

THE PATRON AND GLEANER.

VOL. 4

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NO. 37.

Diverse.

[For the Patron and Gleaner.]
My daddy thinks good folks are few and scattered far around.
That every man is for himself and for his portion bound;
Still says "old time religion" is good enough for him,
And dares to think he will not sink while other sinners swim.
My neighbor fears that all are wrong who don't with him agree,
That we poor folks will all be soon where the darkey used to be;
Still thinks for us there soon will dawn a brighter, happier day,
If we won't fool with "Cleveland's rule," but vote the other way.
But what does mammy think?—I know her head is level, sure—
She don't believe in fussing o'er the ills we cannot cure.
She meets good people all along Life's cheerful, sunny way,
And wishes she could always be as kind and true as they.
—Hermit.

NORTHAMPTON SKETCHES

ARE READ WITH GREAT INTEREST
ALL NORTHAMPTONIANS
APPRECIATE THEM.

NEWPORT NEWS, VA.,
Sept. 2, 1894.

MR. EDITOR:—I have enjoyed reading "Carlton's" "Historical Sketch of Northampton," and I am sure many others have also. Many events of long ago have been recalled to my mind. Smith's Church was the first church I ever attended. I attended there when quite a small boy, in company with my father, and while he and other devout Methodists worshipped and listened to stirring sermons, delivered by Rev. — Arnold (whose horse, by the way had a very long, bushy tail) I was deeply interested in looking at a foot-print on the arched wooden ceiling. I had been told it was made by an Indian. On one occasion old Mr. "Billy" Bottoms, while there attending church, was sitting on a bench with only three legs, and it turning over with him gave him a very ludicrous fall. Even Mr. Arnold laughed some. Mr. Bottoms, who had a very deep, bass voice, took the fall good naturedly. I regret that "Carlton" cannot continue his sketch, relating in his most interesting and happy style, events of a later period. I am sure all Northamptonians appreciate his articles, and earnestly wish his remaining days to be peaceful and happy.

J. A. B.

Col. S. A. Norfleet, of Bertie, who was at school at Jackson for two years—1836 and 1837—in a private letter to the editor of September 2, in speaking of the Northampton sketches says: "The reminiscences of your Rehoboth correspondent are quite interesting to me as they recall many characters and incidents with which I am thoroughly familiar, and many others which he does not state."

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INDIAN RIVER, FLA.

What Education has Done for the Country.

THE LARGEST HOTEL ON EARTH—
"GIVE A MAN AN EDUCATION,
TURN HIM LOOSE AND
HE'LL STRIKE OIL
SOMEWHERE."

I have been such a rambler that local ties are not very strong with me, but a person never gets so far from the stamping ground of childhood as to lose interest in the welfare of those who were companions of by-gone days.

It has been a pleasure to me to read in "The PATRON AND GLEANER" the great interest being manifested in Northampton for the education of your children. Education is the only safeguard to moral and social progress. It is the corner stone for the prosperity of a country. Where education is ignored every thing is at a stand or retrograding.

The pioneers of a country are generally uneducated. They will hold a country indefinitely without development or progress of any kind. There have been a few pioneers in the Indian River country for half a century. They were uneducated and knew no more of the outside world, or the natural resources around them, than if they had not existed. So much for the want of education. An old timer told me he was thirty years old before he ever saw a school house or knew any thing of a God. But an educated and thrifty people have changed the state of affairs. In the immediate vicinity of where the old timer lived Henry Flayler, of New York, is preparing to build the most costly hotel on the earth. He already has a hotel in the county with seven hundred rooms but that will only play second fiddle to the other. The East coast or Indian River country will be the winter resort for the U. S. as fast as accommodations can be prepared. A tourist to Lake Worth last winter told me he had to telegraph a week in advance to secure a place to stand while there.

I think I stated in a former article I believe this the most healthy country in the world. I will now give my reason. There are but two general causes for sickness. One is the changes of temperature which produces colds, such as bronchial troubles, pneumonia, consumption, rheumatism, etc. Our temperature averages here about seventy-five the year round. I have seen it eighty-five in January and seventy in June, while changes are never sudden. The other reason for the good health of this section is the atmosphere is so impregnated with salt and sulphur that it completely absorbs all atmospheric poisons.

Indian River so called is not a river. It is an arm of the ocean about one hundred and fifty miles long and averages about two miles in width. It is tide water with a peninsular about one mile wide on the ocean of alluvial land very productive for winter vegetables. Our resources are all being developed by educated and energetic people from the old States. Hence I say Northampton is on the right track. Educate your men and women and turn them loose. They will take care of No. 1 and strike oil somewhere. Educate the people; they will hunt up and develop local surroundings that would otherwise lie dormant and worthless. It is the education, pluck, and energy of a people that makes a country worth living in. They hunt up and bring out its resources. Indian River is not the only place for success.

I think it the best place I know for women with one exception. If they object to marrying they had best keep away. Otherwise they have many advantages. Our mode of farming is particularly adapted to women's management, being vegetables and fruits. Besides we have to import all our school teachers from other States, and new ones every season, as they have to marry in spite of themselves, or break up school, and skip the country.

MONT. HARDEE.

Jensen, Fla.

My Life a Failure.

[For the Patron and Gleaner.]

For several months I have been writing articles for the entertainment of the readers of the PATRON AND GLEANER. Kind friends inform me that most of these communications have been appreciated by its readers. It is my purpose to continue these contributions as long as my health will allow me to do so, or as long as the readers of the PATRON AND GLEANER may wish to read them.

Although a native of this county I am personally known to but few of its citizens. It has been suggested that it would add something to the interest of these contributions if the readers knew something about the author. I have always had a horror of hearing a man talk or write about himself. Egotism is always offensive. But as my life in the main and especially in the closing out has been "A failure" I have no success to flaunt in the faces of those who have had to struggle for life.

Of course this little sketch is not a history of my life. It is only so much of it as is necessary to connect me in some sense with the tone and temper of my contributions to the PATRON AND GLEANER.

In one of my articles heretofore contributed I have already stated that I was born in Gumberry on the 1st of November, 1817. I left the county in February, 1837, and went to Mississippi to better my fortune. Fifty-eight years of absence in a manner destroys my citizenship. Two years ago I returned here almost a pauper and an invalid for life. I had outlived my day and generation and but few personally knew me. I returned in response to a native instinct to be buried in the soil that gave me birth.

As I have already stated, I was born and raised in that romantic portion of Northampton county called Gumberry. Tradition invests old Gumberry with some strange legends of olden times. I was raised within a mile of an old revolutionary soldier by the name of John Mundell. From this old soldier I learned many of these olden tales.

John Mundell was a private in Washington's army for seven years and was in many battles. In 1837 when I left the county he was said to be nearly a hundred years old. At that time he was the oldest man I had ever seen. He had three children, two girls and one son. His son's name was William and the daughters names were Fanny and Charlotte. They have all been dead many years.

When I first left this county I went to Jackson, Mississippi. This was known as the period of flush times. I soon became a merchant in that fashionable city which was the capital of the State and is still the State capital. Being backed in my mercantile enterprise by an uncle reported to be wealthy I of course belonged to society circles. Some years after this I became enamored of a young lady of that place possessing many charms, and besides a graduate of a female college of high reputation. Having myself "quitted" from the best field schools of famous Gumberry, I placed a pretty high estimate on my own attainments. Whatever my delinquencies may have been I could always tell my own story pretty well. And when, like Othello, I told her of the perils and dangers of my life, I thought that, like Desdemona, she would first pity and then love me. But looking in my face with all the smiles and enchantments of her artless beauty, she said to me, "No, I cannot marry you; you are not my equal. Your educa-

tional advantages are inferior to my own; I cannot raise you to my own standard of cultivation, and I would have to sink to yours." Although deeply humiliated by what she said I felt its truth and force.

In a short time after that I entered Centenary College, Louisiana, as a student. I never saw her afterwards. She married a brilliant young lawyer and they moved to Shreveport on Red River where she died of yellow fever. When I quit college I studied law under Judge Shattuck who had been President of the College while I was there. I then attended the law university in New Orleans, and after being admitted to the bar Judge Shattuck received me into partnership with him in the law. This partnership continued until 1849 when he removed to California. For more than thirty years I continued in practice in the same town.

Although raised a Baptist I married into a Methodist family and besides I went to a Methodist college and therefore became a member of the Methodist church. During my married life I buried an only child three times. All are now dead and gone. Our last child was a little girl five and a half years old. She had never been sick a day in her life until her last sickness. She died of diphtheria. She was a beautiful child with unusual intelligence. She was well advanced in books for her age and could sing several Christian songs with accuracy. Besides she played quite well on her own little guitar. I have never yet been quite able to recover from the sadness and melancholy which her death fixed upon me.

From the time that I first became a Sunday school scholar at old Vassar's meeting house (now Elam church) it was always my purpose to become a preacher. This purpose I kept to myself as my lifetime secret. In this view I refused every offer of position or place and strictly held a private station all my life except that of military office during the war. During the war I acted as Colonel, Provost Marshal, Quartermaster and Commissary. These things were necessities more than inclination. I was so situated that I had from time to time to fill all of those positions. My fixed plan of life was to accumulate a fortune sufficiently large for the income to support me in the most ample manner before entering the ministry. This point I reached several times, but I was desirous of adding a little more to it. Delays brought on dangers. One misfortune after another greatly reduced my means and then came unfortunate speculations in trying to recover what I had lost. Very soon my fortune was all gone and I was left almost a pauper. I was now too old and too poor to have any influence in the pulpit. I have long since abandoned any thought of trying to preach to others.

The little articles which I have furnished to the PATRON AND GLEANER and which I expect to continue to furnish to it for publication for the enjoyment and edification of its readers are in substance drawn from my memory of by-gone days, when I had the gospel ministry in view. At one time my mind was well stored with illustrations for pulpit service. I have had a great desire to lecture in the Methodist church in Jackson before I died. A suitable occasion would be some Sunday afternoon when it would not conflict with any other religious services. I have delayed the matter too long, however. I am now too feeble to stand on the floor long enough to deliver a lecture. I personally knew the ancestors of many of

the people of Jackson and its surroundings and it was for this reason that I wished to talk at that place.

If I shall be able to introduce in my contributions any word or thought calculated to make any one of my readers a better man or a better woman than they were before, then something will have been saved from the wreck.

For many years I have been out of the profession of the law and sometimes a wanderer in foreign lands. Fifteen years ago I quit the profession, crushed and broken hearted and left Louisiana where I had spent most of my life to make my home in a foreign country. For seven years I lived on the Bermuda Islands under the British flag. After spending seven years in a country where I never saw a human being that I had ever seen before I returned to America. My love of country brought me back. I could not bear to die in a foreign land and be buried among strangers. Yes, brought me back to my own dear native land.

"The bird that flies to yonder skies,
"Though nearer-heaven yet seems unblest;
And with wing untired and bosom true,
Flies back again to its own dear nest.
When God shall tell this soul depart,
This form returns to mother earth;
May the last breath that fills my heart,
Throb where it started into birth,
And should affection shed a tear,
And friends so dear linger round my tomb:
The tribute would be doubly dear,
If given by those of home, sweet home."
CARLTON.

Rehoboth, N. C.

Bread. Where? How?

CHESTNUT BREAD. NO. 6.

[For the Patron and Gleaner.]

From this chestnut flour as described in a former article, various preparations are made by the Italians, Lucchesans, etc., such as polenta (a kind of pudding like our so-called mush or hasty pudding of Indian meal), and various kinds of cakes, fritters, and a heavy kind of bread.

The various methods of cooking the chestnut flour are known under the popular names of necci, pattoni, castagnacci, cialdi, fritelli, etc., and the food so made is sweet and agreeable to the taste, and healthy. The country people cook the chestnuts in water, and make use of this water as a drink for chest troubles, colds and dry coughs, and in most cases it has proven very beneficial. A decoction from the stewed leaves in water is esteemed an excellent remedy for the whooping-cough.

The food made of the chestnut which is most in favor is the polenta, made by simply boiling the chestnut flour in water for ten or fifteen minutes, with a little to flavor, taking care to keep up a constant movement of the paste, and clearing the edges of the cooking utensil so that no part becomes burned, which would thus spoil the mess. It is eaten with cream, butter, ham, etc., and is most healthy and nutritious.

Another kind of food made from the chestnut is called necci, which is flour formed into a cake, and is made by first mixing the flour with cold water, and then making cakes, or bread as it may properly be called, piled on each other, and separated by chestnut leaves, pressed for the purpose, and moistened by water; the whole mass is then cooked over a hot fire and the cakes taken off one by one, when the leaves are almost burned. These cakes are exceedingly agreeable to the taste, and may be eaten with buttermilk cheese, Bologna sausages, and meat.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

M. H. RICE.

Lahaska, Pa.

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