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E. E. HILLIARD, Editor.

"THE LAND WE LOVE."

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SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1883.

NO. 22.

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SUNSHINE.
Broad and bright the sunshine
On the terrace lay,
Touching with an equal ray,
In equal gladness to illumine
Violet-bed and yew-tree gloom,
Yet within the silent room
Dimly rose the day.

Merrily the sunshine
Caught the upper pane,
But as yet it strove in vain,
With its glitter to surprise
The yearning in the lady's eyes,
Who, lonely, "neath the sweet Spring skies,
Fought life's long fret and strain.

Lower crept the sunshine
Down the lattice tall,
Till it saw its radiance fall
All along the silent floor,
Past the heavy close-shut door,
Through the room that knew no more
Light step or cheery call.

The triumphant sunshine,
Flooding all it saw,
Laughed at last her gaze to draw,
From where the phantoms of the past
An eternal shadow cast;
And her glances fell at last,
As in breathless awe.

Where the glorious sunshine
Danced, shone, and glowed,
Where the treasured picture showed
The tall cross that stood above
All her best of life and love,
And 'mid her bitter sorrow strove
To point the higher road.

"And," said the happy sunshine,
"Oh! heavy eyes that mourn,
Oh! heart, from its chief mourning torn,
Look at the joy which he dowers
The waking earth and budding flowers;
Trust to the God of sunny hours,
Nor dare in grief's keen scorn.

"To turn away from sunshine;
Nor in the sense of loss,
With reckless hand aside to toss,
The comforting through nature given,
The trails of our way to heaven,
See how the brightest gleam from heaven
Clings longest round the cross."
—All the Year Around.

OLD YEAR CELEBRITIES.

Emerson as a Writer—No. 2.

[For The Commonwealth.]

As an outgrowth of that intellectual trait which seeks to give name to things and to assign order to phenomena—a trait more scientific than creative—much is said of late about representative men. We are constantly told that Lowell is our representative man of letters, that Walt Whitman is our representative poet, Bret Heart is the representative of American humor, and so on, through the whole category, with an air that would persuade us to believe that this fact adds sweetness to their poetry and lends a new charm to that humor. Whatever truth there be in this classification, and whatever virtue it if it were true, the verdict is rendered that Emerson is the representative of American thought.

As a thinker we look to Emerson for that glory which he has added to his country. As an embodiment of this divine gift he is the centre around which revolve the lesser lights in the galaxy of letters. Much of the effulgence of American thought is reflected from him through other minds. But the thought itself, like the white light that enters the prism, is so changed and diversified that it were difficult to recognize it as the same. To be sure, transmission of light gives it iridescence, so that it more effectually catches the eye. It is thus that Emerson has reached the people,—through those who have won reputation for themselves by turning his texts into sermons and expanding his paragraphs into volumes. An eminent critic, who is taken as authority, and whose work is studied at many seats of learning, says, that Emerson, "by a certain quaintness of diction and boldly speculative turn of mind, has achieved a wide popularity." As well say that Longfellow is popular by certain verbal mystification. It is this very "quaintness of diction," as it is a dress for the subtlety of his thought, that has hopelessly prevented the popular mind from intimate acquaintance with Mr. Emerson. He is the poet's poet and the scholar's man of letters. As a writer he is neither voluminous nor popular. His thoughts, "expressed either in prose or verse, are packed tight for a long journey," and therefore not light enough to find ready passage on the craft which bears the people. His sentences are nuggets, which are hammered out into gold foil by tinkers of thought and thus made to meet popular demand.

Many protest they cannot understand him. "If people who write essays about Emerson," says one, "would stop saying fine things about him and tell us what he means, they might persuade some of us scoffers to read him." If he is phenomenal, it is the phenomena of nature. Nature never explains. She writes her laws on every page of the universe and there leaves them for him whose eye is keen enough to read. This kinship to her makes Emerson a revealer rather than an interpreter. From his self-poised independence he never condescends to explain. Can this be what he means when the Sage of Concord says, that "he is a fool who makes an apology?" His words are the responses of an oracle. They are oracular responses of na-

ture, speaking through one whom she has made priest of her mysteries; and to understand them the reader must put himself in the attitude toward the author that the author holds towards nature. Let him obey the law which guides Emerson himself as uttered in his verse:

"Throb thine which Nature's throbbing breast,
And all is clear from east to west."

Another object that as a philosopher he has no system. What Emerson said of Plato applies as well to himself: "He has not a system. The dearest defenders and deciples are at fault. He attempted a theory of the universe and his theory is not complete or self-evident. One man thinks he means this, another that; he has said one thing in one place and the reverse of it in another." True, he is another of no creed; he uttered no dogmas; he formulated no theories. But this takes not from his virtue. The material he gave us is good, even if he has not become architect and constructed the temple. His work is crystalline in structure, when taken part by part, and is to be prized no less if it should seem conglomerate as a whole. His genius was more creative than constructive, and what we loose in symmetry of form we gain in richness of substance. To build is the part of ordinary man; 'tis godlike to create. He was a poet in the Greek sense of the word, and was more a maker than a builder. Substance, not form, is what we want. No new stock is added to the sum of human knowledge by formulating the old. Nothing new is put into the treasury of human wisdom by classifying and arranging what is already there.

With the ken of a philosopher Emerson looks on the universe as a celestial poem whose essence and rhythm are attributes of Supreme Mind; and if he gives us only fragments thereof, they are among the best that come from finite conception. One is baffled who seeks to trace the lines in which his genius has wrought. He has no rationale, and utters the revelations of nature without telling us how or where he found them. He is a sharp-sighted reasoner, who leaves out the "since," the "because," the "therefore," by which his propositions march along one after another in coy disguise. He does not give us the logical processes by which he gets his conclusions. Leaving hammer and chisel in the shop, he presents only the finished statue. In a word, if he is enigmatical, it is because nature, his guide, is so.

Emerson is a poet who sees the spiritual essence of things and cares little for the form. He despised mere jingle; and, carrying this to extreme, was thus led to undervalue Shelley, the great master of rhythm and metrical harmony. He was unwilling that any artifice should ever

—his brain encumber
With the coil of rhythm and number."

Emerson's Muse was sprung from the forest of Arcadia, or nourished in some grove of Dodona. She loved mountain dales where pine trees waved, or shaded rill whose music was accompanied by notes of thrush or sparrow, and she taught him that

"No jingling serenade's art,
Nor tinkle of pious strings,
Can make the wild bluest start
In its mystic springs."

If the office of the poet be to translate the language of nature into human speech, then this man is entitled to a place among the highest order of poetic minds. But the speech into which his translation is made is not the common dialect. It is the classical style, freighted with high thought after the manner of Olympian gods,—it is that of "the thrilling Delphic oracle;" and as subtle, evasive, and sometimes obscure. Lowell, to be sure, has already leveled his playful humor at those who want a version of Emerson "in words of one syllable, for infant minds."

W. H. OSBORNE.

Talmage on Evolution.

"AN ANTI-BIBLE, ANTI-SCIENCE, ANTI-COMMONSENSE DOCTRINE."

The Tabernacle Pastor Pays His Respects to Spencer, Darwin and Huxley—Science Arrayed on the Side of Infidelity.

NEW YORK, Jan. 14.—At the Brooklyn Tabernacle this morning the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage preached upon "Evolution" from the text to be found in I Timothy, sixth and part of the twentieth verses: "O, Timothy, keep that which is committed to thy trust, avoiding opposition of science, falsely so-called."

At the present time the air is filled with social and platform and pulpit talk on the subject of evolution, and it is high time that the people who have but little opportunity to investigate for themselves understand that evolution, or the theory advocated by Herbert Spencer and Charles Darwin, is, in the first place, up and down, out and out infidelity; and secondly, that it is contradicted by science and brutalizing in its effects. I do not to-day argue that the Bible is true, or that it is in any way to be

relied on as a trustworthy book. These subjects are for other Sabbaths. But I wish you to understand that Thomas Paine and Voltaire and Hume no more disbelieved the Bible than do the leading scientists who promulgate evolution. When I say scientists, I do not mean literary men who discuss this matter in essay or sermon and without investigation, look at it from this side or that, but I mean the men who through laboratories and aquariums and geological gardens and astronomical observatories give their life to the study of the physical earth and its plants and animals, and to the exploration of regions beyond, so far as by optical inventions they may be explored. All these evolutionists, without one exception, reject the Bible, and I will put them on the witness stand, the living and the dead. Ernst Haeckel, John Stuart Mill, Huxley Tyndall, Darwin and Spencer, ye men of science, stand there and solemnly answer a few questions! Do you believe in the holy Scriptures? "No." And so they say all. Do you believe in the story of the garden of Eden? "No." And so they say all. Do you believe in the miracles of the Old and New Testament? "No." Do you believe that Christ was the Savior of the world? "No." Do you believe in the doctrine of the atonement? "No." Do you believe in the regenerating power of the Holy Ghost? "No." Do you believe that God answers prayer? "No."

Ernst Haeckel on the first page of his three great volumes sneers at the Bible as a "so-called" revelation. Tyndall defies all Christendom by his prayer text to prove that application to God would ever be answered. Stuart Mill, after elaborately writing against Christianity, showed that his rejection of it was completed by ordering for his tombstone the inscription: "Most Unhappy." Huxley says that when he first read Mr. Darwin's book what struck him most forcibly was the conviction that teleology, by which he means Christian theology, as commonly understood had received its death blow at Mr. Darwin's hands.

I put in opposition the Bible theory and the evolutionists' theory of now the human race started. The Bible account says: "Let us make man in our image for our likeness. So God created man in His own image. He breathed into him the breath of life. A perfect man. Not a perfect kangaroo or a perfect chimpanzee, but a perfect man. Evolutionists' account. Infinite ages ago there existed four or five primal germs or plant pores, and these developed all the living creatures of the ages. First there was a vegetable stuff, perhaps a mushroom. That mushroom developed by its innate force into something like a jelly-fish, and the jelly-fish by innate force developed into a tadpole. The tadpole developed into a snail. The snail by innate force developed into a turtle. The turtle by innate force developed into a wolf, and the wolf into a dog, and the dog developed into a baboon, and the baboon developed into a man. Darwin says our lungs are a swim-bladder, showing that we once floated and were amphibious, and the ears were once movable as easily as those of a horse, when he lifts them from some frightful object. From plant to pollywog, from pollywog to insect, from insect to fish, from fish to reptile, from reptile to monkey, from monkey to man. Now any one who says that this evolutionist account of the creation of man is not different from the Bible account makes an appalling misrepresentation. Prefer which account you please. Take Darwin's origin of species in preference to the book of Genesis, if so you will, but understand that you are an infidel. As for myself, since Herbert Spencer was not present at the creation of the world and the Lord God was, I shall take the divine account of what really happened on that occasion.

Let me see how honest these evolutionists are, and see whether it is not a stratagem by which to reject the Creator. You tell me that the monkey made man and the dog the monkey and the reptile the quadruped and the pollywog the reptile and the primal germ the pollywog. Please, sir, tell me who made the primal germ? They say "we don't know," or "probably it made itself," or "it was a case of spontaneous generation." I cannot find one of these evolutionist scientists who will squarely, openly, and emphatically answer—God. Herbert Spencer comes nearest to a direct answer when he says it was made by the great unknowable mystery. Huxley brings a pall of protoplasm which is the life-giving material out of which the race was started. But Mr. Huxley, who made the protoplasm?

I put in opposition to the evolutionists' account the Bible account of how the animals were made, the birds at one time, the cattle another time, the fish another time, by the hand of God, and that then they brought forth each after its kind. Evolutionists' theory: Some of them say that there were four primal germs and others one germ, but from this

development all the innumerable species of birds and beast and reptiles and insects and fish—hundreds of thousands of different kinds from one or four primal germs. Thus they not only contradict the Bible but contradict all the facts of all the centuries. Bird or beast or reptile or fish of one species never developed into any other species. A shark never comes of a whale, nor a sheep from a cow, a pigeon from a vulture, nor a butterfly from a wasp. The Evolutionists' statements that all the creatures that swim in the sea or fly in the air or walk the earth, come of one of four primal germs would have been laughed out of the universe if it were not for the fact that in order to crush the bible and drive God out of the world, infidel Scientists and their disciples are willing to do anything, even though it takes them into idiotic absurdity. On the walls of cities buried thousands of years ago there have been found representations of horses and cattle and birds, showing that these creatures of God at that day were as they are now. The mummies of crocodiles and dogs and cats exhumed from the tombs of Egypt, are just like what those creatures are now. Agassiz says he found in the reefs of Florida remains of insects 30,000 years old precisely like the insects now. They never developed into anything except their own kind. All the facts of observation of ornithology and zoology and ichthyology and conchology echoing genesis, 1: 21: "Have winged fowl after its kind." As universal observation and science corroborate the bible statement in regard to the animal creation, I will not stultify myself to surrendering to the very elaborate guess of the evolutionists.

I put the Bible account of how the worlds were made in opposition to the evolutionists' account. Bible account: "God made two great lights, the greater light to rule the day and the lesser light to rule the night. He made the stars also." Evolutionists' account: "Away back in the ages there was fire mist or star dust, and that has cooled off into granite, and then earthquake and storm, and light solidified and shaped everything into valley, and mountains, and seas, and that fire-mist became the earth. Who made the fire-mist? What set the fire-mist to world-making? Who cooled the fire-mist into granite? You have pushed God back from the earth sixty or seventy millions of miles, but He is too near for the health of evolution. For a long while evolutionists, and particularly Herbert Spencer, thought that through the telescope they saw the very stuff out of which the worlds made themselves, asking no helping hand from God; the nebulae of gas the same as that out of which this world and all worlds were made. They looked at it, laughed in triumph and found it was the factory where the worlds were made, and that there was no God anywhere near the factory. But alas, in an unlucky hour for infidel evolution, the spectroscopes of Fraunhofer and of Kirchhoff were invented and they saw that the nebulae, the stuff out of which they had said the worlds were made, was not a simple gas as they thought, but a compound, and that it had to be supplied from some other source, and their theory burst into everlasting demolition.

So they go, guessing all over the universe. Anything to banish Jehovah from His empire, and make the one book of God's direct communication to the soul of the human race obsolete and a derision. But while a few infidel scientists take the anti-bible view of it, on our side are Agassiz, the greatest scientist we have ever had in this country, who in the last year of his life uttered his contempt of evolution in the following words: "The manner in which the evolution theory of zoology is treated, would lead those who are not especial zoologists to suppose that observations have been made by which it can be inferred that there is in nature such a thing as change among organized beings actually taking place. There is no such thing on record. It is shifting the ground from one field of observation to another, to make this statement, and when the assertions go so far as to exclude from the domain of science those who will not be dragged into this mire of mere assertion, then it is time to protest."

Just as vehement against the humbug of evolution have been Hugh Miller, and Faraday, and Dana, and Dawson, and Brewster, and a vast multitude of astronomers and scientists in our learned institutions. But a dozen men in favor of the evolutionists theory make more noise than a thousand able men who utterly reject it. The Bohnia carried 500 passengers in safety from New York to Liverpool and not one of them made any excitement; but one morning after we had been four days out the hat and vest and boots of a passenger were found on deck, showing that the night before a man had jumped overboard, and all the rest of the voyage he was the one subject of discussion. What made him jump? When did he jump? Did he want to

get back after he jumped? Did he go to the bottom, or did a shark catch him? Well, here is the theory that God made man by the direct act of His omnipotence, and that He made the animal creation by the same act and all the worlds by the same act, and on board that theory 5,000 American and European scientists have taken passage, and some night ten men jump overboard into the sea of infidelity and atheistic thinking, and the ten men overboard draw out more discussion than the 5,000 that do not jump. I am politely asked to jump with them. Thank you, gentlemen, I am very much obliged, but I think I shall stick to the old Creator.

Before you choose evolution to the Bible, I want you to understand that evolution is most dishonest and deceptive. Its first step is a misrepresentation when it claims evolution as an originality with Darwin and Spencer. Long centuries before either of these gentlemen were evolved, the Phoenicians argued that the human race wobbled out of the mud. Democritus, who lived four hundred and sixty years before Christ, wrote these words: "Everything is composed of atoms or infinitely small elements, each with a definite quality, form and movement, whose inevitable union and separation, shape all different things and form laws and effects and dissolve them again for new combinations. The gods themselves and the human mind originated from such atoms." Anaximander declared that the human race came from where the sea saturated the earth. Lucretius assumed the same idea in his poems. Evolution is an old dead heathen corpse, which set up in the morgue Spencer and Darwin are trying to galvanize. These evolutionists are dragging this old putrefaction three or four thousand years old around the earth, bragging that they are the authors of it in ignorance of the fact that the idea was centuries old when Herbert Spencer found it. A dinner was given at Delmonico's last November in honor of the great discoverer of evolution. And the guests sat around the table eating beef and turkey and roast pig, according to the doctrine of evolution, eating their own relations, slicing their own cousins, picking the bones of their own uncles, and thrusting the carving fork into the bosom of their own blood relations, dashing Worcestershire sauce and bedaubing mustard all over members of their own family, and while Herbert Spencer reads a patronizing lecture on the American servants, declare it is the voice of a god and not of a man. There is only one thing worse than English snobbery and that is American snobbery. I like democracy and I like aristocracy, but there is rapidly evolving in this country a detestable oracy which Charles Kingsley, after witnessing it himself, called snobocracy. Is it honest to palm off this old heathen notion as a modern discovery?

But I find that when I come to speak of the dishonesties of modern evolution I must take another Sabbath morning for that phase of it, and then I must take a Sabbath morning to discuss the objections to the Bible made by an Episcopal minister in New York, who wants the Bible expurgated. This morning I bring my remarks to a close by saying that I am not a pessimist, but an optimist, and instead of thinking everything is going to ruin I think everything is going out to salvation, and instead of it being 11 o'clock at night for our suffering and dying world it is 5 o'clock in the morning. But not through infidel evolution is the race to be saved and the world made arborescent, but through Christianity, which has, directly or indirectly, effected all the good already wrought, and which is to complete the world's reconstruction. Look there in the offing!

A ship gone on the rocks at Cape Hatteras and breaking to pieces, the storm in full blast and the barometer yet sinking. Now, what does that ship want? Development! that is all. Let her develop her cargo, develop her rudder, develop her broken masts, develop her parting hulk, develop her passenger, develop her dying crew. No; I am mistaken. What that ship wants is a life boat from the shore. Leap into her ye men at the life station! Steady now! till you reach the wreck and fetch the women and children first and then the freezing and dying men and wrap them in flannels and kindle a crackling, roaring fire, till their frozen limbs are thawed out and between their chattering teeth you can pour restoration. The world is on the rocks! God launch it well enough, but through mistletoe and the sweeping of the storms of 6,000 years the old hulk is in the breakers. What does it want? Development! The old hulk had got enough Evolution in her to guard masts and sails and helms, but herself toward a quiet harbor. No, no, it is coming. Cheer, my lads, cheer! Coming from the shores of heaven, taking the crest of ten waves at one sweep of the shining paddles, Christ is standing

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in it, with many bleeding wounds of brow and hand and side, showing that he has been long engaged in this work of rescue. Yet mighty to save! To save one, to save all, to save them forever! My Lord and my God, help us all into it! Away with your rotten, worn-out, deceptive infidelity and blasphemous evolution, and give us Bible salvation.

"Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound."

Warmth of feeling is one thing—
permanence another.

A heart overflowing with feeling
drags love like a magnet.

The deepest feeling often lies in
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Jan. 10, '83, 10-14.