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COUNTRY, GOD AND TRUTH.

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From our Mississippi Correspondent.

MONTICELLO, Nov. 11, 1872.

EDITOR ROBESONIAN:—Since the election is over and the philosophical farmer is defeated, I would like to be favored with some of your valuable space to communicate a few abrupt details. Some of your many readers may wish to know something of affairs in Mississippi.

owing partly to the inclemency of the weather and probably in great part to the aversion democracy had to support Mr. Greeley, this county (Lawrence) gave a majority for Grant. It seems reasonable to believe that this is owing in part, to the aversion for Mr. Greeley for last year in the State election. Lawrence county gave a democratic majority ranging near 120. This same county has now given Grant about 140 majority—a democratic loss of about 200. Now it would be unreasonable to suppose that a little rain would keep from the polls so many enthusiastic Greeleyites. Another evidence is, that there was no canvassing done in favor of Greeley. There was but one anti Grant speech made in the county, so far as my knowledge goes, and that was made by a candidate for Congress, and was not a Greeley club in the county I think. Lincoln county, more favored with canvassers, has retrograded also.

The Granite were very active. They organized clubs, made speeches and distributed campaign documents in profusion. In this town there was a club at a house which the negroes use as a church. The negroes became very religious, and for months before the election the white people living near this house were sometimes disturbed two or three times a week, so that they could not sleep, sometimes, for hours at a time, the negroes were so enthusiastic and clamorous in their religious devotions at night meetings. Now the citizens tried to reconcile themselves with the consoling hope that the negroes were certainly growing more virtuous, and that thus their little loss of sleep and repose would be amply repaid by the improvement in society. In our town there was almost unknown, even among the negroes, before this great religious excitement; and to the credit of the negroes it is very rare; but after this thing got under good way, some of our citizens discovered that their money drawers had been visited recently and that some of the greenbacks had accompanied the visitor away, and being doubtful about the speedy return of the fugitive bills, one man made some inquiry among the darkies, and examining some bills he found, he was led to believe that they were his; so by dint of smelling them, he was convinced beyond a doubt that they were his. The offender owned his guilt—was soundly thrashed, being a small boy, and the people concluded that he had been in bad company, but certainly not at church.

All this religious enthusiasm was proven to be sincere by this circumstance. Being questioned about the matter the negroes affirmed that politics was allowed no place when they met for devotion. Things went on thus—the enthusiasm increasing gradually until the election. Since then I have not heard of a hymn sung in that place. Yet politics has no connection with their worship. In this best we have no justice except an ignorant negro. The negro has a majority of voters, and in each town being entitled to two justices of the Peace, some of the leading white men tried to influence the negroes to vote for a white man for that vacant office. Some of them seemed to be in favor of the negroes, and this negro justice proceeded to see all his influence for a man who is known to them all—one who has been tried in that position and found to be the right man in the

right place." But he was a white man and a democrat. The negroes put an arrogant, ignorant negro in the field, and they all supported him, even the Justice—that is, all who were of that party—white and black.

This is the way we fair in Mississippi. Whenever the negroes are pretty strong the offices are filled to a great extent by them, from the lowest offices up. We have negro Justices, Supervisors, Representatives, and even a negro Secretary of State; and many of them can neither read nor write.

Then the people are taxed enormously to keep up institutions they detest. Taxes in this county are tremendously high—just two per cent on property—but poll taxes only one dollar—light on the negro, who has no property above what is exempt from taxes—but made up on the white man who is denied part or lot in the administration of the government.

Supposing the property in the State to be worth \$150,000,000, and this county an average one in county tax, he people of the State must pay \$3,000,000 on property alone. I think this estimate far too small. Can an impoverished people pay such enormous sums to be lashed away by greedy vultures? If I am not mistaken the State tax on property is \$4 mills on the dollar. Then according to our estimate of the property, the State tax on the property must be \$1,900,000—expensive State. I think three mills on the dollar is levied for the public school fund, and yet, although there can be no school granted with less than twenty five scholars—I know of no school kept for more than three months in the year, except a few very few in Lincoln county. It seems that with such burdens the taxes are paid and the State must be driven to bankruptcy.

Yours resp. ad. S. M. S.

Love Your Wives.

Husbands, love your wives. Nothing brightens a true woman's life like love. She will do anything, bear anything, suffer anything for the sake of a husband who truly and tenderly loves her, and whose heart is one with hers. Where such love ends, widowhood begins. The woman who has a husband who is not wholly hers, mourns the loss of a companion, and endures the presence of a mummy. But where conjugal fidelity and affection exists, poverty, privation and toil, are welcomed gladly for the joy of love. But this love must be more than mere words; it must be in heart, and in life, indeed an in truth. It must endure as well as demand. It must be self-denying as well as self-desiring. Love beareth all things and never faileth.

When in her weakness, weariness, and sorrow, a woman can feel that she does receive from her husband such a self-denying love as this, when his strength bears with her weakness, his patience with her petulance, and when his calm courage soothes her frights and tears, when gratitude swells up within her heart.

Woman seeks in a husband truth, nobleness, and uprightness. She loves unalloyed and spotless purity. And if a man will show his daily life, he will find a blessing in his heart and in his home, such as tongue cannot describe.

Wives need love. Their hearts yearn for it as much as in the days of girlhood when life itself was love. They often pass their womanhood in anxious cares and wearing labors. In the anguish of maternity they enter into spheres of existence, whose only life is love. Whether woman's course is to be sadness or joy, sunshine or gloom, depends upon love. All her cares are borne with patience if love sweetens her bitter cup. A long, hard weary day of toil is amply paid for with a simple smile, and one tender, loving word makes her forget a whole lifetime of care and conflict, and bless the day she found a husband with a heart so true and a hand so strong. An unexpected favor touches her to the soul. A gift in season, an appreciating word a pitying, soothing glance, a kindly, sunny smile, a little self denial to afford her pleasure or spare her pain, all these are as sunbeams of gladness to the heart of the true and loving wife.

Her husband and her children are her treasure. She lives if they stand fast. She is proud of their honor and joyous in their prosperity. And every token of their care and love for her, in sickness or in health, is laid up as a cherished memory, a kindness which she cannot forget, and which she is only too happy to repay.

Husbands, love your wives. A harsh word from you is worse than a poisoned

arrow from an outside foe.

Your sneer turns life to bane and blackness, while your smile alone brings sunshine to her soul. One selfish meanness in you robs you of your crown of honor, and leaves her to bewail her loss.

The wife must reverence her husband; but your love must beget that reverence. We reverence the Heavenly Father, 'we love him because he first loved us.' So let husbands love their wives, even as Christ loved the church and gave himself for it; and that love shall plant in her glad heart such seeds of blessings and of reverence as shall cause flowers radiant as those of paradise, and full of heavenly fragrance, to bless and brighten all your journey in this wilderness of sin and pain.

THE FRUGAL CLERK.

A Sketch of Actual Events.

BY DEXTER SMITH.

"Come, Gus, do go, that's a good fellow. There will be lots of fun. You can sail on the pond, or swim, or ramble through the woods, to your heart's content. There will be ever so many of your acquaintance there, and you know you need some recreation, as you seldom go away from your business for an hour. Emilie Mansfield is going, too," pleadingly continued Charles Rainsforth, as he endeavored to persuade his friend, Augustus Maine, to attend a picnic which was to take place the next day.

At the mention of the name of Emilie Mansfield, the features of Augustus were suffused with a blush, but it soon passed away, as he replied:

"No, Charles, I cannot go. I seldom leave my business for the enjoyment of pleasure parties, and were I disposed to join you my means would not allow of such a luxury."

"Why, Gus Maine, you are getting a good salary, and you cannot spend it all upon your clothes and board. Besides—"

It is not known how much further Charles would have continued his remarks, had not the eye of Augustus warned him that he was intruding upon personal matters, and he concluded by saying:

"Well, Gus, if you don't wish to go, I will not urge you any more, as it would be entirely useless," and hiding Mr. Maine good morning, he left the store.

The next morning quite a large party assembled in the depot, and awaited the departure of the train which to comfort them to the grove. Charles Rainsforth was standing with a group of young ladies and gentlemen, who were commenting upon Augustus Maine's refusal to join their party.

"He's a regular miser," said one.

"I'm glad I'm not so parsimonious," said a young lady.

"I think Mr. Maine should be allowed to do as he pleases, and I think if he chooses to remain at home we have no right to criticize his personal character. His motives are doubtless satisfactory to himself," remarked Henry Lee.

A grateful look from Emilie Mansfield was a sufficient reward for his defense of his absent friend, besides an approving conscience, that made Henry Lee happier.

"But," returned Charles Rainsforth, "I wonder how he spends his money. He only dresses passably, boards at a cheap boarding house, and—"

"Charles Rainsforth!" roared Henry Lee, "pray say nothing unless you can say something which would prove Augustus Maine unworthy of our esteem and friendship, and do let his personal affairs alone. He is a good, industrious fellow and is highly esteemed by his employers. He will soon become a member of the firm, I am told."

"When?" ejaculated Charles. "I wonder how that came about. He is quite young, and I'm sure he cannot know much about the business."

"Well," said Henry, "I suppose the members of the firm of Silvergood & Co. are fully competent to decide his fitness for his position."

"That may be," answered Charles, "but I cannot see why he should deny himself an occasional pleasure, and refuse to gratify those who would be pleased to have his company," and he glanced at Miss Mansfield, but if she heard the remark she did not betray her thoughts by any manifestation of looks, or by words. Charles continued, "I, for one, don't see why he should be so short for money."

"Perhaps I could give one reason, if I choose. I think he lends some to his friends, but I am not positive," returned he.

Charles Rainsforth felt that the cost

fixed him, and said nothing, for he knew that he was indebted to Augustus Maine to the amount of twenty dollars which he had promised to pay to the equivalent had found its way into the pockets of his friend. But others did not know that the remark Lee contained a reminder for any conversation, they changed the subject of conversation, and the "miser," Augustus Maine, was not alluded to again the day. The usual amount of serious, hard work, tiresome walking, triviale incidents, (but no serious ones) being a picnic party, and they arrived in town tired and sunburned, all dead that they had had a "glorious time," the younger male portion substituting the word "bully" for "pleasure."

The following week, as Charles Rainsforth was walking down town, he was overtaken by a friend, Winslow Harriman, who was studying law in the office of a prominent Attorney of the Suffolk town that Augustus Maine came from. After conversing upon various topics of the day, Winslow asked Charles if he had enjoyed himself at the picnic which took place the previous week.

"Yes, we had a glorious time," replied Charles.

"Did Gus Maine go?" inquired Winslow, using a popular nickname for short, but which we cannot approve.

"You might have known the miserly fellow wouldn't lose a day, or spend a cent of his money for pleasure," returned Charles.

"What do you mean by 'miserly' pray? I can't understand how the term applies to such a person as Augustus Maine," said Winslow, with surprise.

"Why he never goes anywhere with his friends, never spends any money for enjoyment, and is always talking poor, says he can't afford this and that, when I know very well that he receives more salary than I do. There must be some secret about him and his financial affairs."

"There is a secret, and since you have taken occasion to rebuk Augustus for his 'miserly' and 'miserly' habits, I will give you some information which will enable you to see his true motive for being economical, and denying himself many pleasures which he would be pleased to enjoy, did circumstances of duty allow. I happened to discover his secret, and reveal it to you alone, trusting that you will not betray the confidence which I shall place in you. Many years ago Augustus Maine's father died, leaving a widow and two small children. The farm, a small one, which he had held possession of was heavily mortgaged, and the family was in quite straitened circumstances, but by hard labor and the leniency of the creditors the old homestead has been retained in the hands of the family, until the present time. Augustus being the eldest son, came to seek employment, and being a good, industrious fellow, soon entered the service of a large firm, engaged in the manufacture of jewelry. The salary of the young man has been saved, except a limited sum for board, and other necessary expenses, and used for the purpose of paying off the mortgage upon 'Willow Farm,' a scheme which Augustus has resolutely determined to accomplish. If what I have imparted, has given you a clue to Mr. Maine's motive for being economical, I trust you will exonerate him from all charges of meanness," said Winslow.

"I thank you for the story; but I assure you I did not imagine that he was saving his earnings for such a purpose," said Charles, "and I hope I have learned a valuable lesson from your story of Augustus Maine's money."

There was one who knew that Augustus Maine was not "miserly," as she had already received an offer of his hand and heart, and in fact all he possessed was laid at her feet for acceptance. Although she did not know for some time, the true situation of his monetary affairs, yet she had read the true character of the young man, and it is needless to add that Miss Emilie Mansfield did not regret becoming the wife of the "Frugal Clerk."

Hints for Husbands.

Husbands who wish to make home particularly happy, should insist on having a pretty servant girl, and should make her nice presents often. They should invite their friends to dinner on wash day, and then remark that a lady wife is a blessing to any man that hasn't got her. If you get drunk insist on letting the whole neighborhood know the fact by singing and dancing. Compel your wife to pull off your boots when wet, for the gentle hands of a loving wife make a better boot-jack than a

piece of unfeeling wood or a lump of cold, unsympathetic cast-iron. Always be kindly of your wife's relatives. Mention her father without calling him "that blasted old fool," nor her mother "that old woman," without emphasizing your admiration. When you go out, with your wife, speak as if she was a home every little thing hangs on your tongue. And don't forget in your admiration of your wife in

MARRIAGE OR DEATH.
The Young Rascal Who Must Choose Between Them.

In a certain highly respectable neighborhood of this city there has occurred an event within the past week which she make every father's blood boil with indignation. It is for the purpose of aiding other parents of unsuspecting maidens as well as to throw public scorn and reproach upon the perpetrators of the outrage that any reference is made to the affair.

There live in immediate proximity two families, the members of which are on most intimate terms. In each of these families is a daughter just entering upon the years of maidenhood, one of them fifteen, the other sixteen years of age. These girls have for some time been bosom companions. They attended school together, joined with the same circle of acquaintance in picnics, fairs and harmless gatherings. But in the course of these social pleasures, harmless as they were, the girls formed the acquaintance of two young men, the sons of wealthy families. The girls were young and wholly inexperienced. The young men had money and leisure, and the vices which these too often bring. The acquaintance ripened rapidly into a double amour, and the two maidens lost all claim to such designation.

Finally the repeated and prolonged absence of one of the girls excited the apprehension of her friends, and the girl was questioned. The evasive answers gave rise to suspicion, and the girl was watched. It was only a short time until it was discovered that she paid regular visits to a vile assignation house on Green street and there met the heartless rascal who had first ruined her. The girl confessed her shame to her mother, and the infamy of her betrayal was fastened upon a son of a prominent merchant. Only consideration for his family prevents the publication of his name, branding him as the seducer of an unfortunate romantic school girl.

The father of the girl, an eminently respectable man, was well-nigh crazed by the discovery. His first thought was to swear out a warrant against the young man for seduction, and he actually visited the Court of Criminal Correction with this intention, while a police officer went to the store where the young man is employed to arrest him. Fortunately for the latter, he was out at the time and a second thought induced the father to try another course. He went to his daughter's betrayer and gave him his choice between marrying the girl or awaiting the trial on charge of seduction. It is only three or four days since the discovery was made, and the matter rests now at this point.

The young man delays his decision, in hopes of being able to make some other compromise. The outraged father has engaged his lawyer, and shows not the slightest sign of yielding. On the contrary, the intensity of his feelings increases every day. His manner is distracted, and more than once he has declared his intention to shoot the destroyer of his daughter's honor, unless he shall marry her.—*St. Louis Times.*

When Goldsmith had written that beautiful stanza of the "Hermit"—
No flocks that range the valley free,
To slaughter I condemn;
Taught by the Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them—
he submitted it to (the future) Mrs. Goldsmith, who is said to have suggested the following improvement:
No flocks that range the valley free
To slaughter I condemn;
The butchers kill the sheep for me,
I buy the meat of them.

The Titusville Press says that Stanley, when he lectures in this country this winter, will be dressed in his suit of clothes made by a Ujiji tailor, consisting of a wine string wound around his big toe, and a straw hat, cut low in the crown.

What Happened to a B. I. Bedroom.

[From the Philadelphia Press, Nov. 13.]
A few nights ago the family of a prominent Chesnut street merchant made a narrow escape from death in a terrible form. A month or so ago his daughter was married, and with her husband started on a wedding tour. Upon their return a fine reception was given them, and the assembled friends did not depart until a late hour.

The family and servants being wearied with the experiences of the evening, soon retired after their usual custom. About four o'clock the next morning the daughter's room was visited by

face. As soon as he regained his senses he found that there was seemingly a heavy weight upon his breast and that he had great difficulty in breathing.

He had every disposition to go to sleep again. He felt languid and in a dull stupor, but still had will enough left to feel that there was some hidden danger, and that he must arouse. By great effort he arose to a sitting posture and spoke to his wife, but she stirred not. He touched her and found that she was in violent spasms. Summoning all his strength he stumbled to his brother-in-law's room and awoke that gentleman with great difficulty. He also found his wife's mother in spasms.

He hastily opened a window and inhaled the fresh air, and then perceived that the house was full of coal gas, from which all were suffering. Fortunately one servant who slept in a separate room had a door closed and a window slightly lowered, and this one was at once sent for a physician. The wife's father attempted to arise from bed, but was so weak that he fell on the floor.

The physician soon arrived, and restoratives were administered with complete success, except in the case of the daughter, who was in spasms for several hours, and it was ten hours before she recovered all her faculties. The physician stated that had it not been for the timely awakening of the son-in-law, another half hour would have put all beyond the reach of human aid. An examination disclosed the fact that the draught in the kitchen range had been turned off so far that all the gas emitted by the coal was thrown into the house, and as all the interior doors had been left open, it at once ascended to the bed chambers.

ITEMS.

Captain Burton is about to publish an account of his recent explorations in the interior of Iceland.

The Virginia papers concede the State to Grant by a few thousand majority. The Petersburg Appeal says: "At whose door the responsibility for this great calamity lies, for such we regard it in its bearing on all future elections, we have neither the time nor the disposition to inquire. We have no recrimination to indulge, no jeremiads to sing."

The Savannah News says that the negro immigration movement is gathering as it goes. Two hundred heads of families are enrolled for Bibb county, and four hundred for Houston.

"The first bird shot in America," said an Irish sportsman, "was a forklift-porkupine. I tread him under a bay-stick, and shot him with a barn shovel. The first time I hit him I missed him, and the second time I hit him, I hit him in the same place where I missed him the first time."

On the night of the 2d inst., Dr. Robt. S. C. Foster, returning from Macon, Ga., to his home near Crawfordsville, on horseback, took from his pocket a bottle of carbolic acid, mistaking it for a flask of Whisky, which he had with him, and hastily drank enough of the contents to cause his death in a short time.

Chicago's last wonder of smartness is a boy who began business some time ago by selling a square of paper and a pack of envelopes, and now owns a stationery store, a paper route and a printing office and proposes to edit a weekly paper.

A thousand American girls, for whom the schools on this side of the water are not good enough, are receiving their education in France and Italy.

Four hundred miles narrow-gauge railways are to be built in California, and a company with seven millions of capital has been organized to do it.

There was a steam wagon for common roads exhibited at Augusta (Ga.) Fair. Two large wagons and three cars loaded with bricks were first attached to the steamer. This load she pulled around the grounds with comparative ease, traveling as fast as when unincumbered. As a still further test two wagons filled with men and boys were added to the already long train, and, as before, the steamer moved off and went around the grounds apparently without difficulty.

AGRICULTURAL.

The Glory of the Farmer.

The benefits conferred upon mankind by the farmer and the pleasure which attaches to his vocations are charmingly portrayed by Ralph Waldo Emerson, in one of his essays, as follows:

"The glory of the farmer is that, in the division of labor, it is his part to create. All the trade rests in his primitive authority. He stands closer to nature; he obtains from the earth the food and meat. The food which was not his name to be. The first farmer was the first man, and all his noblest qualities were his own."

tillage, and the feeling that this is the original calling of his race, that he himself is only excused from it by some circumstances which made him delegate it for a time to other hands. He had not some skill which recommends him to the farmer some product for which the farmer will give him corn he must himself return into his due place among the planters. And the profession has in all eyes its ancient charm as standing nearest God, the first cause. Then the beauty of nature, the tranquility and innocence of the country, his independence and his pleasing arts; the care of bees, poultry, sheep, cows, the dairy; the care of hay, of fruits, of orchards, of forests, and the reaction of these on the workman in giving him strength and plain dignity, like the face and manners of nature—all men acknowledge. All men keep the farm in reserve as an asylum, where, in case of misfortune, to hide their poverty or as a solitude if they do not succeed in society. And who knows how many glances of remorse are turned this way from the bankrupts of trade, from mortified pleaders in courts and senates, or from the victims of idleness and pleasure?—Poised by the town life and town vices, the sufferer resolves: 'Well, my children, whom I have injured, shall go back to the land, to be recruited and cured by that which should have been my nursery, and now shall be their hospital.'"

To MEASURE CORN IN THE CRIB.—Add the width of the bottom of the crib in inches across the corn in the upper part, also in inches, divide the sum by two and multiply by the height and length of the corn in the crib, also in inches, and divide the product by 2750. The result will give the heaped bushels of ears, 2 of which will make a bushel of shelled corn, if of the flint variety, and one and one half if of the Western soft corn. By multiplying the average width, height and length in inches together, the cubic contents in inches is found, and 2,750 cubic inches make a heaped bushel.

Everlasting Fence Posts. There is peculiar satisfaction in listening to the conversation, or in reading the writings of positive men, of those who deal only with facts, and with such facts as have but one side and no exceptions. Such a man tells us, in the *Western Rural*, how to preserve posts for fences &c. He says:

"I discovered many years ago that wood could be made to last longer than iron in the ground, but thought the process so simple and inexpensive that it was not worth while making any stir about it. I would as soon have poplar, basswood or quaking ash as any other kind of timber for fence post. I have taken out basswood posts after having been set seven years, that were as sound when taken up as when they were first put in the ground.

Time and weather seemed to have no effect on them. The posts can be prepared for less than two cents a piece. For the benefit of others I will give the receipt: Take boiled lard oil and stir in pulverised charcoal to the consistency of paint. Put a coat of this over the timber, and there is not a man that will live to see it rotten.

STUBBORN HORSES.—The brain of a horse seems to entertain but one thought at a time; for this reason continued whipping is out of the question, and only confirms his stubborn resolve. But if you can by any means change the direction of his mind, give him a new subject to think of, nine times out of ten he will start without any further trouble. As simple a trick as a little pepper, alone, or the like thrown back on his tongue will often succeed in turning his attention to the taste in his mouth.

Germany declines to make any charges against the United States on account of the trouble and expense of the San Juan arbitration. Kaiser Wilhelm is an unexceptionable old gentleman as ever was engaged in the emperor business.