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W. H. KITCHIN, OWNER

WE MUST WORK FOR THE PEOPLE'S WELFARE.

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The Reason.

Love not me for comely grace,
For my pleasing eye or face,
Nor any outward part.
No, nor for a constant heart!
For these may fail or turn ill:
So thou and I shall sever.
Keep therefore a true woman's eye,
And love me still, but know not
Why!
So thou hast the same reason still
To dote upon me ever.

SOUTH GASTON, N. C.,
January 7th, 1887.

Editor DEMOCRAT:—Of all the systems of education with us, the common school for all the children, supported by public taxation, is far the most important to the State, when judiciously administered.

Of course both elementary and higher schools should be kept as near the people, in their local capacity, as is consistent with useful and judicious administration. Even State control should, I think, be confined to things that are general and useful, and national aid, if invited at all, only at the most critical points for the sole purpose of stimulating local effort, without any assumption of national supervision or control. Of course popular education as thus defined, has its general function in the elementary training of mind, discipline of character, and imparting necessary information, which every one of ordinary comprehension, well admit are as essentially necessary and due to the humblest citizen, as well as to the renowned statesman.

Of the whole number of children of the State, enrolled in the public and private schools to-day, it is safe to say that nine tenths will turn their backs upon the school house by the time they are sixteen years of age. Our paramount concern in our system, should be, to do the best thing possible for this mass of children, whose average school life is not with us more than four years.

In higher education is invited the co-operation of every effective educational appliance.

In this field there is no excuse for idleness, but an ample field for the display of individual genius, corporate enterprise, of home and neighborhood efforts.

It will, I imagine, be admitted by all liberal and patriotic thinkers, that there is necessarily no conflict of interests between these different methods necessary in achieving the grand result, for any private and public school with us must finally adjust itself to the conditions of our society.

It indeed would be a calamity if, in the face of the invading host of illiteracy now advancing in solid phalanx to capture our institutions, the champions of the various departments of school life of any portion of our state, should permit themselves to be drawn into a side issue that shall for a moment divert the attention of the people from the great question, that towers immeasurably above all others, whether of church or State.

I propose to give my idea how, under the present status of things, the people of the State may fairly and firmly place on solid basis their educational system; for I contend if the people of this State, with all the help that Providence may vouchsafe, can establish their final educational system upon a true basis, which shall be developed as the years pass by, it will have accomplished one of the grandest works for this people yet known to Christendom. In this matter I do not assume to appear as an outside architect, flourishing an ideal plan of my own, or assisting upon any excellence of plan of my own origination.

I wish to speak of nothing but what has already been experimented on and found successful. Certainly under average conditions, what has been accomplished by some, can still be accomplished by others.

So my purpose will be an honest effort to voice the achievements of successful educators, comparing notes and cheering each other on, in rearing the mighty structure new the result of their noble efforts. The first, absolutely indispensable prerequisite to our success, in this great work of educating the masses, consists in a general awakening of the people of all classes, to the appalling dangers of the illiteracy revealed though half concealed by the last census.

Until the whole people of the State, understand and face this state of facts there can be no gen-

eral or efficient development of educational reform. The superior class of the State, during the past twenty years, under circumstances that would have appalled a less resolute and determined people, have inaugurated and put in operation in every county in the State, an efficient system of public schools, and have rendered more efficient and enlarged their old system of secondary and higher seminaries of learning. And it can be said without the fear of successful contradiction or disparagement, that no body of superior people, so few in numbers, have ever made an effort so heroic, with such an auspicious outlook, as the people of this and the other Southern States of this Union. This year, it is safe to say, that North Carolina will expend in her public schools of all grades not less than \$700,000.00 and from the public prints the same liberal spirit seems to pervade throughout the other Southern States.

Still, this is only the beginning and is, at best, so obviously inadequate to accomplish the result, that it does not become us to waste time in extending congratulations, but to press onward to the still more important work of the necessary awakening of the whole people of the State from their lethargy and lake-wardness on this momentous subject. For, be it understood, lies the cause of the inefficiency of the working, often the discouraging failure, of the best plans that may be suggested or adopted.

In every community, there are men of more or less wealth and influence not yet alive to this powerful necessity of the people.

In this, I speak what I do know. It is painfully true that there are many reasonably prosperous and respectable parents, who seem only concerned for their own children, not over and above intelligently informed of the demands the public have on them. And yet, there is that mighty army of those to whom the priceless boon—education is only a vague name—at best with them only a name to charm—who either care nothing for education or school, or abuse it by ignorant interference with everything laudably attempted therein.

It is not my purpose here to give my opinion of "compulsory" education; but in Prussia, the method of dealing with such a situation of things as above cited, would be, to mature a plan, enact a law, place the teacher in the school room, and an officer at the parent's elbow, and enforce such elementary instruction as the State should deem necessary. But it is needless for me to say, this is not our plan—not the Southern plan.

It has been said, that no where in our whole country, has the more enlightened classes of society, so great an influence for good, as in the South; yet after all, its power is only moral and its only successful implement is agitation.

Any one can lead the horse to water, but I defy all the world to make him drink unless he is dry. Let us examine and look well to it. Until this is done, and that in the interest of the masses, our whole school system, from the claspboard cabin in the sequestered nook, to our State University, will be as a frail bark, tossed upon the waves of a treacherous, tempestuous and boisterous ocean.

When this is accomplished, there is bound, in the nature of things, to be an upward of improvement. Better teachers will be in demand and in innumerable ways, now, by fogies deemed impossible, the necessary means will flow in to help rear this grand edifice towards heaven. Bear in mind; this grand awakening is not to be achieved—in the main by laborers from without, but it is a duty devolving and devolved upon the intelligent masses at home—in the neighborhood, in the family. Every community has its own plan for raising a popular breeze. Every popular device, not injurious to the cause and wrong in itself, should be brought in requisition to accomplish the desired end. The press of the State has here an ample field for splendid work, and should take up the theme and echo through its columns, echo and reecho the same continually from Charlotte to the Seaboard. Every newspaper in the State, village, secular, or religious, should be brought into the work, and be induced to blaze with the best columns that the ablest friends to the cause can indite. Again, it seems to me, that the pulpit

should speak out in unmistakable terms for that general enlightenment of the masses, without which, even the church itself becomes a "dark cave of superstition." Every candidate for place of public trust, from the President down to district constable, should be forced to face the people, and tell them what he knows of education.

It will be very convenient indeed, fifteen or twenty years hence for the young lawyers and ambitious young men of the State to pull from their pockets "a ringing speech" in behalf of the boys who pass in the ballots which will decide their political fate. So, if the great men of the State stand still and ponder over uncertainties, and mighty docters have nothing to say of their own, and the "great stars of fashion" have no use for them so common place, as "the education of the ignorant masses," then let every earnest worker in this glorious cause, come to the front, and undaunted, in season and out of season, plead for the grand consummation—the awakening of the masses. Now my friends ponder—well what I have said.

Think what may not the foremost men—those who are competent to the task, with their thrilling eloquence, say, what cannot those noble women, before whose social powers we all doff our hats, achieve, if once moved by the proper impulses, as workers in this grand revival for enlisting the whole people in the supreme cause of educating and enlightening our fellow creatures. Surely it would seem needless, to invite so susceptible a people, to come forward and labor for those whom we hold dearer than anything on earth. We want North Carolina only as God has made it, and as the providential schooling of the past has left it, and only contend that its people shall give themselves, just as they are, to this glorious crusade against ignorance and to the levation of the masses in the scale of being, knowing that ignorance leads to vice, and vice leads to ruin.

T. H. G.

THE PHENOMENAL CITY.

To all it may concern:

I took my departure from Scotland Neck, N. C. just one year ago, and after a few days travel I found myself far away treading the soil where the orange blossoms blow.

I have been requested several times, to write something of Florida, and the city in which I live, and this is the result. If the editor of the DEMOCRAT will kindly allow me space in his worthy columns, I will endeavor to tell something of Orlando, and its surroundings. Orlando has very appropriately been termed the "Phenomenal City." Like unto the fabulous cities of the Arabian Nights, it seems to have sprung from the earth, and it is not difficult to believe in the patent magic of geni; and to attribute the unusual growth and activity everywhere apparent to the influence of some mystic enchantment. Less than five years ago a handful of houses erected in the wild desolation of the piney woods comprised the then existing town, a mere hamlet of unpretentious cabins. Scarcely a year was entertained, in those days for the future of this secluded child of the wilderness, and it would have been a bold man indeed to venture to predict the brilliant fortunes hidden away in the approaching period of the next few years. But the star of its destiny was in the ascendant; and out of the cracker settlement was soon to develop a typical American town, full of life, energy and business. Attracted by the great beauty and exceeding healthfulness of the adjacent country and the superior quality of the soil, as indicated by the scores of magnificent orange groves scattered throughout the country, a few far sighted business men cast their fortunes here and with unprecedented energy, they devoted their time, labor and capital to development and to the cause of Orlando. These pioneer fathers, prominent among whom we note Maj. R. M. Marks, Mess. J. H. Livingston & Co., Mess. Sinclair and Mills, early wrought many lasting improvements. Through their constant and untiring efforts, a tide of travel soon found its way into the country, and to Orlando as the central point. A golden harvest of Northern capital poured in from every side, and property advanced in value and elegant residences were

built for the many families that came to establish Southern homes. Business developed with startling rapidity, fortunes were made, and fortunes were lost to those without capital to invest. The car of success moved steadily forward unchecked. The little hamlet grew to a large town, the town matured into a charming city of not less than six thousand souls; railroads were built and mills and foundries were put in operation. An opera house, banks, a fine market house and armory, and numerous handsome blocks were erected. Hotels and boarding houses were soon omnipresent, churches of nearly every denomination were early represented, and societies of every description were organized. Telephonic and telegraphic communications were established, a street railway was built, and water and gas companies were incorporated. In a short time nearly every branch of industry was found flourishing and in a healthy condition. Five years have passed, and at the commencement of this year, Orlando is acknowledged to be the most flourishing city in South Florida, its growth and development have been truly phenomenal, and it is not strange that travelers hurries along its busy thoroughfares beholding at every turn signs of rapid and enlarging improvements, should look with wonder and astonishment, and recognize in this prosperous, progressive young city the future metropolis of Southern Florida, the delight of tourists and travelers and the pride and hope of business men and capitalists. In regard to climate, there is but one Florida. We are shut in from the bleak chilly winds and furious snow storms that are now abounding in other states. A few evenings since I had the pleasure of taking a moonlight row, on a beautiful lake near the city limits known as "Rock Lake;" it was a lovely evening, the full moon burst forth from behind the clouds and threw its silvery rays across the bosom of the deep, as we glided along, surrounded by the fine orange groves, of which the oranges with the bright moonlight flashed like millions of fire flies on a summer's eve; all was calm, and quiet, not a ripple on the water save that of the rush of the "gater." A row of this description can be enjoyed only in Florida in the bleak month of January. Hon. R. B. Bridges of Wilmington, N. C., President of W. & W. C. & A. roads N. C., left this place yesterday for Tampa, Fla., after spending a day in the "Phenomenal City." Mr. Bridges and Dr. Thomas of Wilmington, are making a tour through Florida in a private drawing room car.

Orlando, Fla., January 15th, 1887.

A HUNTER'S STRANGE LUCK.

A gentleman residing near the Napa and Sonoma county lines, and whose name we withhold by request, tells the following story of a remarkable shot: He was out in the mountains in quest of the festive buck, Monday, and had experienced poor luck until about noon, when he spied a tall, magnificent deer raising his proud head over a rock pile at a distance of about 200 yards from him. The branches of a young madrona tree formed a natural bronze-red and green frame above the animal's head. He hesitated for some time in doubt of chancing a shot at that distance, the position of the target being so unfavorable. He decided to risk it, however, and blazed away. When the little wreath of smoke had cleared away he found that the proudly crested head had disappeared. He made his way rapidly as possible to the spot and found his game awaiting him. After performing the customary surgical operation upon the deer's throat with his hunting knife, he commenced to look for the death wound. What appeared to be a bullet hole was found in the centre of the deer's forehead.

In passing his hand carelessly over the wound he detected a rough, sharp protuberance. Thinking it was a piece of the shattered front bone he tried to withdraw it. He was unable to move it at the first attempt, and commenced tugging in earnest. He finally succeeded, but to his surprise, it was not a piece of the skull. It was a splinter of madrona wood, four inches in length by an inch and a half or quarter of an inch thick, gradually narrowing to a

point at one end. Upon a careful examination he found that his bullet had not touched the animal, but had struck one of the limbs of the madrona tree about six inches above his head, chipping out the splinter that had killed the deer. The splinter withdrawn from the animal's skull was fitted to the limb above and the result proved beyond a doubt that the deer was killed by the splinter of wood.—Sonoma (Cal) Democrat.

A Fable About a Boy.

A fit of a boy observed his sister curling her hair around a hot poker and when he saw her golden ringlets curl up like Georgia pine shavings, what he considered an ever bright idea struck him.

"The folks next door say their pug is better than our bull dog, because its tail curls over its back so tight. I am just going to curl the bull dog's tail now, and run him up and down in front of their house and then maybe they won't feel so big."

So he brought the dog in, and heated the poker until it was almost red in order to get a good curl. Grasping the dog's tail, he quickly wound it around the poker, but it was not wound around the poker half so quick as the dog was wound around the boy. He picked him up by the small of his back, and shook him very near into the ague. The boy was then obliged to lie in bed until his father could afford to get him a new suit of cloths, which was a month later.

BILL NYE

He is Studying Zoology in North Carolina Mountains.

There is no place in the United States, so far as I know, where the cow is more versatile or ambidextrous, if I may be allowed the use of a term that is far above my station in life, than here in the Mountains of North Carolina, where the obese possum and the anonymous distiller have their homes.

The life of a North Carolina cow is indeed fraught with various changes and saturated with a zeal which is praiseworthy in the extreme. From the sunny days when she gambols through the beautiful valleys, inserting her black, retronose and perspiration dotted nose into the blue grass from ear to ear, until at life's close when every part and portion of her overworked system is turned into food, riment or overcoat buttons, the life of the Tar heel cow is one of intense anxiety.

Jackasses in the South are of two kinds viz: Male and Female. Much as has been said of the Jackass pro and con, I do not remember ever to have seen the above in print before, and yet it is as true as it is incontrovertible. In the Rocky Mountains we call this animal the burro. There he packs bacon, flour and salt to the miners.

The miners at the meat and flour, and with the salt they are enabled to successfully salt the mines. The burro has a low contralto voice which ought to have some machine oil on it. The voice of this animal is not unpleasant if he would pull some of the paths out of it and make it more joyous.

Here the jackass at times becomes a co-worker with the cow in hauling tobacco and other necessities of life into town, but he goes no farther in the matter of assistance. He compels her to tread the cheese press alone and contribute nothing whatever in the way of assistance for the better industry.

The North Carolina cow is frequently seen here driven double or single by means of a small rope attached to a tall, emaciated gentleman, who is generally clothed with the divine right of suffrage to which he adds a small pair of ear buds during the holidays.

The cow is attached to each shaft by a small singletree or swingletree, by means of a broad strap horn or She also wears a breeching in which respect she frequently has the advantage of her escort. I think I have never witnessed a

sadder sight than that of a new milch cow, torn away from home and friends and kindred dear, descending a steep mountain road at a rapid rate and striving in her poor weak manner to keep out of the way of a small Jackson Democratic wagon loaded with a big hoghead full of tobacco. It seems to me so totally foreign to the nature of the cow to enter into the tobacco traffic, a line of business for which she can have no sympathy and in which she certainly can feel very little interest.

A great many people come here from various parts of the world, for the climate. When they have remained for one winter, however they decide to leave it where it is.

It is said that the climate here, is very much like that of Turin. But I did not intend to go to Turin even before I heard about that.

Please send my paper to the same address, and if some one who knows a good remedy for chilblains will contribute it to the Sabbath Globe, I shall watch for it with great interest. Yours as here 24,

BILL NYE.

P.S.—I should have said in relation to the cow of this State that if the owners would work their butter more and their cows less they would confer a great boon on the consumer of both.

B. N.

WALTHY NEGROES.

Colored Citizens Worth from Half a Million Down.

John W. Cromwell, a negro journalist in Philadelphia, says the Atlanta Constitution, has compiled an exhibit of the business condition of his race in America.

The Carolinas take the lead in the number of well-to-do negroes. North Carolina has twenty who are worth from \$10,000 to \$30,000 each. In South Carolina the negroes own \$10,000,000 worth of property. In Charleston fourteen men represent \$290,000. Thomas R. Smalls is worth \$18,000, Charles C. Leslie is worth \$12,000. The family of Nettles, truck farmers, are worth \$150,000. In the city savings bank the negroes have \$124,936.35 on deposit. One man has over \$5,000. He recently bought a \$10,000 plantation and paid \$7,000 in cash.

In Philadelphia John McKee is worth half a million. He owns 400 houses. Several are worth \$100,000 each.

The negroes of New York own from five to six million dollars' worth of real estate. P. A. White, a wholesale druggist, is worth a quarter of a million, and has an annual business of \$200,000. Catherine Black is worth \$150,000.

In New Jersey the negroes own \$2,000,000 worth of real estate. Baltimore has more negro home-owners than any other large city. Nineteen men are worth a total of \$80,000. John Thomas, the wealthiest, is worth about \$150,000. Less than one hundred negroes in Washington are worth a total of \$1,000,000.

In Louisiana the negroes pay taxes on \$15,000,000 in New Orleans and \$30,000,000 in the State. Jomie Lafon, a French quadroon, is worth \$1,000,000. The Mercer Bros., clothiers, carry a stock of \$300,000. Missouri has twenty-seven negroes worth \$1,000,000, in amounts ranging from \$20,000 to \$25,000.

The richest colored woman in the South, Amanda Eubanks, made so by the will of her white father, is worth \$400,000, and lives near Augusta, Ga. Chicago, the home of eighteen thousand colored people, has three firms in business whose proprietors represent \$20,000 each, one \$15,000, and nine \$10,000. The Eastlake Furniture Company is worth \$20,000. A. J. Scott has \$35,000 invested in the livery business, and is worth \$100,000, including a well-stocked farm in Michigan. Mrs. John Jones and Richard Grant are worth \$70,000 each. A. G. White of St. Louis, formerly purveyor of the Anchor Line of steamers since financial reverses, has, since the age of 45, retrieved his fortunes and accumulated \$30,000. Mrs. M. Carpenter, a San Francisco colored woman, had a bank account of \$5,000, and Mrs. Mary Pleasant has an income from eight houses in San Francisco, a ranch near San Mateo, and \$100,000 in government bonds. In Marysville, Cal., twelve individuals are the owners of ranches valued in the aggregate from \$150,000 to \$180,000. One of them, Mrs. Peggy Bredon,

has besides, a bank account of \$40,000.

These statistics show that the brother in black is making some headway in the world. He is learning to "tote his own skill."—Star.

We have no great confidence in improvement of morals and suppression of crime as long as three evils exist: the one man pardoning power; the present system of jury trials as juries are composed; and the sympathy for crime and criminals that prevails to a greater or less extent in every community. Let a villain slay his fellow-man—let the murder be of the most fiendish, devilish kind, and then allow a year or two to elapse, and a strong public sympathy for the incarnate devil is created inevitably and to punish him is to punish a martyr. This is perhaps natural. We all know how softening, how alleviating is time. The mother who bribes her ten best, best loved offspring can look without heart laceration upon the dear dead one's little shoes and stockings and toys two or three years after death, whereas their very sight tore the heart strings in the early days of bereavement. Punish crime when it is fresh if you would prevent undue sympathy for villains and shut out sentimental gush in the way of petitions. Let justice be done though the heavens fall. Let the laws be executed faithfully, firmly, fairly.—Wilmington Star.

How to Sweep.

Sweep with a long, steady stroke, taking care to form a habit of raising the broom at the end of the stroke in such a way as to prevent dust raising. Watch some women sweep as if they were digging; a small cloud of dust will follow the end of the broom every time it is raised. Be careful to go into every corner with the end of your broom, and to brush all dust from between carpet or matting and skirting board, as here is where moths love to harbor. Sweep from all sides of the room to the center. This sweeping to the center instead of the door may strike some readers as an innovation, but if they will consider a moment they will see that there is no reason whatever for dragging the dust all over the room. Sweeping toward the center of a sixteen feet square room, you only sweep the dust eight feet each way, instead of carrying it before the broom the whole sixteen feet. Short quick strokes of the broom are apt to scatter the dust, especially when it strikes ends with an upward jerk, as I have often seen it do when the broom is in the hands of vigorous girls who imagine they are getting over the ground much more rapidly by hurried movements than they would if they took greater pains. But hurry is no speed; some women are quick and thorough, others slow and thorough but the one always hurrying is rarely either quick or thorough; she makes work all the time she is doing it.—Hartford Sunday Globe.

An Optical Delusion.

The story of the twins is the latest. A father of twins was naturally very proud of them, and when they came to a presentable age he insisted on a friend calling to see them. The friend agreed, and came the day. The twins were dressed in their best, put side by side in an arm-chair, and awaited inspection.

Now, the friend had been luncing very heavily, and drinking very freely, and consequently his vision was not as perfect as it ought to have been. However, he went to admire the twins, and was usher into the room where they were. "There," exclaimed the proud father, "did you ever see anything to match that? The visitor, conscious of the possibility of an optical delusion, quietly replied, "Quite right; it's splendid child."—The Whitehall view.

Where He Had Canvassed

Publisher—"You think you applicant for my paper with success?" Applicant—"Oh, yes, sir." Publisher—"All engage you, I'm rather impressed in your favor. By the way—for what papers has you canvassed?" Applicant—"For none, sir." "Eh? why, you gave me to understand you had experience as a canvasser?" Applicant—"In a park house, sir; I used to canvass bams."—Philadelphia Star.