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WE MUST WORK FOR THE PEOPLE'S WELFARE.

W. H. Kitchin, Owner.

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NO. 5.

AMONG THE JAPANESE.

Kobe and Nagasaki.

We leave Yokohama, Japan, and after contending with strong head winds and heavy seas for 56 hours we reach Kobe, the "Paradise of Japan," a picturesque little city, nestling at the foot of a mountain, with its quaint and pretty houses shining in the sunlight. The people here seem to pride themselves on their cleanliness, both in doors and out; the streets are wide and very clean. The city is well drained thus preventing the accumulation of dust and mud in the streets. The houses are mostly two stories high, presenting a strikingly clean appearance, reminding us of the houses seen in the toy stores at home. Kobe is noted for its beautiful bamboo work.

Vases, baskets, cages, bowls, and numerous other articles of bamboo can be purchased here at a remarkably low price. The water front is built up with stone wharves. The harbor is constantly full of coasting vessels of all descriptions, the majority of which are junks trading among the islands.

There are extensive iron mines near Kobe, which supply the several manufactories in the city with ore. Just back of the city there is a large sulphur spring. The climate of Kobe, and other cities in the Northern part of Japan, is similar to that of our Northern States. Near the top of the mountain which overlooks the city is a large temple called the "Temple of the Moon," a large stone structure with a high stone wall around it; at the gate is a large stone image, a large ring over its head, intended to represent the Moon. A Japanese on entering a temple leaves his shoes at the door, when near the altar, claps his hands several times, kneels and prays, then arising, claps his hands again and departs. The Japanese once believed the Sun rose and set only in their country, and for this reason they called it Nippon or the "Rising Sun."

While lying at Kobe a juggler came aboard and performed some very remarkable tricks, taking a small piece of tissue paper he put it in a glass of water; after it was soaked well, took it out and rolled it into a ball then taking his fan from the back of his neck, where they all carry their fans, proceeded to fan the ball of wet paper; the air was soon full of small square pieces of paper, after fanning this paper all away he threw from his hand three pieces of paper ribbon, red, white, and blue, each about six yards long, then taking two pipes with long stems, (their pipes are very small and made of metal) he threw a top in the air and caught it in the bowl of one of the pipes, then throwing it up again, crossing the pipe stems caught the top between them, still spinning, then throwing it up again caught it on the stem, and holding his arms out straight allowed the top to run along the pipe stem across his shoulders and on the other stem. While at Yokohama we visited a theatre, and found it different in every respect from the Chinese theatre.

A Japanese walked up a ladder the steps of which were swords with the edges up. We were allowed to examine the swords and found them sharp as razors, but without hesitating a moment a Japanese barefooted walked up this ladder. A long sword with two handles was held by two men, and still barefooted he stepped upon its edge and was carried around the stage. A common table was on the stage, a cloth spread over it and when uncovered a meal consisting of numerous dishes was seen on the table, and the food, when passed around among the audience, proved to be genuine. All descriptions of lovely flowers were made to spring up from boxes filled with dirt.

I wish to give others a chance in this week's paper, so I will not mention all the wonderful feats performed by these people for fear I will fill the paper. We remained at Kobe a day to coal the ship then proceeded on our way passing through the straits of Sozu Sins, and entered the inland Sea of Japan, the weather being thick and

foggy we were compelled to anchor in Sakato Bay. We lay within a mile of the town of Sozu, which is very small comprising about one hundred houses, we were not allowed to go ashore as this town was not open to commerce, and the people would not come out to the ship.

There are about 1002 islands in this sea the majority are small, each island has one or more villages upon it, rice and tea grow in abundance.

Passing in and out among these islands the scenery is extremely picturesque, the land is mountainous, with green and fertile valleys, dotted with little villages, presenting an extensive field for an artist to labor in; how I regretted my inability to sketch! The islands in this sea have not opened their ports to foreigners.

Large sailing vessels do not pass through this sea, as the channel is narrow and the navigation very dangerous. While passing through the Straits of Simoneski we could hear the people in the town talking, the passage being so narrow a good jumper could escape ashore. After passing through the straits a sampan with one man in it, while trying to cross our bows was run down and sunk, the life buoys were dropped, engines reversed and boats lowered; before the boat reached him he was picked up by another Sampan. When he was seen trying to cross our bows, we shouted to him to turn back, but he kept persistently on. We picked up our life buoys hoisted our boat up, and proceeded on our course. During the fall heavy storms prevail in this latitude, and in one of these storms we were caught. In this storm we were more fortunate than in the last as we were near a safe harbor, into which we ran, and anchored lying there all day and night, the next day we started out again but had to return to our anchorage, as the wind was blowing furiously and a heavy sea running.

We remained here three days, riding out the storm with two anchors down and 80 fathoms of chain to each, we were protected from the sea but not from the wind which would whistle furiously through our rigging. At last the wind abated so as to enable us to proceed on our course, we weighed anchor and stood out to sea, heavy seas were running which would wash our decks fore and aft. After a rough passage of ten hours, during which the ship was rolling and pitching heavily, we sighted land ahead, and standing in it appeared we were about to run ashore, until turning a point of land we entered a channel between the mountains, steaming up a winding passage for a half hour we came in sight of Nagasaki, Japan, running close inshore we anchored and as usual were surrounded by Japanese in their sampans.

The city is built at the foot of a mountain, well laid out and very extensive, the population about 150,000, a great many foreigners reside here. Nagasaki presents a picture of business activity, the harbor being constantly full of vessels, touching here for cargoes, and repairs as there are two dry docks and several machine shops opposite the city. Nagasaki is noted for its beautiful tortoise shell, and silk workmanship, all kinds of articles made of tortoise shell, models of their houses, junks, sampans, and jirikishas.

Beautiful birds, flowers, and Coats-of-arms of all nations, made of silk which can be purchased for \$2.00 and \$3.00. It seems almost impossible for them to realize anything from their sales as every thing is so cheap. While we were here the Japanese celebrated a holiday, during the day they sent up day fireworks, all kinds of animals and birds.

Balloons and other objects were seen floating through the air, and at night we witnessed the finest display of fireworks we have seen, all the junks in the harbor were dressed with colored lanterns from deck to truck and so continuous was the display of fireworks the junks appeared to be a blaze of fire continually, this display was kept up until midnight both on the junks and ashore. At midnight a large balloon was sent up, which discharged fireworks for

nearly a half hour, the last view we had of it, was in the shape of a full moon. Here as in other cities of Japan one portion of the town is called the European quarter, where all foreigners reside.

A few years ago the Japanese all carried swords, the richer class carrying two, a long sword and a short one, which they use very dexterously; this custom is still maintained in the interior, but they are becoming used to our manners and customs. When we leave Nagasaki we shall say farewell, with many regrets, to the beautiful shores of Japan.

A. S. C. B.

A Legend of the Skating Rink.

And it came to pass there came a day when the young man with the lead pencil legs and high water pants, brought himself to the skating rink.

So he went out, and when he came night unto his girl he spoke unto her saying: "Come, Mary, let us girl ourselves up and go hence unto the rink, for behold, I have been diligent in thy absence and have embezzled two coupons." So they went one with the other, for they loved each other with love, the greatness of which was like unto death.

And when the youth and maiden were come unto the rink, they saw divers other young men and maidens waltzing lither and thither, and standing upon their necks, and spreading themselves upon the floor to the four corners of the place.

And Mary was pleased thereat for she saw the other maiden sticking to their escorts closer than boiler rivets and she longed for some of the same agony.

So she prevailed upon her lover to go and do likewise. And he went with a light heart, for he loved the sport because he had been there before and knew the whichness thereof.

And after a little while he returned and took Mary's feet and fastened the skates thereon. And in like manner did he unto his own feet. Then they smiled one upon the other and went upon their wobby way.

And it came to pass when they got out where the eyes of the multitude were upon them, Mary forgot herself and looked back. Now this was a grievous thing to do, for it was written on the wall: "Thou shalt look not back when thou skatest, lest thy feet forsake thee and thou treadest upon thine ear."

But Mary was full of joy and chocolate caramels, and remembered not these things.

So when she looked back her feet flew from under her, and went up into the atmosphere and out a star therein, and descended with a great crash, and Mary sat down upon the floor with a dull thud, so that her bustle escaped and came out at the neck of her dress. And her fall was exceedingly hard; yea, great was the muckness thereof.

So likewise had her lover spilled himself, but hurt himself not, for he had been like the seven wise skaters who had put cork soles in the basement of their trousers.

But in an evil moment he saw Mary's bustle about her neck, and he lifted up his voice and laughed and asked her from whence came the chaffing.

Then was Mary wroth, and she grew red in the countenance and answered, saying: "Thou ledest me in slippery paths, and when the floor riseth up and striketh me in a grievous place, then cometh not to my misfortune. Henceforth we will remain together a little further off."

And from that day unto this she passeth him by on the other side of Dauphin street.—*Motile Rem.*

Sam Oppenheimer was one of the passengers on the San Saba stage that was robbed a few weeks ago.

"Shall out your money or off goes the top of your head," remarked one of the robbers holding a pistol under Sam's nose.

"Three hundred dollars vash every cent I got, so help me shiminy gra-shus," exclaimed Sam.

"Hazed 'em over," Sam did so, keeping back six dollars.

"What are you keeping back them

six dollars for?" mildly inquired the robber, pressing his pistol against Sam's head.

"Mine Gott, don't you let a man take out two per cent, ven he advances money without securities?" asked Sam.—*Con.*

HENDRICKS AND BURDETTE.

THE STATESMAN'S WONDERFUL MEMORY SERVES TO EMBARRASS THE HUMORIST.

A RICH REMINISCENCE OF THE "COUNT" OF 1876—A FUNNY MAN'S CHICKENS THAT CAME HOME TO ROOST.

Bob Burdette, at that time the "funny man" of the Burlington Hawkeye, a few years ago wrote the following about a meeting he had with Mr. Hendricks:

"Do you know, I have a very, very pleasant recollection of Mr. Hendricks in the world just now, of course, I never met him but once and then I had the honor of dining with him.

"I do not mention this fact in order to create the impression that I am on easy, familiar terms with all the candidates in this Presidential campaign. I fear I am not. If I wanted \$500 to-morrow—and I probably will, at least I want it to-day, and I am not the man to change my convictions on financial matters in twenty-four hours—I do not know a single candidate for President or Vice-President whom I could, so to speak, strike for that amount.

"Well, Mr. Hendricks had the honor of dining with me—that is, we dined with each other. It was this way: I had been lecturing, after the 'count' of 1876, out in the vast, free, glorious West. I was hastening home to Burlington over the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy. On that same day Mr. Hendricks was on his way to California.

Both trains on the Quincy road dined at Wormley's, at Chariton, Iowa. Mr. Wormley met me at the door of the dining room with even more than usual cordiality. He said to me:

"Good, I have company for you to-day. Come right over to this table."

"I followed him, and found a gentleman so much better looking than the campaign portraits that I did not recognize Mr. Hendricks until we were introduced. His face was very attractive; his manner no less charming; I was pleased that fate had cast me in his way. That is, I was at first. He was so pleasant, I liked him. Early in the course of a brilliant conversation about the weather he said:

"You are the young gentleman who writes the poetry on the Hawkeye, I believe. And you never saw a more bewitching smile on a man's face."

"Now, that was the very thing I didn't want to talk about. I had been writing whole pages of campaign poetry; they call it, in the Hawkeye, but you understand, that excellent, family paper wasn't exactly a Democratic paper. At least, it was no more Democratic than the most rantankerous, rally-round-the-flag-boys-third-term-Hayes-and-the-whole-ticket Republican paper of Republican Iowa, could be expected to be. It was just about as Democratic as the Eagle is Republican. And I knew what kind of 'poetry' I had been writing. I fidgeted a little, poured a spoonful of sugar in my soup, and owned up that I was the man. Then I asked him how long he intended to remain in California. He told me, and then said: 'There was one little poem—now see how kind he was; he called it a poem—' 'There was one little poem you wrote, beginning, 'There was an old Hoosier, as I've heard tell.' Now, how did the rest of that go?"

"Go! It went for him tooth, claw and toenail, and I knew it. I feebly said, 'I don't remember,' emptied the salt into my coffee, and 'hoped he would find rest and refreshing health in California.' I

also hoped that I would die in a few minutes, but I didn't say so. He thanked me in his courteous manner for the wish I expressed, and then went on:

"There was another, a good one; I can recollect only the second stanza. How did the first one run?"

"And therewith he quoted a few lines of one of the meanest things I ever wrote about any man. While he quoted my prize poem, pretending to forget the stanza that referred to himself, I was confused, but I seemed abstracted, as I spread five very thick layers of potatoes on my folded napkin, under the impression that I was spreading a piece of bread and butter. I said I wasn't very well when I wrote that one, and had quite forgotten it. Then I attempted to wipe the cold-beaded perspiration from my brow with that napkin, and added to my embarrassment, I must have appeared embarrassed or eccentric, I am sure.

"Well, the long and short of it is, Mr. Hendricks remembered every mean poem I had written about Mr. Tilden and himself during that bitter campaign, and he could quote just enough of the innocent good-natured lines of each one to show me that he had read it. I never saw a man with such a memory. I hope he enjoyed his dinner. I think he did. He ate heartily and smiled good naturedly all the time, and he bade me good-bye very pleasantly. I am confident I showed off to good advantage. If I did I dissembled. I didn't feel that way at all. But I didn't run, I sat there and took my punishment like a man. When Mr. Hendricks went to his train I arose and sought Mr. Wormley to tell him about it. He was lying on the floor behind the cigar counter, wheezing and choking like a man trying to laugh himself to death. I began to get mad. I said:

"See here, Mr. Wormley. 'Train time' he gasped. 'Go to Burlington; go away. Let me die in peace.'"

"I turned away and got on my train. I did wrong. I ought to have licked Wormley while he was helpless. It was the only chance I ever had. And I never dined with Mr. Hendricks again."—*New York Times.*

WOMAN THE COMPEER OF MAN.

(A thoughtful, well written essay prepared by a lady member of the S. N. L. Society and read before it—Ed.)

This century has been indeed very remarkable and one full of promise for the expansion and development of woman's intellectual capacities. Much has been said about the inferiority of woman's brain power, as compared with that of man. The size of the brain is nothing. It is in this, as in other things, not the quantity, but the quality. The fine texture of woman's brain only proves that she is capable of reaching that standard of superior intellect which man has achieved. True it is that woman has had nothing to do with the great inventions of the present day, and why? Because in all ages she has been taught that her existence is a mere cipher, and that it is her duty to bow at the shrine of her professed superior in intellect. Happy thought! yea, thrice happy, that woman will ere long stand in the front ranks with man, able to cope with him in astronomical, philosophical, literary and scientific attainments. George Eliot rather astonished the superior beings, when she published her works to the world. It took time to prove that they were the productions of a feminine mind. Hannah Moore, has left to the world works which are considered by learned men to leave a vast deal of influence for good. Miss Edgeworth has given of her store-house of knowledge books containing a bountiful supply of common sense. Miss Alcott, with her instructive works for the young, Mrs. Hemans with her psalms, and numbers of others have accomplished as much good by their works, as those of superior intellect. We are all aware that there are mental differences, as well as

physical differences, just as there are differences in men. No matter what has been her position in less civilized society, woman is now slowly but steadily climbing the ladder of fame, Heretofore colleges, and all the higher institutions of learning, have forbidden her entrance into their sacred rooms; not until recently has she been allowed to reap the benefits of public money, except (as Major Bingham says) that which is appropriated to asylums for mutes, the insane, and occasionally the penitentiary. Giving woman free access to high institutions of learning, does not make her less a woman, but adds to her many attractions, and will inevitably prove her to be the progressive force of society. Looking from every stand-point, at the barriers which narrow minded bigotry, and false ideas have thrust in her way, it is no wonder that she has remained so long in this comatose state, so to speak. Man, feeling so sensibly his superiority in intellect, has done very little, comparatively speaking, for woman's advancement in knowledge; he has rather looked upon her as the promoter of his comfort and happiness. Some may argue that woman becomes unscrupulous in manners, by allowing her the privilege of unfolding her mental faculties; this will not detract one iota from her refined and gentle qualities but will rather make her an ornament in the sphere in which she moves. It is absurd to think that where force of intellect exists and independence of opinion prevails, that woman loses her refinement and gentleness. It is useless for man to sneer at the intelligence of woman, unless he can sustain himself by argument. One must become convinced that with her intellect expanded, her views broadened, she will not prove a bane to society, but rather a blessing to her much vaunted superior. Woman when thrown on her own resources has been known to sustain herself, and successfully compete with man in intellectual powers. These she brings to bear on the many obstacles that may arise, and ere long they give way to her superior judgment. Woman as a financier is considered in every respect to be equal to man; judging from the number employed in the Treasury Department, and as cashiers in large establishments, one would think, as a financier, she has no equal. Cultivated minds will produce good influences and good results. All the great generals, great statesmen and great authors, have been influenced and guided by mothers with great minds. Man's claims to mental superiority are without evidence to support them, and are the results of arrogance and vanity. Bestow upon woman the advantages which have been so lavishly given to man, and the clouds of ignorance, superstition and infidelity will pass away. Soon a bright day will appear, to be darkened, when? Only when woman's true worth shall be underestimated and depreciated.

Jimmy Mulahy was easily induced to attend Sunday-school last Sunday. The Bible lesson was the Lord's feeding of the multitude with five loaves and two fishes. His teacher amplified the lesson, explained its significance after the usual manner. He asked all the scholars in the class their opinion of the greatness of the man who could perform such a feat, but Jimmy was not satisfied with their answers. He squirmed nervously in his seat and could hardly wait his turn. Finally the teacher said:

"And now, Jimmy, how do you explain the Lord's ability to feed a multitude with five loaves and two fishes?"

"Cause den two fishes was whales mumm," replied Jimmy, triumphant.—*Con.*

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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