

The Pinehurst Outlook.

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PRICE THREE CENTS.

RELIC OF YE OLDEN TIME.

A Raleigh Newspaper Dated
Oct. 18, 1836.

Its Political Gossip Very Similar to that
in the Newspaper of Today.

Facilities for Travel Very Different from what
Visitors to Pinehurst Now Enjoy.

An ancient copy of the *Raleigh Register and North Carolina Gazette* lies on my table. It requires extreme care in handling or it will tear in pieces from its own weight, so fragile is the time-worn paper. October 18, 1836, is the date it bears, and this is the forty-ninth number of its thirty-seventh volume. Joseph Gales & Son are the publishers, and they seem to have been kind and considerate men,—as all printers are—for they required their subscribers to advance only one-half of the subscription price, which was three dollars per year. If the confiding subscriber was willing to pay them his money and trust them for the paper the first six months it seemed nothing more than fair to Messrs. Gales & Son that they should send along the paper and trust the subscriber for the money during the second six months. A very equitable arrangement indeed! Let us hope that the parties of both parts lived strictly up to it. Let us hope that the delinquent subscriber did not exist in those early days, but is an evil product of our own generation—"a being erect upon two legs and bearing the outward semblance of a man,"—whose name is upon many subscription books, but the color of whose money no publisher ever saw.

Promptly (let us think) every Tuesday the *Raleigh Register* started forth upon its honorable mission of spreading abroad reliable news of the city, the state, the nation and the habitable world, together with such announcements of boots and shoes, pianos, anti-dyspeptic pills, runaway negroes, steam-packets and stage coaches as the proprietors were willing to pay for, "at the rate of a dollar for three insertions, not exceeding sixteen lines of space, those of greater length in proportion."

Just beneath the title-lines on the front page appears a very cheerful and amiable motto:

"Ours are the plans of fair delightful peace,
Unwarped by party-rage, to live like brothers."
nevertheless, scattered here and there through its columns of political news and comment there are passages strongly flavored with what seems like the genuine *odium politicum*. At all events the *Register* does not always speak of Mr. Van Buren and Mr. Richard M. Johnson,

Democratic candidates for president and vice-president, in such terms as an affectionate brother ought to use. Van Buren is the slippery elm, the political swindler; Johnson and his daughters are as well fitted for the cotton field as for the presidential parlor, if elected he will disgrace the nation. The chief supporters of these disreputable candidates are demagogues totally wanting in regard for the truth and respect for the intelligence of the people. Their arguments are detestable flummery put forth to entrap the ignorant and so on, and so forth. Just the opposite of this, of course, are the Republican-Whig candidates, Hugh L. White and John Tyler, and their supporters, and the arguments of their supporters, all of which Republican-Whig gospel the *Register* is doing its best to spread among the voters of North Carolina.

Other exciting events of national in-

to be on the march with his troops toward the capitol. The people of France were very much tossed about in their minds as to whether they should take a hand in Spanish affairs or not.

Scientific news is somewhat meagre, also, but it is interesting to find an item from one of the popular lectures of Professor Arago at Paris. It was said to be M. Arago's custom to fix his eye on the stupidest looking person in his audience, and then speak so simply and convincingly that this dull face would light up with comprehension. When he had gained that point he was sure that all his auditors were with him in sympathy and were following his lecture understandingly.

Be that as it may, he surely had a popular subject for his discourse on the occasion reported. An artesian well was being bored in the outskirts of Paris. A depth of 900 feet had been reached, and

follower of Washington and Jefferson who will be able to rescue it from destruction. By happy chance Gen. Harrison was on the spot when Mr. Milligan made this encouraging announcement, so that he could corroborate every word of it, and this he proceeded to do with such "grace, propriety and fluency that he produced a powerful impression" upon as many of the freemen of Delaware as were within sound of his voice. Considering the size and population of Delaware, it would seem as if this must have been pretty nearly all of them, if the general's voice was in good condition that day.

Visitors who travel from New York to Pinehurst in luxurious vestibuled cars, and are only seventeen hours on the way, would be interested in the advertisement of Messrs. J. H. Avery & Co., the enterprising proprietors of a stage coach line, which used to take passengers from the terminus of the Petersburg railroad at Weldon and forward them to Halifax, Tarboro, Warrenton, Raleigh, Fayetteville and other southern points, as far as Augusta, Georgia. Under the caption "Increased Expedition," these gentlemen announce that passengers from Baltimore who reach Washington by the evening train will be forwarded immediately by steamboat to Potomac Creek and thence by stages and the Richmond & Fredericksburg railroad to Richmond, and by the Petersburg railroad to Weldon, making the whole journey from Baltimore to Weldon in the unprecedented time of twenty-six hours! Think of that, ye pampered moderns who grumble over the tediousness of this journey under present conditions! Twenty-six hours more, after a good long ride from New York, before reaching Weldon, and then heaven only knows how many additional hours to get to Raleigh and from Raleigh down into the "piney woods" of Moore county! No doubt Messrs. J. H. Avery & Co. were very kind, as well as enterprising gentlemen,—“hustlers” we should probably call them now, but let us be thankful that when we want to visit Pinehurst we do not have to entrust ourselves to their tender mercies. The Seaboard Air Line may be very much less romantic, but it is vastly more comfortable and expeditious.

Where Noah Kept His Bees.

Dr. James K. Hosmer, while recently visiting Boston, had occasion to visit the new public library. As he went up the steps (says the *Ladies' Home Journal*) he met Edward Everett Hale, who asked the doctor's errand. "To consult the archives," was the reply. "By the way, Hosmer," said Dr. Hale, "do you know where Noah kept his bees?" "No," answered Hosmer. "In the ark hives," said the venerable preacher as he passed on.

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THE OUTLOOK BUILDING.

terest besides this presidential election the *Register* also took note of. There was a war with the Seminole Indians going on in Florida and another with the Creeks in Alabama, which evidently was not going on with satisfactory vigor, for the President had appointed a court of inquiry to investigate General Scott and General Gaines, and find out if possible, who was to blame for an unsuccessful campaign in Florida, and no campaign at all in Alabama.

How natural it seems to read of the investigation of our military department! Is it possible this paper was published sixty-two years ago, instead of yesterday morning?

The foreign news has a strangely up-to-date character, also, to our modern eyes. About all the meagre foreign news there is comes from Spain. There had been no serious disturbance in Madrid for some little time, but the inhabitants were in a state of great alarm. Troops had been sent to Seville to put down an insurrection. Don Carlos was reported

at this point the temperature had gone up to a considerable degree of heat. M. Arago was confidently predicting that when water was obtained it would be hot enough to warm the public buildings and perform quite a number of economic services. He seems to have been right in the main, though a little too sanguine in his expectations. Abundance of warm water was obtained at what was then the unprecedented depth of 1798 feet, but it was not found practicable then, nor has it been at any time since, to heat public buildings or baths by supplies drawn directly from Mother Nature's boiling teakettle.

If we had not become somewhat used to the announcement, we should be deeply saddened to read that even sixty years ago our country was upon the downward road to ruin. This statement is on the authority of no less a person than the Hon. John J. Milligan of Delaware, but he adds the cheering news that in the person of Gen. William Henry Harrison the country has a faithful