

THE COMMONWEALTH. Scotland Neck, N. C. An uncompromising Democratic Journal. Published every Thursday morning. J. B. NEAL, Manager.

Subscription Rates: 1 Copy 1 Year, \$2.00. 6 Months, \$1.00.

DARBY'S PROPHYLACTIC FLUID.

For Scarlet and Typhoid Fevers, Diphtheria, Sallow, etc. A Household Article for Universal Family Use. Eradicates MALARIA. For Scarlet and Typhoid Fevers, Diphtheria, Sallow, etc. A Household Article for Universal Family Use.

Scarlet Fever Cured. Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn. I testify to the most excellent qualities of Prof. Darby's Prophylactic Fluid.

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

Scotland Neck. Mayor—W. A. Dunn. Commissioners—Noah Biggs, J. R. Ballard, R. M. Johnson, J. Y. Savage.

NOTICE.

WE have one hundred town lots for sale in this town. Some of them are very desirable. This is a rapidly growing town, and persons wishing to secure good places for residences and business stands, will do well to call on us.

THE COMMONWEALTH.

E. E. HILLIARD, Editor. "THE LAND WE LOVE." Terms: \$2.00 per year in Advance. VOL. I. SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1883. NO. 32.

TEACHING SCHOOL AND BOARDING AROUND.

My thoughts go back to the rosy prime, And memory paints anew the scenes afar in the bleak New England clime. Though half a century intervenes, On a highway corner the school house stands.

Under an elm tree broad and tall, And rollicking children in laughing bands, Come at the master's warning call, They pile together their sleds and skates, Hang hats and hoods in the entry-way, Diligent study succeeds to play.

In the moonlight evening long and still, The youth assemble from many a farm; Though the air without is crisp and chill, There's a bright wood fire and a well-kept room.

LORD BEACONSFIELD.

My object is to call the attention of young men to some of the elements of the late Lord Beaconsfield's greatness and some of the high qualities by which he achieved his memorable career.

Lord Ellenborough says in his diary, "The more I know of the interior of politics, the more I am appalled by the motives of men appear." But the pooriness of the motive may be due to the fault of the observer; and although I should fear from representing the character of Lord Beaconsfield as being in any sense an ideal character, or his career as an ideal career, yet I think that it is a noble instinct which makes us desire to make men's virtues live in brass while men write their evil manners in water.

thousand five hundred years ago, and a Prime Minister to Queen Victoria in the England of 1879.

While many a man is meanly ashamed of his poor relations, let it be recorded to the honor of Benjamin Disraeli, that, throughout a long career, he never blushed to own brotherhood with an insulted nation. 2. Again, may we not admire the reticence of his later years, and the almost unbroken silence and self-control with which, during his premiership, he endured a storm of obloquy? At more than one period of his life he was subject to attacks of the most venomous bitterness, and to accusations of which some might have been rebuffed by a word.

And I think that this power of remaining silent under attacks arose from his superiority to transient popularity. "They say. What say they? Let them say!" is a motto which would well have suited his strong self-reliance.

In one of his latest speeches he expressed his contempt for that incessant babbling of crude condemnations, that "weak, washy, everlasting food" of dogmatism upon matters of which the writers are profoundly ignorant, which in one of his characteristic phrases, he called "the harebrained chatter of irresponsible triviality."

He might have fairly said with the great Lord Mansfield, "I will do my duty unawed. What am I to fear? Is it that mendacious infamie from the press which daily coins false facts and false motives? The lies of calumny carry no terror to me. I wish popularity, but it is that popularity, which sooner or later never fails to do justice to the pursuit of noble ends by noble means."

We are all getting more and more apt to run in grooves; to say the same things in the same phrases; to do the same things in the same ways; to echo the same current cries; to adopt the same foolish fashions; to shout in chorus against the unpopular man or the unpopular opinion of the hour; to pride ourselves on being at the dead level of conventionalism and mediocrity; to take the dictum of the majority for an oracle; and the shout of the noisiest for truths.

Let us hail a cedar here and there among the fir trees—much more amid these wind-shaken reeds of the wilderness, these quivering grasses of the plain. We are all such echoes and reflections of one another, such repeaters of mechanical shibboleths, and slaves of general traditions, that it is a gain to national life when we find a man who amid the jostlings of opinion will believe in himself, his own genius, his own determination; who looks for the star of destiny in his own bosom; who, knowing that the view of the multitude does but represent the opinion of the collective mediocrity, dares to be in the right with two or three.

them. They would like distinction very well if it dropped into their mouths, but they lack the manly fibre, the stern self-control, the never-wearied patience, the inflexible determination, the unwavering adaptation of means to ends, by which success is won.

Still more do too many of them lack the strenuous wisdom which takes the measure of earthly success, and despises it, and sees the most eternal and magnificent of all successes in the beatitude of poverty bravely borne for a noble cause, and in the anguish of that martyrdom which is virtue fighting to the death for truth.

But even for earthly success, much more for the divine success, energy is indispensable. It is only to the energetic man that the blessed immortals are swift, while the youth who shooes indolence, and selfish pleasures, and vulgar comfort, will alas! give back to his Creator at the last perhaps not even his one talent in a napkin; perhaps, alas! nothing but "the dust of his body and the shipwreck of his soul."

By steady perseverance, by genius, by patience, by watchfulness, by unextinguishable resolve and daring, he burst his way through all these thorny obstacles, and died an Earl, a knight of the Garter, a man who had swayed cabinets and parliaments and foreign congresses, the friend of his sovereign and the favorite of the nation.

And I think that one reason why the people of England admire and loved him, whatever may have been his faults, was because of this resolution, which ploughed its way through so many rude detraction, and would not be subdued even by failures.—Youth's Companion.

GRAY, THE LAST OF THE RESTORATION POETS.

In the galaxy of English poets the name of Thomas Gray shines with a brilliant and steady luster. If not a star of the first magnitude, his position in the poetic heavens and the cheerful pensive light he emits have made him an object of attraction to all classes of readers. Indeed it may be doubted whether the name of any other poet of the age is so familiar to the public of to-day.

Let us hail a cedar here and there among the fir trees—much more amid these wind-shaken reeds of the wilderness, these quivering grasses of the plain. We are all such echoes and reflections of one another, such repeaters of mechanical shibboleths, and slaves of general traditions, that it is a gain to national life when we find a man who amid the jostlings of opinion will believe in himself, his own genius, his own determination; who looks for the star of destiny in his own bosom; who, knowing that the view of the multitude does but represent the opinion of the collective mediocrity, dares to be in the right with two or three.

largely from another source. He marks an important transition in the history of English poetry. The age of fame and fashion was passing away; that of reality, of nature, of human sentiment, was advancing to take its place.

Let us glance first at this poetic past, with which Gray was so intimately associated. The Restoration Period here to be considered, extends from 1660 to 1744. The great names in it are Dryden and Pope. In its general character the movement is a violent reaction against the one-sidedness of Puritanism.

The great Puritan outburst forms a kind of drift period in our literature. While it did so much to quicken the national life and to cultivate in the people a sense of liberty, it was destructive of all the more elegant forms of literature and art. In place of them, cant phrases, uncouth words, and unwieldy sentences, which Butler stigmatized as "a Babylonian dialect, a party-colored dress of patchwork and piebald languages," overspread the land like rough boulders, dry sand-reaches, and hard gravel beds.

By the time of Gray, the English mind was at a stale, strength and directness, rather than beauty and elegance, were coveted. The tenderness, sweetness, and homeliness of the old English was abandoned for an "English cut on Greek and Latin." The only type, retaining the root and sweetness of our mother tongue, which survived the catastrophe was King James' Bible, "a book," as Macaulay says, "which, if every thing else in our language should perish, would alone suffice to show the whole extent of its beauty and power."

At the fall of the commonwealth Charles II. and his gay and dissolute lords and courtiers came to occupy the foremost place in the English nation. They hated Puritanism, and held it to be an act of pious, as well as of prudence, to exterminate the last vestiges of the iconoclastic fanaticism from the country. To avoid the seriousness of these sectaries, they verged upon the extreme of license. England was given up to revelry and debauch; the Court formed a grand tournament, and the ruling classes were intoxicated with their success.

The Court impressed its peculiarities upon literature. In place of the old, idiomatic English, it gave us a stilted, and flippant style, an elegant form, an affected manner, entirely out of harmony with the character and genius of the people. It was a foreign idiom engrained on the native stock, but never destined to be manly, but never destined to be manly, but never destined to be manly, but never destined to be manly.

Of the Restoration poets, Dryden easily holds place at the head. A master of sterling English, he would, born a half century earlier or later, have developed our literature from the native root; but coming upon the stage when conceit and affectation held sway among the literary

classes, he yielded to the current mode, instead of inaugurating a thorough revolution. But, in spite of these defects, Dryden remains the one conspicuous figure among the poets of his age.

From Dryden the scepter passed to Pope, who has not inappropriately been recognized as "the prince of the artificial school of English poetry." He inherited the traditions and taste of the Restoration. In him the movements culminated. In his voluminous writings, also, its excellences and defects became conspicuous. Form and style usurped the place of substance. He was elegant, but cold. In the new literature there was no brawn, no blood; the ruddy Saxon countenance was replaced by a wan and faded visage, strange to those islands. The English nation had come to feel how alien was this growth, and to long for something more in harmony with its constitutions and tastes.

Gray had sympathies with the exotic literature of the outgoing age; he was scholarly, elegant, and a devotee of the classics; but he felt a still deeper interest in the beauties of nature and the fortunes of the race to which he belonged. By the latter he became the interpreter of the rising sentiment of the people, the earliest propheet of the new literature springing from the still vital root of native English.—New York Christian Advocate.

ELOQUENT MEN.

Eloquence is inescapable from the Gods. It can neither be defined nor described. I account Mirabeau the most eloquent man who has lived since the birth of Christ. He died at the age of forty-two consumed by the fires of genius and debauchery. Mirabeau characterized him as "the Shakespeare of eloquence." After his famous interview with Maria Antoinette, in which he undertook to save the monarchy, he hastened to the States-General. The streets of Paris resounded to the cries of the new boys, as offering the daily papers for sale they shouted—"The Great Treason of the Count Mirabeau." As he passed down the assembly he was greeted with storms of hisses. Ascending the tribune began his address with the celebrated utterance—"Silence ye thirty voices." When he finished he was borne in triumph upon the shoulders of his fellow members along the streets of Paris to his home.

America has produced but one orator. The author of the famous sentiment, "give me liberty or give me death," was, like Mirabeau, evolved from obscurity by the upheaval of a giant revolution. Tyranny is the parent of genius. The late war between the States developed but one man of genius on the Southern side; and he was not an orator, but a soldier, Stonewall Jackson. No great orator appeared although the occasion was eminently adapted to a display of eloquence.

While it is not eloquence, Gray's Elegy is the most complete and scintillating expression of ambition and regret ever penned. There is nothing in language that equals the eloquence of Niagara. Nothing more heroic has been said than the Great Napoleon's utterance—"Soldiers from yonder pyramids forty centuries look down upon you."

Erskines Simile of the Indian casting his tomahawk into the ground cannot be excelled. Men like Mirabeau, Henry, and Erskine appear once in a century. North Carolina has produced some speakers whose fame is likely to survive for many years. My father has told me that George E. Badger and James Allen of Erie were the strongest debaters he ever heard in this State. My friend James Bond of Bertie, who was a member of the Secession Convention told me he heard Judge Badger speak in that body at length on the proper hour to dine. So realistic was his style that Mr. Boyd added, "I could almost hear the dishes rattle and the glasses gingle while my mouth watered for the feast." Any man in Eastern North Carolina who is fifty years old will tell you there never was such an orator as Kenneth Kaynor. I heard Henry W. Miller speak at Oxford in 1860. He advocated the election of Judge Douglas in speech which for matter, manner and voice, I have never heard equaled in this State. Badger and Clingman also spoke at the same time. Very few sentiments are eloquent in and of themselves. There is more in the manner of saying a thing than in the matter. The voice, the gesture, the look these are the levers that move the souls of men to action. All speakers are plagiarists. The audience cares nothing for the

THE COMMONWEALTH. Scotland Neck, N. C. Advertising Rates: 1 inch 1 week, \$1.00. 1 " 1 month, \$3.50.

Contracts for any space or time may be made at the office of THE COMMONWEALTH. Transient advertisements must be paid for in advance.

source of a speakers sentences; what is wanted is a graceful delivery and a voice distinct and attractive. Eloquence, genuine eloquence cannot be acquired. It must be in-born; and then it is only developed under certain conditions and peculiar circumstances.—Farmer and Mechanic.

LEARN YOUR CHILDREN TO WORK AND TAKE CARE.

How many parents make a sad mistake in raising their children up in idleness, because they have wealth sufficient to indulge them without needing their labor? The experience of time speaks in audible words, "that idleness breeds mischief" in a very prolific manner. Would it not be better for parents, regardless of estate, to early instill into the minds of their children strict obedience, industry and economy.

The day has been when men depended on slave labor and did not need the help of their children; they could indulge them in idle whims and pleasures and did not feel the weight pecuniarily, but it was not long before the nursed habit of idleness, rebounded back immorally, with double force against the parents and the community. And there is some of that dissipatedness lurking in the veins of society yet; and will be till parents learn their children, in a firm but mild way, to abstain from the corrupting, demoralizing elements of degraded society, by early throwing around them the restraints of training them in an honorable avocation of life.

A child cries and begs for things many times that would prove instant death to it. So does the youth, at a premature age, want and persist in indulging in idle habits, that are bold steps in the direction of temporal and eternal ruin. Think for a moment of the hundreds of men that have risen to great eminence from very limited circumstances in life, and others, rocked in the cradle of luxury, raised in pomp and splendor, have degraded themselves to the lowest degree in society and made perfect shipwrecks of superior advantages.

We contend that more men are ruined by idle, indulgent advantages than ever have been for the want of such opportunities. It is best for man not to have too much of anything at once.—Moore Gazette.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

Bayard Taylor, an American author and celebrated traveler, was born, Jan. 11, 1825, at Kennett Square, Chester County, Pennsylvania. During his boyhood he received a common school education, and was apprentice at the age of seventeen years in a printing office. During his stay at this place he began his poetical contributions to various periodicals.

In 1844 he published a volume of poems under the title of "Kimens," and soon after started on a peripatetic tour of Europe, and in 1846 published the volume, "Views Afoot, or, Europe Seen with a Knapsack and Staff." Upon his return he edited for a time a country newspaper; then went to New York and wrote for the Literary World and Tribune. Soon after he became assistant editor of this paper, and devoted much of his time to traveling in California and Mexico, an account of his travels being written by him for the paper with which he was associated.

In after years he spent much of his time abroad, residing some time in Germany. In 1878 he was appointed United States Ambassador in Berlin, where he died in the month of December, same year. During the last twelve years of his life he was engaged in writing the life of Faust. In certain particulars he was unequalled by any of our poets. His writings were distinguished by his power in producing clear, distinct pictures of life and nature.

Among his various writings we would notice "Poems of the Orient," "Poems of Home and Travel," "The Masque of the Gods," "The Prophet," and "Home Ballads."—Educational Journal.

Whilst you look too much on others gardens; you will neglect your own.

First-Class Restaurant.

I KEEP A FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT on my old stand on Main St., near the Brick Mill. Lodging can be had. Meals at all hours. The best market affords will be given you served up as well as in any style and at the patronage of Carolina, and at a reasonable rate. Beef, Fish, Oysters, etc., always on hand at the lowest figures. Meals may also be had at all hours at my other stand, first door South of K. A. Brook's. I cordially invite and ask the patronage of the people. Will guarantee satisfaction. JACOB D. HILL. Feb. 8, 23-4.