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Make Childhood Sweet.

Wait not till the little hands are at rest
Ere you fill them full of flowers;
Wait not for the crowning tuberoses
To make sweet the last sad hours;
But while in the busy household band
You darlings still need your guiding hand,
Oh, fill their lives with sweetness!
Wait not till the little hearts are still
For the loving look or praise;
But while you gently chide a fault,
The good deed kindly praise.
The word you would speak beside the bier
Falls sweeter far on the living ear;
Oh, fill your lives with sweetness!
Ah, what are kisses on cold-clay lips
To the rosy mouth we press,
When our wee one flies to her mother's arms
For love's tenderest caress!
Let never a worldly babble keep
Your heart from the joy each day should reap,
Circling young lives with sweetness,
Give thanks, each morn, for the sturdy boys,
Give thank for the fairy girls;
With a dower of wealth like this at home
Would you rife the earth for pearls?
Wait not for death to gem Love's crown,
But daily shower life's blessings down,
And fill your hearts with sweetness.
Remember the homes where the light has fled,
Where the rose has faded away;
And the love that glows in youthful hearts,
Oh, cherish it while you may!
And make your home a garden of flowers,
Where joy shall bloom through childhood's hours,
And fill young hearts with sweetness,
—Zion's Watchman.

Chief Justice Shepherd.

James Edward Shepherd was born in Nansmond county, Va., July 26, 1847. His parents, Thomas and Ann Eliza (Browne) Shepherd, were also Virginians by birth and of English lineage. Part of his ancestors were North Carolinians, and one on his maternal side, Dr. Albrigton Browne, a surgeon in the English navy, purchased lands on the Nottaway and Chowan rivers and settled there.

Judge Shepherd's mother died when he was but two years old and the death of his father followed in 1859. Soon thereafter he came to North Carolina with his oldest brother, William S., and settled at Murfreesboro, which he made his home till the war came on, when, at the age of fourteen, he enlisted in the Confederate army. Being too young for other service, he was made "marker" and as such continued for twelve months, when he was selected as military operator in which capacity he did both field and station work till the close of the war. Here as elsewhere he distinguished himself for his fidelity to duty. The fall of his elder brother Lieut. W. S. Shepherd, while leading his company at Sharpsburg, deprived him of his chief counsellor and friend, and when the war closed he had to begin the battle of life alone, without money and dependent upon his own exertion. Not discouraged, however, he took charge of the telegraph office at Wilson, N. C., and supported himself while he prosecuted his studies—especially the law, for which he early developed a fondness and aptness. After several years of such preparation and work, he entered the State University, where he studied law under the late Wm. H. Battle, and was admitted to the bar in 1869. He began the practice of law in Wilson, but in 1871 moved to Washington, N. C., and formed a co-partnership with Major Thomas Sparrow.

Already rising his profession, in 1872 he was most happily married to Miss Elizabeth B., eldest daughter of Mr. Silvester T. Brown. Two sons have blessed this union, James E., deceased, and Silvester B. Shepherd.

Judge Shepherd was a member of the constitutional convention of 1875, and though the youngest man in the convention, he was on the Judiciary committee where he showed his usual skill and industry. He began his judicial career as a Judge of the inferior court in 1876. His bearing and conduct there and in his profession was such that in the summer of 1882 he was nominated superior court judge for the first district, to which position he was elected at the ensuing election, filling in the meantime, by appointment of Governor Jarvis, the unexpired term of Judge Eure, who had resigned. Serving with fidelity and acceptability until 1888, he was nominated and elected justice of the supreme court, which position he occupied until his recent appointment as Chief Justice by Governor Holt.

On the bench Judge Shepherd has developed his fine legal ability by the most patient and assiduous study. He is noted for his moderation and conservatism. In manner he is kind and affable, modest and unostentatious. He is popular with the bar as well as the people. This appointment is eminently fit. It will give universal satisfaction. The new Chief Justice will prove a worthy successor of the profound jurists who have gone before him.—State Chronicle.

FROM GASTON TOWNSHIP.

SEVERAL CASES OF TYPHUS FEVER—ACCIDENTALLY SHOT—PERSONALS.

Mrs. T. J. Allen, of Brunswick county, Va., is said to be dangerously ill.

The Rev. T. T. Speight has been called to preach at Elam Baptist church near Garysburg, N. C.

The Zion Baptist church near Skippers in Greenville county, Va., think of calling the Rev. Mr. Mills Green who has been preaching in Northampton at Pine Forest and other churches.

The Rev. W. P. Gray, of Greenville county, Va., who has been at the Hospital in Baltimore, M. D., for several weeks (for treatment), we are grieved to learn, was reported recently to be dying. His wife was wired for.

Mr. Charlie Floyd, who was reported as being very ill with typhus fever, is now convalescent, so much so as to be able to attend church.

Myor Charlie Baker, of Emporia, Va., who has been very sick with Typhus fever is out again.

Mr. Wm. Moody, of this vicinity, had the misfortune to loose his kitchen and contents by fire a few nights ago.

Mr. Drewry Moody, of this vicinity, who has been acting as guard at the Penitentiary farm near Weldon, accidentally shot his foot a few days ago. The wound, though painful, is not very serious.

Mr. Richard Cordall, of Brunswick county, Va., has organized and is teaching a singing-school at Pine Forest church.

Mr. Robert S. Gay, of Seaboard, and Miss Annie Bennett, of near Gumberry, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony on the 16 inst., Rev. H. T. Williams, officiating. May their pathway through life be one silvery tide of ease with not a wave to ripple there.

Mrs. S. A. Vincent, who was reported as having lost her residence by fire not long since, will rebuild soon.

Mr. Beanie Pearson, who had his hand and arm badly lacerated in a cotton gin some days back, is improving. He will probably lose two fingers.

Later.—Since writing the above I learn that the Rev. Mr. Gray is better. ROMIE.

LIST OF OFFICERS OF NORTHAMPTON POMONA GRADE SCHOOL, FOR 1892.

Master, A. E. Pezie; Overseer, Rezie Davis; Lecturer, J. B. Brown; Steward, G. B. Smith; Ass't Steward, H. C. Lassiter; Chaplain, J. D. Barnes; Treasurer, K. Davis; Secretary, R. M. Maddrey; G. K. J. W. Green; Pomona, Miss Mamie Smith; Flora, Mrs. J. S. Griffin; Ceres, Mrs. J. J. Lassiter; and Stewardess, Miss Bell Lassiter.

Testing His Coolness.

A good story has been told of a lispng lieutenant "getting square" with a brother officer, a man noted for his coolness, who was fond of quizzing the lieutenant about his nervousness. The Joker, Capt. Blakeney, said one day at mess:

"Why, nervousness, it's all nonsense. I tell you, no brave man is ever nervous."

"Well," inquired his lispng friend, "how would you set thopping a shell with a minit futhee should drop it half into a walled angle in which you had taken shelter from a company of tharphooteath and where it was certain if you put out your nothe you'd get peppered?"

"How!" said the Captain, looking at his brother officers; "why take it coolly and spit on the fuse." The party broke up and all retired. The next morning a number of soldiers were assembled on parade, when along came the lispng lieutenant. Lazily opening his eyes, he remarked to a cluster of officers:

"I want to try an ekthperimth thith morning and how ekthleeding cool Tom Blakeney can be." Saying this, he walked deliberately into the Captain's quarters, where a fire was burning on the hearth, and placed in its hottest part a powder canister, and instantly retreated.

"There was but one door of egress from the quarters, and that opened on the parade ground. The occupant gave one look at the canister, comprehended the situation, and in a moment made for the door, but it was fastened on the outside. "Charley, let me out if you love me!" shouted the Captain. "Thpfit on the canither!" shouted he in return.

Not a moment was to be lost; the Captain had at first snatched up a blanket to cover himself with, but soon dropping it he raised the window and out he bounded, sans everything but a very short undergarment, and thus, with hair almost on end, he dashed on to a full parade-ground. The shouts which hailed him brought out the whole of the occupants of the barracks to see what was the matter, and the dignified Captain pulled a sergeant in front to hide himself. "Why didn't you thpfit on it?" inquired the lieutenant. "Because there was no sharpshooters in front to stop a retreat," answered the Captain. "All I've got to thay, then, thh," said the lieutenant, "that you might thathly have done it, for I'll thwear there wat't a thingle grain of powder in it."—United Press.

A Word to the Colored Teachers of Northampton County

DEAR CO-LABORERS:—Your attention is called to the fact, that the time for your work has come, and now when you must leave all that is dear to you at home to do the work carefully assigned you in the school room. It is presumed, that each one has the Shibboleth, "More learning, purer learning, and higher learning." No drone can move in this mighty warning and age of revolutions. None but the drastic teacher. Taxes are paid annually to support these schools, paid to the detriment of State and Nation, unless amply compensated for. Teacher, right here rests grave responsibilities, to see to it, that these taxes are not paid in vain for this particular purpose; it is far better to labor in the school room for no pay at all, than

to pretend to labor (but labor) for small pay. This is a maxim pretty true, "you reap what you sow." Then this duty devolves upon you. Go forth in the discharge of your obligations, and the performance of duty. The regime must be wisely administered for the support of true citizenship and high civilization; go to the front, as is expected of you. No trophy, no victim, no victor. Ignorance is the grandest and most stubborn of all enemies; it must be laid low. No people can be safe in the arms of ignorance; better to have twilight than midnight, noonday than twilight. So with ignorance we in darkness waiting for light, but in vain, unless some friendly guide in the light will lead. All is bound for the precipice where comes the mighty fall. We have had much done for us in the educational work, and still more in contemplation, if we, as Teachers, be faithful, true and enterprising. I had the pleasure to listen to the very able, earnest address of the Hon. Geo. T. Winston, President of the University of North Carolina. He paid a glowing tribute to the industry, perseverance and faithfulness of the colored people, having a wonderful talent to become informed, unlike the North American Indian who evinces no disposition for culture or civilization, this ought alone be encouragement to us. Therefore go forth with vim, attended with good nature, soberness, and kind disposition, to win; leaving not behind virtue, honesty and integrity characteristic of the individual. These are powerful incentives, which move nations for all time to come. We, as Teachers in this county, can boast of what few others can. We have in the county a sagacious, pious, scholarly and christian gentleman who superintends public instruction. He goes forth to duty a man as he is, fearless of none, but fearful of failure. We are proud of such a gentleman, like his predecessor, kind hearted and true. Very enterprising, we should exampile him. Therefore we should be encouraged to the work, and meet at an early date next spring and organize a Teacher's Association, leaving all to him who doeth all things well. Let more teachers be heard.

Yours for Education.

WILLIAM M. BREWER.

Rich Square N. C., Nov. 21.

The art of not hearing should be learned by all. There are so many things which it is painful to hear, very many of which if heard will disturb the temper, corrupt simplicity and modesty, detract from contentment and happiness. If a man falls into a violent passion and calls us all manner of names, at the first word we should shut our ears and hear no more. If in a quiet voyage of life we find ourselves caught in one of those domestic whirlwinds of scolding, we should shut our ear as a sailor would furl his sail, and, making all tight, scud before the gale. If a hot, restless man begins to inflame our feelings, we should consider what mischief the fiery sparks may do in our magazine below, where our temper is kept, and instantly close the door. If all the petty things said of one, by heedless or ill-natured idlers were brought home to him, he would become a mere walking-pin-cushion stuck full of sharp remarks. If we would be happy, when among good men we should open our ears; when among bad men, shut them. It is not worth while to hear what our neighbors say about our children, what our rivals say about our business, our dress, or our affairs.

He is thy friend who speaks well of thee behind thy back.

Kindness.

Though not a subscriber, I am a great lover of the Biblical Recorder, and have just been reading and was deeply impressed with the little sketch of "How two humble strangers were made to feel at home." Oh, the power and holy influence of kindness, and that kindness so often withheld!

It is a sad fact that people who are graciously permitted by an All-wise Creator to own a goodly supply of this world's goods, seldom, if ever condescend to visit and show loving kindness to those in humble circumstances. But it is more sad and more sinful to teach the innocent little children that they must not, under any circumstances, associate with their poor and ignorant, though respectable, neighbors. Is it Christ-like to shun the poor? Did Jesus Christ when here upon earth lift a high head and pass them by unnoticed, uncared for? My christian friends, when you go to church and see a poor woman or child thinly clad, in a faded calico it may be, do you see them as they look beseechingly into your face for a kind word of encouragement or a friendly recognition? Or do you pass them without a friendly handclasp, or even courteous "good evening"? Oh, that christian people would act what they profess. If you profess to be a christian, then act it. Let's not have so many big "I's" and little "U's." Kindness, like charity, should begin at home. How often we see a man tired and overworked, and perhaps cross, go home to his loved ones, where he should receive the kindest words and most gentle treatment, but instead, is so often repelled by an ill-tempered wife who has not thought fit to brush her hair all the morning for the benefit of her husband. I am a wife myself, and do not profess to be perfect, (and I suppose I must confess to a very naughty temper too,) but I am trying to apply the healing balm of kindness to all I come in contact with who are in need of its excellent healing powers. Sister, if your husband leaves you in the morning cross and all out of sorts, you just cook something real nice for his dinner, and when he comes home meet him with a bright and cheerful smile upon your face, (don't forget to have your hair neatly brushed and your collar clean and on straight), have something pleasant to say in place of reminding him of his short-comings, and if he is not a "sure enough bear" you will soon find that his bearishness will vanish before your loving kindness like clouds before a summer sun.

And husband, if you are tired and over-worked, don't forget that your wife also has trials and troubles too numerous to mention; that her work is never done, but is the same thing over and over each day. I say don't forget that she is only human, and if you, by your harsh words and ill temper provoke her to unkindness don't study and wonder all day, "what made Mary speak so unkind to me?" but be a man, acknowledge you faults, and ask her forgiveness for your bearishness, and ten to one you will see the loving eyes fill with tears of penitence, the dear loving arms will creep around your neck, and while she hides her fear-wet face upon your breast, a trembling, contrite voice will whisper, "I am so sorry; let's kiss and begin all over again."

Oh, let us all be more patient and forbearing, and always kind to each other. "And be ye kind to one another, tender hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven." Eph. 4: 32.

MRS. ETHEL THOMAS.
Cottonville, Stanly Co., N. C.,—in Biblical Recorder.