THE COMMONWEALTH
Scotland Neck. - - - N. C.

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J. B. NEAL, Manager.

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SCOTLAND NECK

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Commissioners—Noah Biggs, M. Hoffman, R. M. Johnson, K. Allsbrook.

Meet first Tuesday in each month at 4 o'clock, P. M.

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Assistant Policemen C. W. Dunn, W. E. Whitmore, C. Speed, Sol. Alexander.

Treasurer—R. M. Johnson.

Clerk—K. Allsbrook.

CHURCHES:

Baptist—J. D. Hufham, D. D., Pastor. Services every Sunday at 11 o'clock, A. M., and at 7, P. M. Also on Saturday before the first Sunday at 11 o'clock, A. M. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday night. Sunday School on Sabbath morning.

Primitive Baptist—Eld. Andrew Moore, Pastor. Services every third Saturday and Sunday morning.

Methodist—Rev. C. W. Byrd, Pastor. Services at 3 o'clock, P. M. on the second and fourth Sundays. Sunday School on Sabbath morning.

Episcopal—Rev. H. G. Hilton, Rector. Services every first, second and third Sundays at 10½ o'clock, A. M. Sunday School every Sabbath morning.

Meeting of Bible class on Thursday night at the residence of Mr. P. E. Smith.

Baptist—(colored.) George Norwood, Pastor. Services every second Sunday at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7, P. M. Sunday School on Sabbath morning.

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Inferior Court—Every third Monday in February, May, August and November.
Judge of Inferior Court—T. N. Hill.

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, and to make good investments, will do well to call on us.
KITCHIN & DUNN.
July 5th, 1882.

Sir William Napier and Little Joan.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

Sir William Napier, one bright day,
Was walking down the glen—
A noble English soldier,
And the handsomest of men.

Through fields and fragrant hedge-rows
He slowly wandered down
To quiet Freshford village,
By pleasant Bradford town.

With look and mien magnificent,
And step so grand, moved he,
And from his stately front outshone
Beauty and majesty.

About his strong white forehead
The rich locks thronged and curled,
Above the splendor of his eyes,
That might command the world.

A sound of bitter weeping
Came up to his quick ear.
He paused that instant, bending
His kingly head to hear.

Among the grass and daisies
Sat wretched little Joan,
And near her lay a bowl of delf,
Broken upon a stone.

Her cheeks were red with crying,
And her blue eyes dull and dim,
And she turned her pretty, woful face,
All tear-stained, up to him.

Scarce six years old, and sobbing
In misery so drear!
"Way, what's the matter, Posy?"
He said,—"Come, tell me, dear."

"It's father's bowl I've broken;
'Twas for his dinner kept.
I took it safe, but coming back
It fell"—again she wept.

"But you can mend it, can't you?"
Cried the despairing child
With sudden hope, as down on her,
Like some kind god, he smiled.

"Don't cry, poor little Posy!
I cannot make it whole,
But I can give you sixpence
To buy another bowl."

He sought in vain for silver
In purse, and pocket, too,
And found but golden guineas.
He pondered what to do.

"This time, to-morrow, Posy,"
He said, "again come here,
And I will bring your sixpence,
I promise! Never fear."

Away went Joan rejoicing—
A rescued child was she;
And home went good Sir William;
And to him presently

A footman brings a letter,
And low before him bends:
"Will not Sir William come and dine
To-morrow with his friends?"

The letter read: "And we've secured
The man among all men
You wish to meet. He will be here.
You will not fail us then?"

To morrow! Could he get to Bath
And dine with dukes and earls.
And back in time? That hour was pledged—
It was the little girl's!

He could not disappoint her,
He must his friends refuse.
So "a previous engagement"
He pleaded as excuse.

Next day when she, all eager,
Came over the fields so fair,
As sure as of the sunrise
That she should find him there.

He met her, and the sixpence
Laid in her little hand.
Her woe was ended, and her heart
The lightest in the land.

How would the stately company,
Who had so much desired
His presence at their splendid feast,
Have wondered and admired!

As soldier, scholar, gentleman,
His praises oft are heard,—
'Twas not the least of his great deeds
So to have kept his word!

—*St. Nicholas.*

QUIETISM.

During the brilliant reign of Louis XIV, the religious world (what there was of it in France) was startled by the sudden appearance of a new comet in the ecclesiastical heavens, heralding a novel creed set forth by the strange and attractive teachings of Madame Guyon. Her design was to engraft on Christianity the contemplative, meditative worship as held by the recluses of India, denominated Quietism—divine love purified of its austere forms and outward ceremonies.

The teachings and writing of this self appointed female apostle soon diffused throughout the provinces, in the capital, and even into the quiet retreat of Saint Cyr then under the surveillance of Madame Maintenon, the doctrines of the quietists.

The clergy being alarmed at the rapid progress of this formidable heresy, Bossuet was the first champion to couch lance against this daring innovator boldly assailing the unity of the church. A committee of investigation was promptly appointed, consisting of Bossuet, the Eagle of Meaux and Fenelon, the Swan of Cambray. The latter, a friend of Madame Guyon, soon espoused her cause, by the publication of a book entitled Maxims of the Saints.

From time to time Madame Guyon withdrew from the lists, where stood unaided in the full panophy of eloquence, the bishop of Meaux and the archbishop of Cambray. These two athletes were well matched in strength and stature. If the one excelled in the power of logic and vigor of eloquence, the other often surpassed him in clearness of reason and beauty of diction. This in defense, that in attack evidently displayed more of tact and talent than a subject so puerile justified, and which severed the ties of a friendship so sacred and protracted.

Bossuet was undoubtedly right in condemning the tendencies of Madame Guyon's religious dogmas; but his vionence gave his adversary the advantage, which he employed by asking:— "Why, sir, do you answer me with insults for reasons? Could you have mistaken my reasons for insults?"

These too illustrious rivals, however, notwithstanding the acerbity which often characterized their embroglio, did each other justice. To a lady who asked the bishop of Meaux, if it was true that the archbishop of Cambray possessed the intellect for which he was famous, the generous rival replied: "He has enough to make one tremble."

Such disputations in the cause of religion are much to be deplored, as they furnish scandal to the wicked.

It is difficult for us to conceive how Fenelon, who counseled mothers not to allow their daughters to reason about theology, at the peril of their faith; and who maintained that infant sects reached the full vigor of maturity only through women who institute and sustain them, became the zealous defender of a woman guilty of all that he condemned in others. Perhaps we may account for it from the fact that Fenelon had no less firmness of purpose than goodness of heart in his character, and once enlisted in the struggle, he had not the courage to withdraw. He acknowledged his defeat, only when Rome had decided; and he showed his magnanimity by publishing the bull that condemned his book, Maxims of the Saints.

Thus disarmed and exiled from his diocese, the archbishop of Cambray devoted himself to the care of the poor and needy, closing his life, at the age of 64, a great writer, virtuous bishop, and good citizen.

J. A. D.

EDUCATION

As we intend to give the subject of education a full discussion in all its various features, physically, intellectually, morally and religiously, we shall begin, as the carpenter begins to build a house, at the foundation of the great work which commences at the cradle and continues to the grave, and which is never finished; for as Dr. Barker, the renowned phernologist, said in one of his lectures in this city a few nights ago, no man has ever been educated up to his fullest capacity.

Home then is our starting point. Home! What precious memories this name evokes! What pure joys, what noble thoughts, what sublime deeds have sprung from the influence of a good home. There did our intellect first dawn into consciousness and receive the earliest rays of truth; there did our heart expand under the pure sunshine of a loving mother's smile; there did our soul grow strong under the mighty influence of a good father. Home is the first, the chief, the best centre for the early education of the child; and to the mother belongs the first part in this great work upon which the destiny of her child depends. For the earliest years her loving hand, her gentle touch, is needed to direct the growth of the tender plant confided to her. What a wonderful office, what a glorious mission, what a responsibility is hers; for chiefly upon her care and training in those early years depend the welfare on earth and the happiness in heaven of her child. For as she is the first to feed and nourish her infant, so she is the first also who can reach to the depths where its soul lies hidden, she holds the key of that soul, and she can bring it forth by her loving call from its recesses and stamp her own image upon it; she can, as it were, touch it with her hand and fashion it as she pleases.

Through her the rays of truth and knowledge begin to beam upon the child's mind; through her the misteries of this life and of the life to come are gradually unfolded. From her loving heart, by her gentle words, her kindly tone, her tender glances, the child is made to grow in the virtues of faith and hope and charity. At her side he kneels in reverential posture while she teaches his infant tongue to lisp the first sweet words of prayer. How wistfully he looks up into his mother's face, and how deeply he drinks in the pious words which fall from her lips; how the God to whom she looks up, the great Being of whom she speaks so reverentially and so lovingly, becomes for him wonderful in all His attributes, and most deserving of all his love, because of the example of his mother's love.

But the mother is not all. The father, to, has his recognized place, as at the head of the family, in the great work of home education. Without his example to fortify, his authority to confirm and support her, the teachings of the mother would very often lose their efficacy. The boy, who in his earliest years can be directed safely by the mother, needs, as he grows older, the strong will of the father to restrain him. In vain will the mother point out to the wayward child the beauties of virtue if his father does not, by his life, convince him of its manliness also.

It will thus be seen that the first, the best, the most solid foundations of a good and lasting education are laid in the model home, where the gentleness and love of the mother, encourage, sustained, and developed by the manliness, honesty, integrity, purity, and higmindedness of the father, gradually form the character of their child, bring forth all the good instincts of the soul, strengthen and guide the efforts of the intellect, repress and diminish the evil inclinations of the heart, so that when he goes out to join in the battle of life, and is exposed to the dangers and temptations that lurk constantly round his pathway, he is equipped and prepared for every emergency, and almost sure to gain the victory. Happy the man who can look back upon such a home fruitful of holy memories. He may, no doubt, have forgotten for a time those precious lessons; his passions, like an impetuous torrent, may have swept him from the path of honor and virtue, yet, sooner or later, amidst all his temptations, in the darkest hour and in the lowest depths of his degradation, the image of his loved mother will rise up before him and, like a guardian angel, draw him back even from the very precipice where foams the very firey flood of ruin. It was the memory of his home that touched the poor prodigal son of the Gospel, in the midst of the husks of swine in a foreign land, and brought him back, sorrowful and repentant, to the feet of a loving and generous father.

This is no fancy sketch, but is actual tangible truth The pages of history attest that nearly all the great men, men distinguished above their fellows for extraordinary deeds, great heroes or great tyrants, men who strove best to benefit their race and country, or who by their crimes inflicted most misery and injury on both, have nearly all been such as their mothers trained them. Look into the biographies of the great men of the world, of the great scholars and of nations' conquerors and you will find, in almost every instance, that they had great mothers. The mother makes the man.—*Ex.*

ROMAN CRUELTY.

A National Consecration of Inhumanity.

That at an advanced period of material civilization spectacles whereof the one grand interest consisted in the elaborate and wholesale torture and carnage of men and animals should not only have been tolerated with scarcely a protest for centuries, but should have formed the chief and indispensable amusement of both sexes and all classes of the population, including the highest—this appears on first sight to modern thinkers a moral fact almost incredible in its atrocity. And so firm, moreover, was their hold on popular sympathy that they lasted long after the conversion of the empire to Christianity Constantine, to be sure, issued an edict suppressing the gladiatorial shows, but it was suffered to remain a dead letter, and it was not till nearly a century later, when the Asiatic monk Telemachus leaped into the arena and separated the combatants at the cost of his own life—he was stoned to death by the indignant spectators—that these games were finally abolished. Something may be due to the religious origin of the custom, which is commonly alleged to have sprung out of a rite of human sacrifice offered at the tombs of great men; though some scholars, like Mommsen, deny the existence of human sacrifice at Rome. Later on motives of policy conspired to sustain the practice, both as a means of keeping up the military spirit of the people and as offering the sole opportunity under a despot Emperor for the thousands of citizens then assembled in presence of their sovereign and his Minister to present petitions and make known their grievances.

Still these explanations do not carry us very far. Theatrical entertainments, such as the Grecks delighted in, would have answered the latter purpose quite as well, but for appreciating such refined amusements these ghastly orgies of blood quite unfitted the Roman populace. And it is a curious fact, noted by a distinguished modern writer, that, as different kinds of vice, which might appear to have no mutual connection, do yet act and react on one another, so here the intense craving after excitement engendered and gratified by gladiatorial combats served to stimulate the taste for such orgies of sensuality as described by historians like Tacitus and Suetonius. And hence was not only Hercules burnt on the stage, not in effigy but in the person of a condemned criminal, but the deeds of gods and heroes were represented, as Juvenal says, to the life. Nor can it be questioned—and it is chiefly in order to illustrate that terrible lesson that we have referred to the subject here—that the gladiator shows betrayed not merely indifference to human suffering, but that capacity for real and keen pleasure in the contemplation of suffering, as such, which many are loath, for the credit of human nature, to admit. Suetonius, for instance, tells us that it was the special delight of Claudius to watch the faces of the expiring gladiators, as he had come to take a kind of artistic pleasure in observing the variation in their agony. Hehogabalus and Galerius used to regale themselves while at the table with the spectacle of animals devoured by wild beasts; and Lactantius says of Galerius, "he never supped without human blood." And what is more horrible still "beautiful eyes, trembling with passion, looked down upon the light; and the noblest ladies in Rome, even the Empress herself, had been known to crave the victor's love." A story told by St. Augustine exhibits the ghastly fascination of the spectacle. A Christian friend of his had somehow been drawn into the amphitheatre, which Christians were strictly forbidden to enter, and resolved to guard against the temptation to sinful enjoyment by keeping his eyes closed; a sudden cry led him to look up, and he was unable to withdraw his gaze again.

If it shocks us to find among a highly civilized people this national consecration of cruelty, it is perhaps more startling that with a few exceptions the novelists and philosophers of the day had not a word to say against it. The refined and gentle-hearted Cicero calmly observes that some men think these spectacles cruel and inhuman, but to make this use of criminals is really to present to the eye an excellent discipline against suffering and death. Juvenal's aristocratic feelings were outraged at the Roman nobility condescending to act as gladiators; but there is nothing to show that the spectacle in itself offended him. Seneca and Plutarch, as we pointed out before, adopt a very different tone, and Marcus Aurelius ordered the gladiators to fight with blunted swords, as he also ordered that no rope-dancers should perform without a net or a mattress being spread beneath them. But such rare and honorable exceptions only help to prove the rule. During the reign of terror in France a spirit very like that of the worst period of the Roman empire was evoked, and it has been observed that in both cases the grossest inhumanity was sometimes found united with affection for animals—that is, for pet animals. Fournier was devoted to a squirrel. Couthon to his spaniel, and Marat kept doves. But it may well be questioned whether these particular affections indicate any general temper of mercy toward mankind. Even the most blood thirsty monster may have a sincere partiality for his own belongings, paramour, or friend, or child It is not clear that the Marshall de Retz, the historical original of Bluebeard, whose nameless atrocities might have caused Nero to blush was wholly devoid of such feelings.

A QUEEN'S EXAMPLE.

We are fond of imitating the examples of queens and princesses in many ways, of which by virtue of their positions are allowable for them but are unwise and unnecessary for the majority of uncrowned women. Are we as ready to follow their more excellent and sensible examples?

But surely, queens and princesses are not seen walking out, like plebeians, some one will say! That is where you are mistaken. The queen who holds the highest position of any woman in the world, upon whose kingdom the sun never sets, understands so thoroughly that vigorous, out-of-door exercise, such as is not derived from sitting in a close and cushioned carriage, must be otherwise secured, does not send a message in the morning to the Royal Mews for the grand State carriage and blooded steeds to be before the palace-gate at such an hour, to give Her Majesty her morning exercise, but instead, at ten o'clock in the morning or before that time, sometimes alone, and often with one of the princesses arrayed in a substantial short dress and stout shoes, Queen Victoria starts out for a two hours' walk.

Over the country roads and through the fields, with lively steps and an air of abounding health, enjoying nature and physical existence in a way that home-bound women know nothing of, England's Queen sets a notable example to her subjects and sisters everywhere. She stops occasionally in her walk to visit some humble cottage, or speak an encouraging word to some poor peasant. A portion of the afternoon she occupies in official work and generally sets out about five o'clock for a drive of two hours. An American lady in London, writing privately to a friend, thus describes the appearance of Queen Victoria whom she saw recently at a garden party. "She was looking very young in her simple black dress and bonnet, her fine teeth and large blue eyes as striking as twenty years ago when the writer was first presented to her."

We do not hesitate to assert that this daily exercise in the open air has done much toward the maintenance of Victoria's fresh and youthful appearance, and her vigorous health. In these busy days, when the song of almost every woman is, "So much to do," and when nearly all of us have a worn and weary look, let us reflect for a moment on the subject and see if it is not possible for us to imitate the example of the Queen, and claim and enjoy each day a larger amount of the vitalizing oxygen of which many of us take far too small a share. *Ex.*

HASTY EXPRESSIONS.

There are many people with fine literary attainments, who do not encourage, by their own practice the habit of interlectual conversation. It is evidently clear that we are relapsing into a belief that speech is a medium of exchange, and if the meaning is comprehensible, it is not material that the vehicle conveying that meaning should be unspotted.

In a state of civilization it is untrue to assume that we can adopt ungramatical language with all its imperfections, and convey our thoughts unimpaired. The connection of thought and expression is very close, and one can not be independent of the other. To think clearly is the power which warrants one to exercise clear speaking, while the inaccurate use of language originates not so much from vagueness of thought as from carelessness in speaking. It is true that there are some people who do think clearly, and still their expressions are so stumbling as to distort completely their meaning. To realize the beauty and richness of the language open to us, we can not be contented in divulging rough and careless expressions. We often limit ourselves with a few rough saxon words to perform yeoman service, and force upon them a mass of work for which they are entirely unfitted. It is a pleasure to some people to make extensive use of superfluous words, or words which are made so by some irrelevant character named in grammar. To the speaker, words may sound well, but to the person or persons spoken to they would perhaps, upon close investigation, be found quite devoid of proper requisites. Very often you hear at the Bar and on the hustings, from very learned men, such words as are inconsistent with the constitution of our language, thereby shutting the door from those who delight to hear eloquent and eminent expressions. It really seems that the old Cicero and Damosthenes' plans of speaking have utterly fallen in the waste baskets of our public orators. Even in private conversation there is not due attention paid to the rules of speech. Some people are excusable for uttering slack words, but there is some who are not, and they should remember that they have no right to abuse the language we inherit, but hand it improved over to our posterity.—*Reporter.*

THREE-SCORE AND TEN.

That age, when it is reached with a comfortable exemption from earth's trials is about as happy as any other. When the old frame is literally free from infimities, and the mind is clear and faith is strong, and temporal wants supplied, and family ties pleasant, and the retrospect of life peaceful, and no hopeless grief for the dead or living kindred is upon the soul, and there be peace with God and man, there is a condition of things that leaves no room to envy the young, or the midale-aged, or the most prospered of earth in mid-career of success and honor. It is a period full of ripe experiences, usually also of calm passions, of enlarged charity, of deep humility, and of growing heavenly-mindedness, the reflex of a nearer approach to the better land. And then death generally comes easier to the aged than to others, as ripe fruit is readily plucked, and as the worn out laborer soon falls asleep when the day's toil is over. Our Lord says the old cloth must be put with the old garment, as matching best therewith, and so the old age of the Christian joins in happiness with the olden eternity. God himself gives the promise, "With long life will I satisfy him and show him my salvation as a reward and favor;" and so it is. Happy are they who have reached a serene, peaceful, religious three-score and ten. Let them render thanks to the God of all grace, who has brought them through the wilderness to that Nebo on its border; let them stand there and look awhile on the goodly land beyond, and then yield up the soul into the hands of a most merciful God and Saviour, and the body to his keeping for the resurection of the just.