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STATE NEWS.

NEWSY GLEANINGS FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

Choice Clippings For Our Many Busy Readers.

Tarboro Southern: Several emigrant agents arrived Saturday and will carry back with them to the "Lone Star" State another contingent of negroes from this place.

There was a slight falling off in the number of deaths reported yesterday, but as the Signal Service Bureau promises us warmer weather for the next twenty-four hours, there is little hope of relief from the "grip." It is not much of a disease, but it hangs on like grim death.—N. Y. Star.

Clinton Caucasian: The Carolina Vener Works is over run with orders. We understand from the superintendent that the factory is now filling an order from Jacksonville, Fla., for 6,000 crates and 200,000 berry baskets. They have a standing order for as many butter dishes and orange boxes as they are able to turn out.

Rocky Mt. Plain Dealer: Tonight at seven o'clock as Sydney Owens was leaving the hotel he was shot by an unknown party who was concealed behind a tree near the hotel. Suspicion rests on John Hatton a young man who some time ago had a difficulty with Owens. Hatton is now under arrest and it is feared Owens' wounds may be fatal. Considerable excitement in town.

New Bern Journal: Probably ten thousand colored people have left this State since last August. A train packed with emigrants from the Halifax section passed through Goldsboro yesterday. At Goldsboro a large number have been patiently waiting for several days the arrival of "Peg Leg" Williams, who is expected to make arrangements to take them away. "Peg Leg" arrived yesterday.

Married, by Justice S. H. Allen, at Massenburg's Hotel, Monday night, Mr. Charles C. Day, of Philadelphia, and Miss Belle Newton, of Red Bank, Mississippi. The parties had never seen each other before the expectant groom came on here it is said. Some time ago the lady advertised for a husband which led to a correspondence with Mr. Day. An engagement followed and by agreement the couple met here the young lady having a married sister living in Vance county, and were married.—Henderson Gold Leaf.

Baltimore Manufacturers' Record: The great steel enterprise at Greensboro, N. C., has been a surprise to many people in the North who would not believe that there was any steel making iron in the South. Even such a prominent manufacturer as Mr. Carnegie said in a speech a few days ago that he understood there was a little Bessemer iron that had been discovered in the South. He did not seem willing to acknowledge that the supply was inexhaustible, in spite of the fact that his own firm had tried to buy certain Bessemer ore properties in the South. The Manufacturers' Record has always claimed that the deposits of fine Bessemer ores in North Carolina were too vast and too extensive for the world to comprehend or believe.

Goldsboro Argus: Quite a distressing accident befell Mr. John P. Anette, one of the employees of the Goldsboro Lumber Company, at their mills in this city yesterday morning. He was operating a large planer when by some inadvertence his foot came in contact with the machine and was cut off. Prompt surgical aid was rendered by Dr. Jas. Spicer and unfortunate man is doing as well as could be expected under circumstances.—Some of the farmers after having had short crops are losing their meat by the warm weather.—There are peach trees near the city in full bloom.—At length the farmers of the section have ceased interesting themselves in the negro exodus and are giving their attention to farming operations for the current year.

SAM GREEN.

THE BILL ARP OF JOHNSTON COUNTY.

MR. EDITOR: "O, yes! O, yes! all you good old Democrats of 1776 come up and have some of Wiley Pope's brandy—one of whom I am which." Now Wiley Pope "was a politician in the good old county of Wake and that was the way he used to treat his friends, always putting in himself with a "one of whom I am which." All this was in the away back, long, long time ago. I love to hear stories and jokes of the people of those times. Their ambition was small and their wants few. They had little and didn't need much, they were happy and content with their simple lot. But how is it now? And what do we want? Well, 'tis quite different, that is all. I will not find fault with these present times or the way we live and do and the money we spend. This is an age of progress you know and it would be old foggyish to say anything against the times. I am a progressive man, myself, and don't believe in old things and old fashions. One horse can make about as much now as two could before the war. One woman can spend as much now as five used to do and then they think times are very hard, indeed. A doctor will charge you more to attend your family a few times, more than you used to make in a whole year. It takes a sight for us to live on, a sight for us to wear, a sight for us to spend in money and there is the preachers to pay, play things to buy for the children. Then there is the cook and the washer and extra pay for scouring. All of these are expenses to be taken out of the crop besides the expense of making it. How do we make anything, at all? Well we don't! when we have such a crop year as our last one has been. We don't make one thing and hardly come out even. Everything is going on all the same and as Esq. Jones said to me the other night, at his oyster supper: "We find too much fault any way and fail to do our own duty in a great many cases."

Yes, the Esq. gave a big oyster supper to all of his neighbors and they seemed to enjoy it. It is a pleasure for the farmers to meet at each other's house and spend a few hours in this way. It costs but little and is a good way to create a feeling of good will among them. That is what we need more than anything else. Come together, organize and act in harmony. And if we don't burst the bands, trusts and combines of this country, why I'll say stop.

Above all my farmer friends don't quarrel or fall out with your farmer brothers. Live in peace with, and consult him about all farm and neighborhood matter that should exist between you both. Be friendly, visit occasionally. And you will find that you will be a better man both at home and in your own neighborhood and every where else.

Oh! the merchants, did you ever hear them abused so by the poor farmer? It is right amusing to listen to the gab of some of the lower classes that call themselves farmers. But really they are not and if you can't class a poor man under the head of a farmer, when he makes grass, fodder, a little corn and a little cotton, yes, if you can't call him a farmer what will you call him? Well I don't know myself. But this is the class that I was speaking about abusing the merchants so. And on the other hand the merchants abuse and curse them also. I was right well amused at what I heard a merchant say the other day to one of his slow men, that had been giving him a tight smart of trouble. "Yes," says the rich merchant to the poor one "gallus" farmer. "Yes, you'll eat up creation and drink Jordan dry. I shall force things to the last extremity. I shall skin you alive and pull the very hair or wool off your head, if you don't come immediately and settle up." "Poor!" "who made you poor?" "And what has that to do with justice, truth and honesty? The cause is your big

stomachs and your little cotton patches. It is your eternal getting and wanting and buying and too lazy to work and make anything to pay your debts. And making big mortgages and buying all the year—eating, drinking and chewing and spitting and loafing and when pay day comes, you say I broke you up. You know that you are telling a lie every time you say so. You made the mortgage, you eat up and worn out the goods and you never paid for them. Now settle up and stop this eternal slandering and whining around and pay up and be a man. "You eat too much, you don't work enough and how can you ever expect to be any better off?"

Poor, one "gallus" Johnny, he sees a hard time. Whipped by the yankees and cowed to death by the mortgage man. Mercy! Mercy upon us! Johnny says he is about driven to the wall, says he has been whipped one time but this time he is ready to die. He don't see any difference in a Democrat, as president, and a Republican. Johnny sees a hard time we all must admit and whether he can be kept under foot and ground down as he has been, is a question for the future.

SAM GREEN.

Higher Education of Women.

The Old Homestead.

One of the most important social questions of the day is the higher education of women, upon the expediencies of which there is a great diversity of opinion. But while some universities are discussing the advisability of extending the educational advantages enjoyed by men to them, and others are strenuously opposing the same, the university of London, setting a great example, to its compeers, has thrown open its doors and placed women on the same educational basis as men. The result of recent examinations at the same university proves that given the same educational advantages, women's capabilities for the acquirements and retention of knowledge are equal in every respect of the stern or sex. It has been admitted that however employed, as healers of the sick, as cashiers, postoffice clerks, or compositors, in every situation requiring mental application, the duties of the several occupations are as well performed by females as males, and only in employments which require great physical strength is woman inferior to man.

Many are opposed to what they sometimes term "the encroachments of women on the privileges of men," and reason absurdly enough that women should remain subservient to and receive an inferior education to men. "Why should women enter our professions, indeed?" they indignantly exclaim; or, "have they not enough to do to look after their domestic affairs?" is derisively asked.

The former may be held to be a sign of weakness, for it may be argued that if no fear existed that women would sometimes lead in the professions, there would be little or no opposition to such education as should fit them for the same. To the latter it may be answered that as the female element predominates over the male in point of numbers, so women cannot all enjoy that domestic felicity for which they are so eminently adapted; and this being so, she would better her condition rather than sink into the despised condition of old maidism, whose only solace is the proverbial cat. What better course, than an earnest endeavor to fit themselves for some honorable occupation?

Goethe has said; "If there exists an actual necessity for a great reform among the people, God is with it and it prospers. There has long existed the necessity for the higher education of women, and at last it is given her; the change we have so long looked for has taken place, and it prospers. "In a just cause the weak subdue the strong," wrote Sophocles, and the exclusive right of penetrating the great, mysterious labyrinth of knowledge is no longer held by man; but woman, his co-her, in all things shares it with him; and according to a great man's speech not long ago, bestows grace and brightness on the hitherto dull routine of the schools.

In demanding educational reform women but obeyed the impulse of that higher nature, tending ever to the pure and good; she would soar with man into the highest regions of thought and culture, instead of standing in the valley watching him gain the summit of the hill. Far too long she has been sometimes the slave—at best the upper servant of man. What wonder that she should crave for a higher, purer existence? She would be his friend, intellectual companion, and helpmate in the fullest and noblest sense of the term.

Honor to women! to them it is given, To garland the earth with the roses of heaven, sang Schiller, and it is well known that women do much to make or mar the world—much to make or unmake human happiness. The more reason, then, why she should become as enlightened and cultivated as possible. Cultivation of intellect is, too, a great personal beautifier—the beauty of the mind beams from the countenance; this is exemplified in the inhabitants of large cities, where there are educational facilities, having a more refined caste of countenance than those of villages with but recent educational advantages.

The question arises, does the highest possible cultivation of women's intellectual powers unfit them for womanly duties? Not so. It must give them a higher appreciation of the sacred duties of wife and mother. The infant receives its first and most important education from its mother; by her the foundation stone of the future moral character of the man or woman is laid; to her is assigned the responsible position of training the infant to take his or her place in the great battle of life: for, as "the infant is the father of the man," so is its early training indelibly stamped on the after character. As wives, too, in their homes, the greater amount of scientific knowledge a woman has, the better for the health of the occupants of that house. But I fancy I can hear some miserable old bachelor object, where will the stocking-darning, and the cooking, dusting, and washing be?—there will be no time for all that. Wrong, indeed!—for the natural effect of education is refinement; and her scientific acquirements will enable her to reduce all these to the minimum labor required for each, saving time in execution. It will make her economical in knowing the exact amount of nutrition to be derived from certain foods. In short, the higher education of women, the mothers of future generations, means the higher education of those generations—means raising the moral standard of man, a better and more refined order of things, and, finally, the elevation of the whole order of humanity.

M. W. C.

Held Secret Till Now.

WILKES BOOTH'S LAST WRITING—A SUPPOSED LETTER.

An old resident of Fredericksburg, Va., gives to the public a copy of a letter which has been hidden since shortly after the assassination of President Lincoln. It was written by J. Wilkes Booth a few hours before he took the President's life.

"Right or wrong, God judge me, not man.

For, be my motive good or bad, of one thing I am sure—the lasting condemnation of the North. I love peace more than life—have loved the Union beyond expression. For four years I have waited, hoped and prayed for the dark clouds to break and for a restoration of our former sunshine. To wait longer would be a crime; all hope for peace is dead. My prayers have proved as idle as my hopes. God's will be done! I go to see and share the bitter end. I have ever held that the South was right. The very nomination of Abraham Lincoln four years ago spoke plainly war—war upon Southern rights and institutions. His election proved it.

"Country, right or wrong;" but in a struggle such as ours, where the brother tries to pierce the brother's heart—for God's sake choose the right. When a country like this spurns justice from her side she forfeits the allegiance of every honest freeman, and should leave him untrammelled by any fealty so ever, to act as conscience may approve, and justice, people of the North—to love liberty, to hate tyranny, to strike at wrong and oppression—was the teaching of our forefathers. The study of our early history will not let me forget, and may it never.

This country was formed for the white man, not for the black, and looking upon African slavery from the same standpoint held by the noble framers of our constitution, I for one have ever considered it one of the greatest blessings, both for themselves and us, God ever bestowed on a favored nation. Witness heretofore our wealth and power; witness their devotion and enlightenment above their race elsewhere. I have lived among it most of my life and have seen less harsh treatment from master to man than I have beheld at the North from father to son. Yet Heaven knows no one would be willing to do more for the negro race than I, could I but see a way to still better their condition; but Mr. Lincoln's policy is only preparing the way for their total annihilation. The South are not now, nor have they ever been fighting for the continuation of slavery. The first battle [Bull Run] did away with that idea.

Their causes since then for war have been as noble and greater far than those that urged our fathers on.

Even should we allow they were wrong at the contest, cruelty and injustice have made the wrong become the right, and they stand now before the wonder and admiration of the world as a noble band of patriotic heroes. Hereafter reading of their deeds Thermopylae will be forgotten.

The South can make no choice. It is either extermination or slavery for themselves—worse than death to draw from. I know my choice.

I have studied hard to discover upon what grounds the right of a State to secede has been denied, when our very name, "United States" and the "Declaration of Independence" both provide for secession.

But this is no time for words I write in haste. I know how foolish I shall be deemed for undertaking such a step as this—where on the one side I have many friends and everything to make me happy, where my profession alone has gained me an income of more than \$20,000 a year, and where my great personal ambition in my profession has such a great field for labor. On the other hand, the South has never bestowed on me one kind word—a place where I have no friends except beneath the sod; a place where I must either become a private soldier or a beggar. To give up all the former for the latter, besides my mother and sisters, whom I love so dearly, though they so widely differ from me in opinion, seems insane, but God is my judge.

I love justice more than I do a country that disowns it; more than fame or wealth; more—heaven pardon me if wrong—than a happy home.

I have never been upon a battle field; but, oh! my countrymen, if you could all see the effects of this horrid war as I have seen them in every State save Virginia, I know you would pray the Almighty to create in the Northern mind a sense of justice and right, even if it should possess no seasoning of mercy, and that He would dry up this sea of blood between us which is daily growing wider.

Alas! poor country, is she meet her threatened doom? Four years! I would give a thousand lives to see her remain as I had always known her—powerful and unbroken—and even now I would hold my life as naught to see her as she was.

Oh! my friends, if the fearful scenes of the past four years had never been enacted, or if what has been was but a fearful dream from which we could now awake, with what overflowing hearts

could we bless our God, and pray for His continued favors.

How I have loved the old flag can never now be known. A few years ago the entire world could boast of none so pure and spotless, but I have of late been seeing and hearing of the bloody deeds of which she has been made the emblem, and would shudder to think how changed she has grown. Oh! how I have longed to break from the midst of blood and death that circles round her folds, spoiling her beauty and tarnishing her honor; but no, day by day she has been dragged deeper and deeper into cruelty and oppression, till now, in my eyes, her once read stripes seem like bloody gashes in the face of Heaven. I look now upon my early admiration of her glories as a dream. My love, as things stand today, is for the South alone, nor do I deem it a dishonor to attempt to make for her a prisoner of this man to whom she owes so much of misery. If success attends me I go penniless to her side.

They say she has found that "last ditch" which the North have so long desired and been endeavoring to force her in, forgetting they are brothers, and that it is impolitic to goad an enemy to madness. Should I reach her in safety and find it true I will proudly beg permission to triumph or die in that "last ditch" by her side.

A Confederate doing duty on his own responsibility.

J. WILKES BOOTH.

IT REQUIRES TACT.

A Woman's Position Between Twenty Five and Thirty.

"But there is something to be said on the other side," said a woman of twenty-six to a reporter. "It may look like very smooth sailing from the outside, but one can have but little idea how much tact it takes to steer straight in the narrow path of five years that lie between 25 and 30. In the first place a woman at that age hardly knows where to place herself. She is neither young nor old. She is what Julian Hawthorne calls young, and the little adjective adds ten years at a stroke. If a woman who is only 'still young, takes the kitchen role, she makes herself mortally ridiculous, and deservedly so. She has sometimes even to fear to let herself be spontaneous and natural, lest some one would dub her the 'girlish old girl.' To be older than her years makes a prig of her at once, and men and gobs will shun her.

"To the very young man she must be grand motherly without hurting his dear little vanity by superior wisdom and patronage. To the middle-aged man she must respond with a maturity of judgment that matches his own, and yet she must continually suggest the innocence of sixteen. To the man between the two she may perhaps be nearest her natural self and yet even with him she has continually to remember that she must never assume the quality of knowledge or experience or judgment which she is sure she really possesses. She is oftener true in her judgment and wiser in her conclusions than he is; must never suspect it. She may be cleverer than he, but she must be clever enough to conceal it. She must follow him always but, like little Iulus, it must be, with unequal footsteps, or his vanity is wounded. From twenty-five to thirty a woman has the most difficult part of her life to live. She has to dissemble in the present, remember from the past and borrow from the future. She may be delightful, but she is far from being delighted. Do you begin to realize it?"

The harvests in the country for the last few years have been so poor and unremunerative that many of the farmers have become completely discouraged and are seeking homes in new places and employments which they hope will pay them better. In Sampson, Duplin and Pender counties many of the farmers have not made expenses for several years, and are migrating to the larger towns and cities and even to other States with the hope of bettering their condition. This exodus of whites from the counties we have named has been going on to a limited extent for two or three years, but this year it bids fair to assume much larger proportions than in any previous season.

NEWS ITEMS.

GENERAL INFORMATION OF THE WORLD.

Happenings in This Bustling Land Ours.

Daughter—Isn't it a queer title for a book mother, "Not Like Other Girls?" I wonder what she can be if she is not like other girls? Mother—I don't know, unless she goes into the kitchen and helps mother, instead of staying in the drawing-room to read novels. N. Y. Ledger.

Senator Voorhees poured hot shot into the Senators' ears yesterday in exposing the Dudley bribery scheme at the last Presidential election in Indiana. His exposure of the action taken by Harrison to shield Dudley from the consequences of his crime made the Republicans wince, but they had to grin and bear it.—Syracuse Courier.

James S. Clarkson, it is said, will resign the Assistant Postmaster-generalship. Having cut off all Democrat heads that he can reach and carried the spoils system as far as he possibly can, he is ready to return to his own burry West and enlighten the nation on the benefits of partial government.—Rochester Morning Herald.

After all, business is the biggest thing in this country. When princes of commerce and industry say to the politicians that they must let dangerous experiments alone they will be heard and obeyed. The South is no longer an alien territory to be left to the mercy of bad government and rapacious carpetbags. It is the richest and most inviting section of the Union, and a policy that injures it will injure all. Politicians may talk, but business men will control and dominate the destinies of this common sense country. A few extra members of Congress, a Governor or even a President, are nothing when weighed in the balance with the maturity of the rising South. This is the way enlighten Republicans look at it, and they will not sanction any legislation that smacks of the reconstruction Period.

THE GARTERS COST HIM \$2,000. How a pawnbroker was victimized. New York World.

There is one pawnbroker in this city who has registered a solemn vow to never again do the gallant for a pretty woman even though she be in dire straits. His last experience in that line cost him two thousand dollars worth of jewelry and a big row with his wife.

A few days ago a remarkably pretty girl, richly attired, walked into his store and said: "I am stranded in this city. I am an actress and would like to borrow a little money."

"Certainly," replied the pawnbroker, smiling, "what security have you?"

"O, I forgot," said she, and a deep crimson suffused her cheeks; "may I retire a moment?"

The door of a private office was opened and the beauty entered. She soon came out and held a jeweled garter in her hand. It was worth about \$50. A little conversation, and the pawnbroker advanced \$10. The girl started to go. She got as far as the door, turned, and, blushing fiery red, said: "If you please, have you a piece of string? My—my—stocking is coming down."

He furnished the twine and she again retired, emerging in a moment. The door was reached again and she turned. "The string's broke," she mournfully said, "and I can't go out upon the street. Won't you go next door and get me a pair of elastic garters?"

The unsuspecting pawnbroker took a dime and entered the nearest dry goods store. The girls at the counter laughed at him, and as soon as possible he pushed the garters into his pocket and hurried back to his store. It was empty, and about \$2000 worth of diamond rings and watches had been taken. He forgot the paper parcel in his pocket and went home a poorer and wiser man. That night his wife found the garters in her husband's pocket. There was a scene in the household.