul. But, plague take it all, they had put Archy right in the middle of it.

At last I could stand it no longer. So I went up to the bed, turned down the sheet and looked Archy full in the face. He looked mighty peaceful. So I says to him, I says, 'Archy, old fellow, you and me were good friends—wren't we, Archy? You never hurt me whilst you was livin' and I be dog if I believe you'll hurt me now—will you, Archy? He never said nothin', so I jumped right in, cover'd up and slept like a top till after sun up. But the funny part was, I woke up and saw that dead face lookin' up at the ceiling, I made one leap and I plumb i' the first place. I never was so skeered in all my life, and didn't quit tremblin' for half an hour. But I'd a heap rather sleep with a dead man than a live one. Dead men can't spoon, it's true, but they can't snore, nor do they scourge, nor dig you in the ribs, nor kick you in their sleep, nor pull the liver off you, nor nothin'. They are first-rate bed-fellows, and you'll never ketch one settin' up with a corpse again if I can git in bed with him."

They were in good season, and enjoyed the concert very much; when they stepped into the street again, there had been a shower, and the side walks were quite wet.

Now if Charley had known the condition of Annie's feet, he would have called a carriage at once, without considering the expense, as he did not even guess at it he said, cheerfully:

"Ah, this is bad! but we have, all of us, good, substantial understandings, so we'll trudge on and not mind it."

"Annie's conscience gave her one little twine, e, but she said nothing, and quietly walked the long distance home.

Next morning she awoke with a torturing headache, and a throat so sore she could not swallow a mouthful of anything.

Charley looked anxious, and wanted a doctor at once, but Annie declared it was nothing but a slight cold, she would be better by noon, and did not need a doctor.

At noon she was no better, and at night so much worse that both a doctor and a nurse had to be procured.

To make a short story of it; she lay in her bed for six long weeks with a slow fever, the result of the double cold she had contracted.

When at length she was able to go down stairs, she and Charley made an estimate of the cost of her sickness.

Charley had lost time from his business, and money from the necessary expenses of sickness, and the waste of a careless hired girl; the doctor's and nurse's bills footed up over fifty dollars; and Annie's own sufferings, and Charley's great anxiety, were worth some thing, at least.

"Say, Nan," said Charley, slyly, "I rather think you saved at the spit and let out at the bung-hole that time, don't you?"

Annie smiled back, and said, patiently: "Yes, Charley, but it has taught me a good lesson."

Steeping With a Dead Man.

Jack Temple was a very brave man, and a very good one, too. There was no better man in the country. Sick men were always glad to get him, and in desperate cases, when everybody else were broken down, Jack was invariably sent for and kept, because he never broke down. With this preface, Jack must tell his own story in his own words.

"What!" I exclaimed, "slept with a dead man? That is a little too hard, Jack."

"It is the truth, if I ever told it.—You remember Archy Anderson, don't you?"

"Very well."

"I slept with him, and it came about in this way. Everybody was so broke

down when he died that they couldn't sit up with the corpse. 'Twouldn't do for the corpse to be left by itself; so they brought out an old ham, some cold biscuits and a bottle of whisky (what's one bottle of whisky to me?), built up a good fire, but forgot to get any wood to keep it going; and there I was alone in my glory. Archy was laid out on the bed, and I sat by the fire till it burnt spang out. The whisky had gone and died out long before I got chilled to my very vitals—you know how cold a man gets when he loses sleep, anyway? I was afraid I'd catch my death if I didn't do something. I hated to disturb the family, all broke down as they were, and what to do I didn't know.—They had laid Archy out on the bed, as I said before, and it was a feather bed, with a good time spent in it, too. I got colder and colder, and I couldn't keep my eyes off that bed to save my soul. But, plague take it all, they had put Archy right in the middle of it.

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ITEMS.

"What is the meaning of backbiter?" asked a committee of a class he was examining. Little Bright Eyes raised his hand. "Well, my son, speak up," said the committee. "It's a flea, this," Bright Eyes exclaimed. It was evidently experience versus the dictionary.

A boy in a country school was reading the sentence, "The lighthouse is a landmark by day and a beacon by night," and rendered it thus: "The lighthouse is a landlord by day and a deacon by night."

"Here, you young rascal, wake up and give an account of yourself. Where have you been?"

"After the girls, father."

"Did you ever know me to do so?"

"No, sir, but I know you did."

"You saved my life at the battle of Marlvern Hill," said a beggar to a Captain.

"Saved your life? How?"

"I served under you, and when you ran away, I followed."

A Western editor came to the conclusion that the young ladies in his village are not all like St. Paul, because they pay so much attention to things which are behind."

A young chap one night came home from church fretting and crying at a great rate about something, no one knew what. The father asked what was the matter? "The preacher says we must be born again, and I don't like to, cos I'm 'traid next time 'll be a goll'!"

A farmer, whose crib was full of corn, was accustomed to pray that the wants of the needy might be supplied; but when any one in needy circumstances asked for a little of his corn, he said he had none to spare.

One day after hearing his father pray for the poor and needy, his little son said to him:

"Father, I wish I had your corn."

"Why, my son, what would you do with it?" asked his father.

"I would answer your prayers," replied the child.

A little boy was sent to the store for some eggs. Before reaching home he dropped them. In answer to his mother who asked, "did you break any?" he replied, "no, I didn't break any, but the shells came off some of them."

May not the taste be compared to that exquisite sense of the bee which instantly discovers and extracts the quintessence of every flower, and disregards all the rest of it?

A Disgusted Judge.

An Arkansas Judge had his law office very close to a certain doctor's—in fact they were separated only by a plank partition with a door in it. The judge was at his table, busy with his briefs and bills in chancery. The doctor was writing a letter and pausing at the word economical, called out:

"Judge, isn't e-q-u-i the way to spell equinomial?"

"Yes, I think it is," said the Judge, "but here is Webster's dictionary, we can soon tell."

He opened the book, and turning over the leaves, repeated aloud, "equinomial—equinomial!"

Finding the proper place, he ran his eye and finger up and down the column two or three times until he was thoroughly satisfied that the word in question was not there.

Closing the book with a slam, the Judge laid his specs on the table and rising slowly, broke forth:—

"Well, sir, I have always been a Daniel Webster man, and voted for him for President; but any man that will write as big a dictionary as this and not put as common a word as e-q-u-i-nomial in it, can't get my vote for anything hereafter."

A Western editor, in acknowledging the gift of a peck of onions from a subscriber, says: "It is such kindness as these that bring tears to our eyes."

Of a miserly man who died of softening of the brain, a local paper said: His head gave way, but his hand never did. His brain softened, but his heart couldn't.

If you would be pungent, be brief; for it is with words as with sunbeams—the more they are considered the deeper they turn.

An Iowa editor recently announced that a certain patron of his was thriving as usual. He declares he wrote it thriving.

The Raleigh Sentinel says: By an examination of statements to the Auditor's office we learn the following statistics: Value of land and town property in the State, \$82,160,058; value of farming implements, \$23,879,880; value of horses, mules, cattle, &c., \$17,467,685. Total value of real and personal property, \$123,513,628.

W. A. Cunningham, of Wilmington, has been appointed a Notary Public by Governor Caldwell.