

THE CARTHAGINIAN.

W. J. STUART, STREET BREWER, Editor. THURSDAY, JANUARY 10, 1878.

The outlook for the year, 1878, political and otherwise is more encouraging for the people of the South, than for years past, and the signs of the times inspire the hope that a revival of business and the restoration of confidence will speedily arouse our country from her lethargy and start her forth once more on the road to prosperity.

Our good old State, rescued from the hands of political plunderers, who destroyed her peace and robbed her of her wealth, is once more enjoying peace and tranquility and her citizens, without respect to race, color or previous condition, are proud of her noble Executive and willingly do him honor.

Our whole South, so long humiliated and plundered under carpet-bag rule, has been lifted from the dust and her voice is once more heard in the councils of the nation. The party so long in power is slowly but surely losing hold of the reins; indeed, its power is well broken into factions at war with each other.

It is difficult to determine whether we feel more of pity or contempt for the occupant of the White House. We cannot believe a man of high-souled honor would occupy a position obtained by fraud. We do not accuse Mr. Hayes of stealing the Presidency, but rather as occupying the position of a receiver of goods obtained by fraud. We have no fault to find with the Southern policy of Mr. Hayes, but cannot believe it was adopted from any consideration of right and justice but from purely selfish motives. His Southern policy and the bestowal of his patronage have given offence to some of his former friends and supporters, and they have turned against him and he now finds himself occupying the highest position in the gift of the people, with scarcely any claim to the sympathy of either of the two great political parties in the nation.

Hayes, Chandler & Co., may fit it out on their own line. It is a sort of "Kikey cat" concern in which we feel little interest.

IN CONVERSATION with an esteemed friend the other day, we were struck with the remark, that it was characteristic of our people to be satisfied with just what will do. In other words, they do not aspire to the highest excellence and zeal in the accomplishment of their plans and purposes, but put forth only such effort as will accomplish "just what will do." Is it not lamentably true that such is the case? It is seen in our dwellings, their furniture and surroundings; in our farms with their ill-constructed fences and neglected ditches; in the very poor provision for the protection of domestic animals, in the construction of school-houses and churches; yes, often in the character and qualifications of those intrusted with the training of our children.

There are many it is true who do the best they can according to their means, but are there not many who do not come up to their full measure of ability and duty? Those who have money hoarded or at usury and are living in houses constructed without any reference to comfort or convenience and furnished in the same manner without adornment within or without, are satisfied with just what will do and thus reader the world darkened by a double gloomy to their families and deny to them the pleasures and gratification bestowed by convenience, comfort and beauty, of surroundings. The beautiful especially when connected with the useful is stimulating and refining in its influence. It aids the development of faculties which without it would remain dormant and inactive. Considerations of economy should induce just to repair our houses. It not only beautifies but preserves them. A little time spent in planting flowers, ornamental trees and shrubbery about our houses is time well spent. If we would have our children to love home we must make it attractive. Next to "love at home" good books, newspapers, periodicals and pictures are essential. They furnish just such food as the young and tender mind craves.

It is the dictate of true economy to keep our fences and ditch-banks free from hedges of thorns and bushes; to open horizontal ditches on our hill-sides and thus prevent them from washing away and to protect our domestic animals from the storms of winter.

May we not hope the day is past when the training of our children in the Public Schools will be committed to those whose chief qualification is cheapness? It is sadly true that, in many localities, a man with mere smattering of the rudiments of English could get employment as a teacher, regardless of moral

qualifications, provided he would work for one dollar a month per scholar. As a general rule whatever is cheap in price is also cheap in quality. The quality of our teaching has had much to do in keeping us in the old ruts. As we advance in education so will we advance in material growth and prosperity. We do not intend ourselves to be satisfied with "just what will do," but only with the very best we can do.

Our country is rich in resources. Let us go to work and develop them and old Moore will then take the proper place among the first country in the State.

LET US IMPROVE.

A certain degree of progress from the rudest state in which man is found,—a dweller in caves, or on trees like an ape—a cannibal, and eater of pounded snails, worms, and offal,—a certain degree of progress from this extreme is called culture and refinement, though not properly as it is only civilization. Each nation grows after its own genius and has practices, customs and manners of its own. What concerns us people here in America mostly, is confined to our own homes. The Chinese and Japanese, though each complete in his way, is different from the man of New York or North Carolina. The Indians of this country have not learned the white man's work; and in Africa, the negro of to-day is the negro of Herodotus. Not so with the people of the United States. We, as a nation, are advancing in every stage of civilization, and in every species of refinement. This is applicable to us as a nation, but how is it at home—in our own State and county—in our own home and fireside. Are we making rapid and well directed strides of improvement, commensurate to the age in which we live? Are we doing our duty as men and women, in the various departments of life? These are questions for our consideration. We are all placed here by the good Father in heaven to achieve the varied results which He, in His kind providence has fitted for us. Perfection is not expected in mortals, here below, although it is our pleasure and our duty to strive to attain it. But we all have our imperfections. Go to the palace of the high or the hut of the low, and you will discover many defects and inconsistencies among the occupants. While we as a people are advancing in some respects, in others we are inactive and will remain so, just so long as prejudice and ignorance lead and control us. We content ourselves with what our fathers and mothers have done. Their old "time creeds" and "pet theories" must be abandoned and forgotten. Instead of looking upon mankind as a race of depraved monsters; let us view them individually and collectively as our Creator designed them, "the glory of the lower world," "the crowning part of creation." Whenever we consider all mankind "as brethren," and are disposed to treat each other as children of one Father; granting that every individual is "the architect" of his or her own fortune,—the artificer of his or her own untoward destinies; it is then, and then only, that we are prepared to instruct, and be instructed and thus make advancements in every department of life. The time is past by and gone forever, when anything save a man's own personal merits will carry him through the world. The old aristocratic element, which once was nourished and cherished, and reigned almost supreme, is fast disappearing. The day has been when wealthy parents and honored ancestors would enable a man to sail along gently and uninterrupted, but now, we are glad to know such anticipations are a myth. Every man and woman are just what they make themselves. This is an age of progress and reform, and that reform must first begin in our own hearts. Every man is credited for the estimate he sets upon himself. He sells (to use a homely phrase) for just what he is worth and no more. We all may

expect opposition. The prejudiced and ignorant part of our fellow-creatures, cling with the greatest tenacity to their own favored ideas. But we verily believe there is a bright future for each and every one who will do his or her duty. Then let us go to work, to accomplish something, in our day and generation. Let our judgments and opinions of each other, be characterized by a full degree of charity. We should not be overbearing nor oppressive to any. If we expect mercy we must show mercy. Nine times out of ten men and women are governed and act in accordance to the nature and character which they interpret to their Creator. Show us a person who would make God a tyrant, and we will show you one who has a tyrannical disposition. But point us to one who would have every man "judged and rewarded according to the deeds done in the body" and he will show you every instance prove to be a good citizen, a consistent christian and useful member of society.

Death of Chief Justice Pearson

The announcement in the Raleigh Observer of Sunday, that Chief Justice PEARSON had been stricken with paralysis, while on his way to attend the present term of the Supreme Court in Raleigh, had prepared us somewhat for the sad intelligence of his death, which took place at thirty-five minutes past ten o'clock on Saturday night in the town of Winston.

The State is thus called upon to mourn the loss of one of the brightest intellects the news of his death will produce sadness throughout the State, especially among the legal profession, and more especially those who have been so fortunate as to enjoy the benefit of his teaching in legal science. As a jurist he had but few equals and no superiors; as a common law lawyer it seems to be universally admitted that he had no superior either in Europe or America. The legal fraternity of our State had that respect and admiration for him that amounted almost to reverence. To them we tender our heart-felt sympathies.

Below we copy from the Raleigh Observer of the 8th, extracts of proceedings of the Supreme Court and Raleigh Bar in honor to his memory.

On the opening of the Court Attorney-General Kenan with much feeling announced the death of Chief Justice Pearson, and moved that in respect to his memory this Court now adjourn. The motion was granted.

A MEETING OF THE BAR

Called, when on motion of Hon. J. B. Batchelor, Judge A. McKoy was unanimously made Chairman and G. H. Snow, Esq., requested to act as Secretary. Judge McKoy on taking the chair, said in substance and effect:

My Brethren of the Bar: The mournful intelligence of the death of the late Chief Justice of North Carolina has brought us together for the purpose of doing that reverence to his memory which the man, his high office and great attainments demand of his fellow citizens and particularly of his brethren of the legal profession.

As perhaps the great common law lawyer of his age and time, I say that in my humble judgment no greater common law lawyer lived in his day, his loss will be felt and deeply deplored by those so long accustomed to look for the productions of his brain and pen to illumine their journey along the many and labyrinthine paths heretofore marked by no finger boards, with no guide save principle and no beacon save the lights of legal lore.

A terse and pithy writer he made clear whatever he would explain. His loss will be deeply felt by his professional brethren.

To the student of the law was he the greatest benefactor. He was in fact the great teacher of the age.

He taught the young to reason and when once a conclusion was arrived at by the student, it was such a conclusion as satisfied the investigating mind in search of truth and did honor to the teacher who planned and led the young mind into and along the channel of patient thought and thorough investigation.

In the hearts and minds of those to whom he ministered as master and teacher in the great profession which by his great mind he has long enriched, and whose honored round of wealthy gifts he has long enjoyed and whose high aims to this world's distinctions he has greatly aided to reach and adorn he will be missed; yes, even more than missed. His character and force truly displayed themselves in the lecture room, and no man, however great the grasp of his intellect, but felt and cherished the magnetic thrill which pervaded all the intelligence of his nature when this great master taught.

A system as thorough impressed the student, until I can say, a monument more lasting than a monument of brass has been reared to his memory in the hearts of those gifted men in our dear old State and elsewhere, who have been

so fortunate as to have been his pupils in legal science.

He was fortunate in winning and retaining the respect and veneration of those with whom there was a converse of mind.

He was not of that cast which sought to win love by the fights of science and the mastery of mind.

He was what would be termed cold until warmed up by some legal investigation, and I believe I speak truthfully when I say that his memory will be ever cherished by his many students, and the brighter the intellect of the student the more devoted the mind to the lights of science, the brighter the spot in the student's heart in which Judge Pearson's memory will be enshrined.

That his heart was kind I have evidence personal to myself. That he was charitable, I can find in my own experience testify.

Although it was my bad fortune not to be able to avail myself of his generous offer; yet as often as I met in debate those trained under his superior teaching, as often have I remembered my sad fate that I was not of his teaching. There are numbers in the State who can testify to his liberality and encouragement of those who were anxious to do made them share of his liberal offers and proffered aid to develop the man and not to spoil the man.

His charity sought to develop the man and not to spoil the man. He came to me, enjoying this opportunity and pay for it when you can. Thus did he arouse all that was latent in a boy's nature, and with his impress did he send him forth to make of him a lawyer a citizen and a man. Could he be more said in honor of any man?

But with his honors thick upon him, he has been removed from our midst. Position and honor, however desired, or however shown to upon poor human nature, cannot stay the summons which calls us hence.

Amid all earth's allurements, its station, its renown its wealth and its honor, we are all taught what "shadows we are and what shadows we pursue." "Calm be his rest in his cool dwelling place. Sweet be the repose of his grave and bright his resurrection." To us let this be a warning, for each one, in a short time, may in the course of nature, look for the same summons.

How unsatisfying how unsatisfying life with all its brightest treasures poured into the lap of our existence! Does not the heart yearn for something more than this world can bestow? Is not this full proof that "it is not all of life to live nor all of death to die." For it cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place! It cannot be that our life is but a bubble cast up by the ocean of eternity to float for a moment upon its waves and then sink into nothingness! Realize this fact. Let man consider the end of his creation. And when this is thoughtfully and well done, with him will all be well. In accordance with our time-honored customs let us proceed to such action becoming the great loss sustained by his friends, our State and our country.

Hon. A. S. Morrison after a few preliminary remarks appropriate thereto offered the following resolutions which were unanimously adopted. WHEREAS, The members of the bar attending the Supreme Court have heard with profound regret the sudden death of Hon. Richmond M. Pearson, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina; Therefore,

Resolved, That the family of deceased be respected to allow his remains to be brought to Raleigh to lie in state in the Capitol for one day.

Resolved, That they tender to the widow and friends of the deceased their sincere sympathy in this great and irreparable loss.

Resolved, That a committee of five be appointed by the chairman, to attend the body of the deceased to Raleigh, and to attend the funeral.

Resolved, That a committee of six be appointed by the chairman, to prepare suitable resolutions expressive of the feeling of the bar, and to report to a subsequent meeting, and to make such arrangements as may be appropriate to the memory of the deceased.

The Chairman appointed on the first committee Hon. W. P. Bynum, Hon. Thos. J. Wilson, Maj. Henry A. Gilliam, W. B. Glenn, and Robt. T. Gray, Esq. On the second named committee: Hon. T. S. Kenan, Hon. J. B. Batchelor, F. H. Busbee, Esq., Col. T. E. Fuller and Maj. A. M. Lewis.

The meeting then adjourned subject to the call of the Chairman.

THE following is No. 2, of a series of articles which appeared some months ago in the North Carolina Gazette, and are inserted here at the request of a large number of Moore county citizens, who did not see them as published in the Gazette.—[EDITORS.

Moore County.—No. 2. Soon after the formation of this county from a portion of Cumberland, in the year 1784, the citizens proceeded to avail themselves of the privileges, which this act conferred, and, doubtless, appreciated the relief thus afforded. There was now no longer a necessity for undergoing the fatigue and incurring the expense of a journey to Fayetteville, in order to obtain redress for grievances and secure a due administration of justice. They organized a Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, the first term of which was held at the dwelling house of Kenedion Kitchen, Esq., on the third Monday in August, 1781. The following Justices constituted the court, to-wit: Thos. Mathews, Richardson Feagan, Wm. Scoggin, Phillip Alston, Wm

Seal, John Robertson, Chas. Crawford and Wm. Barren, Esqrs.

We are constantly referred to the early days of the Republic for the high type of patriotism and the purest integrity in the management of public affairs, but the chronicles of the acts of his worshipful court do not exhibit any greater devotion to the public weal, regardless of self, than exists at the present day. What was human nature then is human nature now. From the record it seems that the election of Sheriff, as well as that of Clerk, appointed to the court. Without the concurrence of a Returning Board, both these very important offices were filled from their own number. Phil. Alston, Esq., was chosen Clerk, and Wm. Scoggin, Esq., was chosen Sheriff. The fitness of these men for their respective positions may have been the very best, but the suspicion forces itself upon us that even at that early day there might have been some acute cases of that disease which even in these latter days has become suddenly chronic—a disposition on the part of those who hold the strings of the public purse to gress their own

The records of this court show that the business was conducted in an orderly manner, and that the actors were not ignorant of law and the modes of civil procedure. The pounds, shillings and pence paid out in the way of fines and costs for the privilege of assaulting and battering each other, would indicate that they knew nothing of a money panic in these days.

Kenedion Kitchen, at whose house this first court was held, lived at the place now owned and occupied by Samuel E. Johnson, Esq., on the road leading from Carthage to Cameron, two miles from the latter place. On the first day of the sessions, upon the recommendation of Phil. Alston, Clerk, Gen. Glascock, Esq., was chosen Deputy Clerk. The deputy clerk seems to have done all the business of the office, at least recorded all the proceedings, as the clerk's official signature does not appear. At August term, 1785, it was ordered by the court that George Glascock, who had been duly qualified as deputy clerk, hereafter record all proceedings and issue all papers in his own name as Clerk of the county. This looks like a summary way to get rid of a clerk, but the fact that Alston was elected to represent this county in the Senate branch of the Legislature that year may account for the change.

That Alston possessed some ability might be inferred from his continued promotion, as he was returned to the Senate in 1790. In morals he was corrupt, vindictive and unscrupulous. In a subsequent contest for the clerkship, his old deputy was elected over him, and, piqued on account of his defeat, he hired his own slave, Dave Alston, to murder his friend and deputy, George Glascock, promising his freed man as a reward. The negro was arrested, and Alton became bail for his appearance at the next term of the Superior Court to be held in the town of Wilmington.

The negro fled the country, and his master paid the forfeiture, which was £250. Alston followed his runaway slave to the State of Georgia, where, it is said, a just retribution overtook him, having met an untimely death at the hands of his former slave and accomplice, Dave Alston.

George Glascock lived about one mile north-west of the present site of Carthage, at a place possessing some historic interest, to which your correspondent may allude hereafter. George Glascock was a good citizen. In all the relations of life, both public and private, he commanded the esteem and respect of his fellow-citizens. His descendants are among the most enterprising citizens of this and other counties. The McNeills, the Coles and the Masses are lineal descendants of his. A. B. McNeill, Esq., the present excellent Clerk of the county, also Geo. S. Cole of Jones-boro, W. W. Cole, Esq., of your town. Rev. H. P. Cole, of the North Carolina Conference, and Messrs. R. A. and Robt. Cole are his great-grandsons. More anon. ROWLAND.

Changes of a Century. The nineteenth century has witnessed many and great discoveries.

In 1809, Fulton took out the first patent for the steamboat.

The first steamboats which made regular trips across the Atlantic Ocean were the Sirius and Great Western, in 1830.

The first public application to practical use of gas for illumination was made in 1802.

In 1813, the streets of London were for the first time lighted with gas.

In 1817, there was built in Wallham, Mass., a mill supposed to have been the first in the world, which combined all the requirements of making finished cloth from the raw cotton.

For the Carthaginian.

Messrs. Editors:—Each new year as it comes brings its novelties, its changes, reveals the mysteries of the preceding year and begins to write a new page in the worlds history. Time work ceaseless changes. Progress and retrogression are both laws of nature. The boy of 1877, may be the man of 1878, and ere 1879 shall have recorded its 365, he may be exercising Divine offices in a holier sphere. That we begone careworn God forsaken bachelor who last year drank from the bittercup of so-called single blessedness, is this year quaffing large draughts from the full ample bowl of domestic felicity, (and to touch the subject up a little,) his future radiant with every rainbow of promise and the loom of joy eternally busy with its golden shuttles weaving into life's sombre warp odoriferous flowers and scenes Arcadian. But I am digressing, I was about to speak of the novelties and changes ushered in by the new year. To us, the people of Moore, the greatest novelty, and we hope the greatest blessing, is the debut of our

County paper, the CARTHAGINIAN. Surely the day of our reformation is at hand; let us step upon this CARTHAGINIAN boat as it leaves the harbor of ignorance, and take passage over the dark angry foaming billows of vice, superstition, and immorality to a higher civilization and a more useful and refined life. Sires and grand sires, of Moore, aged fathers in the camp of Israel, would you have this noble old county upon whose hills you first gazed from the cradle's nook, upon whose soil you have toiled for an honest support and beneath whose green sod you must soon repose, stand in the front ranks of civilization and improvement, in the coming year; would you have your posterity tread the paths of virtue and integrity lighted by the torch of science and the full blaze of civilization, then rally to the support of your county paper and render your declining years memorable and your gray hairs venerable by scattering the seeds of future greatness broadcast over the land.

Young man, would you look to your own true interest, would you be "a man" four square, one hundred miles long and two hundred miles wide, equal to every emergency and replete with every virtue, a pride to your parents and an honor to your country, then exercise that spirited steed to the plow, roll that fancy buggy into the repository, curtail your expenses by quitting those horrible cigars, dash that fatal cup of "Berry foster" or "Laurel Valley" from your lips and "swear off" cease burning the lamp oil of your future father-in-law and by your own cheerful blaze, peruse the columns of the Observer and CARTHAGINIAN, or consult the pages of Robinson's Arithmetic, or Bingham's Grammar.

Young lady, thou hast best gift to man, thou fount of Omnipotent Omnicent workmanship, would you exert a wholesome influence upon the destiny of your country; would you be an ornament to society, the pride of your sex and the admiration of all sensible men, then think not to be such by numerous flirtatious or by the copious rise of "slang phrases" but enrich and adorn your minds, cultivate your intellect and chasten your imagination; leave that useless ribbon in the merchant's show case that extra dress upon the shelf and subscribe for the CARTHAGINIAN.

We must have reform. The surface must be broken up the ancient landmarks must be passed—the old hard trodden paths must be deserted—old ditches must be filled up and new channels dug—old foggy ideas must be eradicated and modern thought and feeling substituted therefor. Let us arouse from this death like crime which has so long retarded us and start on a brilliant career of conquest. This is our country. Ours to live in. Ours to cherish. Ours to improve. Ours to enlighten. Ours to die in.

"Where's the man with soul so dead Who never to himself hath said This is my own native land?"

What avails us to know the common phenomena of external physical life, if we may not sometimes tread the lofty walks of the mental kingdom.

Shall invention discovery and improvement be rife in the land and we never know it? Shall eloquence poetry and song make musical the atmosphere and we never hear it? Shall the starry orbs which bedeck the Heavens, forever dazzle and burn in the immensity of space and we never exult in their beauty? Shall old ocean forever surge and roar and we not be able to interpret its deep sounding

notes? Shall the craggy peak of the mountain top be annually clad in spring time verdure and we too prosy to admire it? No, these high ways of sin, these by-ways of ignorance these bad ways of men must be broken up; these dark corners of vice and superstition must be penetrated, the light of truth must be sent hither, all these, with a thousand other things, spread out before you, Messrs. Editors, an unbounded field for profitable thought and profound investigation. Such then is your task and who, O, who will say we do not need a home literature, a medium through which these people may be reached? Newspapers have been styled "the swift winged heralds of an improved and progressive age" and such they are when made the exponents of truth and justice; the influence of the press cannot be circumscribed by precise geographical lines nor abruptly terminated by the lapse of years. Then go forward with manly hearts and unshaken confidence, remembering that nothing was ever invented and perfected at one and the same time. There will be those who will be

and ridicule your noble undertaking, how many sneers and jeers and insults were heaped upon Noah while he was building the Ark, but enterprising progressive man must expect resistance, storms will come, dark clouds will loom up before us and overshadow us but there is a glorious haven beyond.

Troubles and trials will come, difficulties will stare us in the face, tempests will rise and the threatening waves of adversity and impending ruin roll high upon the shores of mortality, and no ray of light seem to illumine the moral horizon, but by and by the waves will recede, the air will clear, the gloom will dispel, the clouds will dissipate and we may behold our way bright and shining before us. Your paper will be what you make it, then

"Here's the marble here's the chisel Take it work it to your will You alone must shape your future Heaven send you strength and skill."

J. C. BLACK. January the 9th, 1878.

The Eastern War.

The latest advices from the seat of war show that the probabilities of an Armistice lesson, rather than increased and what the end will be must depend on future developments. We copy below from the Raleigh News of yesterday:—

LONDON, Jan. 8.—An official telegram from Shipka, January 6, received at Constantinople, states that the weather here is very mild. A two hour's cannonade had been exchanged with the Russians. This contradicts the Russian report that General Radetsky had crossed the Balkins through Shipka Pass. The Post publishes the following in official form: Another Cabinet Council will be held Wednesday; in the meanwhile, important Pourparlers are being held telegraphically with St. Petersburg. The probabilities of an armistice lesson rather than increase, but it is impossible to foresee what any moment may bring forth.

A Times Bucharest dispatch says:—Ice ceased moving in the Danube. The river frozen over near Galatz is expected to freeze as far as Simintza, immediately. The Times Vienna correspondent says: The occupation of Sofia is of great advantage to the Russians. It gives them a base for operations in Roumelia and opens up the resources of the country around and makes them to a certain extent independent of supplies from Roumania. Despite the pressure from the palace, and threats of dissolution, the Turkish House of Representatives has been assailing the Government with great freedom and bitterness. They probably have the population of Stambul on their side, and it is doubtful whether they would obey a decree of dissolution to take such a step.

The Standard in its leading editorial says: The correspondence between London and St. Petersburg, respecting the point raised by the British Government, has not yet been terminated and we shall probably have to wait until the opening of Parliament before a full explanation is given of subjects which have been under discussion between the two Governments.

LATER. LONDON, Jan. 9th.—The Sultan has ordered the commanders in the field to arrange with the Russians as to the conditions of an armistice. Negotiations will continue between England and Russia on the question of mediation.