

State Library

THE CENTRAL TIMES.

G. K. GRANTHAM, Editor.

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

\$1.00 Per Year. In Advance.

VOL. III.

DUNN, HARNETT CO., THURSDAY, JUNE 29, 1893,

NO. 19.

HOPE.

By FLOESSIE AVIS.

'Tis this tiny loving word,
Composed of letters, four,
That shields the heart like a sword,
And lives forever more.

This little thought is very bright,
So beautiful and fair,
'Tis cherished in the darkest night,
And never leaves despair.

Every true home is lighted,
With richest love divine,
Whose sadness is benighted,
By hopes, own faith, sunshine.

Kind friends ever cherish,
In sunshine or in sorrow,
The little word that will ne'er perish,
And things will be cherry on the morrow.

HENRY CLAY'S VISIT TO NORTH CAROLINA.

LILLINGTON, N. C.

June 13th, '93.

MR. EDITOR:—Whilst a school boy in April, 1844, it was my fortune to be one of the immense throng who crowded the Capital city to see and hear the great Virginia-Kentuckian.

On entering the city it was easy to see from the crowds on the street, the rolling vehicles the tramp of horses the banners and flags of welcome that the great popular heart was beating high and that the patriot statesman and orator would receive a welcome and oration which would meet the highest hopes and expectations of himself and his most ardent friends.

I endeavored to take in the situation as full as possible. I went out to the Military Green and saw the Cavalry drilling for the occasion and then to the Capitol where the Raleigh guards, a beautiful Infantry Company, were assembling. I knew only one member of this company (the distinguished Henry W. Miller whom I heard speak whilst canvassing for Congress in this section). The company soon formed and marched out of Capitol square to the music of that thrilling Scotch air, "The Campbells are coming Oho, Oho." This was very appropriate as there was a song then very popular "Clay is coming oh ho, oh ho." We marched down in high spirits to the place where Mr. Clay was to be received. From some cause the train was delayed for about 3 hours. During this interval the bands occasionally discoursed a cheering march and sallies of wit, and occasional cheering for North Carolina and Old Kentucky relieved the tedium and made the time pass pleasantly. Several gay young fellows full of wine and patriotism created much jollity by riding up to the Military giving orders, etc., and also riding along the two lines of citizens which had been formed in regular order. This was enjoyed for a while but on their refusal to be relieved of their commands, these knights errant were captured by the Military, unhorsed and retired to the shades of civil life. This was a scene in that grand drama never to be forgotten and it often shakes me with laughter now when fond memory brings the light of other days around me.

But the scene changes. The scream of the steam whistle announces the approaching train, the lines are reformed the cannon thunder, the clattering wheels roll up and stop. Mr. Clay is met by about a dozen distinguished citizens and escorted between the ranks of shouting citizens and saluting Military for about 200 yards to the elegant coach which was to bear him through the city to the Governor's Palace where he was to be the guest of the State. I may say during his visit.

When the cars stopped for Mr. Clay

to alight (it was at a cut about a quarter of a mile North of the Raleigh & Gaston depot) a light April shower was falling and he wore his cloak and bowed frequently right and left to the shouting thousands as he passed on.

About the time he took the coach it commenced raining more, the lightning flashed and the wind blew considerably. He was escorted by the Cavalry under Capt. A. B. Smith and the Raleigh Guards commanded by Capt. Clark, I believe.

The next was a lovely April day. A grandstand most handsomely decorated had been erected in front of and connected with the Western portico of the Capitol.

From this stand Governor Morehead introduced the great Statesman in a manner and in matter which I think could hardly have been equalled much less surpassed. After referring most happily to the great and numerous public service rendered by him in his long eventful and often storming career. He told us as a climax that to read the history of our country we would read the life of Henry Clay and if we read the life of Henry Clay we must next read the history of our country.

The Governor was then in the prime of life and added to a tall manly person, he was wondrously prepossessing and pleasing in presence and manner. He was heartily cheered, and when Mr. Clay bowed to the crowd the storm of applause that greeted him was as the roar of the tempest mingled with the voice of many waters. I will give his exordium from memory. It was very very nearly as follows:

Friends and fellow-citizens, yesterday morning about half past nine o'clock for the first time I set my feet upon North Carolina soil. A long felt wish had been gratified and I felt that in the language of the Scotch Bard I might exclaim, "This is my own my native land." Today I find myself standing in front of your beautiful Capitol surrounded by this immense concourse of my fellow-citizens, and I feel specially proud and peculiarly gratified that our meeting is graced and honored by the presence of so goodly a number of our fair country women. In accepting your kind invitation to meet with you I expected to meet a few hundred or perhaps a few thousand of my personal and political friends, but I did not expect to meet the whole State." (Cheers, cheers.)

He then proceeded for over two hours to discuss the various political questions in his own grand and masterly manner. He favored a national currency so that a dollar in Maine would be a dollar in Louisiana or any other State.

A fair and equitable distribution of the proceeds of the sales of the public lands among the States.

A tariff for Revenue with incidental protection to the various branches of American industry.

On the Abolition question he humorously referred us to his cutting reply in Congress to Mr. Mendenhall. This produced great cheering and laughter.

He was then 67 years of age, tall and slender, of fair complexion, light or auburn hair well mixed with gray, very erect, and with a voice so framed that it could rouse like the blast from the trumpet or charm like the sweet breathings of the Eolian Harp. He walked almost continuously from side to side of the stage whilst speaking. He appeared in full dress with white vest.

When he had been speaking about half an hour a stout man evidently a

farmer took off his hat and waving it high above his head shouted out "Hurrah for old Kaintuck" The crowd being in full sympathy joined in shouts that rolled and reverberated far away in the hills of Wake. The orator seemed to fully appreciate these outbursts of applause and would bow and wait patiently until they subsided.

After discussing political measures he read by way of peroration from manuscript a synopsis of the leading principles which he remembered and closed in about the following words: "And now fellow-citizens I must thank you most heartily for the kindness with which you have heard me, for my friendly reception and the pleasure of our meeting. No more shall I behold the beautiful city of the Oaks. No more shall I ever see his numerous concourse again, but rest assured that wherever I may be wherever I may go you will have my sincere my fervent prayers for your well being and prosperity in this life and for your eternal felicity in the world to come. When the cheering had ended, Miss Pettigrew was introduced and presented Mr. Clay with a beautiful piece of white silk for a vest, it being the workmanship of her own fair hands. Mr. Clay was greatly delighted at receiving it, held it up and thanked the fair Donor in his happiest manner, stated that a short time before he had been presented with a coat and pair of pants and now he had a silk jacket all of home industry.

The crowd then repaired to the large oak grove for dinner. When it was found that Mr. Clay had taken a stand and was shaking hands with those who came forward the multitude became wild with excitement and rushed and pressed forward like the charge of the Roman Legion on Hannibal's wild numidian Cavalry each man pressed forward the man in front of him until it was with great difficulty the orator was protected from being run over and trampled down by this well intended but unbridled enthusiasm of his friends. Mr. Badger (always equal to any emergency) mounted a table and shouted to the crowd to hold up and not damage their friend. At length quiet was in some degree restored and among many another I, for the first and last time, shook hands with "Harry of the West." The city was brilliantly illuminated and Whigs and Democrat united in doing honor to their guest.

Mr. Clay remained several days in Raleigh and during his stay wrote the letter opposing the annexation of Texas. Judge Badger advised him not to write it but he did and this position, it is said, defeated him as candidate for the Presidency. His visit over, he bid farewell to North Carolina and turned his face Northward to meet and delight other assemblies and read his history in a Nations eyes.

He was the Idol and Emperor of his party, the pride of his country and honored the world over. In Greece his name is loved like that of their Hero Marco Cozzaris.

J. A. S.

Strength and Health.

If you are not feeling strong and healthy, try Electric Bitters. If "La Grippe" has left weak and weary, use Electric Bitters. This remedy acts directly on Liver, Stomach and Kidneys, gently aiding those organs to perform their functions. If you are afflicted with Sick Headache, you will find speedy and permanent relief by taking Electric Bitters. One trial will convince you that this is the remedy you need. Large bottles only 50c. at Harper & Hood's Drug Store.

DETERMINED NEVER TO BE SATISFIED.

It is strange how widely foolish men become when they begin to practice hypocrisy. They pretend that they want this, that, and the other, for this and that reason, and when they find they are about to get what they pretend to they shift fronts and say these things will not accomplish the desired results, or they charge those who are about to give them their pretended wishes as being governed by sinister motives. They are false in every pretension and become chronic grumblers for no higher purpose than secure their own personal whims.

We have a fair example of this in those who are now pleased to style themselves Third party personages. About two or three years ago they clamored for the free coinage of silver and claimed this would be a panacea for all the evils under which they professed to groan. When they had occasion to believe that the Democratic party was about to become a unit in demanding this they said through their leader, Col. Polk, that this was alright but it would not answer the purpose and would not give the needed relief.

They also had a plank in their platform demanding tariff reduction but as soon as they found that if the Democratic party got in power they would give this they said this was not sufficient and would only be effective when you did what they knew never could be done, abolish the tariff altogether. Maryann Butler boldly said this in his speeches about twelve months ago and when asked how are you going to raise revenue to run the government if you wipe out entirely the tariff, flippantly retorted, "Why by an income tax" This they have unceasingly bartered for ever since. This most assuredly with free coinage of silver, and tariff reduction would satisfy even their most extreme desires. But what do we see when the indications are that an income tax will be a part of the Democratic plan of financial reform. The great "reformer" Maryann, in his poisoned sheet, known and recognized as the Caucasian, warns his followers, the "reformers," to beware of Greeks bearing gifts. He is getting ready to boldly attack the very thing he has been clamoring for twelve months, when he sees it is about to come. Alas! for the victims of such sore head cranks as this great apostle of Third partyism in North Carolina. We had thought that even he might hold his tongue in silence at the prospect of his great hobby, an income tax, and yet we quote these words from his issue of June 8th: "The income tax is right but it will not correct the financial evils in your financial system. It does not go at the root of the trouble. It simply clips off the ends of the overgrown twigs, while the evil one will continue to do its deadly work." If free coinage of silver, tariff reform, and an income tax are not what they want why in the name of common sense and common decency have they been demanding these things from the very incipency of their party? They started out to deceive, and all of these pretensions are false. They don't want the people satisfied. Their only mission is to arouse dissatisfaction and thereby serve their own selfish ends. If these leaders were allowed to formulate in tablet form every demand they desired, so that they did not put them in fat places, and the Democratic party were to every expressed wish without dotting an i or crossing a t, they would still

howl and growl as a pack of curs and say that these things do not strike at the "root" of the evil. What in the name of humanity is the "root of the evil" with them any way? Whatever it may be here is the panacea: put me, Maryann B. in the United States Senate and the lesser lights in the next best places and the people will flourish as a green bay tree. From which, good Lord deliver us and our people.

The Democratic press of North Carolina are strongly advocating all these desiring reforms, the prospect is that the present Democratic administration will give us a part if not all of them, and nothing is more utterly foolish than that sensible men shall follow such manifest demagogery as is being practiced by these so-called reform papers. Look through the issue of the Caucasian from which we have quoted and note now every word said against the Republican party and see how large a book you will have. This is the party which has indicted the evils from which we are endeavoring to free ourselves and no abuse of this shows the purpose of the reform press. The only hope of this country is through the Democratic party, and the sooner our people learn this, cease to follow these disorganizers, and bend every energy to the accomplishment unitedly of the relief now in sight the more speedily will it come. —Greenville Reflector.

D. R. J. H. DANIEL,
DUNN, HARNETT CO.
N. C.

Has met with most wonderful success in the treatment of Cancer. Write to him for one of his pamphlets on Cancer and its treatment.

W. E. MURCHISON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Will Practice in all the surrounding counties.

JONESBORO, N. C.

April-21-92.

A NEW LAW FIRM.

D. H. McLean and J. A. Farmer have this day associated themselves together in the practice of law in all the courts of the State.

Collections and general practice solicited.
D. H. McLEAN, of Lillington, N. C.
J. A. Farmer, of Dunn, N. C.
May-11-'93.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Specimen Cases.

S. H. Clifford, New Cassel, Wis., was troubled with Neuralgia and Rheumatism, his Stomach was disordered, his Liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years standing. Using three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well. John Speaker, Catawba, O., had five large Fever sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle Electric Bitters and one box Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold by Harper & Hood Druggist.