

# MOORE GAZETTE.

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

VOL. II.

CARTHAGE, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1884.

NO. 47.

## The Moore Gazette.

CARTHAGE, N. C.

JNO. W. SCOTT, Jr., Editor & Publisher.

### Subscription Rates.

One copy, one year, \$1.50  
One copy, six months, .75  
One copy, three months, .40

### Advertising Rates.

One square, one inch, one time, \$1.00  
One square, one inch, two times, 1.50  
One square, one inch, one month, 2.00  
Liberal rates for contracts and standing advertisements.

## GENERAL DIRECTORY.

CARTHAGE, N. C.

Mayor.—A. M. D. Williamson.  
Commissioners.—T. B. Tyson, J. C. Jackson, A. H. McNeill, H. J. Muse, W. T. Jones.  
Meet first Monday in every month, at 7 1/2 o'clock.  
Chief of Police.—J. W. Fagan.  
Treasurer.—H. J. Muse.

## CHURCHES

Presbyterian.—Rev. M. McQueen, Pastor. Services, every first and third Sundays, at 11 o'clock A. M. Sunday School every Sabbath morning.  
Methodist.—Rev. W. B. Dowd, Pastor. Services, every second and fourth Sundays, at 11 o'clock A. M., and 7 P. M. Sunday School on Sabbath morning. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night.  
Baptist.—Rev. N. Baldwin, Pastor. Services, every second Sunday, at 11 o'clock A. M., and 7 P. M.

## COUNTY

Superior Court Clerk and Probate Judge.—A. H. McNeill.  
Register of Deeds.—T. W. Bitter.  
Solicitor.—James D. McIver.  
Sheriff and Treasurer.—W. M. Black.  
County Surveyor.—J. F. Cole.  
County Supt. of Public Instruction.—W. J. Stuart.  
Keeper of Poor House.—T. W. Muse.  
Jailer.—W. W. Hunsucker.  
County Attorney.—J. C. Beck.  
Commissioners.—W. P. Cameron, Chairman, G. B. Cole, H. H. Martin, C. W. Shaw, M. M. Fry.

Superior Court.—Every first Monday in February and August.

## Legal Advertisements.

## H. I. HOWZE

### ATTORNEY AT LAW

SANFORD, MOORE COUNTY, N. C.

Will attend the Court of Moore and Chatham counties, and to the collection and other pertinent business.  
May 28 '84

## W. A. GUTHRIE,

### ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Fayetteville, N. C.

Practices in the Counties of Moore, Cumberland, Hartnett, Sampson and Bladen.  
July 17 '84

D. A. COVINGTON, H. B. ADAMS,  
Moore, N. C. Moore, N. C.  
W. J. ADAMS,  
Carthage, N. C.

## Covington, Adams & Adams,

### Attorneys at Law,

CARTHAGE, N. C.

Have formed a partnership for the practice of law in Moore county.  
Nov 1 '84

A. P. GILBERT, T. E. WOMACK,  
Gulf, N. C. Pittsboro, N. C.

## GILBERT & WOMACK,

### Attorneys-at-Law,

Have formed a co-partnership for the practice of law in the county of Moore.  
All business letters should be addressed, Gulf, N. C.  
July 26 '84

## W. E. MURCHISON,

### ATTORNEY AT LAW,

JONESBORO, N. C.

Practices in the Superior Courts of Hartnett, Moore, Chatham and Cumberland Counties.  
Special attention given to the Collection of Claims, and returns promptly made.  
Sept 14 '84

[FOR THE MOORE GAZETTE.]

## Letter From Seven Springs.

July 18th 1884.

MR. EDITOR:—Time with unrelenting wings has sped on and long months have flown away since my promise to give the GAZETTE something from this quarter. We are not considered entirely in your beat, Mr. Editor, but nevertheless we have a heart that ever beats for old Carthage and her pine-clad hills. Our "native hills of Dan" will fade from our memory until remembrance ceases to exist and as the poet says: "In memory of thee I am ever fondly dreaming."

Our little town is situated on the south bank of the historical Neuse in the midst of a fertile, healthy country. The spot as its name implies is the seat of the celebrated Seven Springs which are noted for their medicinal value and are quite a natural curiosity. Seven beautiful crystal fountains bubble up from the foot of a high hill in a few feet of each other. The point of interest is that the waters show a different chemical analysis for each individual spring. The eye can readily detect the difference as the deposit from one is white, another cream color, another brown, &c. For their curative properties, gentlemen who have visited the Buffalo Litta, the White Sulphur, the Saratoga and all the noted watering places say that this exceeds them all. For the cure of diseases of the urinary organs, gravel, stone, in the bladder, &c., one of the springs is simply wonderful. In this way it has wonderful effect in the cure of rheumatism, gout and kindred affections. One of the springs is known as the "Calomel Spring" on account of its peculiar actions upon the liver and bowels. The place is fast becoming the Saratoga of this Southern country. The two noted watering places are filled to overflowing. People of pleasure and people of leisure, invalids, old people, young people are constantly coming and going. Persons who imagine this to be a wet, flat country, will have their minds diseased by a visit to our town and its surroundings. A range of high hills or young mountains on the West and South seem to ward off the dreaded cyclone and reminds one of the smoky mountains or other spurs of the Blue Ridge in more elevated portions of the State. The Saponia Hills extend for miles along the river and occasionally seem to crowd upon the stream as if to dispute its right of way, erecting their tall heads like bluff far up over the placid waters of the Neuse, giving us scenery both picturesque and grand.

Our town possesses some historical interest that deserves notice. Far back in the days of the revolution, that period that tried men's souls, came an English barge up the river, sent up by the summons of King George then in possession of the town of New Berne. Here they erected a building, painted it white and named the place White Hall and used it as a depot of supplies ostensibly for the adherents of the crown scattered over the country, but really the better to enable the British soldiery to plunder and carry on their devilment. The cellar of this house with brick brought from England are still visible while the more perishable portions of the building have long since crumbled to dust.

In a modern unpleasantness between the North and South, this place also had its share of notoriety. The Yankees got possession of the bluff South of the town and there being no protection for our men they crossed the river, burned the bridge and entrenched themselves on the left bank. For three days shot and shell rained furiously, but passing harmlessly over their heads fell in the swamp to expend their fury among the gums and cypress or to sizzle and die out in some pool of stagnant water. The confederates climbing trees and secreting themselves in the bushes along the bank with sharp rifles, caused many a blue

coat to bite the dust while they were seen wandering across the plain where lone chimneys and blackened ruins marked the site of the town now reduced to ashes by the furious bombardment of shot and shell hurled at the devoted band across the river. Only one confederate came to grief during the fight. His name was never known, but his fate deserves more than a passing notice. As he walked along the road that penetrates the swamp a shell from the Yankee battery a mile away struck the ground directly at his feet with simultaneous explosion. The largest part of the poor fellow found intact was one leg with his boot still on the foot, hanging in a tree over head 15 feet high. His remains were gathered together and interred. The force of the explosion was so terrific that he was never recognized. A simple stake marks his last resting place by the roadside. The muddy waters of the Neuse often gather over the spot as if to hide the rude and neglected grave. Some fond mother, or wife, or sister, or sweetheart, ignorant of his fate, had doubtless never entirely lost hope, and have looked and watched for 20 years for the return of the loved one, but alas, he never comes!

A little incident will show what pure deviltry can do. A gentleman who lives on the bluff and whose house served as hospital &c., during the fight, after the fight reoccupied his dwelling. His well of water becoming offensive, he proposed to clean it out when he found numerous legs and arms of wounded and deceased Yanks which had been cast into the well as the best and easiest means of riddance. This gentleman says his stomach and bowels turn over to this day every time he thinks of Yankee tea. The diabolical rascals had been casting all the clean water into the well.

The crops are fine in this section, and our patriotic democracy is just beginning to shed yells of enthusiasm for Cleveland and Scales. No Blaine in it.  
Yours &c.,  
V. N. S.

[FOR THE MOORE GAZETTE.]

## An Enjoyable Occasion.

PARKWOOD, N. C. July 21st.

MR. EDITOR:—Amid these dull and sultry days which try the resolution of "cloud hopper" and "nail driver" alike, and which put a damper as it were, upon enjoyment of all kinds, except, perhaps, swimming and "fishing," there was recently a treat offered to the employees of the N. C. Millstone Company by Mr. Taylor and his excellent wife, which, for a season at least brought smiles to every face and we think a degree of pleasure which will not soon be forgotten. Promptly at the invitation, they met at the residence of the above named gentleman, on Wednesday evening last at half past seven o'clock to partake of a bountiful supply of articles, well calculated to refresh and invigorate the inner man. To say that it was enjoyed would be superfluous and if we may be allowed to judge, it was duly appreciated by all. After supper they repaired to the porch and spent a short while in chat and amusement, after which some of the "boys," at the request of Mrs. Taylor, rendered a few of such songs as they chanced to have on hand with which, she was apparently much pleased. We certainly feel that we are to be congratulated, not only in our embryonic city but the entire surrounding community as well, upon the accession of so estimable a member to society, and while we know that it must be somewhat trying to her to leave a city home with all its associations and take up her abode in this land of red hills and pines; yet we bespeak for her the good will and friendship of all. May they both be permitted to live long in the enjoyment of the happiness which they deserve, as also a measure of success that

will ever make them able to dispense such hospitality to those in their employ. We would also extend thanks to Messrs. Duffenbaugh and Walsh for the kind and polite manner in which they attended the needs of all at the table.

Respectfully,

ONE OF THE PARTICIPANTS.

## Triumph With the Truth.

John A. Logan is either a very ignorant man or a very willful perverter of the truth. His letter of acceptance he makes the following assertion: "In many of the Southern States the colored population is in large excess of the white." Now, if this statement had been made by some little school boy, it might be pardoned, but when made by U. S. Senator, and a man aspiring to the Vice Presidency it is inexcusable. If Mr. Logan had taken the precaution to look at the census returns of 1880 he would have learned, if he did not know it before, instead of the colored population being in a large excess of the white in many Southern States, there are but two, South Carolina and Louisiana, where the blacks outnumber the whites. In South Carolina the total white population, as reported in the census taken, was 391,105; colored, (including Chinese, Japanese and civil sized Indians), 604,472; in Louisiana, white, 444,956; colored, (including Chinese, Japanese and Indians), 484,392. In all the other Southern States the whites are in excess, and in some of them in "very large excess." John A. Logan either knew better than this when he made that statement, or he is guilty of ignorance of which he ought to be ashamed. He doubtless did know better, and made the statement deliberately with a view to deceive and strengthen the little bloody shirt appeal that he was making to the North.

Once in a while some writer for the agricultural papers arises to the necessity and multiplicity of the virtues of the mule and writes a paragraph on the subject. Then the matter drops and the excellence of the long-eared musician are forgotten or are remembered faintly by those who believe that the great worth of the hybrid is tempered by a yet greater unassisted pure and undefiled. Perhaps this is the reason that so few farmers in the North have seen their profit in raising these long-eared embodiments of energy and melody. The popular notion seems to be that mules are of all created beings (except, perhaps, the mule's father) the most contrary, and have the nimblest and most untrustworthy of heels. There are those who, knowing the mule from long acquaintance, declare that no better beast of burden lives; that if properly treated and well trained in the earlier decades of their existence they are good-tempered, quiet and reasonably obedient; that to raise a mule requires less outlay of care and cash than will be required in raising a colt of like age; that when raised the mule will bring a better price than can be got for the average colt of the same size and age; and that the mule is tougher, will live far longer, do more work, and some time or other will die harder than will the best horse ever known.—Chicago Tribune.

## The Editor of A Local Paper.

If any position, demands genius, and will be satisfied with nothing short of it, it is the position of editor of a local paper. In the first place, he must know everybody's peculiarities, and be cognizant of all their faults and failings, and the faults and failings of their grandfathers, and grandmothers, and cousins, and aunts, and mothers-in-law else he will be liable to get something into his paper, that will hurt somebody's feelings. He must print everything sent by an old subscriber. If a man subscribes for his paper, he claims a right to give his views on hen raising, pig killing, and theology, and the moral aspect of dancing—no matter if he cannot spell pig correctly, and does not know of a single case where some beautiful young lady dropped dead in a ball-room.

The local editor is expected to give every man, and every man's business, a gratuitous puff. If Mr. A. is painting his house it must be mentioned in the paper; and if Mrs. B. has a calla lily in blossom she wants the momentous fact set before the public in printers ink, headed with capitals.

When Jones kills a hog weighing four hundred and fifty, that must be chronicled; and when Brown dispatches another weighing four hundred and sixty, that must be put in type; and so on through the list of other big porkers in town.

When there is a wedding, the local paper must publish a list of salt-cellars and butter-dishes and soup-ladles, and photograph albums, bestowed by the loving friends; and if he does the thing up in good style, and remarks feelingly on the beauty of the bride, he will be rewarded with a slice of spiced brick-bat, frosted with hard-tack, yeasted wedding cake; and if he eats it he will need to take a box of pills, and two or three bottles of arsenic, before he is well over it. The local editor must never indulge in personalities. He must

pass lightly over the fact that young Jenkins, son of the rich squire Jenkins, was arrested for drunkenness; and he must not allude to the fact that Deacon Grimes, who gives so much for the support of religion, made his money by light weight and measures. He must always be ready to give copies of his paper to his friends to send to their friends. He must not think of asking anything. If anybody he is acquainted with invents a new-fangled nutmeg-grater and wants it noticed.

He mustn't charge more than one dollar and fifty cents a year for his paper. He must never send out bills to his subscribers. He must wait patiently till they get ready to settle their accounts. To send bills looks just as if he was afraid he might not get his pay.

Every issue of his paper must critic everybody. It must contain all the news. It must omit nothing fresh. There must be at least two murders, three divorces, and one suicide, in each number, or the paper will be thrown down as flat and stale. No life in it. So stupid!

It must not contain typographical errors. It must print all the poetry sent by all the aspiring young poetesses in that section; and if kisses should be hisses, and the shouts should be printed snouts—which will sometimes happen when the MS. is illegible—then the editors fate is sealed and the success of his paper is ruined, for she will never, never send him another effusion so long as she lives. No Indeed?

The local editor has a hard row to hoe; and if he is neutral in politics and religion, is still harder. But let him brace up and do his best, everybody knows that if fame does not come to him, so soon as he expects, fortune is on the way to him if he waits long enough for it to reach him. For there is no surer way to become a millionaire than to write in Saturday Night.

## LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS

KICKED BY HIS LOST LEG.—A one legged ex-Confederate soldier from one of the mountain counties was in Statesville a few days ago on business, and in one of our wholesale stores was engaged in conversation on the subject of politics. He expressed his perfect satisfaction with the Democratic State ticket and announced his purpose to vote it throughout. Continuing, he said he had been cured in a very singular manner of being for Radicals and bridge-tatters. He has always been a Democrat and through. In 1882, a little cold on the trail, he still expected to vote the Democratic ticket, but a parcel of fellows got around him at the polls, over-persuaded him, and almost before he knew it had voted for York. "That night," said he; "I dreamed that the leg that I lost at the battle of Shiloh, got up out of its grave and kicked me all over the county.—I had the same dream two or three nights in succession, and so help me, that lost leg having let up on me at last, will never have reason to kick me for the same cause again."—Statesville Landmark.

The National Platform of the Democratic party is highly commended.—Competent judges pronounce it the ablest paper of the kind that has been adopted in the last fifty years.—In the Chicago Convention North Carolina cast her 22 votes on the first ballot for Bayard. On the second ballot she changed her vote to Cleveland and led the break which gave New York's Governor the nomination.—The oldest delegate in the late National Democratic convention was Dr. Uriah Ferrill, of Virginia. He is now 92 years old. The first National Convention he attended was in 1844, when he voted and worked for Henry Clay.—Contref.

## LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS

J. W. HINSDALE, J. A. WORTHY  
Raleigh, N. C. Carthage, N. C.

## HINSDALE & WORTHY,

### Attorneys at Law,

Carthage, N. C.

Have formed a Copartnership for the practice of Law in the County of Moore.

## James A. Worthy,

### ATTORNEY AT LAW,

CARTHAGE, N. C.

Practices in Moore, Hartnett, Montgomery and Randolph counties. Special attention given to the collection of Claims.  
Sept 14 '84

## Charles A. McNeill,

### ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,

Carthage, N. C.

Claims collected, and returns promptly made.  
Sept 14 '84

## Jno. Manning, N. M. Dunlap

### MANNING & DUNLAP,

### ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

CARTHAGE, N. C.

Sept 14 '84

## HOTELS.

## THE CAMERON HOTEL,

Cameron, N. C.

[Under New Management.]

## J. M. BREDGERS, Proprietor,

First-class in all of its appointments. The Proprietor also announces to the public that he is now prepared with statistics, and stock will have the best attention. Terms moderate.  
Sept 14 '84

## BARNES'S HOTEL,

Jonesboro, N. C.

Mrs. Barnes's Hotel furnishes the French table she is preparing with good board and elegant traveling, large and commodious lodging. Will also well prepared for permanent boarders—students, both male and female, and others—and offers, at her table, the very best that the market affords. Good restaurant polite attention always guaranteed.  
Sept 14 '84