

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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## NEW BERNE.

RESPONSE TO A TOAST BY T. A. GREEN, ESQ., AT THE EDITOR'S BANQUET.

While thanking you for the honor of calling me to respond to this toast, permit me to say that you assign me a very difficult task. The very fact that I am to speak of the industrial development of New Berne—a city old in its history, its intelligence and culture, and its political fame, but comparatively new in its material growth and progress signifies that I am to deal in cold, dispassionate figures, and not in mere sentiment and feeling. And it may be that many of our own citizens, juggling along the beaten path of their daily life, are ignorant of the immense resources of this section, so long left unsupplied by the wealth and energy of modern times. We hope that the intelligent men of the Press particularly will inform themselves on this subject. We are satisfied that our trucking fields, with their beautiful carpets of green, are a marvel of productiveness. Why, gentlemen, do you know that during the year 1892 we shipped 234,000 packages of peas, cabbage, potatoes and other truck over our railroad and steamer lines, fully 80,000 of these packages being potatoes? And that in the diversification of crops, the most of our truckers produce from the same acreage every year four different crops, aggregating in a good year, from \$200 to \$300 to the acre. And while miles away from New Berne the lands have been brought up and planted, still there are thousands of acres of good, fertile soil, bathed by the dews and showers of the best climate in the world, awaiting the capital energy and skill of the trucker. And such is the wonderful character of this enterprise that great as it is now, every year seems to add to its marvelous development in dollars and cents. And then look at the almost marvelous exhibit of our fishing interest. One would think that the lamp of Aladdin had been suspended over our waters from the romantic coves and inlets around Morehead to the wind ing recesses of the Trent. During the last year 62,000 packages of eatable fish, consisting of 72 varieties, were shipped from New Berne and Morehead, packed in ice, and receiving transportation to all sections of the country. Fully 2,000 persons were employed at remunerative wages to prepare for and handle those enormous shipments. It becomes necessary, to meet the demands of this industry to establish an ice factory, running on full time, and turning out 20 tons of ice per day. Besides, there was an annual importation from the North of 2,000 tons of ice, and a levy upon the natural supply at our doors in our frozen creeks and rivers. The fishing industry at Morehead, with its investment of a \$100,000, is, in a measure, a separate consideration in making up this wonderful estimate of an industry which only a few years ago was confined to a few scattered and helpless fishermen who possessed neither apparatus nor capital to accomplish such astonishing results. Not the least of the expansive enterprises which in the last few years have given such impetus to this section is the lumber mills, which throughout the Neuse and Pamlico sections have made such a radical change in the appearance of the country and the condition of the people. And whatever may be said of the utility and wisdom of cutting down our trees and sacrificing our

forests, as a mere question of commercial development this industry has grown to a gigantic proportion. New acres of land in the vicinity of New Berne has been occupied by energetic lumber companies. In the City and in sight of its steeples twenty steam saw mills are now running, whose output of dressed and undressed lumber is sixty million feet per year. Many of those mills are of huge capacity. They have drying kilns and planing mills attached to them, and use all the latest mechanical improvements. It is estimated, that adding the numerous saw mills a little distance from New Berne, over one hundred million feet of lumber are shipped as the outcome of this industry, embracing all sorts of lumber peculiar to our soil, taking the place of the depleted white pine of the Northern States, and supplying even the market of Chicago, and Portland in the State of Maine. Thousands of dollars are put into circulation through the instrumentality of graceful and costly dwellings are erected, and the general business condition of the City greatly improved.

If I had the time, gentlemen, and this were the place for such a discussion, I might go on to speak of our extensive factory for the production of fertilizers, backed by ample capital, and supplying our agricultural interests through an extensive tract of country. I might speak of our canning industry, turning out thousands of packages, and reaching the ready demands of the markets in many neighboring States. I might mention our numerous facilities for making and furnishing boxes for truckers, calling for material and skilled labor, and securing employment for industrious workmen through many weeks of the year. And last, but not least, I might mention our recently established knitting factory, which though established on a small scale, bids fair to increase and develop, bringing profits to its projectors and prosperity to the city. We have been incumbered, gentlemen, with many burdens, and opposed by many burdens, and opposed by many obstacles. But our motto is "upward and onward." With the speedy completion of the Wilmington and Onslow Railroad, the cry of its engine being almost ready to sound upon our streets, and with a direct northern connection looming up in the future. We are not wasting our time in idle day-dreams, but are laying our hands upon the very discoveries of fortune. We expect to see our famous city, which has stood the shocks of war and the oppressors frown but is still fragrant with the memories of a glorious, departed day, put on her robes of triumph, and stand forth strong in her financial ability and prosperous in her commercial institutions, as she has ever preserved the fame and intelligence of her sons, and the virtue and beauty of her women.—Chronicle.

### A Million Friends.

A friend in need is a friend indeed, and not less than one million people have found just such a friend as in Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs, and Colds.—If you have never used this Great Cough Medicine, one trial will convince you that it has wonderful curative powers in all diseases of Throat, Chest and Lungs. Each bottle is guaranteed to do all that is claimed or money refunded. Trial bottles free at Harper & Hood's Drug store. Large bottles 50c. and \$1.00.

## ON THE CAPE FEAR.

WALKING AMONG THE RUINS OF THE OLD CAPITAL.

The writer, who frequently enjoys the old time hospitality of the Orton, had often inquired for the precious locality of the ruins of Gov. Tryon's Russellborough residence, without success. But during a recent visit, and acting upon Col. Waddell's reference to its site as on the north side of old Brunswick, the service of an aged negro who had lived continuously on the plantation for over seventy years was engaged, who upon being asked could not remember ever having heard the name Russellborough, nor of Gov. Dodd, nor of Gov. Tryon, nor of an avenue of trees in the locality described. He said he did remember, however hearing when he was a boy about a man named Governor Palcke, who had lived in a great house between Orton and Brunswick; and we proceeded at once to the spot which is approached through the old field, still known as the palace fields on the other side of which, on a bluff facing the east, and affording a fine view of the river, we found hidden in adense undergrowth of timber, the foundation walls of Tryon's residence. The aged guide showed us the well worn carriage road of the Governor, and also his private path through the garden to the river landing a short distance below, on the south of which is a beautiful cove of white and shining sand, known he said in olden times as the Governor's Cove. The stone foundation walls of the house are about two feet above the surface of the ground. Some sixty years ago the walls stood about twelve or fifteen feet high, but the material was unfortunately used by one of the proprietors for building purposes.

The old servant pointed out a large pine tree near by, upon which he said had been carved in colonial times the names of two distinguished persons buried beneath it, and which in his youthful days was regarded with much curiosity by visitors. The rude inscription has unhappily become almost obliterated by several growths of bark, and the strange, mysterious record forever hidden by the hand of time.

About a quarter of a mile distant, towards the south, and yet within the limits of this time-honored estate of Orton lie the ruins of Brunswick, one of the chief seaports, and seat of government of the province of North Carolina. Its public buildings and substantial buildings, have long since crumbled to their foundation, which still remain.

The daily hum of traffic has long since ceased, and the busy feet that trodden now silent streets have long ago moulded into dust.

No more for them the blazing hearth shall burn.  
No busy housewife ply her evening care.  
Nor children run to greet their sire's return.  
Nor climb his knee the envied kiss to share.

The glad voices of the village children, the merry ring of the blacksmith's anvil, and the hearty yoho of the sailors in the bay, have melted away into the silence of the dead which is only broken by the hooting of the owl and the barking fox, or by the plaintive cry of the whippoorwill and the plunge of the osprey in the now peaceful waters of the Governor's Cove.

Within the boundaries of this forgotten town are the picturesque ruins of St. Philip's Church, which was built by the citizens of Brunswick and principally by the landed gentry about the year 1740. In the year

1751 Mr Lous Henry DeRossett, a member of Gov. Gabriel Johnstone's Council, and subsequently an ex-patriated Royalist, introduced a bill appropriating to the Church of St. Philip at Brunswick, and to St. James' Church at Wilmington, equally, a fund which was realized by the capture and destruction of a pirate vessel, which, with a squadron of Spanish privateers, had entered the river, and plundered the plantations. A picture "Ecce Homo," captured from this pirate, is still preserved in the vestry room of St. James' Church in Wilmington.

St. Philip's church was built of large brick brought from England. Its walls are nearly three feet thick, and are solid and almost intact still, the roof and floor only have disappeared. Its dimensions are nearly as large as those of our modern churches, being 76 feet 6 inches long, 53 feet 3 inches wide; standing 24 feet 4 inches high. There are eleven windows, measuring 15x7 feet, and three large doors. It must have possessed much architectural beauty and massive grandeur, with its high pitched roof, its lofty doors, and beautiful chancel windows.

Upon the fall of Fort Fisher, which was a few miles to the southeast of Orton, in 1865, the Federal troops visited the ruins of St. Philip's and with pick axes dug out the cornerstone which had remained undisturbed for one hundred and twenty-five years, and which doubtless contained papers of great interest and value to our people, an act of unmitigated vandalism much to be deplored. It is a singular fact, that during the terrible bombardment of Fort Anderson, which was erected on Orton and which inclosed within the earthworks the ruins of St. Philip's church, while many of the tombs in the church yard were shattered and broken to pieces by the storm of shot and shell the walls escaped destruction; as if the power above had shielded from annihilation, the building which had been dedicated to His service.

This sanctuary has long been a neglected ruin; trees of a larger growth than the surrounding forest have grown up within its roofless walls, and where long years ago the earnest prayer and song of praise ascended up on high a solemn stillness reigns, unbroken save by the distant murmur of the sea, which ever sings a requiem to the buried past.—Fayetteville Gazette.

### NOTICE.

FOR THE TIMES.

Give us a call. We are only five in all. We keep good beer, wine, brandy, gin, and whiskey here. Our doors are open to boys and men and eyes to women now and then. We lighten your purses, we tempt your breath. All kind of crimes we sell for dimes, in our sagared poison so sweet to taste.

Give us a call.

We sell out poverty, shame and woe. Who wants to purchase, our prices are low. Give us all. Give us a call, we have on sale through tickets to perdition. The quickest and shortest home route. On the lightning express train. Down grade, broad gauge, no changing cars on this route.

Give us a call.

We are cunning and wise. We are bound to succeed because we advertise. To the church members we want to say Our business is dull when you stay away. If it wasn't for your patronage we could not afford

to pay our taxes and make our board. Give us a call.

If you wish to provide for yourselves and family, disgrace and shame, give us a call. To liars and slanders' we'll turn your tongues.

Give us a call.

Sampson,

### ATLANTIC COAST LINE.

#### Wilmington & Weldon Rail Road and Branches.

#### CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

#### TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

Dated Feb. 28 '93.	No. 23 Daily	No. 27 Fast Mail Daily	No. 41 Daily ex Sun
	P M	P M	A M
Leave Weldon.....	12 40	3 43	6 00
Arr. Rocky Mt.....	1 40	4 38	7 04
Arrive Tarboro.....	* 2 16		
Leave Tarboro.....	12 58	6 00	
Arrive Wilson.....	* 2 16	7 00	7 40
Leave Wilson.....	* 3 30		
Arrive Selma.....	3 25		
Arr Fayetteville.....	5 20		
Leave Goldsboro.....	3 15	7 40	8 30
Leave Warsaw.....	4 14		9 30
Leave Magnolia.....	4 27	8 40	9 44
Arr. Wilmington.....	6 00	9 55	11 35

#### TRAINS GOING NORTH.

	No. 14 Daily	No. 18 Daily	No. 40 ex Sun
	A M	A M	P M
Lea. Wilmington.....	12 25	9 15	4 30
Leave Magnolia.....	1 54	10 57	6 00
Leave Warsaw.....	4 14	11 11	8 15
Arrive Goldsboro.....	3 55	10 05	7 10
Lea. Fayetteville.....		* 9 30	
Arrive Selma.....		11 25	
Arrive Wilson.....		12 00	
Leave Wilson.....	2 25	12 58	8 04
Arr. Rocky Mt.....	4 05	1 30	8 39
Arrive Tarboro.....	6 30	3 18	
Leave Tarboro.....		12 58	
Arrive Weldon.....	5 05	8 55	10 00

\* Daily except Sunday.

Trains on Scotland Neck Branch Road leave Weldon 4 00 p. m., Halifax 4 23 p. m., arrive at Scotland Neck 5 15 p. m., Greenville 6 22 p. m., Kinston 6 00 p. m. Returning, leaves Kinston 7 10 a. m., Greenville 8 25 a. m., arriving at Halifax at 11 00 a. m., Weldon 11 35 a. m., daily except Sunday.

Local freight train leaves Weldon at 10 15 a. m., arriving Scotland Neck 1 06 a. m., Greenville 5 36 p. m., Kinston 7 40 p. m., returning, leaves Kinston 7 20 a. m., Greenville 9 55 a. m., Scotland Neck 3 24 p. m., arrive Weldon 5 15 p. m., daily except Sunday.

Trains on Southern Division, Wilson and Fayetteville Branch leaves Fayetteville 7 30 a. m., arrive Rowland 12 15 p. m., returning leaves Rowland 1 15 p. m., arrive Fayetteville 5 15 p. m., daily except Sunday.

Train on Midland N. C. Branch leaves Goldsboro, N. C., daily except Sunday, 6 00 a. m.; arrive Smithfield, N. C. 7 30 a. m., arrives Goldsboro, N. C. 9 50 a. m.

Train on Nashville Branch leaves Rocky Mount at 1 15 p. m., arrives Nashville 5 55 p. m., Spring Hope 5 50 p. m., returning, leaves Spring Hope 8 00 a. m., Nashville 8 25 a. m., arrive Rocky Mount 9 15 a. m., daily except Sunday.

Train on Clinton Branch leaves Warsaw for Clinton, daily except Sunday, at 6 00 p. m. and 11 15 a. m., returning, leave Clinton at 8 10 a. m. and 3 10 p. m., connecting at Warsaw with Nos. 41, 40, 18 and 78.

Southbound train on Wilson & Fayetteville Branch is No. 51 Northbound is No. 50. \*Daily except Sunday.

Train No. 27 South and 14 North will stop only at Rocky Mount, Wilson Goldsboro and Magnolia.

Train No. 18 makes close connection at Weldon for all points North daily. All rail via Richmond and daily except Sunday via Bay Line, also at Rocky Mount daily except Sunday, with Norfolk and Carolina for Norfolk and all points North via Norfolk.

Train leaves Tarboro, N. C., via Albemarle & Raleigh R. R., daily except Sunday, 4 40 p. m. Sunday 5 p. m.; arrive at Wilmington, N. C., 7 10 p. m. and 4 20 p. m.; Plymouth 8 30 p. m., and 5 30 p. m., returning, leaves Plymouth, N. C., daily except Sunday 6 00 a. m., Sunday 9 00 a. m., Wilmington 7 20 a. m., 9 55 a. m., arrive at Tarboro, N. C. 10 40 a. m. and 11 20 a. m.

JOHN F. DIVINE, Gen. Supt.  
R. KENLY, General Manager.  
T. M. EMMERSON, Traffic Manager.

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April-21-93.