THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

THE DEMOCRAT.

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VOL 2. — SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 24, 1886. — NO 47

GOD'S HANDWRITING.

Though it may be said that the earthquake was the effect of natural causes, yet it must not be forgotten 'tis the Lord has done it. Rain, hail, thunder and lightning are likewise effects from natural causes, but 'tis God who sends them and His determinate will brings about the causes and effects and He uses them for His own purposes. When He gave the law to Moses the Mount was overshadowed with thick clouds, and thunder and lightning and a great earthquake attested His presence. When Christ was Crucified He testified His presence and impressed the conviction that the Lord is God indeed by a mighty earthquake, which rent the vail of the temple, opened the graves, and exhumed the dead from their last resting places. That which has shaken the world since August 31st, is no less a visitation of the Lord and intended to remind the world, fast being given up to licentiousness and crime, that the Lord omnipotent reigneth. The theories of scientific men should not divert the mind from tha main lesson, and make men forget that God rules in all nature and controls this vast universe as to him seemeth right. That the effect of the shock was different in different individual instances ought not to be ridiculed or laughed down. Some were frightened, some awed, some made to rejoice. Some have died, some made insane—some to seek a chance, for a better life. No one who felt the earth's trembling will ever forget the sensation of his own littleness, weakness and powerless condition, and his utter helplessness, as well as the insignificance of earthly possession. The rich and the poor were brought to the common level; and, as if in the presence of God, acknowledged the insecurity of all temporal things, and the power and ancipresence of God in the affairs of men. By such phenomenon God rouses men from greed, selfishness and worldly lusts. He shakes up their earthly habitations that they may turn to a Kingdom which cannot be moved and which is eternal. He displays His power that men may fear Him. In the Bible God makes prominent the fact of the earths ultimate destruction. "Yet once more I shake not the earth only but also the Heavens." In all the manifestations of God's providences—(there are *no* accidents) He speaks to men—but the voice is not always heeded. Men go on in sin and shame and wickedness, and continue to toil and to struggle and to grasp for the perishing things of this world as if this existence and its accumulations were to endure forever and to satisfy the imperishable longings of the soul. But when God speaks in the earthquake's shock a thrill runs through the hearts of all, and the proudest as well as the poorest, the highest as well as the lowest all meet together on the same plane of fear and tremble alike at the supposed premonition of coming ruin and destruction. But these thrilling manifestations of God's wondrous power should not fill us and with such abject fear and cowardly horror. It should fill us with feelings of awe and reverence and adoration, and lift our thoughts, purified from all the corroding taints of sin, up to the contemplation of Him who is the Author of us all. We should remember that the same Hand which shakes the earth and rends it asunder in many places is the one which smoothes down the ocean into peaceful calm when a storm has been stirring its foam-crested waters into wildest confusion. And the same Hand which fills the sky with blackest clouds, and scatters forth the quivering and destruction-dealing lightnings in all of their forked flashing, is the one which sprinkles down the gentle and refreshing showers, which give vigor and freshness and newness of life to all growing vegetation. Yes, the same Hand that distils for our delight and edification the perfume of the flowers, is the one which surrounds them with thorns to prick our careless fingers. Yes, the Hand that spreads their exquisite tints upon the lily and the rose; that decks the autumn forests with their gorgeous draperies of a thousand dyes; that carpets the valleys with their soft, rich velvet of eye-refreshing green, and mingles the deep, dark blue of the empyrean vault in old ocean's majestic waves; that spangles the mantle of the universe with golden stars, and implants their wondrous corruscating fires in the opal's and the diamond's heart; that teaches the sun's artist fingers to paint the evening skies with all the liquid hues of a million shattered prisms; that bestows his changeful coat on the chameleon, and casts the roseate flush of early morning on the mountain-tops and glassy lakes; that encircles the frowning brow of heaven with the glittering rainbow coronet, and hangs the wondrously blazing aurora borealis lamps upon the Northern pole. God's hand does it. Yes, in everything we see His Handwriting, and it tells us of His grandeur and power and glory and mercy and loving kindness unto all the children of men.

Another lesson taught by the earthquake shock is that this world affords men no safe shelter, its possessions no permanent inheritance, and those who put their trust in them must perish with them. Then comes the reflection which is vouchsafed in His word that there is to be a new earth and a new Heaven—a Kingdom which cannot be moved—in which there is an inheritance which is incorruptible and will never fade away, where the people of God will dwell forever in righteousness, peace and safety.—Wilson *Mirror*.

DISCONTENT AND ITS REMEDY.

Many persons imagine that if every desirable need could be gratified they would be completely happy; but they would soon find that a restless longing for something unattainable would create a dissatisfaction that would prove a bane to all fancied repose.

It is not intended by heaven that we should be contented here with the material things which serve only to quicken the senses, and then produce a loathing and disgust that render life unbearable.

We are never content with what we have, and imagine that just the opposite of what is our lot would be the condition we would most enjoy; that a greater energy and enthusiasm in certain pursuits would secure us the much coveted success—that a keener perception, a higher love of order, and a nicer arrangement of details would render us more eminent in our special vocation or profession. Some grow weary of nice grades, and would cancel all distinctions. Many want to rule, but few are willing to be subordinates.

Sometimes we fancy if there were fewer diversities of gifts and callings, and mankind were all of one shape, hue, and temperament it would be better; but how soon would this monotony tire us, and how absolutely dull would existence soon become. What a state of things would this inaugurate, and where would be the use of little offices of love and duty; and where would be that bond of sympathy which each needs in his different capacity of feeling and action?

Were such the condition of affairs, we could confess no excellence or higher capabilities in others; there would be no examples to emulate to loftier attainment, and no comparison or contrast to exalt one above the common medium. There would be no use for any ideal, no mutual dependence, no exercise of charity, no wants to evoke generous instincts, and no claim whatever of one upon another; but a sense of selfish independence and ease would predominate over every sentiment and prompting of a higher humanity.

Let us endeavor to be content with what we are and have; this is the only safe road to happiness. Let us strive to look ever on the bright side and think what are our advantages, instead of fretting endlessly over the disadvantages that may encumber us.

Our life failures, over which we repine, are often the greatest blessings we can boast, but how seldom do we meet one whose face is not in some degree stamped with the marks of dissatisfaction and defeat? Stern, cold, vinegar-faces never lighten the heart of the look-er-on, but a cheerful, sweet content when manifested even in the features, is like a sunburst in a stormy sky, inspiring us with hope when all is gloom and tempest.

All our losses and crosses and struggles may operate as blessings upon those with whom we come in daily contact if we bear them with patience, and look hopefully to the end for the compensation that is sure to come. The great lesson we have to learn in life is to be content with what we have, and to make ourselves satisfied with our lot whatever it may be.

It is right to make all we can honestly and honorably, and to employ all our faculties, powers, and opportunities to the highest possible advantage; and whatever we obtain let it be considered a sacred trust, and let it be employed for the extermination of error and the establishment of man's service to God and our fellow-man.—*Baltimorean.*

PRIDE OF BIRTH AND WEALTH.

There are many sources from which human pride originates, but those of birth and wealth appear to be the most prolific of unpleasant results. The man who boasts that the red stream that conrses through his veins is purer and of higher value than that of others of humbler origin, is apt to stand aloof from his fellows in a haughty assertion of a God-bestowed superiority, and fears any contact with them would taint his immaculate humanity beyond the hope of purification.

Such a man arrogates to himself a preminence of rank which all are not willing to accord to him; and this often proves a source of much disquiet to himself and those with whom he is forced to discharge business obligations. It is his God-given heritage, not a self-acquired endowment that money can buy, as it does the rich man s costly turnout and household equipage; and, strange to say, it is often this same class who pretend to deride the folly of this boasted claim upon the public homage and respect. Apparently scorning this assumption of superiority in others for what they claim as a birthright—which is nothing more than the fortuitous result of circumstances—their own overbearing speech and air establish their own claim to blood as their sole family inheritance, nature having very niggardly bestowed all noble qualities and graces of mind and heart.

Pride of wealth is another source of boasted preeminence. Let every man be willing to lay open before the world the means employed to acquire his possessions before he flaunts his gilded ensign of social distinction. Were there no degrading artifices and trickeries, no glaring evasions of truth and hohesty, no small, mean, unmanly subterfuges, no imposture practised upon the ignorant and unwary, no hard, cruel exactions imposed upon relentless necessity to acquire those gains which now clamor for the world's worship, then we might not blush when we demand a certain modicum of the world's deference.

Nothing justifies an undue pride even in moral, mental, or physical predominance of excellence. A young man may claim by right of birth a fine commanding form, features as Apollo's, a mind endued with the heights and depths of ancient and modern lore, and a heart teeming with every virtue and quality that ennoble humanity; but how much of it is entailed upon him by his progenitors, and how might every thrill of pride be chilled in one fell hour by some unforseen calamity.

When we find the individual who is proud of some ingenious contrivance of his own mechanical skill for concealing some humiliating personal defect from birth you may accord to him a pride that does not owe its origin to others and possesses only the merit of being the offspring of self-love and vanity. You may see a young woman whose teeth, hair, fine complexion, and symmetry of form, though due to the mechanical ingenuity of others, give her much pride; but she is cautious not to express her self-gratulation, for she would not for worlds have it known that those extraneous accessories had been enlisted in her behalf to impart such charms and graces.

There is a pride, however, which is both legitimate and commendable—it is the pride we feel when we have gained the mastery over any evil passion, when we have battled successfully against the predominance of those inherited, inborn traits and infirmities that have rendered our progenitors and all under their influence and authority unhappy. When we have thus triumphed we may cherish a secret pride too noble to be expressed in boastful words.—*Baltimorean.*

NOT STRONG ENOUGH.

We are sure our mugwump friends will be glad to learn that a mild expression of belief in the spoils system—that is to say, in the principle of giving the offices to Democrats under a Democratic Administration—was voted down by the California Democrats in their recent State convention.

Below is printed the resolution introduced by *Mr.* Creegan of San Francisco, and rejected by the party. When Mr. Creegan attempted to say a few words in support of this resolution, he was interrupted with cries of 'Time!' and 'Sit down!' and other remarks indicative of dissent, if not disgust:

"*Resolved*, That this convention, representing the entire Democracy of the State, most respectfully and very earnestly requests our President, Grover Cleveland, and also the heads of the various departments in Washington and California to immediately remove every offensive partisan in the employ of the United States. We are entering on a mighty struggle in our fair State, and need the assistance of honest and true men in all these places, which justly and fairly belong to us.'

We are not sure that the Mugwumps will be so glad to learn why the Creegan resolution was rejected. The convention refused to accept it because it was not half strong enough. It called for the immediate removal of 'every offensive partisan in the employ of the United States.' What the Democrats of California want is the removal of every Republican, offensive partisan or inoffensive, who is not protected in his tenure of office by existing laws. And they do no merely request the President to adopt this policy; they demand it:

"*Whereas*, In the election of Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, the people gave a decided expression as to the change in the Government of this nation; and whereas, the Republican party has been in office for the last quarter of a century, to the exclusion of every Democrat, in subordinate positions of trust; therefore be it.

"*Resolved*, That the Democratic party of the State of California demands the removal of every Republican now in office by appointment, except those holding under civil service reform, and that Democrats be appointed in their places.'

That is the text of the substitute for Mr. Creegan's resolution. It was introduced by Mr. Jeffress of Tehama, and it was immediately adopted by unanimous vote.

The Democrats of the country, like the Democrats of California, want no Republicans in office, offensive, partisans or inoffensive.

They want the Republicans turned out because they are Republicans.—*Sun.*

COMMON SENSE.

There are such things in this world as learned fools. They are people who have delved so much in books that they have become fantastic, or more plainly speaking, so completely removed from the lower sphere of practical life, that they are utterly ignorant of its every day usages—in a word, lack common sense.—what is common sense? The term is self suggestive. It is, however, that degree of intelligence, sagaciety of prudence, which should be common to all men. In other words, it is natural understanding of mankind in contradistinction to genius, or the acquisitions of learning. Still further defined, it is good sense applied to all things, and especially to business. What a great possession it is then to have common sense. Tell people that they have common sense and they will be offended, because they prefer to be classed higher in the intellectual scale, even among the "learned fools."

If people would use common sense more than they do, they would be better off. Take marrying for instance: How few select life-companions on common-sense principles. If they did how much better off they would be, how much joy there would be, where there is now repining. There is too much disposition to follow the one ventursome sheep that leaps the fence. Then there is a readiness to yield to the dictates of fashion, and to what may be prevailing with a few soscalled leaders.

Carlyle, to most people, was a dry old stick, but there never was a brighter illustration given than of the case in point, in his passage when he likens men to sheed.

He say, that like them, "if we ever run at all we run in mobs and flocks; we follow our neighbor and our nose. We don't even know where the green pastures lie, except by blind habit. When the grass is sweet between our teeth, we know it and chew it, also, when the grass is bitter and scant, we know it, and bleat and butt." That is truth in a nut shell. A caustic writer says on the subject of following the fashion.

"In England they cut their hunting horses' tails, so they may escape the brusees of the field, Americans cut all their horses' tails, even for boulevard driving. The Princess of Wales was invested with a college cloak and cap; immediately every woman of fashion forthwith adds to her ward-robe some kind of shapeless, long circular, with a red hood dragging to it."

Who can gainsay the verity of what this social critic says? No one, because his cauterizing is generally felt. The fact is if people would use common-sense more than they do, it would be better for them.—*Tar River Talker.*

HUMILITY.

The subject we have selected may fitty be introduced by a short quotation; 'Humility was not a new word when the New Testament was written. It, or its Greek equivalent was very common, and had been used for years; only it is striking that almost without exception the word humility used before the time of Christ is used contemptuously and reproachingly. It always meant meanness of spirit, and to be humble was to be a coward. It described a cringing soul, and was a word of slaves. Such was its almost constant classic use.'

After the coming of Christ it carried with it a deeper meaning—a significance that martyrs clung to, and that apostles strove to implant in the minds of the people. It became the morning star of a mighty reformation. *It* is the grand focus from which radiate all the other Christian graces—the insignia of godliness; the evidence of purification and justification. Its great Exemplar is the Prince of Peace, the Godman Mediator, and now, even though a king should be humble, it means no disgrace.

To say that humility exalts every one who possesses it may seem paradoxical, yet the humblest being the world has ever known was the most exalted.

Humility is a God-like quality, and yet how many there are who think it debasing. He who builds upon humility wears the structure of character upon a good foundation. All the virtues are based upon it, and it may, in fact, be termed the woof of the fabric of Christian life. Without it, the great constituent is wanting, and there is a void which nothing else can fill.

All selfishness is blotted out when we esteem others better than ourselves. We live less for self and more for the great world of humanity that lives and throbs and surges around us; and thus humility becomes the handmaid of charity.

The conscience cannot be void of offense if pride is the dominant spirit. The warfare between pride and humility is continuous, and they will ever be antagonistic qualities. There is essentially a wide difference, the extremes being heavenly mindedness and utter unholiness. The words of the poet are beautifully expressed.

'Humility, that low, sweet root
From which all heavenly virtues shoot.'—*Baltimorean.*

MR. WARNER AND THE POLITICIANS

A RATHER SARCASTIC DESCRIPTION OF THE LOCAL LEADERS AT SARATOGA SPRINGS.

There is a certain sort of life—whether it is worth seeing is a question—that we can see nowhere else, and for an hour Mr. Glow, and King and Forbes, sipping their raspberry shrub in a retired corner of the barroom, were interested spectators of the scene. Through the padded swinging doors entered, as in a play, character after character. Each actor as he entered stopped for a moment and stared about him, and in this act revealed his character—his conceit, his slyness, his bravado, his self-importance. There was a great variety, but practically one prevailing type, and that the New York politician. Most of them were from the city, though the country politician apes the city politician as much as possible, but he likes the exact air, notwithstanding the black broadcloth and the white hat. The city men are of two varieties—the smart, perky-nosed, vulgar young ward worker, and the heavy-featured, gross, fat old fellow. One after another they glide in, with an always conscious air, swagger off the attitudes, strike attitudes in groups, one with his legs spread, another with a foot behind on tiptoe, another leaning against the counter, and so pose and drink. About a little table are three excessively 'ugly mugs,' leering at each other and pouring down champagne. These men are all dressed as nearly like gentlemen as the tailor can make them, but even he cannot change their hard, brutal faces. It is not their fault that money and clothes do not make a gentleman; they are well fed and vulgarly prosperous, and if you inquire you will find that their women are in silks and laces. This is a good place to study the rulers of New York; and impress we as they are in appearance, it is a relief to notice that they unbend to each other and hail one another familiarly as 'Billy' and 'Tommy.' Do they not ape what is most prosperous and successful in American life? There is one who in make-up, form and air, even to the cut of his side whiskers, is an exact counterpart of the great railway king. Here is a heavy-faced young fellow in evening dress, perhaps endeavoring to act the part of a gentleman, who has come from an evening party unfortunately a little 'slewed,' but who does not know how to sustain the character, for presently he becomes very familiar and confidential with the dignified colored waiter at the buffet, who requires all his native politeness to maintain the character of a gentlemen for two.

If these men had millions, could they get any more enjoyment out of life? To have fine clothes, drink champagne, and pose in a fashionable bar room in the height of the season—is not this the apotheosis of the "heeler" and the ward "worker?" The scene had a facination for the artest, who declared that he never tired watching the evolutions of the foreign element into the full bloom of American citizenship.—*N. Y. Star.*

Right, Brother

The morality of a State is to a large extent within the hands of its Solicitors. We need honest, conscientious, faithful men to fill these positions. We need able lawyers, good debaters and men with *actual experience* to fill these positions properly and in a manner which will redown to the best interest of the ple, the elevation of society, and the lessening of criminal vices.—*Winston Sentinel.*

TRUE INDEED.

Men who have made fortunes are not those who have had 5,000 given them to start with, but boys who have started fair with a well earned dollar or two. Men who have acquired fame have never been thrust into popularity by puffs begged or paid for, or given in friendly spirit. They have outstretched their own hands and touched the public heart.—*Greensboro Patriot.*

The above is as true as the gospel, though exceptions sometimes occur, but seldom. The man that builds and paddles his own canoe is the successful man. Any man, however poor, with a good moral character, a good constitution, energy, push and determination cannot but be successful at any undertaking in life. This talk about the professions being filled is all bosh; There is always a place for the right kind of a man.

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