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SKETCH OF JUDGE PARKER.

His Boyhood Days—Sought Political Honors Early in Life—Was a Strong Clevelandite.

Washington, D. C., July 19.
Correspondence of the Enterprise.

Alton Brooks Parker was born a farmer's son. Far back in the beginnings of this nation, two hundred years ago, his ancestors came from England and settled in New England. From generation to generation they were of the hardy farmer class, and they drew their love of country from the soil to which they had been transplanted. Judge Parker's great-grandfather was a soldier in the ranks of Washington's army. His father was living on his farm at Cortland, in New York State, when, on May 14th, 1852, the son was born. He did not yearn to be a farmer, but he learned a good deal about what a farmer boy must do to keep himself in good standing with his own family.

As early as he could do so, he attended school at Cortland Academy and later got out of the Cortland Normal School all the equipment for life it could give him. He delighted in study, and formed a strong desire to round out all his academic beginnings by a course at Cornell.

His parents were not able to send him to college or even to take care of him while he was trying to find a foothold. At sixteen, he became a country school teacher. There is a tradition that at this immature age he was obliged, in order to maintain his prestige and place, to thrash the school bully. He wandered as far afoot from home as the village of Rochester, in Ulster County, to find a school in which he could earn \$3.00 a day as a teacher.

Having surrendered one cherished ambition, but not his chosen profession, he was admitted to the office of Schoonmaker & Hardenbergh, of Kingston, as a student of law. Both men were eminent in their profession. Hardenbergh became a State Senator and at Albany, was distinguished for his intellectual force and for a remarkable power of concise and forcible statement.

Working his way, he was at last enabled to enter the law school at Albany, gravitating between the office of his preceptors at Kingston and the law school according to the season and necessity. In 1872, he was graduated, and soon after the sign of Parker & Kenyon was hung out at Kingston.

A natural interest in politics led him very early to participate in local effort in that line. He speedily demonstrated a decided ability for political management. From the start he was a Democrat. In 1877, when he was twenty-five, the Democrats of Ulster County, nominated him for surrogate of the county. He was elected for a six year term, and in 1883 he was re-elected.

In 1884, he was a delegate to the convention at Chicago that nominated Grover Cleveland for President, and he helped to pull the candidate through in the hotly contested campaign of that year.

When Mr. Cleveland was filling up the offices in Washington he offered the position of First Assistant Postmaster-General to Judge Parker, and the offer was declined. During the

campaign for Hill, Supreme Court Justice Theodore R. Westbrook died. Governor Hill was urged to fill the vacancy at once. "After the election," was his answer to all pressure. When the election was over he announced the appointment of Alton B. Parker to the judgeship.

But he continued to rise. In June, 1889, was created the second division of the Court of Appeals to accelerate the work of the highest court. Judge Parker was designated by Governor Hill to sit with the new court. He was only thirty-eight years of age, the youngest of all the judges of the Court of Appeals. He sat in this court until 1893, when, upon its dissolution, he was appointed by Governor Flower to be a member of the general term of the Supreme Court of the First District. This assignment brought him into intimate association with the bar of New York City and extended the circle of his admirers and friends. In 1897, he was nominated to the chief judge of the Court of Appeals, and was elected by a plurality of 60,889.

Andrew Johnson's Quick Wit

There is in the city of Memphis a precinct known as Pinch, in which a majority of the voters are Irish. It so happened that [Andrew] Johnson and his opponent, Gus Henry, were to meet in joint debate in this precinct. The evening came, and hundreds of blue Irish eyes were on the two speakers as they ascended the rostrum. Henry opened and as a bid for the Irish vote he told in withering terms how Johnson, when in Congress before, had voted against a bill for an appropriation to assist Ireland during a time of famine; he himself had done yeoman work for the passage of the bill, while this other man who was now asking their support had done everything possible to defeat it. It was a fine point, and the speaker made the most of it, burning before it the lamp of his eloquence until the crowd were wild with excitement. Then Henry sat down, and Johnson got up amid cat calls and scoffs to answer him.

"What my opponent has told you is true," he said. "Ireland was suffering and I voted against an appropriation for her relief, for the money which it was thus proposed to give away was not mine, but yours; yours because it was in the public coffers. I refused to give away money which did not belong to me; but I went down into my own pocket and out of my own private funds—which I had a right to bestow—I subscribed \$250 to the relief fund which was being quietly raised. How much of his own money did Mr. Henry give? Not a cent! He was too busy trying to give away yours. Now, gentlemen, which of us two did the better part by suffering Ireland?" The effect of this was magical, the cat calls were now for Henry and the cheers for Johnson, and the votes went with the cheers.

Thus the campaign went on, ending in a victory for the ex-tailor, who once more took his place among the statesmen of the land. But his term was a short one, for death soon claimed him. But he left behind him a reputation as a "stump" speaker which abides still upon the hustings down in Tennessee.—Chicago Times-Herald.

RAN AWAY FROM "DIXIE."

A Story of the War-Time Experience of Brigadier General "Jack" Hayes.

Brigadier General "Jack" Hayes, retired, was seated with a friend on the lawn in front of his home one evening when a street pianist came along and began his repertory, says a Washington letter to the New York Herald. It was a fair instrument, and the old soldier liked the music so much that he tossed the man a piece of silver. The Italian picked up the money, arranged the side clutch and then "Dixie" filled the block.

General Hayes got up from his chair without a word, walked into his house, through the hallway and to the back yard, where he remained until the street pianist had gone down the street and out of the section. Then the General came out on the lawn again and took the chair beside his friend without saying anything. The friend, however, was curious.

"General," he said, "I never before knew that you were one of these prejudiced people. What's your idea in gallowing away when that Italian began to unwind 'Dixie'? What's the matter with 'Dixie'? Why I've heard it tumultuously cheered in theatres in Boston and New York." "That's all right, too," replied General Hayes, chewing on his cigar. "The persons who cheered 'Dixie' in theatres in Boston and New York never got such a stampeding through 'Dixie' as I did. Prejudice nothing! I'm not prejudiced against or sore on anybody. But I made a bad break once in connection with that 'Dixie' air, so that I've never been able to listen to it since without getting up and walking as far away from the sound as I could get.

"I was an aid on the staff of General Kirkpatrick when he was tearing up the railroads around Macon. The Confederates were never very far away from us while we were doing that work. They hovered around our front, watching proceedings. They thought that they were not numerically strong enough to make it worth our while to go after them. They just watched us from their distance in front, making no attempt to bother the men.

"One day General Kirkpatrick summoned me—I was in charge of a part of the track destroying—to ask me how the job was proceeding. He wanted quicker progress made.

"Take one of the mounted bands down to the place where the men are working," said General Kirkpatrick to me. "The boys always work faster when there's music around."

"I got one of the mounted bands and took it down to where our gang was pulling up the ties and rails. The leader asked me what kind of music I wanted. I told him to go ahead with some of the patriotic airs. He swung off with 'Hail Columbia,' 'The Star Spangled Banner,' 'My Country,' etc. The men worked like Trojans under the inspiration of the music. I could see the Confederates massed among the trees, but they hadn't fired a shot. They were evidently obeying orders not to. I appreciated the immunity from the fire of sharp shooters which they gave us, and in a sort of bravado—you've got to remember that I was a lot younger then than I am now—I

turned to the band leader and said to him:

"Those 'rebs' are treating us pretty white. Suppose you just reward the poor devils by giving them 'Dixie.'

"Well, the leader gave them the word and the band began to pump 'Dixie.'

At this point General Hayes brought his teeth down hard on his cigar and remained silent for a minute.

"Well?" inquired his friend.

"Oh, nothing," replied the old soldier, "except that that band hadn't played more than six bars of 'Dixie' before the ground under our feet shook with the blastedest 'rebel yell' any of us had ever heard, and in a minute and a half those Confederates were on top of us and whipped h—l out of us."

Cream of the Press.

The Japanese have a Togo and a Nogi, but if they have a Nogo he hasn't shown up yet.—New York Mail.

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With a platform a mile long, why were our old friends the initiative and referendum ignored?—Chicago Chronicle.

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For the first time in eight years the Democrats are all eating soup out of the same dish again.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

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As Mr. Fairbanks has a barrel, his eligibility for the Vice-Presidency cannot be questioned for a moment.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

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If one did not know it to be a fact, he could hardly believe this is the same crowd that was running things four and eight years ago.—Durham Herald.

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In Manchuria a pint of Russian beer costs a dollar. Perhaps this is another reason why the Russians are so anxious to get out of Manchuria.—Atlanta Journal.

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When Nicholas found that the Standard Oil Company had invaded Russia he concluded to have his crown strapped to his head.—Augusta Herald.

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The President says that while Mr. Knox was Attorney-General he never took a vacation. He didn't need to—his whole term was a vacation.—Houston Chronicle.

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A New York millionaire has married a telephone girl. Few men are thus successful in getting a favorable answer from Central.—Washington Post.

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That \$1,000,000 check which rumor says Andrew Carnegie talks of giving toward the Republican campaign expenses is the kind of money plank the whole party can agree upon.—Baltimore Sun.

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Candidate Davis' first duty should be to assure the public whether the picture which shows him with whiskers or the one which shows him smooth-shaven is authorized to represent him before the people.—Chicago News.