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THE DEMAGOGUE'S LIFE. OUR HERO IN RED LETTERS.

The Life and Times of Oliver Hart Dockery—A Colored Narrative.
(Written by W. L. Saunders.)
It is well, now and then at least, to trace the careers of men who have attained eminence, good or bad, that ambitious youth may learn therefrom how to reach fame on the one hand or avoid shame on the other. Imbued with this patriotic purpose, we give a brief sketch of the principal events in the life of a man whose name is now upon every one's lips. That man is

OLIVER HART DOCKERY.
To begin with, our hero is no slouch, no horny-handed son of toil, no poor bockea of any sort, but a son of a leading politician, a rich man's son, with the means as well as the inclination to gratify his every whim. Born with a silver spoon in his mouth, as the saying is, and clothed in purple and fine linen, he began his earthly existence about the year 1826 in the county in which he now lives. Surrounded by every comfort and luxury that life could command, with slaves to his every bidding, he grew apace. In time, like other rich men's sons, he went to school and learned a little Latin and less Greek. In 1846 he went to Chapel Hill; what his career was there tradition doth not tell, as in the case of Johnston Pettigrew and Matt Ransom, who were his seniors by a year. Suffice it to say, however, that he graduated in 1848 by the skin of his teeth, or the touchiness of his cheek, or in some other way, and proceeded to study law under that good man, Judge Battle. Of his career at the bar, that treacherous jade, tradition, again fails to say anything. With his great voice and unlimited cheek he ought to have succeeded, but there is no evidence that he did.
And then he became a "planter." They were planters, not farmers, in those days, and indeed, planting was not such a bad thing with a lot of negroes, wench included, and a pushing overseer to drive them. The science of planting was mainly in picking out the overseer, and it may be that our hero, with the help of his father, was successful in that. Tradition, however, still treacherous, throws no light on the situation.

In the winter of 1858-'59 he went to the Legislature and distinguished himself there by his efforts to compel free negroes to leave the State or become slaves.
And then the war came on. Now though a valiant man, our hero was not eager for the fray. He feared from the beginning he would lose his "niggers," and he was fond of negroes then, as he is now. But emancipation and the surrender were a long way off at the beginning of the war, and our hero, with a company of his young friends and neighbors, became a part of the 38th Regiment of North Carolina Troops and a very fine regiment it was, especially after our hero left it. Had no circumstance compelled him to leave the service just before the fighting began, the war might possibly have ended differently. Possibly Meade and Grant would have suffered the fate of McClellan, Hooker and Burnside, and Appomattox be still unknown. But however that may be, our hero's commission as captain in the Confederate army bore date 30th October, 1861, and then, at a single leap *per saltum*, he went to the lieutenant colonelcy of the regiment on the 17th of January, 1862; and there he stayed until the spring was well advanced and the fighting was about to begin in earnest, when he failed to be re-elected, as was required. Leaving his young friends and neighbors to strop Yankee bullets, he once more hid him home to the shades of private life and the protection, we presume, of the "twenty nigger clause." And just here we pause in admiration of the many uses to which negroes, in-

cluding wench, can be put. Under the Confederate law, "twenty negroes" would keep even an lieutenant colonel out of the war. No wonder some people love negroes so well for gratitude still lives.
We hear no more of our hero as a military man until the Holden-Kirk war, when he was commissioned as a brigadier general. He did not reach the field even in this war, however. Its duration was short. It will be seen, therefore, that circumstances which our hero could not, or at least did not, control came between him and success as a military man, just as they did in other efforts.
After the war our hero rested upon his laurels of something else for a time, recruiting from his wounds, as it were, in a sort of chylasia state, that is to say, in the intermediate stage, between the old fashioned white grub worm and the modern colored Radical butterfly. But by 1868, just about the time Federal bayonets converted negroes into voters, our hero bloomed out as a full-grown Radical, for he then saw his way clear before him. The truth is no man in America who can put negroes, not excluding even the wench, to more useful purposes than our hero, for he is as good a judge to-day of the value of a negro, whether a smart buck or a likely wench, as any other trader ever was before the war. If the negro be a buck, he is a vote; if a wench, she is good to point a slander with, and of both he has need upon occasion.
But it must be supposed the money expended by our hero's father on his legal education was money thrown away. Our hero was a lawyer of the old school or he was not a lawyer at all. Some people say one thing and some say the other. His strict adherence, however, to a maxim of the old school law books, "fortifies us in the belief that he was a lawyer 'of that ilk.'" Throughout his entire career, when our hero could not get exactly what he wanted he has taken the next best thing to it he could get. This doctrine was called in the old books, if we recollect aright, the *cy pres* construction, or, as we would say in the common talk of the day, the doctrine that half loaf is better than no loaf. Accordingly, after the surrender came, "with all the words implied," as Mr. Tilton remarked about Mr. Beecher, and he fully realized that negroes could no longer be worked to advantage on plantation, his quick black eye straightway saw that the next best place to work them was at the polls, and there he has been working them ever since. This involves the loss of the wench in part, but not altogether, for they are extremely useful in whooping the bucks up to the polls.
Accordingly, in April, 1868, by the bucks and the wench, and Canby's bayonets, he was "elected," so-called, for the then unexperienced term, the "votes" being counted in Charleston, South Carolina. It is an easy thing to be "elected" when the negro bucks and wench and Federal bayonets are on one side and disfranchised white people on the other and the returning board in Charleston. In August of the same year he was "elected" for a full term of two years. In fact, our hero always did his best running with Federal bayonets at his back. In 1870 he was not "elected," for that year they were short of Federal bayonets and Colonel Waddell sat down upon him, and they do say there was scarcely a "grease spot" left of dim. In July, 1870, at Fayetteville, during the discussion there between Colonel Dockery and Colonel Waddell, then opposing candidates for Congress in the Cape Fear District, while Waddell was speaking Colonel Dockery rose and, interrupted him, said in his biggest voice and most bullying, browbeating manner: "If the statement the gentleman has just made is ever repeated I shall reply to it with a monosyllable," and thereupon resumed his seat. It is said that had

a pin fallen it would have been heard, so great was the silence that ensued. Everybody saw the crisis. What the result would be, no one could tell—perhaps bloodshed and no little of it. Waddell was slender and youthful-looking, and by no means a match physically for the burly Dockery, but he would have plenty of friends if he showed fight. Would he do it? The result will tell.
When Dockery sat down Waddell rose and, addressing the crowd in his softest tones, and smiling as he did so: "Fellow-citizens, you heard what Colonel Dockery has just said, and you know what it means. It means that if I repeat what I have said he will denounce it as a lie, and you know what that means." Turning to Colonel Dockery and approaching him until he could almost touch him, repeated the stentorian word for word, and then as it were, shaking his finger in Dockery's very face, he said: "And now, Colonel Dockery, what are you going to do about it?" To the surprise of every one Colonel Dockery's reply was, pshaw, Waddell, I don't want to have any personal difficulty with you." And then such a shout of laughter and derision went up as made the very welkin ring. And no "monosyllable" was uttered and no blood was spilled.
During the same campaign, at the place for speaking near Lilesville, in the county of Anson, Colonel Dockery stated that owing to violent sickness the night before he was physically unable to take part in the discussion and he hoped under the circumstances his opponent would decline to speak. Colonel Waddell, in reply, said he disliked to disappoint the people, but as there was much in his speech about Colonel Dockery, and he could not strike a sick man, he would not speak. The people much dissatisfied insisted that Waddell should speak anyway, but he absolutely refused to do so, and left the ground and went to the house of a friend some four or five miles off to get his dinner. He had barely gotten there, however, and been made comfortable, when a messenger rode up in post haste and announced that Dockery had suddenly recovered and was speaking for dear life, making all sorts of misrepresentations. Waddell at once returned to the speaking ground, and they do say, gave the burly Dockery a scolding he would remember to his dying day, if his hide wasn't so thick and his memory so bad, using more "monosyllables" polysyllables and all sorts of syllables, than were ever heard to fall from the lips of so soft-spoken, mild-mannered, slender-built, and Christian a gentleman in the same length of time. And the valiant Dockery, like other lambs generally, when led to the slaughter, opened not his mouth. This incident is related last Judge Fowle be taken in by Dockery's cry, of being "sick."
The trend of our hero's genius, however, does not seem to be toward statesmanship. Two speeches that he got permission to print, and that he might have printed without permission, and not a word of which he delivered, constitute the sum, total, so far as this biographer has seen, of the Congressional efforts of our hero during his three years' service at Washington—of course, we mean outside of drawing his pay, which, if we mistake not, was somewhere near \$25,000. In 1882 our hero proposed to resume business as a statesman, but Colonel Bennett having gotten in his way, he concluded to remain at home.
And now having once more wearied off the delights of rural life, in spite of its many attractions, he proposes to come to Raleigh and be our Governor, and naturally enough, perhaps, for farming with free "niggers," who are also voters, is neither pleasant nor profitable to a man accustomed to "planting" with slaves and bull whips, one too, who is an applicant for their votes and who has the further disadvantage of knowing nothing about tilling the soil. It is admitted on all hands, we believe, that our hero is perhaps the poorest farmer on the Pee Dee. Ordinarily, indeed, as the old saying goes, the master's tracks are the best manner he can put on his land, but in the case of our hero, it is not true, as his plantation, it is said, by long odds the better for his absence. There is one crop, however, that he can beat all creation raising, and that is grass, making two blades grow only where one grew before is an easy thing to him—in fact, a half-dozen is his usual crop, they say, but the device of it is, he grows

his grass a long with his cotton and corn, and they do say that it is bad judgement.
But our hero's desire to come to Raleigh is not only natural, as we have said, but it is only carrying out the doctrine that the half loaf is better than no loaf. He tried to go to Washington, the National Capitol, and couldn't, and now he is trying to get to Raleigh, the State Capital, as the next best thing. Next year we expect to hear of him as trying to get to Rockingham as mayor, his county town, being next in order to the State Capital.
But no biography is complete without some sort of an analysis, more or less metaphysical, of the characteristics of the hero, and this we attempt for our hero as follows:
1. He has as much cheek as any man in North Carolina, either native or of the carpet-bag persuasion.
2. He has as much brass as cheek.
N. B.—This distinction between brass and cheek is purely metaphysical.
3. He is by nature bold to rashness, that is to say, when the enemy is weak, ignorant or distant. But he is not half so dangerous in close quarters as he looks. As yet no man's blood is on his hands, not even a Yankee's, notwithstanding the boundless possibilities he has enjoyed in that line. He is no man for "dead corpses" of his own make.
4. He is a ready man, and can furnish more testimony and better fitting testimony on shorter time, from his own imagination and by his "own unaided efforts," as General Grant used to say, giving chapter and verse, than any man in the State. In fact, he is never at a loss for authority directly in point, unless, indeed, he thinks his adversary knows what he is talking about.
5. He is by unanimous consent admitted to be a thorough proficient in the dialectics of demagoguery of the grosser grades. His skill in this regard is considered very wonderful.
6. His powers of observation and generalization are fairly good. In proof of this may be cited a reply he made to a Northern member of Congress when asked what was really the effect of emancipation in the South. "It's well enough," said he, "for niggers, but it's hell on bull-yearlings." For terseness of expression and yet for comprehensiveness of the situation that is not often excelled.
7. On the other hand, his judgement of men, that is to say of white men, is not always good. For instance he thought he had a soft thing of it when he met Colonel Waddell in Fayetteville in 1870. This was a mistake in judgement in which he has ever since had our sincere sympathy. We deeply sympathize with any man who undertakes to bully Alfred Waddell, thinking he has a soft thing in hand. Our hero made this mistake. His judgement of a negro, however, is infallible.
8. Another defect in his mental makeup, if, indeed, it be a defect, is a variableness of memory that in large measure affects his statements, so that at times they not only fail to be consistent with each other, but fail also to be consistent with what may be called the parent facts. This idiosyncrasy, which is so marked a characteristic of our hero, has no moral element in it, whatever, but comes solely, it would seem from mental malformation, and would be a source of mortification, to one differently constituted. This also is metaphysical.
9. There is a certain moral obliquity that obscures his inner vision at times and disables him from distinguishing between decency and indecency. This leads him to bad habits; the slander of women, for instance.
10. His mind generally is slow to act, except when the inventive or imaginative qualities are recalled into play. For a fact, fiction is his forte. This, too, is purely metaphysical. With such mental characteristics and the physical gifts he possesses, his wealth of cheek and voice and brow, our hero could not fail of eminence—of one sort or another.
And thus ends our story. If we have failed to chronicle brilliant successes the fault is not ours; we could with the material we had. And in this connection we note that our hero's nearest approach to success has been when he had either slaves or Federal bayonets at his back, and neither of these are now here.
Another word and we have done. It is said his health always breaks down before a joint campaign comes to a natural end. *Salut!* we shall see what we shall see!

THE NOBLE OLD ROMAN. MORE PLAIN COMMON SENSE.

How the Manufacturer Shows His Love for the Laborers.
(From Thurman's Big Speech at Port Haron.)
Now, my friends there is another thing to which I wish to call your attention. They say all at once (I say all at once, for it is a very late doctrine), these advocates of protection are all at once seized with wonderful solicitude for the laboring man of the country; and they want a high protective tariff, not to benefit the capitalist, not to benefit the monopolist, not to benefit the manufacturer, according to their statement, but to benefit the laboring man. He is the man they seek to protect. And how are they going to protect him? Why, they say that a high protective tariff will better his condition, give him more wages, higher. I would like to know how that can be. I would like to know how taxing a laboring man on everything, from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet, is going to enrich him. [Laughter and applause.] Yes this is exactly what this tariff tax does. It taxes him on the hat that he wears; on that cap that I put on my head to keep it warm. [Applause and laughter.] It taxes him on his shirts, on his necktie, on his underclothes, on his coat, on his vest, on his breeches, on his stockings, on his boots, on everything. [Renewed cheering.] It raises the price and taxes him until the poor man can hardly make enough money, even if he gets a few cents more wages in the day. It taxes him until he can hardly make enough money to support himself and his family, if he has one. And yet they say that this is for the benefit of the laboring man. My friends that is a very bald-faced statement if there ever was one in the world. But there is another thing about it. How is he to get these high wages? Why, he is to get them because his employer will make more money, and therefore can afford to pay his employees or hired men higher wages than he paid them before. I agree that he could; I agree that it increases his profits; I agree that he might, having these increased profits, pay his laboring men more than they were paid before. But does he do it? That is the question. [Applause and cries of "No, no!"] Did you ever know him to do it? [Cries of "No, no!"] The tariff has been raised again and again; it was immensely raised by the tariff of 1861 or '62—I forgot which of these years it was. It was raised in a few years again, and it has been raised again and again, and yet in all that time I never have been able to find the manufacturer or capitalist, who upon the raising of the tariff has increased the price paid on his laborers. If there was such a case it has escaped the attention of everybody, even of these diligent newspaper men who gather up all the news, and sometimes a great deal that is no news at all. [Merriment.] But they have never been able to find that manufacturing man who increased the price paid his laborers because the tariff was increased. But my friends, we have had for twenty-seven years nearly the highest tariff that this country ever knew; fully on an average twice as high as it was before the war; we have had that high tariff all this time. Now, if that high tariff is so much for the benefit of the laboring men, why have not the laboring men in these twenty-seven years grown rich; I should like to know? Have they? [Cries of "No, no!"] If they have, they are very unreasonable men, for not a year passed over our heads that we do not hear of strikes of the laborers, because they demand more wages and say they cannot live on what they receive. Again and again we hear of what are called lockouts, that is, where the employers suspend the operations of their mills—and lock

them up because they say they cannot afford to pay any more wages than they did pay. Why are these strikes? Why are these lockouts? Why are there such institutions as labor unions? So as to secure better wages. Why is there such an institution as the Knights of Labor? To prevent laboring men from being imposed upon and to increase their compensation. Why is there a necessity for all these things and all these extensive and worthy organizations if a higher tariff gives higher wages to the laborer? No man can answer that question satisfactorily even to himself. If what these men say is true about high tariff and their effect upon wages, why then, gentlemen, all these labor unions, all these Knights of Labor, and everybody else who is engaged in that kind of business, are simply wasting their time, for the tariff nicely solves the problem for them. [Laughter and applause.] Yes, it does solve the problem of them, but not in the way they like. [Renewed laughter.] Not precisely in the way that they feel as if they were benefited, and therefore they have to resort to other means to get those wages which the employers are not willing to pay. But while I am on this subject of the laboring man let me add: They say that the tariff does not raise the price. If it doesn't raise prices I would like to know why the manufacturers, or so many of them, are in favor of it? Do they want a high tariff in order to lower the prices? Not many of them, I think.
The Negroes and Taxation.
(From Another one of Thurman's Masterly Speeches at Port Haron.)
But there is one class of laborers, my friends, that I want to call your attention to especially. There is one class of laborers in this country who have been, according to the claims of the abolitionists in the country, and of the Republicans, their special wards—especially under their guardianship, and for whose interests they feel the most peculiar and earnest solicitude, and these are the negroes. Now, the result of the war was to free about four millions of negroes, and I am very glad they were freed, and they have increased to about six or seven millions, for the negro is a prolific animal. [Great laughter and applause.] Now, how do these negroes make their living? Why, a great many of them go to town and pursue any kind of handicraft that they can, becoming domestic servants, blacking shoes, shaving faces, or doing things of that kind. But in the country the negro makes what he gets by cultivating the earth throughout the whole South. How does he cultivate it? Why, he either bought some land, and some of them have bought a good deal, or he rents land. Whether he cultivates his own land or whether he rents it, the crops which he gets from it are the remuneration he receives for his toil. Now, that crop in the main consists of cotton, some corn and some little wheat, but mainly all cotton. Now, how can the high protective tariff benefit that negro who raises cotton and has for his share of the crop three or four or five bales of cotton each year. Why, gentlemen, there is no tariff at all on cotton. It comes in free as the air I believe I am quite right in saying that, ain't it? [Turning to Mr. Outhwaite.]
Mr. Outhwaite—Yes, sir.
Judge Thurman—It comes in free as the air. The price of cotton, therefore, is not raised, as they say, or lessened by this tariff tax, and yet there is all that the negro has for his labor. He can't get a cent more for his cotton by reason of any high protective tariff, and he don't get perhaps, a cent less. He has to sell it at the price that is made by the foreign markets; the price in Liverpool or in London to which cotton is exported from the United States. It is there that the price of his cotton is fixed, and for that price he has to sell it, tariff or no tariff. But how is it on the other hand? The

negro, although he is living in a pretty warm climate in some places, still wants to be decent and wants to be comfortable, and wants his wife and children to be comfortable, and they do need clothing as well as other people; but upon every single thing that he buys to clothe himself, to clothe his family, to clothe his little pickaninnies, to get a blanket, to get a tool or implement of any kind, he is taxed by this high protective tariff, and he is compelled to pay a higher price than he otherwise would so that so far as he is concerned there can be no pretence whatsoever that the tariff is anything but an unmitigated injury to him. He has nothing to sell which can be benefited by it; he performs no labor that by any kind of argument can be said to be benefited by it. He sells it at a price fixed by a foreign market because he can't sell for any other price, and upon everything that he purchases for his consumption, he has to pay an increased price and is thereby injured. Now, I do think our abolition friends, especially, ought to take this under their most serious consideration. They say that they freed the negro from slavery. I am willing to grant them all they claim in that regard, although there might be something said about who did it. Perhaps two millions of Democratic soldiers in the army had something to do with it. [Great applause.] After giving them all they claim, do they mean, after having given him freedom, to make him a slave by compelling him to pay higher taxes upon everything that is a necessity to use, not for his own benefit, but for the benefit of somebody else? It is not enough that they make him a slave by requiring him to vote for them and swear not to vote for a Democrat? Is that not enough? Must they also take all his little earnings by compelling him to pay for everything that he wears and everything his wife and children wear, more than he ought to be required to pay? [Renewed applause.]

SONG OF THE CAMPAIGN LIE.

I'm a beautiful Campaign Lie,
A rollicking, rousing Lie;
A tramping, vamping, stamping, scamp
ing,
Jolly old Campaign Lie.
I goes up the Tribune's stairs,
And Whitlaw when I spy,
I says I'm a high old rollicking, frolick-
ing,
Roaring Campaign Lie.
Then he bounces out of his chair,
And he makes a most beautiful bow,
And gloggily glog says the little brown
jug,
And Whitlaw, he says "How!"
Then I sits right down in his chair,
And I straight develops me,
Then I am the bouncingist, donningist,
Jouncingist,
Lie you ever did see.
Then I goes right off to the Sun,
And Dana, says he, O my!
Though a sky-high lie you be, you see,
Yet a taller one am I.
Yet welcome to the Sun,
But blast your ugly eyes,
When treason's in season, there's very
good reason
For you to come in disguise.
N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

The Jersey Lily.

Mrs. Langtry sailed away from New York Saturday for Liverpool. She goes, she says, if reported aright, "simply to see Mr. Gebhard, who was ordered to Europe by his physicians a week ago; * * * and to get some new gowns in Paris." For the benefit of the ladies we will say that the Lily's attire "was perfection. She wore a traveling dress of the style of the Directories, made of striped camels' hair. The bosom was in the shape of a vest of the softest China crepe, fawn in shade, to match the gown. Her neck and waist were encircled by bands of soft cardinal China silk. On her rich chestnut tinted hair was perched that of soft brown felt of the most indescribable and crumbled shape. But it was chic. Her feet were encased in the prettiest russet leather shoes, and above the tops peeped the silken hose of cardinal and black. Gloves of fawn suede, a purse of russet leather and silver and a parasol of blood shade, with an enamelled stick and jewelled top."