THE DEMOCRAT.
The Advertiser's
FAVORITE.
RATES LOW.

THE DEMOCRAT.

E. E HILLIARD. Editor and Proprietor.

WE MUST WORK FOR THE PEOPLE'S WELFARE.

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VOL. VI. SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1889. NO. 6.

STATE DIRECTORY.

Daniel G. Fowle, of Wake county, Governor; salary $3,000.

Thomas M. Holt, of Alamance county, Lieutenant-Governor and President of the Senate.

William L. Saunders, of Wake county, Secretary of State; salary $2,000.

George W. Sanderlin, of Wayne county, Auditor; salary $1,500.

Donald W. Bain, of Wake county, Treasurer; salary $3,000.

Sidney M. Finger, of Catawba county, Superintendent of Public Instruction; salary $1,500.

Theo. F. Davidson, of Buncombe County, Attorney-General; salary $1,000, and Reporter to Supreme Court; salary $1,000.

James D. Glenn, of Guilford county, Adjutant General; salary $600.

J. C. Birdsong, of Wake county, State Librarian; salary $750.

J. D. Boushall, of Camden county, Chief clerk to Auditor; salary $1,000.

GOVERNOR'S COUNCIL.

Secretary of State, Auditor, Treasurer and Supt. Pub. Instruction.

STATE BOARD OF EDUCATION.

Governor, Lieutenant-Governor Secretary of State, Treasurer, Auditor, Supt. Pub. Instruction, and Attorney-General.

SUPREME COURT.

A. S. Merrimon, of Wake, Chief Justice, Walter Clark, of Wake, J. J. Davis, of Franklin, James E. Shepherd, of Beaufort, A. C. Avery, of Burke, Associate Justices. Salaries of Chief Justice and Associate Justices each $2,500.

Supreme Court meets in Raleigh on the first Monday in February and last Monday in September.

REPRESENTATION IN CONGRESS.

Senate.—Zebulon B. Vance, of Buncombe; term expires March 4th, 1891; Matt. W. Ransom, of Northampton; term expires March 4th, 1895.

House of Representatives—First District, T. G. Skinner, Dem.; Second District, H. P. Cheatham, (col.) Rep.; Third District, Chas. W. McClammy, Dem.; Fourth District, B. H. Bunn, Dem.; Fifth District, J. M. Brower, Rep.; Sixth District, Alfred Rowland, Dem.; Seventh District, John S. Henderson, Rep.; Eighth District, W. H. H. Cowles, Dem.; Ninth District, H. G. Ewart, Rep.

Halifax County Directory.

GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

Senate—T. L. Emry.

House—W. H. Anthony, T. H Taylor.

Will A. Daniel, County Supt. Public Schools.

W. F. Parker, County Treasurer.

B. I. Allsbrook, Sheriff.

L. Vinson, Register of Deeds.

J. T. Gregory, Clerk Superior Court.

W. B. Whitehead, Coroner.

BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS.

W. E. Bowers, Sterling Johnson, H. J. Pope, J. H. Whitaker, M. H. Clark.

W. A. Dunn, County Attorney.

INFERIOR COURT—Thos. N. Hill, Judge; E. P. Hyman and S. S. Norman, Associate Justices.

S. M. Gary, Clerk of Inferior Court.

J. M. Grizzard, County Solicitor.

TIME FOR HOLDING SUPERIOR COURT.—March 4th, May 13th, Nov 11th.

March and November Courts are for civil cases only except jail cases.

Scotland Neck—Town Directory.

E. E. Hilliard, Mayor; C. W. Dunn, Town Constable.

TOWN COMMISSIONERS—W. A. Dunn, R. H. Smith, Jr., Dr. R. M. Johnson, M. Oppenheimer.

CHURCHES.

Episcopal, Rev. Walter J. Smith, Rector.

Baptist, Rev. J. D. Hufham, D. D. Pastor.

Methodist, Rev. Mr. Harrison, Pastor in charge.

Primitive Baptist, Elder A. J. Moore, Pastor.

Nothing and Something.

"It's nothing to me," the beauty said,
With a careless toss of her pretty head.
"The man is weak if he can't refrain
From the cup you say is fraught with pain."

It was something to her in after years
When her eyes were drenched with burning tears,
And she watched in lonely grief and dread,
And startled to hear a staggering tread.

"It's nothing to me," the mother said.
"I have no fears that my boy will tread
The downward path of sin and shame,
And crush my heart and darken my name."

It was something to her when her only son
From the path of life was early won,
And madly cast in the flowing bowl
A ruined body and a shipwrecked soul.

"It's nothing to me," the young man cried;
In his eye was a flash of scorn and pride—
"I heed not the dreadful things you tell,
I can rule myself, I know full well."

It was something to him when in prison he lay,
The victim of drink—life ebbing away,
As he thought of his wretched child and wife,
And the mournful wreck of his wasted life.

"It's nothing to me," the voter said,
"The party's loss is my greatest dread."
Then he gave his vote for the liquor trade,
Though hearts were crushed and drunkards made.

It was something to him in after life,
When his daughter became a drunkards wife,
And her hungry children cried for bread,
A trembled to hear their father's tread.

"It's nothing to me," the merchant said,
As over his ledger he bent his head;
"I'm busy to-day with tare and tret,
And have no time to fume and fret."

It was something to him when over the wire
A message came from a funeral pyre—
A drunken conductor had wrecked a train,
And his wife and children were among the slain.

Is nothing to us to idly sleep
While the cohorts of death their vigils keep,
Alluring the young and thoughtless in—
And grind in our midst a grist of sin?

It is something—yes, all, for us to stand,
And clasp by faith our Savior's hand:
To learn to labor, live and fight
On the side of God and changeless right.

Strong Men.

Aurelian was a ruler of prodigious strength and extraordinary prowess In his campaign against the Sarmatians he is said to have slain forty-eight of the enemy in one day single handed. "Wanley's Wonders" says, speaking of Aurelian, called "Gallica," at Mentz, he made strange havoc of the Franci, who over-ran all the country of Gaul, for he slew with his own hands 700 of them and sold 300 at Porsale whom he himself had taken prisoners!"

In the first century, A. D., among Pompey's soldier was a Samnite named Tritanus. Tritanus was a sword fencer of wonderful ability, so expert in the use of his weapon that he did not know what it was to be vanquished. The muscles and sinews of his arm and breast were piled up four or five inches in thickness, and, what was most remarkable, they ran both longitudinally and spirally.

A son of Tritanus was even more widely renowned for his great bodily strength than his father. A giant champion of Mithridates, whom Pompey's army had deposed as king of Pontus, sent a challenge to Pompey that he could vanquish any two men in his army. Pompey sent Tritanus, Jr., to answer the challenge. Tritanus would not strike the braggart with his clenched fist, but felled him with a blow of his open hand. Then catching the fallen giant with a single finger under the belt, he carried him a distance of five miles a prisoner to the camp of Pompey.—*Economist*.

MR. DAVIS.

HIS EARLY LIFE.

FIRST STEPS IN POLITICS.

[Richmond Dispatch.]

Jefferson Davis was born in that part of Christian county, Kentucky, which now forms Todd county, the 31 of June, 1808. His father, Samuel Davis, had served in the Georgia cavalry during the Revolution, and when Jefferson was an infant removed with his family to a place near Woodville, Wilkinson county, Miss. Young Davis entered Transylvania College, Kentucky, but left in 1824 on his appointment by President Monroe to the United States Military Academy. On his graduation in 1828 he was assigned to the First Infantry and served on the frontier, taking part in the Black Hawk war of 1831—'32. He was promoted to first lieutenant of dragoons on March 4, 1833, but after more service against the Indians resigned on the 30th of June, 1835, and, having married the daughter of Zachary Taylor, then a colonel in the army, settled near Vicksburg, Miss., and became a cotton-planter.

ENTERS POLITICS.

Here he pursued a life of study and retirement till 1843, when he entered politics in the midst of an exciting gubernatorial canvass. He was chosen an elector on the Polk and Dallas ticket in 1844; made a reputation as a popular speaker, and in 1845 was sent to Congress, taking his seat in December of that year. He at once took active part in debate, speaking on the tariff, the Oregon question, and military matters, especially with reference to the preparations for war with Mexico.

OFF FOR MEXICO.

In June, 1846, he resigned his seat in the House to become colonel of the First Mississippi Volunteer Rifles, which had unanimously elected him to that office. Having joined his regiment at New Orleans, he led it to reinforce General Taylor on the Rio Grande. At Montery he charged on Fort Leneria without bayonets, led his command through the streets nearly to the Grand Plaza through a storm of shot, and afterward served on the commission for arranging the surrender of the place. At Buena Vista his regiment was charged by a Mexican brigade of lancers, greatly its superior in numbers, in a last desperate effort to break the American lines.

THE LETTER V.

Colonel Davis formed his men in the shape of a letter V open toward the enemy, and thus by exposing his foes to a covering fire utterly routed them, though he was unsupported. He was severely wounded, but remained in the saddle till the close of the fight, and was complimented for coolness and gallantry in the commander-in-chief's dispatch of the 6th of March, 1847.

His regiment was ordered home on the expiration of its term of enlistment, and on the 17th of May, 1847, Colonel Davis was appointed by President Polk a brigadier-general, but declined the commission on the ground that a militia appointment by the Federal Executive was unconstitutional.

IN THE SENATE.

He was appointed by the Governor of Mississippi to fill a vacancy in the United States Senate in August, 1847, and in January, 1848, the Legislature unanimously elected him senator, and reelected him in 1850 for a full term. He was made chairman of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, and here, as in the House, was active in the discussions on the various phases of the slavery question and the important work of the session, including the fugitive-slave law and other compromise measures of 1850. Mr. Davis proposed the extension of the Missouri compromise line to the Pacific, and continued a zealous advocate of States' rights. He was the unsuccessful States'-rights or "resistance" candidate for Governor of his State in 1851, though by his personal popularity he reduced the Union majority from 7,500 to 999. He had resigned his seat in the Senate to take part in the canvass, and after a year of retirement actively supported Franklin Pierce in the presidential contest of 1852.

SECRETARY OF WAR.

After the election of General Pierce Mr. Davis received the portfolio of war in his Cabinet and administered it with great credit. Among other changes he proposed the use of camels in the service on the western plains, introduced an improved system of infantry tactics, iron gun-carriages, rifled muskets and pistols, and the use of the minie ball. Four regiments were added to the army, the defences on the sea-coast and frontier were strengthened, and, as a result of experiments, heavy guns were cast hollow, and a large grain of powder was adopted.

PACIFIC RAILROAD.

While in the Senate Mr. Davis had advocated the construction of a Pacific railway as a military necessity and means of preserving the Pacific coast to the Union, and he was now put in charge of the organization and equipment of the surveying parties sent out to examine the various routes proposed. He also had charge of the appropriation for the extension of the Capitol.

SENATE AGAIN.

Mr. Davis left the Cabinet at the close of President Pierce's term in 1857, and in the same year entered the Senate again. He opposed the French spoliation bill, advocated the southern route for the Pacific railroad and opposed the doctrine of "popular sovereignty," often encountering Stephen A. Douglas in debate on this question. After the settlement of the Kansas contest by the passage of the Kansas-conference bill, in which he had taken a chief part, he wrote to the people of his State that it was "the triumph of all for which we contended." Mr Davis was a recognized Democratic leader in the Thirty-sixth Congress. He had made a tour of the eastern States in 1858, making speeches at Boston, Portland, Me., New York, and other places, and in 1859 in reply to an invitation to attend the Webster birthday festival in Boston wrote a letter denouncing "partisans who avow the purpose of obliterating the landmarks of our fathers," and containing strong Union sentiments. He had been frequently mentioned as Democratic candidate for the presidency, and received many votes in the convention of 1860, though his friends announced that he did not desire the nomination. Before Congress met in the autumn of 1860 Mr. Davis was summoned to Washington by members of President Buchanan's Cabinet to suggest some modification of the forthcoming message to Congress. The suggestions were made and were adopted.

CONDITION OF THE COUNTRY.

He was appointed on the Senate committee of thirteen to examine and report on the condition of the country, and although at first excused at his own request, finally consented to serve, accepting the appointment in a speech in which he avowed his willingness to make any sacrifice to avert the impending struggle. The committee, after remaining in session several days, reported on December 31st their inability to come to any satisfactory conclusion. On January 10, 1861, Mr. Davis made another speech on the state of the country, asserting the right of secession, denying that of coercion, and urging the withdrawal of the garrison from Fort Sumter.

WITHDRAWAL FROM THE SENATE.

Mississippi seceded on January 9th, and on January 24th, having been officially informed of the fact, Mr. Davis withdrew from the Senate and went to his home, having taken leave of his associates in a speech in which he defended the cause of the South, and, in closing, begged pardon of all whom he had ever offended.

[The people of the whole country are familiar with Mr. Davis' course during the war and since the war. His name has been a household word amongst us for more than a quarter of a century.—ED. DEMOCRAT.]

THE NEW SOUTH.

BY HON HENRY W. GRADY.

(N. Y. Ledger.)

In this letter, and those that follow, I shall discuss one of the most interesting regions of the civilized world—the theatre of the most gigantic war of history—the residence of 5,000,000 manumitted slaves, now grown to be 8,000,000 enfranchised freemen—the source, practically, of the supply of the most important staple of the soil—the richest treasury of minerals and wood—the home of a people that in swift and amazing recuperation have discounted the miracle wrought by the French people after the Franco-Prussian war, and have given new glory to the American name, and a new meaning to energy—that section of our country known as "The South."

We shall see how the people of this section, reduced to poverty by a war, the causes, progress and result of which are beyond this purview, have found honorable way to wealth and prosperity. We shall see how they bestirred themselves cheerfully, amid the ashes and waste of their homes; how they met new and adverse conditions with unquailing courage; how they gave themselves cordially to unaccustomed work; with what patience they bore misfortune, and endured wrongs put upon them through the surviving passions of the war, emphasized by partisan appeals. How, having worn the enforced yoke of their late slaves until it became insupportable, they rallied 'mid the graves of the dead and the wrecks of their fortunes for the last defence of their liberty and credit. And how, at last controlling with their own hands their local affairs, they began, in ragged and torn battalions, that march of restoration and development that has challenged universal admiration. We shall see how the war-horses went to the furrow. How the waste places were clothed. How the earth smiled at their toil and questioning touch. How the mountains opened and disclosed treasures not dreamed of before. How, from chaos and desolation, the currents of trade trickled and swelled and took orderly way. How rivers were spanned and the wildernesses pierced with iron rail. How things despised in the old days of prosperity, in adversity won unexpected value. How frugality came with misfortune, fortitude with sorrow, and with necessity invention. And how, above all, an All-wise hand, disclosing new resources by little less than miracles, led this God-fearing and God-loving people, whom he had chastened, into the ways of peace and prosperity.

No people ever held larger stewardship than the people of the South. It is theirs to settle the problem of the two races, vastly the most important matter with which the republic has to deal. It is theirs to produce and enlarge the crop of that staple that largely clothes the world. It is theirs to conserve and develop the final and fullest supply of coal and iron, and to furnish from their enormous forests the lumber and hard woods to meet the world's demand until exhausted areas can be recovered. It is theirs to bring the matchless domain that is their home up to the full requirements of its duty to the world at large, until every debt is discharged, every right relation established, every obligation met, and industry and civilization find no obstruction from one of its limits to the other.

The new South is simply the old South under new conditions. It rejoices that slavery has been swept forever from American soil. It rejoices that the American Union was saved from the storm of war. Not one in a thousand of its sons would reverse if they could the results of the war into which they threw without stint their lives and their property. They are thankful that the issues at stake in the great civil war were adjudged by higher wisdom than their own. And the republic has no better citizens in peace and would have no braver soldiers in war than the men who twenty-five years ago wore the gray and followed the Confederate flag.

The courage in which the new South makes these declarations, and the sincerity in which it maintains them, is a heritage of the old South. If it involved the surrender of perfect love and reverence for that civilization that produced Washington and Jefferson, and Clay and Calhoun—or for the memory of those who fought with Lee and Jackson and Johnston—the new South would be dumb and motionless. It is from the foot of the monuments, illumined with the names of her dead, that she makes her fullest renunciation of the past and her best pledge for the future. Always she will honor above all men those who sleep beneath those towering shafts. The sign of nobility in her families for generations to come will be the gray cap or the stained coat, on which, in the ebb of losing battle, God laid the sword of His imperishable knighthood. Those who ask her to turn away from the memory of her heroes who died hopeless but undaunted, ask her to sacrifice that without which no people can be steadfast or great.

Hardly less dear to the new South than this, is the memory of the old *regime*, its traditions and its history. Perhaps no period of human history has been more misjudged and less understood than the slave-holding era in the South. Slavery as an institution cannot be defended—but its administration was as nearly perfect among our forefathers as to challenge and hold our loving respect. It is doubtful if the world has seen a peasantry so happy and so well-to-do as the negro slaves in America. The world was amazed at the fidelity with which these slaves guarded, from 1861 to 1865, the homes and families of the masters who were fighting with the army that barred their way to freedom. If "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had portrayed the rule of slavery rather than the rarest exception, not all the armies that went to the field could have stayed the flood of rapine and arson and pillage that would have started with the first gun of the civil war. Instead of that, witness the miracle of the slave in loyalty to his master, closing the fetters upon his own limbs—maintaining and defending the families of those who fought against his freedom—and at night on the far-off battle-field searching among the carnage for his young master, that he might lift the dying head to his breast and bend to catch the last words to the old folks at home, so wrestling the meantime in agony and love that he would lay down his life in his master's stead.

History has no parallel to the faith kept by the negro in the South during the war. Of ten five hundred negroes to a single white man, and yet through these dusky throngs the women and children walked in safety, and the unprotected homes rested in peace. Unmarshaled, the black battalions moved patiently to the fields in the morning to feed the armies their idleness would have starved, and at night gathered anxiously at the big house to "hear the news from marster," though conscious that his victory made their chains enduring. Everywhere humble and kindly. The body-guard of the helpless. The rough companion of the little ones. The observant friend. The silent sentry in his lowly cabin. The shrewd counsellor. And when the dead came home, a mourner at the open grave. A thousand torches would have disbanded every Southern army, but not one was lighted. When the master, going to a war in which slavery was involved, said to his slave, "I leave my home and loved ones in your charge," the tenderness between man and master stood disclosed.

The Northern man, dealing with casual servants, querulous, sensitive, and lodged for a day in a sphere they resent, can hardly comprehend the friendliness and sympathy that existed between the master and the slave. He cannot understand how the negro stood in slavery days, open-hearted and sympathetic, full of gossip and comradeship, the companion of the hunt, frolic, furrow, and home, contented in the kindly dependence that has been a habit of his blood, and never lifting his eyes beyond the narrow horizon that shut him in with his neighbors and friends. But this relation did exist in the days of slavery. It was the rule of that *regime*. It has survived war, and strife, and political campaigns in which the dram best inspired and Federal bayonets fortified. It will never die until the last slaveholder and slave has been gathered to rest. It is the glory of our past in the South. It is the answer to abuse and slander. It is the hope of our future.

Eight Hours to Sleep.

(Journal.)

The value of sleep to brain-workers cannot be exaggerated. In a recent lecture on Nervous Energy it was said that the brain requires twelve hours of sleep at four years of age, gradually diminishing by hours and half hours to ten hours at fourteen, and thence to eight hours when the body is full-grown and formed. Goethe, in his most active productive period, needed nine hours, and took them. Kant—the most laborious of students—was strict in never taking less than seven. Nor does it appear that those who have systematically tried to cheat nature of this chief right have been, in any sense, gainers of time for their work. It may be a paradox, but it is not the less a truth, that what is given to sleep is gained to labor.