

THE DEMOCRAT.

The Advertiser's

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# THE DEMOCRAT.

WE MUST WORK FOR THE PEOPLE'S WELFARE.

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THE DEMOCRAT.

A PAPER FOR THE

PEOPLE.

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NO. 7.

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## A Barrel of Whiskey.

"A barrel of headaches, of heartaches,  
of woes;  
A barrel of curses, a barrel of blows;  
A barrel of tears from a world-weary  
wife;  
A barrel of sorrow, a barrel of strife;  
A barrel of unavailing regret;  
A barrel of cares and a barrel of debt;  
A barrel of crime and a barrel of pain;  
A barrel of hopes ever blasted and vain;  
A barrel of falsehood, a barrel of cries  
That fall from the mama's lids as he  
dies;  
A barrel of agony, heavy and dull;  
A barrel of poison—of this nearly full;  
A barrel of poverty, rum and blight;  
A barrel of terrors that grow with the  
night;  
A barrel of hunger, a barrel of groans;  
A barrel of orphans' most pitiful moans;  
A barrel of serpents that hiss as they pass  
From the head on the liquor that glows  
in the glass.  
My barrel, My treasure! I bid thee  
farewell,  
Sow ye the foul seed, I will reap it in  
Hell!"

## When to Broadcast Manure.

A large part of the value of the manure of an animal is in the liquid form of urea, a substance containing nitrogen and which by fermentation changes into ammonia and is lost, or may be, if no precautions are taken. This being true, the safest way would seem to be to get manure, both solid and liquid, into the soil before fermentation takes place. This may be accomplished by drawing and spreading the manure as fast as it accumulates, whether in summer or winter. It is true that on steep hillsides the plant food would be washed away to a certain extent, but on a level land or land of moderate slope I should never hesitate to spread manure at any time when I could conveniently draw it to the field, whether in the fall, winter, spring or summer. It is sometimes urged that manure loses nitrogen by exposure to wind and sun, but if manure is drawn out before fermentation commences there is little or no ammonia in it, and as the nitrogen of manure to be volatile must be in the form of ammonia, the loss from this source must be very small indeed. Manure spread on the surface in the summer or earlier fall should be left on the surface for the reason that if left on the surface it dries in hard lumps and is hard to break up and mix with the soil. Manure applied in the late fall, before or after the freezing of the soil is probably in the best position possible, and I am satisfied, not only from general observation and the experience of the observing farmers, but from experiments in which the exact weight of products has been determined, that all the farmyard manure could be applied in November instead of April, the average yield would be increased by more than ten per cent. from this change alone. The explanation of this is to be found in the even distribution of the plant food in the surface soil. The fall rains and melting snows soften the manure and dissolve the available plant food, washing it into the soil where it is left in the best condition possible for the young plant.—Professor G. H. Whitehead, in N. C. Farmer.

The antebellum society had immense force. Working under the slavery which brought the suspicion or hostility of the world, and which practically bisected it within walls, it yet accomplished good things. For the first sixty-four years of the republic it furnished the president for fifty-two years. Its statesmen demanded the war of 1812, opened it with but five Northern senators supporting it, and its general, Jackson, won the decisive battle of New Orleans. It was a Southern statesman who added the Louisiana territory of more than 1,000,000 square miles to our domain. Under a Southern statesman Florida was acquired from Spain. Against the opposition of the free States, the Southern influence forced the war with Mexico, as annexed the superb empire of Texas, brought in New Mexico, and opened the gates of the republic to the Pacific. Scott and Taylor, the heroes of the Mexican war, were Southern men. In material, as in political affairs, the old South was masterful. The first important railroad operated in America traversed Carolina. The first steamboat that crossed the ocean cleared from Savannah. The first college established for girls was opened in Georgia. No naturalist has surpassed Audubon; no geographer equals Muir; and Sims and McDonald led the world of surgery in their respective lines. It was Crawford Long of Georgia, who gave to the world the priceless blessing of anesthesia. The wealth accumulated by the people was marvelous. And, though it is held that slavery enriched the poor at the general expense, Georgia and Carolina were the richest States per capita in the Union in 1860, saving Rhode Island. Since the dissolution of war may be had from the fact that, in spite of their late remarkable recuperation, they are now, excepting Maine, the poorest States per capita, in the Union.

In 1863, that Mr. Lincoln spoke but condescended when he said it would be well for the South to go, where shall we get our revenue?"

In its engaging grace—in the chivalry that tempered even tyranism with dignity—in the pluck that saved master and slave alike—in the nobility that boasted not in the honor held above estate—in the hospitality that neither condescended nor cringed—in frankness and honestiness and wholesome comradeship—in the reverence paid to womanhood and the inviolable respect

## THE NEW SOUTH.

BY HON. HENRY W. GRADY.

N. Y. Ledger.

The relations of the races in slavery must be clearly understood to understand what has followed, and to judge of what is yet to come. Not less important is it to have some clear idea of the civilization of that period.

That was a peculiar society. Almost feudal in its splendor, it was almost patriarchal in its simplicity. Leisure and wealth gave it exquisite culture. Its wives and mothers, except from drudgery, and almost from care, gave to their sons, through patient and constant training, something of their own grace and gentleness and to their homes beauty and light. Its people, homogeneous by necessity, held straight and simple faith, and were religious to a marked degree along the old lines of Christian belief. This same homogeneity bred a hospitality that was as kinship to kinship, and that wasted at the threshold of every home what the more frugal people of the North conserved and invested in public charities. The cold ducts furnished the highest appeal in dispute. An affront to a lad was answered at the pistol's mouth. The sense of quick responsibility tempered the tongues of even the most violent, and the newspapers of South Carolina for eight years, it is said, did not contain one abusive word. The ownership of slaves, even more than of realty, held families steadfast on their estates, and everywhere prevailed the sociability of established neighborhoods. Money counted least in making the social state, and constantly ambitious and brilliant youngsters from no estate married into the families of planter princes. Meanwhile the one character utterly condemned and ostracized was the man who was mean to his slaves. Even the coward was pried and might have been liked. For the cruel master there was no toleration.

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in which woman's name was held—the civilization of the old slave system in the South has not been surpassed, and perhaps will not be equalled, among men.

And as the fidelity of the slave during the war bespeaks the kindness of the master before the war, so the unquestioning reverence with which the young men of the South accepted, in 1865, their heritage of poverty and defeat, proved the strength and excellence of the civilization from which that heritage had come. In cheerfulness they bestrode them selves amid the ashes and the wrecks, and, holding the inspiration of their past to be better than their rich acres and garnered wealth, went out to rebuild their fallen fortunes, with never a word of complaint, nor the thought of criticism!

So much for the past of the South—and only so much as it must affect the future. The South is still held by a homogeneous people, and its salvation must be wrought by the descendants of those who have made its history. There is no appreciable infusion of new blood. And the old blood in its descending strains will scarcely mount higher, run more clearly or resolutely, flow more freely at duty's call or stain less where it touches, than in the turbulent and strenuous days that are gone. In devotion, in courage, in earnestness, in ability, the sons shall not surpass their fathers. Happily will it be for them and for their children if these cardinal virtues they copied them!

But the sons fight under new conditions, for greater ends, in broader fields. The blight of slavery is lifted from above and about them. The wall that shut them in is leveled, and the South stands in unshaded comradeship with the world. Doubt or aversion does not withhold, nor does ostracism repel the uttermost stranger from her gates. The promise of her great destiny, written in her fields, her quarries, her mines, her forests, and her rivers, is no longer blunted or indistinct, and the world draws near to read.

How rapidly she has adapted herself to these new conditions—how she has grown to the requirements of her larger duty—how she has culled from patriotic resources a great and expanding empire, these letters shall now proceed to tell. And the writer will find a keener pleasure in telling, as his people have found in amassing, in the knowledge that every blow struck for the South and every sheaf gathered to her harvest, has also deepened the glory and prosperity of this republic, that, centered in American wisdom, won by American valor, sustained in American hearts, is at last indissolubly cemented with the best of American blood.

Well, last Saturday I thought

that I would again try to write something about the Centennial, but before I sat down to it, I got an invitation to the wedding of a powerful wicked set, when the preacher said "Let us pray." I was the only one in the house that knelt down. That wedding supper didn't look much like "hard times," neither, I suppose, will the time it would take to describe it, but will say they had everything that's good to eat, except pease. After supper, we made the "Weevily Wheat" and a few more favorite games, spent till the old speaker's son's brother crowed for day. Some of them boys and gals must have many sore mouths, unless they were rougher than whitefeather.

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I saw the Sheriff coming. As next week is court, I imagined that he

was coming to summon me for a jury; so I made the sand hill till I got out of his sight—then he is too much responsibility resting on the jury, for me to be lost in the jury business.

Then yesterday morning, just as I got ready to write, in come Mr. Jenkins and his wife and nineteen of his youngest children. They stayed till after dinner, too, if it was later than common.

Mr. Jenkins' first wife was better looking than this one he has now, excepting that she was cross-eyed.

I believe in sticking to the subject, so I'll come back to the Centennial. Yes, the Centennial was a grand success, as they say. Every true North Carolinian ought to feel some better, whether he was there or not. If we are not going to feel bigger and live better, then the Centennial is not worth a chaw of good tobacco. Imagine, after the Centennial, as bad as the times is, I had my colleague in the times, and bought me a copy paper—not many of us will be here to be elevated by the next Centennial.

Well, the first day just as the train was ready to roll out for Fayetteville I dropped my hat out of the window, and before I could get it and get back, the train was rolling off. I looked to the conductor to stop the train, but some fellow, who was waiting me, told me to go along so that I could not make him hear me. At last, I didn't know what to do, but I finally decided to go home, and "make myself" by reading Avery's latest's "Athenaeum."

Yes, we have had one more big Centennial, for a fact, I could hear the omnibus roaring clear down here. No doubt about it, we had a big Centennial. I was not there myself; but I can prove it by several tellers' round to that day and night the same hand.

It's so—This here has been dictated by the Saturday doctor of the district.

Last the most vigorous and energetic people at times in feeling of weakness and faintness. To dispel the evening talk Dr. H. McLean's Sarsaparilla, with night air and exercise.

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## SAM SNOOKES.

THE CENTENNIAL.

For The Democrat!

I allowed to write about the Centennial before now for the education of them that didn't go, but every time I made the attempt, before I could get my mind fairly hitched onto the subject, something would turn up to distract me, so that I could not write.

The very next day after I got back from Fayetteville, I sat down to write in The Democrat, but no sooner had I begun, than in came Aunt Polly Littlemore, with all her children. Aunt Polly always wore the breeches at home, and she generally bosses when she comes to see us, excepting when I am in a bad humor.

She has brought up her girls in the way they should go. One of her daughters got married last Thursday. Aunt Polly's advice to her girls was always this: "When you marry be sure you begin right."

That was a big wedding, too, as size as falling off a log." Being that I am related to the family, of course, I had an invitation to the wedding. They were a powerful wicked set, when the preacher said "Let us pray." I was the only one in the house that knelt down. That wedding supper didn't look much like "hard times," neither, I suppose, will the time it would take to describe it, but will say they had everything that's good to eat, except pease. After supper, we made the "Weevily Wheat" and a few more favorite games, spent till the old speaker's son's brother crowed for day. Some of them boys and gals must have many sore mouths, unless they were rougher than whitefeather.

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