

State Library

THE CENTRAL TIMES.

G. K. GRANTHAM, Editor.

Render Unto Caesar the Things that are Caesar's, Unto God, God's.

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ARP WITH THE SCOTS.

AND THOSE WHOSE ANCESTORS CAME FROM SCOTLAND.

I have been to Scotland—not across the ocean, but in North Carolina. I did not know there was such a place and such a people in America. My invitation to Fayetteville and Red Springs and McCall's came from people whose names began with Mac, but I thought it was merely a coincidence. When I reached Fayetteville Mr. McGelvey met me at the train, and when we reached the hotel I was introduced to a number of gentlemen whose names began with Mac. In fact I do not recall a single name that did not begin with Mac, and when I made a remark about it they told me that this was Scotland, and it concluded nearly all of Cumberland and Roberson counties, and extended over into Marlborough in South Carolina. More than a century ago the genuine highlanders settled here and they multiplied according to scripture, and kept the faith, and that is what they are doing now. This is the southern land of steady habits. The race traits of a people are a study for the philosopher. How did it happen that the Scotch are such a high-toned, unbending, uncompromising people, strictly moral and law-abiding, wedded to their religion and their customs, while their nearest neighbors in old Ireland were so rollicking, restless and uncertain, acknowledging no loyalty save for the priest, and taking but little concern for old age or rainy days. The laws heretofore seem to be stronger in the Scotch than any other race, for just as their forefathers were, two centuries ago, the descendants are now. When I learned that I had to stand before an audience of Scotch people I was somewhat alarmed, for I remembered that Sidney Smith said it took a surgical operation to get a joke into a Scotch understanding. So I carefully left out all my jokes, and left in all my humor and philosophy, and got along with them splendidly. Dr. Johnson said: "Much might be made of a Scotchman if he was caught young." My opinion is that these Englishmen were a little vain of their wit, and they did not like the Scotch because they did not make a big fuss over it. Lord Jeffrey scorned them occasionally, and never smiled at their smart sayings, and Smith said that Jeffrey lived on Scotch vinegar, and nothing pleased him; that not long ago he heard him speak disrespectfully of the equator. But I found the Carolina Scotchman as full of mirth as any of the Smith family. I was introduced to a Scotch audience at McCall's by a Scotch minister, and his humor was so charming and delightful that I was reluctant to follow him. They are a diligent, temperate and prosperous people. There are no better farmers in the State. They live in painted houses all along the line, and I am afraid to say how many Presbyterians there are in these two counties. Almost every man you meet is a Scotchman, and if you don't know his name it is safe to call him Mr. Mac—for he is a McLean, or McLeod, or McMillan, or McWhorter, or McKosh, or McEwen, or McClure, or McFendon or some other Mac. I asked the darky who drove me to the station what his name was, and he said, "McDougal, sir." The horses and dogs have Scotch names, and little towns are Montrose, Inverness, Argyle, McCall's, Scotia, Maxton

and so forth. The little newspaper at Red Spring is the Scottish Chief. Red Springs is a beautiful little hamlet and is fast becoming noted for its mineral waters. A wealthy gentleman, Mr. Townsend, has built an elegant hotel near by and all the summer and fall has it full of guests. "Cooking is not a lost art in that house and a bed means rest." The public roads are delightful drives. You may talk about Sheridan's ride, but I made one last Saturday night that beat him and John Gildin. My lecture closed at 10 o'clock, and I had to drive eleven miles by 11:30 o'clock to reach the station on the Carolina Central in time for the train. It was 10:10 when I stepped into the buggy, and I had despaired of making connection. The liveryman gave me his best team and a good driver and said: "They will take you there on time; dinna be afraid." I had no watch and there were no mile posts, but those black horses to know how bad I wanted to get there. Not a touch of the whip, but occasionally a gentle word. It was a level firm road among the pines and the moon was directly over us. Never did I ride after such a team in my life, only twice did they break the long, sweeping trot, and that was while crossing the shallow branches. "Oh, yes, sir," said McDougal "dey make it every time—dey neber fails in an hour and a half." "But they haven't got but an hour and twenty minutes" said I. "Dey make it, sir. Get along Will! Move up Bruce!" I was so anxious that I found myself leaning forward to help the speed. There was a big gate to open about midway and I feared the time lost was fatal, but on and on we dashed and just as we came in sight of the distant station my driver said: "She's comin', I see de headlight way down de road. Get along Will! Don't you hear me, Bruce," and we fairly flew to the little depot and reached it just as the train did. I slipped half a dollar into McDougal's hand and tumbled out prematurely with my grip in my hand. Well, it was glorious and I was happy, for I was homeward bound and was not well. There would not have been another train for forty-eight hours. In North Carolina they permit a train that has started Saturday night to go through to its destination on Sunday; but no train is allowed to start on Sunday, except some of the great through lines that carry Uncle Sam's through mail.

While at Raleigh I visited the legislature and heard some good old fashioned eloquence. The bill that was up was one from the Ladies Memorial Association asking for \$10,000 to help erect a monument to the confederate dead of North Carolina, and the ladies were there in all their beauty. The galleries would not hold them and chairs were brought in and they filled the aisles and all around the speaker's desk. It was an impressive and inspiring scene. Several old veterans made good speeches, but old General Vance, brother of Zeb, got wrought up to passionate fervor as he recounted the sacrifices and sufferings of their soldiers and the heroism of the woman—the mothers, he said, of these beautiful daughters who are here pleading for a memorial to the dead. He carried us along with him gently and tenderly and before he concluded the tears of love and pity were coursing down our cheeks and we were not ashamed—no not ashamed. Of course there were some watch dogs of the treasury, there

always are—and two or three made a feeble show of opposition, but it did not avail. One proposed to reduce the amount, but an old veteran rose up and said, "Mr. Speaker, I live in a benighted region that is dark, very dark with the sons of Africa, but, sir, I can go back home and tell them what was done here today and every negro will say amen."

The bill was passed and if there was a dissenting vote it was not loud enough to be heard. I had the pleasure of meeting Governor Carr, the compromise alliance man, the successful farmer, the country gentleman. He did not seek the office and now is everybody's choice, for he is a high-toned, conservative gentleman. Would it be a funny law to say that no man shall have an office who seeks it and yet it would be a good law if it could be executed. Governor Carr made no ring and is free to choose the best men for his co-workers in guiding the ship of state.

And now it is President Cleveland and little Ruth is playing on the white house grass. And the senate and the house are democratic! Who who have thought it a year ago? What next? It makes me tremble to think of the responsibility that will be upon the administration. There are good men and great men in both parties and neither party is united in the great question now before the country. Now is the time we need statesmen and patriots instead of demagogues. Now is the time to the motto of the Scotch in Carolina—the motto of their own Robert Burns:

"Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
An honest man's the noblest work of God."

And they remind me that not long ago I hunted all through Burn's poems to find "Robin Adair" that my daughters were singing, but I did not find it. I met my friend George Adair who knows everything about the Scotch and I said: "Who wrote 'Robin Adair'?" He swelled up and said, "Why Burns, of course." "He did not," said I. "You can't find it any edition of his poems." "Well," said he, "I will ask Annie when I go home. She knows." And sure enough she did know. It was written by Miss Kuppel, the daughter of the earl of Albermarle, who fell in love with Robin and because he was a poor young surgeon was not allowed to marry him. It was the old, old story.

BILL ARP.

Youths the Girls Won't Love.

Some of the young ladies of Arkansas City have organized a female prohibition society. The members pledge themselves not to associate with or entertain young men who use tobacco, liquor, play cards or have any other bad habits. The young ladies have issued cards summarizing their war as follows:

- The young man who drinks the red wine,
Can never glue his lips to mine.
- The man who chews the nasty plug,
Will in our parlor get no hug.
- Who smoke or drink or cuts a deck,
Can never bite us on the neck.
- So don't you monkey with the cards,
Or we can never more be pard.
- The man who guzzles lager beer,
Can never, never chew my ear.
- Drink nothing stronger than real pop,
Or in your lap we'll never flop.

The man who smokes a cigarette,
Can never get a squeeze you bet,

If the girls in our town and section were to organize such an association and adhere strictly to its principles, they would see the robins nest severally before they went out with an escort, and old maids would soon sell below Par at auction.

WHAT NORTH CAROLINA OFFERS.

There is not one State in the forty-four States of the Union that really offers more inducements and greater advantages for investments than North Carolina offers in this year of grace 1893. It is singularly blessed with a great variety of climate. The mercury will fall as low as 20 below zero in one section of the State while the lowest temperature the same hour in another section of the same State will not be more than 12 or 14 degrees below zero. The variety of soil and production is as great as any State. Indeed, it is believed to excel all the States in this particular. It is the only State that was able to fill out the blanks in the census of 1880, as to products. It is wonderfully watered. It has between eighty and ninety rivers, a greater area of sounds and bays and inlets than any other State, and in its length from the farthest Eastern portion to the extreme Western point, it is quite 500 miles. It is good for all kinds of farming. It offers extraordinary advantages for trucking. It has a great water area for oystering and fishing. Its mines are many and represent minerals in great variety.

At the Boston Exposition several years back, there were grouped all of the splendid gems mentioned in the Book of Revelation, as garnishing the foundations of the Heavenly City, seen in vision by the Apostle John. There were jasper, sapphire and chalcedony; emerald, sardonyx and sardius; chrysolite beryl and topaz; chrysoprasus, jacinth and amethyst all beautifully polished and tastefully arranged—and they were all from North Carolina. Gold abundance; silver and diamonds and other useful minerals, including iron and coal are worked. It is a land of plains and mountains, of long stretches of unbroken level and the hill country with alternating hills and levels. The forests of the State are very extensive, and exceedingly rich in valuable woods for manufacturing and for trimming and adorning houses and public edifices.

The "Old North State" needs better roads; better schools; better laws for the protection of honest industry; protection for the sheep that the wool industry may be fostered; less disposition to war upon capital, and compel people with money to lend money to thriftless people at 8 per cent, while it may fetch 50 to 100 per cent if invested—these and other ills and drawbacks need to be corrected. They will never be so long as the people are ignorant and ridden to death by prejudices and crochets and temporary crazes. When more intelligence prevails there will be better, wiser, more statesmanlike legislation. North Carolina needs 100,000 educated voters among progressive immigrants. Let them come and help to make a great State naturally more progressive and nearer to the front in the great procession.—Wilmington Messenger.

GENERAL NEWS.

The poet who wrote, "All I ask is a single heart," ought to be satisfied with one. That's about all any of us have, except that Stokes county man who is said to have had two, one of which, however, didn't seem to have any particular office to fill.—Star.

Rhode Island has two members of Congress. One seat is held by a Democrat, and the other is vacant. The Republicans are so afraid that the Democrats will capture the vacant seat, that they have lugged out an antiquated law which required every "alien voter" in the State to prove his citizenship by personally placing his naturalization papers and other evidence on file with the board of canvassers five days before their meeting, the object of which is to disfranchise, so far as they can, the "alien voter" who doesn't seem to have been voting lately to please them.—Star.

The Louisville and Nashville Railroad company has just awarded a contract for the building of 1,500 freight cars. These cars are all to be built at Anniston, Gadsden and Decatur, Ala. Louisville and Nashville's policy is to sustain the industries along its line. These contracts mean a good deal of money distributed through that section. The Anniston News figures it that the contract of the works there for 700 cars will require the work of 500 men seventy days.—State Chronicle.

The new elevated railroad just opened at Liverpool extends along the quays of the great line of docks on the Mersey for nearly seven miles. Its carriages are of full size, not arranged like a tram car, but like the ordinary passenger car of the United States, each being in two compartments, and capable of seating fifty-seven persons. Beneath each car is an electric motor of from 100 to 70-horse power, and the speed will be as high as thirty miles an hour. The power to work the trains, and with them the accessories of signals and light is the same, and generated from a single point on the system.—Chronicle.

The many friends of Mr. J. C. Ellington of this county will be pleased to learn that he has been elected State Librarian for the next two years. The Governor, Secretary of State, and Superintendent of Public Instruction composed the board of directors of the State Library and have the power to elect the Librarian. The election is held every two years, just week the directors met to elect the Librarian for the ensuing two years. Each director had his favorite candidate and for three days they met and cast ballots each one voting for his candidate. No agreement could be made. Several names were presented to the board but without avail. Monday they met again, without the knowledge of Mr. Ellington his name was presented to them and he was elected to succeed Mr. J. C. Birdsong who has filled the position so acceptably for the past six years. Mr. Ellington is a brother of Sheriff J. T. Ellington and lived in this county until a few years ago when he moved to Raleigh where he has resided since. He belongs to the unterrified Democracy and he will fill the office acceptably to all people of all the people of the State.—Smythfield Herald.