THE DEMOCRAT.

W. H. KITCHIN, OWNER — WE MUST WORK FOR THE PEOPLE'S WELFARE. — SUBSCRIPTION $1.50 PER YEAR

VOL. 3. — SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., FRIDAY FEBRUARY 18, 1887. — NO 15.

State Library

THE DEMOCRACY WASHINGTON

[illegible] the Washington Critic.
[illegible]
[illegible] Washington!
[illegible] C. S. R.
[illegible]
All [illegible] don't beat him
[illegible] keeps on;
Therefore we do not fear
To give him ball
Right in the face, by thunder!
For that is the kind of a
Harpin we are;
And don't you forget it!
He takes his dukedom from
The Boss of New Orleans!
He takes his princeship
From the wrecks of party!
He takes an office seeker
By the nape of the neck and the
Omega of the trowsers
And fires him down stairs!
He takes his Bourbon with
Milk and water [illegible]
And takes things pretty
Much as they come!
He also takes the cake
Away from the victors
And gives it to the Mugwumps,
Which accounts for the odor of
sulphur
At Democratic headquarters!
Over the fence is out,
But so far his Grace is merely
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Grace
[illegible] of Washington
and [illegible] of C. S. R.
[illegible]

THE HEADSMAN.

Henry La Luberne in *Inter-Ocean.*

Some years ago on New Year's eve a gentlemanly-looking man, accompanied by his valet, was traveling in a [illegible] along the highroad which leads from Paris to the little French Protestant town of Anduze in the department of the Gardon. It was a dark night, the snow lay heavy on the ground and the wind blew with uncommon force. The travelers had [illegible] beyond a small chapel that [illegible] among the [illegible] outskirts of the town of Anduze when they were assaulted by [illegible] intent on murder an [illegible] the [illegible] gentleman and [illegible] courage. The valet, however, who had been wounded [illegible] from loss of blood, and his master would no doubt have succumbed to superior numbers had not the clear light of the moon issuing from an opening in the clouds unexpectedly disclosed the stalwart figure of a young man who, with a pistol in each hand, suddenly came upon the scene and put the whole gang to flight.

The gentleman, who was dressed in black, warmly clutched the hand of his rescuer.

"Young man," said he, "I owe my life to your timely intervention. Say, what can I do for you in return?"

"Thank you," replied the other, "I saw you were a stranger and the weaker party, so it was my duty to side with you against those villains. Besides, I doubt whether you can be of any assistance to me."

"Well," responded the traveler "to tell the truth, I am not a very rich man. Still, I am in easy circumstances [illegible] money——"

"[illegible]," replied the [illegible] young fellow, "but, I repeat, you can be of no assistance to me."

"Forgive me if I insist," remonstrated the stranger. "You are poor and suffering, without even a coat on this cold night, and your face is pale as if from want. Accept at least these few louis until I see you again."

And so saying, the stranger compelled him to take the proffered purse.

"Well," unwillingly acquiesced the young fellow, "I accept, though not for myself. It shall be for another."

"And how may I ask [illegible] to be so [illegible] when I was about to succumb?" asked the gentleman.

"Oh, by a mere chance," [illegible] replied his [illegible] [illegible] I [illegible] your [illegible]."

"I [illegible] saved my life [illegible] in [illegible]."

"[illegible] at you [illegible] Y who knows? Will you favor me with your name and business here?"

At this request the gentleman in black knit his brows and remained silent.

"Did my question escape you?" civilly inquired the young man.

"Well, no," ejaculated the stranger. "You see, I am traveling abroad, for the present at least. I should prefer not to mention my name. In fact, I wish to say as little as possible about the business that brings me to Anduze. If I complied with your request, you might perhaps repent having rendered me so signal a service. But you, my noble fellow, can give me your name and address, so that I may call on you and assist you as far as it is in my power."

A short silence intervened, during which the young man bowed his head and [illegible] audible.

"Perhaps you did not hear my question?" remarked the gentleman.

"I did," replied the young man, "and I, also, cannot answer. [illegible] neither my abode nor my name. You might have [illegible] the remembrance [illegible] has enlisted your sympathy."

Just then, as midnight tolled the knell of the departing year, a joyful peal of bells rang out clear from the wayside chapel.

Both waved their hands as if to say, "A happy New Year!"—a wish that neither could find it in his heart to utter. Then they separated, the young man starting toward the [illegible] and the gentleman [illegible] back, with his disabled servant, going in the opposite direction toward Anduze.

A person passing through the little town of Anduze early on the following day might have inferred from the crowd in the market place that the fete of some patron saint was [illegible] celebrated. Old men, [illegible] children predominated. [illegible] were to be seen on every available elevation, and the [illegible] on the straw [illegible] of the [illegible] window [illegible] looked down [illegible] through the foggy morning.

[illegible] however, being a Protestant [illegible] the [illegible] stronghold of the [illegible] bands who gave such [illegible] XIV and [illegible] [illegible] the populace [illegible] not to render public homage to any saint. What, then, could be the cause of such a crowd at this early hour?

Look into the middle of the market place where something towering above the heads of the fluctuating crowd arrests the eye. There, [illegible] guarded by four well-[illegible] soldiers, is a square scaffold of peculiar construction, all draped in [illegible] cloth, with a blood red [illegible] a blood red billet, two blood red upright beams, at the base of which is a blood red plank and at the summit a gleaming knife. A [illegible] some six feet long extends by the side of the plank, and a large basket in front, while a vehicle waits at the foot of the scaffolding.

The truth now flashes upon you. The crowd impatiently look forward to an execution.

* * * * *

An Old Woman—What a rabble in a Protestant town, good holy Virgin.

The Beadle—Ah, dame! such [illegible] are rare at Anduze. 'Tis well for Paris, where an execution takes place every other day.

An Old Woman—They are lucky at Paris! Our town, I tell you, is a perfect hole.

An Urchin—I can't see, I can't.

The Beadle—'Tis Paul Fouquet who is to have his head cut off.

A Peddler—Ah, and pray what has Paul Fouquet done?

The Beadle—His mother was the pride of the family. Her drunken conduct and ungovernable temper reduced the poor old father to despair. She had sold off nearly every article of furniture to buy drink [illegible] even sold her own daughter, who was pretty as an angel, and has [illegible] of a broken heart. Poor [illegible] every bit of household [illegible] the old man, [illegible] wife for her [illegible] [illegible] a son, and [illegible] at [illegible] the old man's head, who [illegible] fainting [illegible] the floor.

An Old Woman—That also is true.

The Beadle—Now, Paul, who had been out shooting all the morning, met his sister in the woods, and she had told him what happened. Paul hurried home and entered the room just as his mother was in the act of kicking the prostrate form of his father. He sprang forward, the gun went off and his mother fell dead at his feet.

The Peddler—One coquin!

The Beadle—Paul at once gave himself up, and alleged that in a fit of anger he had, in fact, rushed upon his mother to prevent her from further injuring his father, but without any intention of killing her, and that the fowling piece had gone off, he didn't know how. It was all to no purpose; he was tried at the last term, condemned to death and the sentence of the law is to be carried into effect this morning.

A Lawyer's Clerk—Aye, and the law, extremely severe in such cases, enacts that the culprit shall be led from his prison to the place of execution in his shirt, barefaced, his head covered with a black veil, and that he shall have his right hand cut off. The judgment further adds that the sentence of the law shall be carried out at Anduze and on a fete day, to serve as an example to the people.

The old crone was about to renew her dispute with the beadle when the greffier, an official in the French courts whose business it is to register legal documents, thought it his duty to interfere. The solemn event which was about to take place lent additional gravity to this worthy representative of the law.

"Good morning, Mother Ricquet," said this important person in an offhand way. "Is that you, Victor? How are you, M. Fenner? without forgetting the company."

This latter phrase of course could only apply to the peddler, the sole one of the four gossips whom the [illegible] for safety. After thus distributing his guarded civilities, he opened the conversation [illegible].

"[illegible] you not heard the news? [illegible] you were shouting about the culprit, you little expected, I'll warrant, that the sovereignty of the law had been violated, and this morning's execution was [illegible] postponed."

The Beadle—Dear me! how so?

The Registrar—Ah! [illegible] I was apprised of the fact in the exercise of my functions.

An Old Woman—Do tell us about it.

The Registrar—Paul Fouquet, while being conveyed yesterday under good escort from the prison of Nimes, where he was tried, to that of Anduze, where he was to remain until the hour of his execution this morning, suddenly escaped at a point on the road bordering the Gardon, and getting rid of his bonds jumped into the river. 'Twas a mighty feat, I tell you, for he was at the time strongly fettered; but he is supposed to have found an accomplice in one of the soldiers of the escort.

The Beadle—Got clear off then?

The Registrar—Aye. Whether he swam to the opposite bank and gained the woods or whether he managed to hide among the boats on this side the Gardon God alone knows. At any rate, he is nowhere to be found. It is believed he has accomplices in the vicinity who abetted his escape. We shall thoroughly sift that matter [rubbing his hands] in a day or two.

The Old Woman—Well, have you found him yet?

The Registrar—Oh, of course, we have. He escaped yesterday, late in the afternoon, and we nabbed him this morning at about 1 o'clock. Our brigadier, who is a deep one, reasoned after this fashion: I know Andre, said he; now that he's got clear off, he's sure to go and see his father up there in the mountain. So the brigadier, like an astute one that he is, disguised his soldiers and sent them to keep a [illegible] around old Fouquet's house. The clever trick succeeded. At about 1 o'clock in the morning our runaway Paul was seen approaching, and was instantly apprehended. He had [illegible] two of the soldier's pistols, which were recovered, and on being searched a purse was found upon him, which he had no doubt stolen.

The Beadle—Oh, as for stealing, I don't believe Paul to be capable of such a thing.

The Registrar—Well, maybe. The park headsman and his assistant arrived here late last night or early this morning, and brought the knife along with them from Nimes. No one has yet been able to see the executioner, nor was he present at the prisoner's toilet. He's a big, fat man; oh, I know him well.

A movement of the crowd drew off their attention.

"There he is! there he is!" shouted the lawyer's clerk, who was tall and lanky, and could see over the heads of the swaying multitude.

At once every eye strained in the direction of a small cart which slowly advanced toward the scaffold.

"Hee! hee! I can't see. I can't. I want to see, I do," blabbered the urchin.

The peddler stooped and lifted the boy on his shoulders.

Soon the wretched man got down from the cart. A black veil covered his head, completely hiding his features. The Protestant pastor of Anduze was by his side, and helped him to mount the fatal steps.

A corpulent man, dressed in deep black, had preceded him.

On catching sight of this man the registrar exclaimed: "There he is! that's the Paris headsman!"

"That man there, who has cut off the culprit's hand, is an assistant from Nimes," said the registrar.

When everything was in readiness the headsman drew the veil off the young man's head.

Their eyes met. Both started.

Just then the New Year's bells rang out a merry peal from some neighboring steeple. The youthful sufferer—while pointing, though quite unconsciously, with his handless and bleedless arm toward Christ's temple, whence came the silvery chimes—turned to the headsman and said, as a smile lit up his pallid features:

"It's like last night, isn't it? But I told you, didn't I, that you could do nothing for me?"

In less than two seconds the headsman had done his duty.

But from that day forward the public executioner was no longer [illegible] man. His mind wandered, and he had to be relieved of his duties. He was heard in his ravings to mutter:

"He saved my life, and, O, God! I [illegible]"

The [illegible] headsman was the gentleman in the carriage, and Paul Fouquet was his rescuer.

BIG THINGS.

The largest suspension bridge is the one between New York city and Brooklyn: 5,890 feet. The loftiest active volcano is Popocatapelt—"smoking mountain"—Puebla, Mexico; it is 17,748 feet above the sea level, and has a crater three miles in circumference and a thousand feet deep. The longest span of wire in the world is used for a telegraph in India, over the River Kistnah. It is more than 6,000 feet in length and is 1,200 feet high. The largest ship in the world is the Great Eastern. She is 680 feet long, 83 feet broad, 90 feet deep, being 28,627 tons burden, 23,915 gross and 13,-341 net register. The greatest fortress, Gibraltar. One central rock rises to a height of 1,435 feet above the sea level. Its northern face is almost perpendicular, while its east side is full of tremendous precipices. The biggest cavern is the Mammoth Cave, Kentucky. The cave consists of a succession of irregular chambers, some of which are large, situated on different levels. Some of these are traversed by navigable branches of the subterranean Echo river. Blind fish are found in its waters. The longest tunnel in the world is that of the St. Gothard. It is 9½ miles longer than the Mont Cenis Tunnel. The biggest trees in the world are the mammoth trees of California. One was shown to be 276 feet in height, 108 feet in circumference and 76 feet at a point twelve feet above ground. Some of these trees are 376 feet high and 34 feet in diameter. Some of the largest that have been felled indicate an age of from 2,000 to 2,500 years. The largest desert is that of Sahara, a vast region of Northern Africa. [illegible] 3,000 miles; breadth, [illegible] area, 2,000,000 square miles. Rain falls in torrents in the Sahara at intervals of five, ten and twenty years. The greatest pyramid is that of Cheops. Its masonry consisted originally of 89,028,000 cubic feet, and still amounts to 82,-111,000 cubic feet. The present vertical height is 450 feet, against 479 feet originally. The largest bell in the world is the great bell of Moscow. Its circumference at the bottom is nearly 68 feet and its height more than 21 feet. In its stoutest part it is 23 inches thick, and its weight has been computed to be 453,722 pounds.—*Philadelphia Times.*

GROVER CLEVELAND AND ROBERT PEEL.

The Englishman Was a Better Democrat than the Gentleman from Buffalo.

To the Editor of the *Sun*—Sir: It is commonly believed that Grover Cleveland originated the apt aphorism, "Public office is a public trust." Perhaps he did. But whether he did or not, as a Democrat I commend to his attention a letter to the Dean of York, Dec. 20, 1842, from Sir Robert Peel. The latter wrote:

I have considered official patronage as a public trust to be applied to the reward and encouragement of public service, or to the less praiseworthy, but still necessary purpose of promoting the general interest of the Government.

Of course, by "the Government" Sir Robert meant the Conservative Cabinet, in which he was then Secretary for Ireland. He makes his meaning plain in another letter, April 5, 1843, to the same correspondent, in which he writes:

Those who have made locally great sacrifices and great exertions for the maintenance of the political cause which they espouse, have always been considered fairly entitled to be consulted in respect to the disposal of local patronage, and would justly complain if I were to disregard their recommendations.

The President might take the same view with advantage—to some of the Democrats who worked hard for his election, at all events. Now, I am a Democrat, and always have been since my majority—always voting and working for my party, though I never wanted, never asked for, and never will ask for an office. But I do not like such a decided departure in American politics as a Democratic Executive with a Republican administration, as the situation is almost wholly throughout the country to-day, two years after the Democrats were presumed to have come into power. Those who joined in the campaign cry, "Turn the rascals out," would better have elected Mr. Blaine, who would have made a clean sweep; for under his administration hardly one Hayes, Garfield, and Arthur officeholder would have been retained, where twenty of that sort still stick. He would have wanted, and very properly, and what is more to the point, would have had, everywhere in the country, subordinate officers to assist in carrying his administration.

The President cannot have forgotten how complete the change was when the Republican party first came into power. It is true that a few men of ability and experience, especially Mr. Stanton, Mr. Holt, and Gen. Dix, who were war Democrats and not Republicans, and who were in office under Buchanan, held high places under Lincoln, but the general sweep was terrific. In the whole history of the country, before or since, there was never such a pressure for places. Mr. Edwin M. Stanton wrote to James Buchanan, March 12, 1861: "The Administration is now completely organized, but demands for office must necessarily occupy their chief attention." Mr. Stanton even believed that the squabble over the spoils would kill the party. He wrote to Buchanan, March 14: "The pressure for offices continues unabated. Every department is overrun, and by the time all the patronage is distributed the Republican party will be dissolved." If the party didn't go, he feared Lincoln would, for he wrote of the President, April 3: "He is said to be very much broken down with the pressure that is upon him in respect to appointments." But things came round all right, and in spite of the then imminent civil war the President found time to appoint country Postmasters in Bungtown and Oshkosh, or in whatever corner of the country a Democrat was to be put out for the sole sake of putting a Republican in. And since Mr. Lincoln's Administration no Republican President has hesitated to remove Republican officeholders and replace them with other Republicans who were to be rewarded for political services or who would be efficient in the new Administration.

President Jefferson was never troubled for want of vacancies to fill. He tells how vacancies are made, and that is by removals, and by removals only, since "those by death are few; by resignation none." This famous phrase of Jefferson's, by the by, is universally misquoted, "few die and none resign," but all the same, either way it is equally true of Republican office holders, and it seems quite satisfactory to our Democratic President.

JEFFERSON JENSEN.

New York, Jan. 22.

THE CHARGE AT GETTYSBURG.

The Hon. John W. [illegible] in his address before the Virginia Division of the Army of Northern Virginia, in October, 1875, described the charge as follows:

At the end of two hours the artillery fire slackened—then ceased like some grand orchestral chorus announcing the curtain's rise as tragedy itself steps forth upon the stage. As silence once more reigned over the smoking heights, from the [illegible] [illegible] that still hung over Seminary Ridge there emerged the long double lines of the Confederate infantry, in none of the "pomp and circumstance of war," but clad in sombre homespun, brown and gray, with nothing bright about them save the blood-red battle-flags twinkling in their midst and the glittering sheen of cold steel. Old Virginia had the post of honor that day. In the center of the assault, [illegible] moved Pickett's men, [illegible] magnificent [illegible]—Kemper on the right connecting with Wilcox; Garnett on the left, connecting with Pettigrew; Armistead behind them—Virginians all. Down the slope from Seminary Ridge they moved [illegible] to the assault, not [illegible] says Mr. Swinton, [illegible] the run or double quick, as has been represented in the overcolored descriptions in which the famous charge has been so often painted, but with a *disciplined steadiness*—a quality noticed by all who saw this advance as its characteristic feature." Mounted on his old familiar war horse, Traveler, General Lee from the summit of Seminary Ridge, watched his veterans as they advanced to this supreme endeavor, as did Napoleon, from the slope of La Belle Alliance, watch the advance of the Old Guard upon the allied center of Waterloo. Scarcely had they debouched into the field before once more Cemetery Ridge was fringed with fire, and into their faces came the hissing shot and shell. And unfortunately for us, *our own batteries having nearly exhausted their ammunition* (a fact unknown to Gen. Lee when the assault commenced), were unable to reply.

Our left under the noble Trimble, who was soon struck down, staggered at the start, but soon regained their step; and while shell burst overhead and solid shot opened frightful gaps, the lines closed up and moved on. Half way over this death-devoted field Pickett's men paused and rearranged their lines, and then moved sharply to the left, so as to strike the highest point and apparent centre of enemy." Now it happened that the supporting troops did not close up to Pickett's right, thus leaving a gap open upon his flank; and now, at close range, the enemy from the shotted guns poured canister right into their bosoms; but they still pressed right on. And now from behind stone walls and trenches on the top of the plateau of Cemetery Ridge the fire of musketry flashed in their faces. Kemper and Garnett, while leading their men like the Paladins of old, had fallen; but the men faltered not, and with a wild rush they clove the Federal line. Brave Armistead, leading his men afoot, sprang upon the enemy's works, while all around him clustered the resolute soldiers of the Virginia division who had

"Charged an army
While all the world wondered."

With calm countenance, but heart elate, General Lee, from his post, with his field-glass fixed upon this point, now saw the battle flags waving over the smoke that wreathed the crest of Cemetery Ridge, like a cluster of blood-red mountain blossoms amidst thick foliage; and for the while Pickett's men stood conquerors on this blood-won summit, while all along their front the Federal troops dismayed by their astonishing intrepidity, fled the field leaving their batteries in the victors' hands.

But alas they stood alone. For at least twenty minutes (I am told by Capt. John Holmes Smith, of the Lynchburg Home Guards, who, though wounded, clung to that perilous height), the few who got there held undisputed possession of the field. But where were their supports? Where were their comrades? They had broken before the tornado of fire [illegible] and disappeared. And now upon the right, the gap left was being filled by Federal troops; and marshaling in their front the Federal reserves, summoned from every point to the scene, stood in masses four lines deep.

Anxiously they looked for support, but in need of succor their assailants closed upon them front and flank, and [illegible] wasted [illegible] could no more live in the [illegible] lines of fire [illegible] heads than the [illegible] could breast the surge of an [illegible] storm.

Sword in hand, on the [illegible] verge of the advance, brave Armistead fell, [illegible] to [illegible] highest pinnacle to which ever [illegible] the Confederate war [illegible] the [illegible] of Pickett's men [illegible] and [illegible] turned [illegible] back to the [illegible] toward the setting sun, the sun, alas! whose waning rays [illegible] for the last time to many a [illegible] to the scenes of earth—the [illegible] whose waning rays seemed [illegible] of the waning cause, destined [illegible] And so Virginia's [illegible] broken—the [illegible] Confederacy was [illegible] the battle of Gettysburg was lost!

* * * *

In Pickett's division the frightful loss attests its devoted courage. It carried into action 4,485 muskets, and about 4,700 rank and file. Its loss was 2,883. Two of its brigadiers (Armistead and Garnett) were killed and the third (Kemper) wounded, it is thought mortally. Of fifteen regimental commanders seven were killed and eight wounded; and of its whole complement of field officers only one, the gallant Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph R. Cabell, who was afterwards killed at Drewry's farm, returned from the charge unscathed.

How Horses Are Spoiled.

When we have succeeded in inspiring the horse with the fire confidence it claims if a driver [illegible] also, there is little likelihood, unless he is a very nervous or a very perverse horse, that he will become troublesome through any vicious acts or want of honesty. "Balking," that one vice that pretty nearly takes all the value out of some horses, is undoubtedly always, or very nearly always, chargeable to indiscreet management on the part of those who have had the breaking, training and [illegible] management at work. Thus, [illegible] overloaded while young, stops to rest without being told to do so, and finding the rest agreeable, and the starting—being weary—disagreeable, it is not to be wondered at that he forms the habit of stopping, and thenceforward becomes a "balker." If, when this first inclination to stop and hesitate is observed the temptation be taken away by getting into an easier place of road, lightening the load or giving the horse rest, and feed if needed, afterward avoid a similar occasion for stopping, the danger of having a confirmed balky horse may be averted. But when under these circumstances the horse is hit with the whip and sharply reprimanded, then look out for a [illegible] effort. The horse assumes that you are his enemy, and from that moment he places himself in an antagonistic position, looking upon his master as an enemy.

The question is often asked whether a confirmed balker can be cured. This admits of a double answer—yes and no. If the horse is in good hands, managed by some person who has firmness and judgment, he can sometimes be cured by driving a stake and hitching him at the spot where [he] stops, until he is glad to move along to where his rations are. Horses have been cured by, as the saying is, 'taking them at their word,' and if they want to back, then keep them backing, giving the animal to understand that that is just what you want him to do. You can in half an hour to an hour convince him that backing is a very much harder motion than going forward.—*Cor.*