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E. E. HILLIARD, Editor.

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A BRAVE ACT.

How Four Confederate Soldiers Captured a Steamer.

Col. R. W. Wharton, of this county, relates the following incident of the late war, which he says he has never seen in print, but which is worthy to be perpetuated:

A few days after the battle of Bentonville, the 67th North Carolina troops were ordered down on the Tar and Neuse rivers by Gen. Bragg for the purpose of operating on the Federal lines between Newberne and Kinston. The regiment encamped at the north foot of Greenville bridge, and a number of companies, including Company A., commanded by Capt. Tolson, of Craven, were immediately ordered to the territory between the Neuse and Tar river.

About the 10th of April, 1865, four men, belonging to Company A., who were on picket duty near Street's Ferry on the Neuse river, saw a steamer coming up the river with two barges in tow. The men opened fire on the steamer, which was immediately run to the opposite shore and grounded, and everybody deserted. The side of the river where the steamer grounded was swampy, and she was some distance from the shore, but every one on board jumped into the water and took to the swamp. The four pickets swam across the river, boarded the steamer and captured her papers and flag, which they afterwards delivered to Col. Wharton, commanding the regiment, at Greenville.

Hearing a Federal gunboat steaming up the river, they set fire to the steamer and two barges, containing large quantities of provisions, and swam to the opposite side. The names of the four men were, Alonzo Hill, Geo. Hill, Robt. Stillee, and Cox, all of Co. A., 67th North Carolina troops.—Washington N. C. Gazette.

NOT PLEASED WITH FLORIDA.

Extract from a private letter written by an old citizen of New Orleans:

ZELLWOOD, Orange Co., Fla., May 18th, 1883.

I wish a six weeks trial of Florida. I after a few days, I have written to no one since I left. The fact is, I have not enough of life left in me to do or say anything. I stopped five days in Jacksonville. That is a pretty live place; composed altogether of hotels, shops and boarding houses; and as it is the gate to the Peninsula, there is quite a crowd in and out. The way there is up the St. John and down the Kissimmee to the Caloosahatchee. On that route they catch off right and left all the way. This neck of woods is 130 miles south of Jacksonville. I went across the State from Cedar Keys to the Atlantic, and I have been around here in a radius of 20 miles, and don't think I ever struck such a poor country. Ponchatoula and Covington are rich neighborhoods in comparison. The natural productions of the land are pine trees, wire-grass, and gophers—a heap of it too poor for that—they call seroth. You are scarcely ever out of sight of a lake. They are of all sizes, from one acre to a thousand. In the vicinity of these lakes you will find the settlers living in small log or board houses. Each one has an orange grove, or the nucleus of one, and nothing else. No milk, no vegetables—not even whiskey. They get a little bacon and flour from a store in the settlement, and with this they make out to live. Some few have chickens, but they are too weak to caw. If they were to scratch their legs off in the sand they would never find a bug. In all my travels I have never seen a tobacco plant. Near here is an old native, who cultivated a hammock—that they call their rich lands—on which he has a corn crop now about a foot high. I asked him how much he made out of it. "Well," he said, "sometimes nineteen, and sometimes fifteen bushels an acre." He only asks \$2 an acre for that land.—New Orleans Presbyter.

DORSEY'S PRIVATE LETTERS.

A Lot of Political Correspondence to be Given to the Public.

WASINGTON, June 22.—During the recent Star Route trials and before it was stated that ex-senator Dorsey would print certain documents and letters in his possession relative to the Garfield Presidential election and the formation of the Garfield Cabinet. This correspondence is alleged to be of a sensational character. A good deal of this sensation has been heavily discounted. It is known here, however, that Dorsey is now being negotiated with by a New York paper, and that all the writings relative to the celebrated Garfield Conkling compact will be produced in the columns of the journal that published the Dorsey letter. Dorsey has held these papers sacred until now, when he feels that he owes nothing to the party that has rewarded him with disgrace. Ex-senator Dorsey proposes, after he has damaged the Republican party as much as possible by disclosing some secret history, to transfer himself, troop and baggage, to the next Presidential campaign. He has an idea that he will be able to control a large negro following, by preaching to them his services in the Garfield contest, and he will try to show that his prosecution for Star Route frauds was the result of a conspiracy among the dead President's enemies.—Philadelphia Times.

lesson may be put into one column of a newspaper, without any opening address, or testimony, or summing up, or charge, or "prayers" to the judge.—Evening Post.

A CAUSE OF BOILER EXPLOSIONS.

According to M. Treves, some occasionally mysterious explosions of steam boilers, when apparently in good structural and working order, may be thus explained: Supposing that work is to be suspended, either for the night or for any long interval, after a stated hour, and that a boiler is commonly driven under a pressure of 80 or 90 pounds of steam. Some time before the hour of closing, the stoker leaves his fire slack, filled up the boiler and left off with, perhaps, 50 pounds on the gauge. Next morning, or after the interval, he finds the pressure gauge standing at 20 or 30 pounds, with a good supply of water. Consequently, in order to save the heat stored in the boiler, he begins to fire up, without thinking of the danger which may lurk in the water that has been boiling all night. The stoker never thinks of putting in more water, because the gauge is all right, and thus prepares the essential preliminaries of a "mysterious" explosion.

The water that has been standing above the boiling point for hours has lost its power of ebullition, because the air which it formerly contained has long been driven off; and in this dead condition it is capable of absorbing heat, without the power of delivering it up in the form of steam. The water thus becomes superheated, and at the moment of any mechanical agitation—such as the opening of the steam valve, or the introduction of fresh water—it may instantaneously flash into steam with explosive force. It has been abundantly proved that, apart from gross defects of construction, condition or management, superheating of the water has, of late years, been the only intelligible cause of the greater number of boiler explosions.

The remedy for this danger is fortunately simple, and resides in the employment of any effective means for preventing the "sleep" of water in boilers by keeping up a constant ebullition.

A good device for this purpose is to prolong the water feed pipe by a T; the horizontal branch being about 6 inches above the bottom of the boiler. The under part of this tube is to be provided with open conical nipples ranged along the whole length of the pipe, which will extend from end to end of the boiler. Before firing up, therefore, the stoker should force air through the feed pipe, so fitted until a pressure gauge on the pump shows a higher reading than one quiescent steam gauge. The nipples are then full of air, and ready to act as the generating centers of ebullition, whereupon the fire may be pushed as briskly as desired without risk of explosion. This suggestion emanates from M. M. Donny and Gernez, and is recommended by M. Treves as an economical embodiment of a universally accepted theory.—Scientific American.

CHARACTER OF OUR PUBLIC MEN.

We have no desire to speak evil of the rulers of our people. We would gladly draw the veil over the personal character and private life of many of the servants of the nation. But a high sense of duty constrains the friends of truth and purity to denounce public sins of public men. The nation has a right to exact blameless lives of her servants. She has interests at stake, which forbid the toleration open sins in her representatives. The example of wickedness in high places demoralizes the whole community. As water flows down from higher levels, vice among public men pervades the whole people. The nation is the guardian of public morals, and God will judge and punish the nation which, through its trusted servants, depraves its people. So momentous is this great interest, that it is one of the first things which demand attention in the constitution of government: and that instrument is fatally defective as a fundamental law which does not provide for a suitable moral

cellent: "A while he pauses; as he stops, Her little hand the sister moves, And pebbles on the water drops, As it runs up the sandy grooves, Or to her ear a shell applies, With parted lips and dreaming eyes.

"That noise!" said he, with lifted hand "The sea-gull's scream and flapping wings. Before the wind it flies to land, - And omens of a tempest brings." She tells him how the sea-bird pale, Whirls wildly on the coming gale.

"And is the sea alone? Even now I hear the faint mutterings." "'Tis the waves." "It seems a murmur sweeping low, And hurrying through the distant caves I hear again that smothered tone As if the sea were not alone."

THE PUNISHMENT OF SPECULATORS

McGeoch, now called the "Lard King," has been committing all forms of speculative wickedness about lard. He has been selling lard for future delivery which he neither owned nor ever expected to own, and has been aided in doing so by his past success in similar operations concerning pork. He has forced the price of lard up beyond precedent, and beyond human endurance, causing a fever of speculative activity in produce through the West, and drawing off money from the more legitimate business of bulling railroad stocks in Wall street. In fact, a better example of the absolutely wicked speculator, we probably, shall not see for a long time. And yet, it would have been almost if not absolutely, impossible for the law to get at him. Supposing he had been indicted for dealing in futures against the statute, it would have taken several months to procure necessary evidence. The other dealers in futures would not have testified against him, if they could have helped it, because those who dealt with him expected, if let alone, to make money out of him, and it would probably have been next to impossible to prove his transactions out of his books. The trial, if it ever came on, would have lasted from three to six months, and would probably have taken place before a jury composed, in part, of persons unable to write or unacquainted with any arithmetic beyond addition, in part of drunkards, and in part of keepers of "bucket shops," and after six weeks' speaking from the lawyers on both sides would have ended in a disagreement, and the triumph of the Lard King, which would have been celebrated by the speculators in oceans of sweet champagne.

Now, see what has happened to the bad men by the simple process of letting them run their ring. See how dealers in futures, and all other wicked speculators, are caught in their own snare, or hoisted with their own petard. Peter McGeoch, the chief speculator, has been fined \$1,050,000, and the fine has been paid, and it has ruined him for the moment, for this is what is meant by the news that this amount of his money has been "sunk in the deal." Daniel Wells, Jr., the Lard Vicero, or Vizier, has been, in like manner, fined \$750,000. Besides this, these two leading offenders have "failed for" \$1,600,000 between them, or, in other words, have been the means, without any expense to the State, of inflicting fines to that amount on their confederates. J. M. Ball has also been fined \$100,000; Ellis & Lightner, \$60,000; Holley & Allen, \$50,000; Tabor & Wilson, \$40,000; M. B. Crafts & Co., \$30,000, and smaller men about \$50,000 more. All the lawyers and courts in the United States could not, in ten years, have recovered half this amount from the offenders, or if they had recovered it, would have absorbed it in fees and costs. Now the penalty has been inflicted without lawyers, without a trial, without discredit to public justice, by the offenders themselves. Peter McGeoch, too, probably feels differently about the Lard Crown from what he ever did before, and is, perhaps, a little sick of "futures" and puts and calls. Moreover, the dangers of the speculator's career have been brought before the youth of the country with a clearness and completeness which no trial could have accomplished. The

sleeves, wide trousers, bare legs, and yellow babouches, or slippers. Their beautiful black hair is simply knotted behind the head, while a little velvet shushen, richly embroidered, is placed coquettishly on one side. A kind of vest of the same material is sometimes added to define the shape; and all have beautiful jewels, fine pearls, emeralds or sapphires, wretchedly set and often pierced through the middle or strung on pack thread; but still genuine precious stones. No Arab will wear a false stone, and for that reason they prefer that they should not match, as they always suspect the regularity of our English jewels. As to their position with regard to the other sex, it is no better than that of the Arabs. They are utterly uneducated, and the rich and those of high rank never leave their own houses. We went to see one of them, the Princess—, who had a little girl of five, who was fiancee to a little boy-cousin of six, the most sauky impersonation I ever saw of a small Moor. This lady told us that formerly she had been allowed by her husband to go on the terrace of her house, but that now it had been glazed over. She had never seen any of her own relations since she was a little child, and never went beyond those four walls. If the parents are poor, the advent of a girl is looked upon as a positive misfortune by both Arabs and Moors. When a boy comes into the world, the wife is presented with a beautiful circular brooch to fasten her hair; but blows and a curse are her only reward for producing one of the other sex. Madame Luce and the Sisters of Charity are striving to raise these poor little things from this miserable position, and, by teaching them needlework and embroidery, to enable them to get situations in better-class houses. One of these children was a servant in the princess's household which I have just mentioned, and a more faultlessly beautiful face I never saw, with soft, almond-shaped eyes and the most winning smile. But, alas! for her, poor child, should her master cast his eyes upon her beauty!—Lady Herbert's "Algeria."

"THE BLIND BOY." "The Blind Boy" is a poem by Thomas Enon Hake, published in England, with others, under the title of "Parables and Tales," which the Athenaeum comments upon as follows: "We have in this case a poem which, by combining deep and sympathetic truth of idea with faithful and minute exposition, especially deserves to live. The tale is equally simple and affecting. The blind boy has a loving sister, who identifies herself with all his wants and interests. She is especially his minister in bringing before him those scenes of natural beauty which he is unable otherwise to enjoy: "She tells him how the mountains swell, How rocks and forests touch the skies, He tells her how the shadows dwell In purple dimness on his eyes, Whose tremulous orbs the while he lifts, As round his smile their spirit drifts. "More close around his heart to wind, She shuts her eyes in childish glee 'To share,' she said, 'his peace of mind. To sit beneath his shadow-tree." So, half in play, the sister tries To find his soul within her eyes. "His hand in hers, she walks along And leads him to the river's brink. She stays to hear the water's song. Closing her eyes with him to think, His ear more watchful than her own, Caught up the ocean's distant moan. "The river's flow is bright and clear, The blind boy said, 'and, were it dark, We should no less its music hear: Sings not at eventide the lark? Still when the ripples pause, they fade Upon my spirit like a shade.' The whole of this is very touching in all that relates to the pure affection described, while the study of blindness is not only accurate, but subtle. There, moreover, is a touch of tender truth beyond the reach of art in the notion of the sister shutting her eyes that she may sympathetically realize the privation of the brother. An ardent love of Nature, human and external, and a conscientious desire to present the traits of both, run through this pathetic idyll. The three stanzas that follow are remarkable even amid much that is ex-

TO JULY.

The poets love thee none too much, July! At least I judge so from their seldom singing About thee as the months, in turn, go by— Some inspiration to their harps each bringing.

I know not but thy skies are all too hazy, And veil sweet Nature from their subtle ken. Or, it may be, thy fervors make them lazy, And steep each pulse of thought in sleep again!

I'm sure of this, that April, May, and June And, quite as much, the golden-haired September, With various charms set all the bards a-tune In madrigals too many to remember.

And poets, wed to melancholy moods, Who for the mirth of June are far too sober, But vent their ecstasies on "naked woods"— Pour deep libations to the brown October.

The silvery locks of Winter lend their charms To all the months when merry sleigh-bells tinkle, And drear December dies in loving arms Of bards, who on his bier pale flow'rets sprinkle.

Yet thou, July, hast wonderful wealth of bloom, That decks the glen and glorifies the meadow, Kindling to crimson flame the bosky gloom— And staining purple every flying shadow.

Sweet cherry-gems upon thy bosom gleam, In ruby light, or tinct with leucate amber, And luscious berries, fit to drown in cream— And tempt the queen of beauty in her chamber!

Thine is the fragrance of the new-mown hay, Than subtlest breath of chemic odors sweeter, And crowning common gifts in God's sweet way, To make his daily bounties the completer.

Thou bringest, in thy large and lusty lap, The early grain, and treasures of the garden, And thy fierce heats distil the sacred sap, That hence to August pears and plums will harden.

Why do the poets slight thee, then, July? Thou knowest not, I trow, and little carest, With blazing wheels thy chariot rushes by, Most fervid, thou, of months, though not the fairest!

I would I were a bard of skill and fame, That some poetic justice I might render; But humble verse, linked with my humble name, Will shrink and wither in thy heedless splendor.

Thou wilt not breathe for us in airs like June's, Nor deign to dally with her dainty roses. Our quivering fans but fret thy torrid noons, And sleep grows restless when thy smile reposes.

Yet all thy fervors we may well allow— In which our fruits and golden grain are ripened, For these, all laurels twined about thy brow, O bounteous month, were but a scanty stipend.

My praises faint beneath thy generous smile, And thought and ink run dry in glance so tropic; I'll seek some friendly covert for a while— And there complete my lay—or change my topic!

WILLIAM C. RICHARDS.

MOORISH WOMEN.

The Moors, unlike the Oghellos of our childish fancy, are the simply Arabs who live in towns and have intermarried with other races. They have the same straight features, oval faces, and clear, brown skins, only a good deal fairer than the normal Arab. But their dress is different. They wear a turban, or piece of white muslin wound round a little red shushen, or skull-cap, a jacket of bright-colored cloth, and two waistcoats, richly embroidered, full trousers, bare legs, and large, loose shoes. The dress of their women out of doors is the haik of their Arab sisters; but in-doors they wear a gauze chemise, with short

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CHURCHES.

Baptist—J. D. Huffam, 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 Sunday at 10 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.

COUNTY.

Superior Court Clerk and Probate Judge—John T. Gregory. Inferior Court—Geo. T. Simmons. Register of Deeds—J. M. Grizzard. Sheriff—A. J. Burton. Sheriff—R. J. Lewis. Coroner—J. H. Jenkins. Treasurer—E. D. Browning. Co. Supt. Pub. Instruction—D. C. Clark. Keeper of the Poor House—John Ponton. Commissioners—Chairman, Aaton Prescott, Sterling Johnson, Dr. W. R. Wood, John A. Morrisset, and M. Whitehead. Superior Court—Every third Monday in March and September. Inferior Court—Every third Monday in February, May, August and November. Judge of Inferior Court—T. N. Hill.

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