

THE GREENVILLE INDEX

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Explanation.

We have had so many calls for last week's issue of the INDEX we have concluded to reprint three of its leading features. The editorial "Honesty in elections" is reproduced. The "INDEXES" were not published in full last week for lack of room and are completed in this number.

"Dicky and his Pigs" is also republished as it looked cruel to leave the little fellow in mid air this March weather, humanity prompted his safe arrival home, and the complete tale is brought in one article.

The last issue of the INDEX was exhausted in three hours and over three hundred new subscribers having been added to our books we thought it best to reproduce these articles for their benefit as well as for those who desired extra copies.

We would suggest that the children, for whom the "Tales" are written, cut them out and they will have a good collection after awhile. Besides these tales the INDEX will have a new special and original feature each week. It will pay you to read every article, advertisements and all.

We take this opportunity to again cordially thank the many friends of the paper who by word and by letter have given it approval and encouragement. Their promptness in paying subscriptions is equally as gratifying.

The Old Soldiers.

In the course of a delightful article repelling criticism by Rev. Mr. Vann on Gen. Early's private character Mr. Kingsbury, of the *Wilmington Messenger* uses this language

"It is fashion now—a growing one we regret to believe—for the younger portion of our people to turn up their noses in contempt at the men of war, and to grow restive under their renewed favors and recorded honors. They either covet the places, envy the good fortune or are not responsive to the acclaim of the surviving soldiers who were at the front and did all that men dare do for principles, for convictions of duty, for country. Our distinguished Senator Vance is a victim now of severe criticism, that often is remarkably unjust, but the assault does not come from the veterans of 1861-65, but from men who have grown up since, and fail to appreciate the great services and sacrifices and personal merit of the leaders and soldiers, in the great War of Second Independence."

With all due respect for the opinion of the venerable and distinguished editor, we as "one of the younger portion of our people" beg leave to dissent. And we shall speak for thousands of younger men in the South when we protest that we do not covet the places, envy the

good fortune or are not responsive to the acclaim of the survivors of the war. We go further and declare that the respect which all young men of intelligence feel for the survivors of the lost cause is even greater than that often shown by themselves for each other. This is bad grammar but it is the truth. The generation which has grown up since the war have the highest sense of obligation and gratitude and veneration for all the old soldiers—the rank and file who did the fighting—who died in the ditch—who slept in the trenches—who bivouacked with the dead and thanked God for a hard tack. The quivering finger of truth on the dial of history at this remove from the panoply of war points to the citizen soldiery of that war as its true heroes. Led into the fight by a zeal which, while commendable in them, was in a great measure aroused by designing men, this rank and file suffered and died and have been dying for thirty years as a result of their intrepidity. They are of us, and among us, blood of our blood, and bone of our bone, objects of our undying love, incentive to nobler impulses of patriotism and courage.

And as long as these men are among us that unspeakable, deep under current of sentiment will remain, and when the last one shall have gone to answer to the drumbeat of Jehovah we will tell around the firesides to millions yet unborn of the heroism of their fathers.

The younger men of this age how ever much they respect the great commanders of that war, have observed that the Generals, Colonels, Majors and Captains, *et in omnes generis*, as a rule, monopolized the glory of that war and have been monopolizing the offices ever since, at the expense of the real fighters, the privates in the ranks then, the high privates in the rear ranks ever since.

The fighter who left his plow or store and went to battle, have been staying at the plow and in the store ever since. They were modest men and except in cases where the loss of a leg or an arm, an eye or some other palpable sign of battle, spoke trumpet-tongued for them, their trussed and be-starred leaders, who knew their metal and merit have been leaving them out in the cold and "to dumb forgetfulness a prey." Don't charge it to we younger people, for the most of us have had to be left out too. We and the old real soldiers are in the same box, and instead of turning up our noses at them we are actually rubbing noses with them, to that extent some of the commanders are getting resentful.

The young men of this day are getting restive at arrogance not coveted of others' honors. They honor Gen. Ransom and Captain Vance and all the others, but they do not like to see these old warriors fighting each other, and they are just certain to see that their Zeb comes out on top. They are beginning sorter to believe however, that when the pap suckers get too greedy—the old mother—the people will give them a spanking and send them to bed. These same young men find in Mr. Kingsbury a writer who is generally in full sym-

pathy with their longing for something nobler in public conduct than a fight for place, they have touched hands with him in advocating the strict fulfillment of political pledges and again assert that they hold the old heroes of the "Second War of Independence" in loving remembrance

Wanted—Bad.

By reference to another column the people of Greenville will see that in a town of 2500 inhabitants there is not a public school building for the white children, and if the school fund has to be devoted to that purpose it will be five years before enough will accumulate to buy a lot and erect a suitable building. This means the loss of free education to at least one generation of children. This means that the number of little children of the town who in these pinching times cannot pay for schooling are to have their whole future blighted and blasted by ignorance.

Is there no man of means in Greenville who will donate a lot? No three men who will get together and donate a lot? Is benevolence or philanthropic impulse dead among us. Must the dear little ones go handicapped through life—through eternity—for the lack of it? We think not, we know there are good enterprising benevolent men of means in Greenville. We ask you to donate the land. The INDEX guarantees to raise a fund outside to put a building on it, so that the locked up school money may be turned loose and the children get the benefit of it. The school committee are powerless to do otherwise it seems. Through one man's generosity we have a home for the dead. We beg for a home for the children.

A Rift in the Clouds.

We have been much interested in the trial of John Y. McKane, the professional election swindler, of Coney Island. McKane was a Republican or Democrat as the occasion and price dictated. His last services were rendered as a Democrat, and consisted not only in a wholesale falsifying of the registration books, but in a pitched battle at the ballot-box between his hired policemen and the paid detectives, and offended citizens of the other side. He has been tried, convicted and sentenced to Sing Sing for six years and is now wearing the stripes of a convict. The papers freely predict that he will through some legal technicality yet escape the punishment. To show to what extent the people had been corrupted by election frauds McKane's conviction was received with astonishment, tho' his political conduct has been flagrantly lawless for years. He committed notorious perjury on his trial and yet he is looked upon as a martyr by his social friends—public prayers were offered for him from the pulpit of his church last Sunday. His resignation as Deacon in the Church and Superintendent of the Sunday School was not accepted.

McKane was a man of wealth and high social position. He is looked

upon as an exemplary man in every respect in private life. He was however a recognized political boss and election manipulator. He came high but whichever party secured his services walked off with the cake on election day.

McKane did not commit his frauds under impulse of partisan zeal or from misguided motives of patriotism. He did not do evil that good might come. But he made a business of deliberately degrading the franchise of his own best friends for money, and the worst of it is, he is but a type of thousands in the country who are professional election swindlers, and worse still the people are becoming debauched to that extent they are blinded to the perilous results of such methods.

A MAN CANNOT *be a political thief and an otherwise honest man.* "Thou shalt not steal" means something or nothing. Better to steal a chicken than rob a citizen of his money. The first can be replaced, the last when lost cannot be restored.

The set which frowned upon him and shared his harvest of ill-gotten gains may mourn and lament—his town clique may anathematize his so called persecutors, but the cheering fact stands out in bold relief—a rift in the cloud—the jury composed mostly of sturdy farmers, regardless of gangrene sentiment, heedless of partisan clamor or political bias, declared that robbing ballots is a crime and convicted the malefactor. Let us trust that his conviction denotes a returning sense of appreciation of the sanctity of the elective franchise—to the men who have no political conscience may at least fear the law.

Revival Next Week.

Arouse yourselves, people of Greenville, and help make the revival an epoch in our midst. It is the duty as well as the privilege of all to serve God. The whole earth can "and should serve Him." Sinners are delaying the coming of peace on earth by their iniquity. Delaying that which we pray for, when we say the Lord's Prayer, "Thy Kingdom come." I trust all of us may examine ourselves and find the stone that lays over our hearts and shuts out the light of God therefrom, and come with humble and contrite hearts to God. I hope that the Preachers in this revival will pay especial attention to Christianity in business, in the every day order of life, for there is no avocation in which God cannot be served. Come one and all and let us make the revival in the Methodist church a refreshment to our souls. Forget the name of the church come as God's servants, "In His Name." Throw ourselves soul and body into the breach, and do all that we can to promote the honor due to Him and He will help us. The revival begins in the Methodist church next Sunday, March 18th. Let us all turn out and see what the All Good God can and will do for us.

[Contributed by James Joyner and doubly Amen'd by his brother, the editor. "A wake ye and put on the whole armour."]