

By ... DOLLARS.

THURSDAY ... JULY 10, 1879.

THE CENTENNIAL.

A GRAND AND GLORIOUS SUCCESS.

TEN THOUSAND PEOPLE IN ATTENDANCE.

The Procession Nearly One Mile Long.

SUCH A TIME NEVER BEFORE SEEN IN FRANKLIN.

Vance, Davis, Cooke, Mitchell and Baker, Orators.

THE MUSEUM OF MINERALS AND RELICS—THE ART GALLERY.

THE GRAND BALL UNDER CANVAS.

ETC., ETC., ETC.

Never in the history of Franklin County has there been such a demonstration made, and in all probability, will not be again for the next hundred years to come, as that of last Thursday and Friday the 2nd and 4th of July.

Neither time, labor or money, was spared to make it an occasion of enjoyment, and truly may we say that even the brightest anticipations of the most sanguine were more than realized.

EXERCISES ON THE 3RD.

At 5 o'clock, P. M., the Raleigh Light Artillery under command of Capt. J. W. Lee, fired a salute of thirteen guns on the ground.

Dr. J. B. Clifton, Chief Marshal aided by his assistants, formed the procession from the court square, say 2,000, and headed by the Raleigh and Louisburg Cornet Bands, marched to the beautiful park, of twelve acres original growth, situated in the northern part of the town and known as the male academy grove, which was brilliantly illuminated for the occasion.

Mr. Geo. S. Baker, the President of the Association came forward

and delivered the following address.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

I am happy to meet you all here tonight, and to share with you the opening of our Centennial celebration. It is an event that has been anticipated with both pleasure and curiosity. It has been a custom, my friends, from time immemorial, for all civilized nations to have their seasons of rejoicing to commemorate some leading event connected with their history as a people, and it is to celebrate and commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of our town and county, that we have met here to-night, and we feel glad that our lots have been cast on earth during the nineteenth century, a period which future generations will refer to as a misty morning in times' calendar, when the sun of progress rose in all his effulgence, and before whose rays the dim twilight of the past receded from view.

There is in the philosophical structure of man a deep comparison, and this comparison will be a good one in its development; for in our Museum may be found a varied and unique collection of articles a hundred or more years old. These will prove a tangible evidence of things as they were, while yet the little boys and girls of our day can readily compare them with things as they are.

Looking back to the point from which our forefathers started, we see that rapid and bold have been the strides of science, and during the past hundred years, not only have we had the benefits of Franklin's rise and progress, but we have been aided by the discoveries of the whole world. Scientific investigations have proven that in the course of nature, material, neither animate or inanimate, can remain a fixture at any degree of completeness. There must either be a steady advance towards strength and life or retrograde steps to weakness and decay. Now it is a self-evident fact, that needs no argument of mine to prove, that we as a people, have not deteriorated, but with increasing power and multiplied facilities for improvement, are steadily moving onward and upward. And while we feel proud that we are the progeny of the sturdy men, who tilled the farms on yonder hills, and who, with their hands on their plows, and their feet on the clods of yonder oak, and with rapt attention at the deeds of valor and heroism which they performed. We honor them, we treasure their memory in our hearts of hearts; but we are not of those who believe in retracing with measured tread the old beaten track which they trod. Our modes of conveyance both physical and mental, are superior to what they enjoyed, and it is natural that we should get along faster, and those who pull back may expect to be run over or left behind. We give all honor due their memory; they were fitted both by birth and education for their day. So are we. This is no period when an old fogey can loiter in the shade of a Centennial landmark and without being laughed at, cry, "My rest let thee be fearful to offend, And creep by me as by a slumbering friend."

Now there are some laws both moral and statute; observed by our ancestors, the observance of which is just as necessary for our peace and prosperity as the laws of nature are to the perpetuation of the universe. Suppose this star-sprinkled arch above us should melt away, and the moon flash out of sight like a short-lived meteor, or the winds that sweep their way through the soft spangly clouds be petrified. What would become of man? Ah! what would become of him if the evil within him was under no restraint? So we are obliged to see, that as nature cannot intermit her laws without detriment, so should we be law-loving and law-abiding citizens. Yet we are to some extent a free and independent people, for it is of our own free will and pleasure, that we have met here to-night to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of our town and county, and in opening our Centennial celebration I have the pleasure of introducing Mr. Eliza Garrett Brown, our townsman and fellow citizen, who will read the declaration of independence adopted by the Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, July 4th 1776.

Mr. E. G. Brown then came forward and read the Declaration of Independence which closed the exercises of the 3rd.

FRIDAY THE 4TH. People continued to arrive during

the entire night of the 3rd. The morning of the 4th, dawned on at least 2,000 visitors. At sunrise the exercises were ushered in by the firing of cannon and the ringing of bells, while living streams of humanity poured in to the already seemingly crowded town, from all sections of the County, in every conceivable vehicle, men, women and children, white and black, continued to pour in until their number fell but little short of 10,000, all seeming anxious to participate in the grand jubilee.

At 9 A. M., the procession was formed in front of the court house square in the following order:

- Raleigh Cornet Band. Raleigh Light Artillery. Ninety-four men on horseback, representing the counties of the State by name. (This was really a very pretty feature in the proceedings.) Then followed speakers and officers in carriages. Centennial choir. The Centennial bands in costume representing the thirteen original States: North Carolina, Miss Maude Furgurson. South Carolina, Miss Mollie Wilder. New Hampshire, Miss Louise Perry. Massachusetts, Miss Nellie Egerton. Delaware, Miss Alice Harris. Pennsylvania, Miss Drew Macon. New York, Miss Lizzie Stone. New Jersey, Miss Helen Singleton. Virginia, Miss Mary Davis. Georgia, Miss Bettie McNair. Rhode Island, Miss Bettie Hawkins. Connecticut, Miss Lizzie Jones. Maryland, Miss Eloise Williams. Then came ten lovely little girls in costume, representing the ten townships of the county:—

- Louisburg, Miss Jennie Williams. Cedar Rock, Miss Sallie White. Cypress Creek, Miss Janie Stone Harris. Miss Mary Grey Clifton. Dana's, Miss Annie Belle Clifton. Gold Mine, Miss Annie Wilder. Hayesville, Miss Leona Brown. Franklinton, Miss Annie Upperman. Niteman's, Miss Eva Pleasants. Sandy Creek, Miss Juliet Hawkins. Then came the Centennial choir. Address by G. S. Baker, President. Mr. Baker said: Ladies and Gentlemen:

I am sure it is gratifying to us all to see this vast assembly, and in the name of Franklin county I extend a cordial and sincere welcome to all who have honored this Centennial celebration with their presence to-day. It is an occasion, my friends, that will present itself never again to one of us, for who will be here a hundred years to come? "Who'll press for gold you crowded street A hundred years to come? Who'll tread this grove with willing feet A hundred years to come? Pale, trembling age and fiery youth, And childhood, with his brow of trout, The rich and poor, on land and sea— Who will the mighty millions be A hundred years to come? We all within our graves shall sleep A hundred years to come; No living soul for us shall weep, A hundred years to come.

"But other men our land will till, And others then our streets shall fill, And other singers, bright and gay Shall charm the glorious hours of day A hundred years to come." We have endeavored, my friends, to make this celebration one of interest and pleasure, while Franklin's fair daughters and their guests have made it one of beauty. God old Franklin slow but sure in her progress, reminds me of the grand old Century plant which has been handed down from one generation to another, gathering all its force, and concentrating them at one point, to burst into bloom at the expiration of a hundred years.

If you think this one lacks maturity, or there is aught to mar its beauty, remember it is the first that has bloomed for us, and be not discouraged, but renew your energies, be zealous and diligent, and make it so luxuriant that when it passes from our hands to our posterity its next grand opening will be a greater success. We are reaping the benefits today of the care our forefathers bestowed on this plant, for we see around us evidence of their care and culture in ma-

the bright scions that wait not a hundred years to burst upon us, of which, my friends, I have the pleasure of introducing to you as the principal orator of this occasion—Mr. T. Mitchell.

Mr. Mitchell came forward, and in usual oratorical and graceful manner delivered a most pleasing and interesting historical address of the county.

The next speaker was the Hon. C. M. Cooke. It is useless for us to undertake to give a synopsis of this distinguished gentleman's speech, as we could not do him justice, unless we were to publish his entire address.

Then came that distinguished son of Franklin, who is always held in the very highest esteem by his fellow citizens the Hon. J. J. Davis. All were anxious to crowd as near as possible to the stand, to get in hearing of his pleasant voice. He spoke a half hour, and his speech was very good. He closed by introducing North Carolina's poet, Hon. Zeb B. Vance. When that gentleman rose to speak, the ladies, women and even the children could not get near enough. They could be seen climbing trees, upon top of stumps, boxes, and every conceivable way that could be thought of to hear him, was resorted to. For about an hour the crowd was in the very best order, and the interest manifested in the great statesman's remarks, was intense. [Our space will not admit of these gentlemen's speeches, but we intend, at an early day, to publish them, together with a full account of the Centennial proceedings in pamphlet form.—Editor.]

At the conclusion of Senator Vance's oration, Mr. Blair Burwell, Chairman of the Executive Committee, announced that dinner for ten thousand people was ready. Between two and three thousand feet of tables had been erected in the park and each table was laden with an abundance of good things to eat, barbecued pigs, lambs and chickens in endless variety, bread, pickles, in fact almost everything to satisfy the appetite of the great crowd had been provided. The immense congregation was fed and in perfect order, and yet, when all was finished, there was a large amount of patriotic feeling evinced by the people was grand, and all went home feeling that they had witnessed one of the greatest events in the history of our county and town, and rejoicing at the thought that no accident had occurred to mar the pleasure of the day.

The principal event of the evening was the grand old time ball.

The ball was announced to take place at 9 P. M. This was indeed a brilliant affair. The park was handsomely illuminated, Chinese lanterns were placed on the different stands, and the beautiful trees which had protected the immense crowd from the rays of the sun, during the day, were filled with lights. In the centre of the park a huge canvas had been erected, covering a platform which had been constructed for the dancers, sufficient to accommodate one thousand people. Long before the hour of 9:30 the canvas was filled by lovely women and gallant young men, many of them dressed in the age of one hundred years ago, among which we observed the following persons: Mrs. Ed. Jones, white brocade silk; Miss Nannie Speed, purple and satin; Miss Nellie McNair, green striped silk; Miss Jennie Baker, crimson velvet, white silk and point lace; Miss Maude Furgurson, white satin. Mr. J. H. Jones, represented Washington. He wore slippers, silk stockings, knee pants, swallow tail coat. Messrs J. L. Hill, J. W. Jones and C. P. Brown, wore costumes the same as Mr. Jones.

There were perhaps several other who wore costumes, but these are all that we were able to get. There were many others who engaged in the merry dance, and not less than two hundred old folks. Those who didn't dance, married and single, were lookers on. The ball was kept up until 4 o'clock Saturday morning, when those engaged in the festivities, now at an end, led to their respective

homes. Thus ended the first Centennial of Franklin county, an occasion which every citizen may justly feel proud of, whatever advance may be made in the next hundred years. Though many of the now waste places that disfigure the face of this fair land of ours, though scientific agents and the hand of skill should be made to blossom like the undulating valleys of Italy; though electricity should supercede steam as a motive power, and even the telegraph give way to some other contrivance far its superior, and man so far master the science of mind and thought that knowledge and its proper application place our species on a much higher intellectual and moral plane than we now have any conception of, even then with all the increased advantages of a hundred years to come as our posterity assembles to celebrate the next centennial, we can but hope as they realize our progress of today that their filial affection, will repel the blush that might tinge the cheek of others while they lay their obligations on the altar of memory consecrated to their ancestors remembering doubtless as they will in the language of our President, that still there is naught to mar the beauty of this grand old century plant it is to be born in mind it is the first that has bloomed for us." Leaving to them to fill the vacancies we have left, and the full completion of a work that we have commenced, we may consign it to the care of those whose superior advantages no doubt will throw around it a halo of earthly glory that the limits of the present could not furnish.

SCENES, INCIDENTS, ETC.

Aunt Abby Howe, one of the most notable women of the State, in her peculiar sphere; a woman who was for years before the war engaged constantly in law suits, and when civil action was said by the revolution, and her vocation had banished for want of something to do congenial to her taste, she turned her attention to war, and many a poor sick soldier had she rescued from the dreaded hospital. (For some time she had been in the army hospital, and when her husband's rejection and brought to the comfort of home and the tender care and loving hands of kindred and friends. When Lee surrendered Aunt Abby was forced to change her base again. True to her masculine business, she laid hold on the first and only thing that was likely to keep her before the public, namely, politics. She has taken a ride for the last thirteen years in acting the shadow of a prominent Democratic politician, and braving denunciations and vengeance on their adversaries. On this occasion she made her appearance in our town sitting on the artillery carriage between two soldiers, and while Senator Vance was speaking she stood erect in the congregation, and frequently ejaculated a hearty amen to all he said, emphasizing her words by a cut of the eye and toss of the head, peculiar alone to Aunt Abby.

Among the members of the Press on the stand were John E. Woodard, Wilson Advance; J. W. Dawd, Farmer and Mechanic; W. M. Uday, Raleigh Evening Visitor; J. R. Cougleton, Biblical Recorder; J. H. Hawkins, N. C. Farmer; J. A. Thomas, Louisburg Times.

The music on the occasion was furnished by the Raleigh and Louisburg Cornet Bands. Both bands did their full duty, and played well.

THE MUSEUM.

The Museum on the first floor of the Male Academy containing many valuable relics of the older times, was one of the attractive features of the Centennial.

Most interesting of which are the following: An old coat worn by James Collie the Grand Father of Wm. T. Collins, our present County Treasurer, 150 years old. Four old china plates the property of Mrs. Geo. S. Baker, which were buried in the wars of 1776, 1812 and 1864. Out of one of which, Hon. Z. B. Vance cut his Centennial Dinner. Another old china plate, sent from Raleigh by W. H. Jones for Capt. J. J. Davis to eat his Centennial Dinner from.

A number of articles of silverware, brought from England by the ancestors of the Crenshaw family, among which was a large cut glass mug of peculiar shape, used by Hon. Z. B. Vance at the Dinner table. A powder horn 202

years old by J. F. Pierce—another, aged 140, Lewis Jones. Enormous gold holding half bushel 150 years old, Henderson Perry. Several hand trunks, 200 years old. Lager kept by the hotel keeper at the Bute Court House, belonging to W. J. Norwood of Warrenton—A cut glass salt cellar once owned by Alice Bell great mother of Miss Rosa W. Branch 200 years old. A pewter dish once owned by Benj. Ward a member of the State Congress which met at Halifax in 1776, property of Dr. N. H. Murphy—A ladies work basket 200 years old, Mrs. E. C. Jones. A Bible once the property of Rev. Jno. King one of the first Methodist preachers sent to this State by Jno. Wesley. A large number of his immediate descendants still reside among us. Five silver tea spoons brought from England 125 years ago, belonging to Mrs. A. S. Strober. A snuff box used in Scotland by the grand father of Thos. White, Esq., of Louisburg.

An ancient gun, belonging to J. Cooke which once killed 113 doves in one shot. A large and interesting collection of ancient coins, by Thos. B. Wild. A great many other interesting articles which our space will not permit us to mention, but which will be fully described in the Centennial record to be filed with the records of the county.

Besides it contained minerals from every county and nearly every section. They were the contributions mainly of Mr. Blair Burwell and Mr. M. S. Davis the deservedly popular principal of the Male Academy who seemed never to tire in giving the full history of every specimen that elicited an inquiry, his familiarity with the almost endless variety of specimens on exhibition and the ingenuity with which he explained them, evinced to many a mind on that day that he was the "right man in the right place," viz., an instructor of youth, and if he fails to teach the "young idea how to shoot" it had about as well to give up the gun.

ART GALLERY.

The Art Gallery on the second floor of the Male Academy was a very interesting feature.

Among the articles on exhibition we noticed the following that were executed by the people of Louisburg and when evinced a degree of talent and ability rarely surpassed by other villages of the same size either North or South. Miss Mattie Brown, a very tastefully arranged cross of leather flowers. Mrs. Temple Person Montgomery four crayon pictures. Mrs. Geo. S. Baker three crayon portraits, two landscapes in oil and a mineral piece, commemorative of the "Lost Cause" quite a fine conception. Mrs. Maggie Furgurson two crayon pieces, found an allegorical drawing, and a humorous piece Le Spectre Rouge. W. H. Furgurson one oil painting full length portrait of a little girl two crayon portraits and an unfinished drawing of Wake Forest College. Miss Mattie Person, two large mineral pieces, landscape drawings, and several other beautiful crayon pieces.

As we do not profess to be an art critic and for fear that we might do some injustice and incur the censure of others we deem it but right to simply present this feature of the Centennial without comment. Besides the above named pieces there were many fine curiosities and specimens of Photography on exhibition. Among the latter we saw some of considerable merit executed by our clever village Photographer Mr. Y. B. Clifton.

CENTENNIAL GROUNDS.

The Centennial grounds in which the Centennial year of the existence of Franklin county and Louisburg was celebrated, is situated in the most elevated portion of the town of Louisburg N. C. From the bridge over Tar river, the grove is reached by ascending four hills or natural steps which constitute the principal part of the Main street of the town. Main street divides the large grove into two smaller ones, each containing 12 acres, the one almost the counterpart of the other. The Louisburg Female College grove is situated on the west side of the street, with the College building in the rear and the building is the largest and most imposing brick building in the county. The academy grove is situated on the east side of the street. In the centre of this grove looking from the street, and at the terminus of a gentle rise on the street which passes through it is the Male Academy a frame building of two stories whose foundation is a natural solid rock. Here it has stood for many years until it was made with the hands of a generation of school boys, on its walls. From the front of the Academy a beautiful avenue leads EASTING ON THE 3RD DAY.