

# The Weekly News.

H. C. MARTIN, Editor and Proprietor.

An Independent Family Newspaper.

Subscription Price One Dollar a Year.

VOLUME VI.

LENOIR, NORTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY, JULY 31, 1903.

NO. 6.

## BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Atlanta Constitution.

Some fifty years ago there was a dogmatic old squire in the seventeenth district of this, Cass county, whose name was Jim McGinnis. He had plenty of what is called good horse sense, a determined will and abundance of prejudice. He won the J. P. machine in that district for about twenty years, and his final judgment in a case was the law of the settlement. Nobody dared to appeal or carry the case up for fear of offending him and losing the next case they had in his court.

One time a fellow sued another fellow for the hire of a negro. Judge Parrott was on one side, and Colonel Abda Johnson on the other, and when the judge started to read his law from Greenleaf on "Evidence," Colonel Johnson stopped him and made the point that Mr. Greenleaf was a very smart man and had writ a power of good law, but that he was a yankee and lived in Boston and knew no more about hiring negroes than a heathen knows about Sunday. The old squire asked for the book, and looked over the title page, saw that it was printed in Boston and so he ruled it out of his court, and Parrott lost his case. The squire said that Mr. Greenleaf lived a little too far off to be familiar with the business.

I've seen a good many pieces of late about the negro and the great southern problem. The people up north begin to admit that they can't see through it.

Ever since the war they have been telling us what to do with the darkeys, and they have been watching us to see whether we did it or not, and they actually think we would put 'em back in slavery again if we could. They are in earnest about this business, I reckon, for some of 'em die and leave a whole parcel of money for the poor negro and I'm glad of it. I wish that more of 'em would die and do the same thing, but what I rise to remark is this: They know no more about the negro than Mr. Greenleaf did, and their judgment ain't worth a cent. I would not give a farthing for any man's judgment about darkeys who hadn't been born and raised with 'em and owned 'em. It takes a long time to learn the traits and instincts of a race of people. The yankee never will know what the negro is, for he never knew him in a state of slavery. The yankees who came south sixty years ago, and domiciled with us know all about him, and I will take their opinion, but when I hear these modern ones philosophizing and dictating about him in a consequential manner, I unconsciously raise my foot to kick somebody. There are lots of folks up about Boston who are looking over their spectacles at us, and didn't know they had a Tewksbury almshouse. If they would lower their sights they would have a power of work to do at home. I bought a leather purse for Mrs. Arp once and she won't use it for it came from Boston, and she is afraid it was made out of a human hide that was tanned from Tewksbury.

I've got no pathetic sentiment about the nigger. The yankees passed a whole lot of amendments to the constitution to put him on an equal footing with us, socially and every other way, and they were the first to break 'em. If the Indians had been down here in place of the nigger, the whole yankee nation would have been their friends, but now they are their enemies and keep driving them further and further into the wilderness and cheating 'em out of all the government gives 'em. We have got to study races just like we do horses and cattle. The Anglo-Saxon has got his traits and instincts and so has the Indian and the nigger and the heathen Chinese. We cuss the Jew and the Italian, and why shouldn't we consider the nigger with the same philosophy. Some folks seem to think we owe him a good deal because he didn't cut up and rip around during the war, but I don't. He didn't care anything about it and he don't care now. It is not his nature. He had little rather have a master than not to have him, and the truth is most of 'em have got 'em and they always will have 'em.

We are tired of all this nonsense about slavery. It was no blot. It was nature. There are a heap of people now in the south who look upon slavery like it was Achen's wedge of gold and perished under the condemnation of God and man, but I don't want anybody to teach my children any such slanders, for I know it was in the main a humane institution, and if the nigger is any better off now than he used to be, I can't see. The whites are better off, a long ways, but the nigger ain't. I've great respect for the old time darkeys. I know lots of 'em I would fight for. If I was to see a man imposing on my good old faithful friend,

Tip, I would fight for him like I would fight for my children. I love these good old darkeys. I am willing to live with 'em and die with 'em, and be buried with 'em in the same grave yard, and when Gabriel blows his horn I can rise from the dead with 'em without any fear that it will destroy the hilarity of the occasion, as General Toombs said.

I love these old darkeys, not as my equals, but as I love my children. I love them because they love me and are dependent upon me. The relation between the white and black race is by nature one of protection on the one side and dependence upon the other, and when it ceases to be that I have no use for the nigger. It is always a pleasure to me to befriend 'em when they want my friendship and my help, but when they aspire to be my equal and put on independent airs, I've got no further sympathy. I have been raised to look upon negroes as children, children in youth, and children in manhood and old age. I didn't have any hand in making 'em that way. It is their human nature and they can't help it, and I have a sovereign contempt for any effort their people are making to change their relation to us, for it can't be done.

The education of the nigger is a humbug, so far as to make him a good citizen. It has been tried already, and has proved a failure. His best education is one of contact, close contact with the white race. If we will let the negro alone and keep him out of politics he will get along very well and there will be no problem to solve. There never would have been any problem if he had been let alone. He has no business with office or in the jury box or in the legislature, and he never will have. This is a white man's government and the white man must govern it. The Anglo-Saxon is the dominant race. We don't want the Chinaman nor the Indian to make our laws. As a laborer and a servant and a dependent I had rather have the negro than any race upon earth and that relation to us just suits him, and when you try to lift him out of it you make him a fool and a vagabond and render him unhappy. I don't want him a slave any more, for his slavery was no advantage to us. I had a lot of 'em myself and I know they were no profit to me. They were no profit to anybody except a few exacting masters who made of slavery all the "foul blot" there ever was in it. There is no problem to solve unless we make one.

The white folks can't all be Vanderbilts and the niggers can't be white folks. Let us all be content with our destiny and not fuss around because somebody else is better off. Let us take things as we find 'em and do the best we can. Folks are very much like horses. If you breed 'em too fine they are not fit for the wagon or plow. We have got to have different sorts of folks, and nature knew it, or she wouldn't have made 'em different.

This morbid sympathy for the poor negro is wasted. Why not have it for the Indian? We robbed him of his land and run him off and have been cheating him ever since. He is, by nature, of a higher order of humanity than the negro. He has more pride and more emotion. He has more revenge and more gratitude, for these two things always go together. You can't wear him from the forest, for that is his nature.

The negro loves to depend upon the white man and the white man loves the homage of the negro. It suits and fits both races and I hope it will stay so. I heard an old physician say that he had never seen a great-grandchild that descended from mulatto parents in a mulatto succession. The crossing of races has never improved them. Not even will the Jew and the Gentile mix with harmony. John Randolph boasted of his Pocahontas blood, but I reckon it run out in John, for that was the last of it. History makes no record of two races living together in peace unless one was in a state of dependence upon the other. Our modern philanthropists are deceiving the negro when they flatter him with a capacity equal to the whites in fitness to invent or to govern, or to rise to the heroic or the sublime. I reckon if one of our millionaires was to die and leave his money for the education of poor white children it would be a violation of some of the constitutional amendments. We want to help the negro, but we want him to help himself first. He has got to work out his own advancement by industry and by saving what he makes before education will do him and good.

What the bad negro wants is less chaingang and more whipping and the bad white man should be punished the same way. BILL ARP.

What stops Neurons? Dr. Miller's Pain Pills.

## THE EMIGRATION OF NEGROES.

Why So Many of Them Are Induced to Leave the South.

Charlotte Observer.

Some one has figured it out that, at the rate the negroes are emigrating from this city at present, it would take just about 16 years to depopulate Charlotte of its colored citizens, provided there were no accessions to the colored race in this city during that time. This calculation may be a little overdrawn, but the exodus of negroes from Charlotte during the past few years has been sufficient to be felt. The other towns and cities in this section of the South have been affected in the same way, for the emigration has been general.

When they leave Charlotte, the negroes go North to find employment as house servants and to West Virginia and other States to work in coal mines and railway construction. Numbers of good cooks have gone to Philadelphia, New York and other cities, the majority to New York, and hundreds of able-bodied men have gone to the coal mines. They are attracted by alluring promises of big wages, agreeable work, short hours and pleasant surroundings. The negro is a highly imaginative creature, and the inducements held out by the labor agent appear to him most promising. The women are promised employment as cooks at wages of \$12 and \$15 a month and the men are assured that life will be one grand, sweet song in a coal mine or on a railroad for \$1.25 and \$1.50 a day. How often are the poor creatures undecieved!

It is said, and it must be true, that many of the steadiest and best workers among the negroes who leave, for never before was there as much complaint as to the scarcity of labor here at home. Probably a majority of the farmers in Mecklenburg county are this year short of help, and it is certain that so many housekeepers in Charlotte never before found it impossible to secure reliable servants, indeed if they are able to secure any at all. The emigration of negroes from Charlotte and Mecklenburg county may not have materially reduced the colored population in this locality, but there seems to be no doubt but that the number of good laborers and servants has been reduced.

The negroes go to New York and West Virginia for the same reason that so many white people formerly went to Texas and Kansas—to better their condition. As was the case with many a white man who left a comfortable home in North Carolina for the untold realities of the West, the negroes often find but the substance for what they were promised in their new homes. Their wages may be higher but the expense of living is also greater, and their privileges are almost invariably fewer. They exchange a life of comparative ease and freedom from care for an entirely new and rigorous existence. It is no wonder that many of them soon tire of the exertions and hardships of the new life and seize the first opportunity to return to the South.

Aunt Judy was a faithful old soul who was persuaded to become one of a company of 15 cooks who went to New York to take good positions. After a stay of three months in the metropolis, she returned home. Meeting one of her old friends who expressed surprise at seeing her back so soon, Aunt Judy exclaimed:

"Lawdy, nigger, you wouldn't be surprised if you'd been what I've been. I never wuz so lonesome in all my bo'n days, an' I sho' is thankful dat de Lawd sent me back home safe an' sound." I tell you what, New York, ain't no place fur er nigger, leastways not fur er old-fashioned nigger lack me. Why, bless yo' soul, dem folks up dar don't know nuthin' 'bout niggers nobow. Dey don't know how to make us feel at home, an' you know er nigger's got ter feel at home ter be happy.

"Yes, dey wuz plite enuff, but dey won't considerate. De S'uthe'n people may not be so powerful plite ter er nigger, but dey is most gin'rally considerate, so long as you behaves yourself. Why, dat job I tuck fer \$15 er month wuz worth \$40 of et wuz worth er cent. Dem Yankees sho' do know how to mek er pusson work, an' dere's so much ter do that you never gits through. Why didn't I come back sooner? 'Cause I couldn't git back. It tuck mo' den my fust mont's wages to pay my railroad fare up dar an' de fee dat agent man charged me fur gittin' de job, but you bet I skinned out jes' ez soon ez I had de price uv a ticket back to Charlotte."

Mrs. Midly—Mrs. McFadden your neighbor, Patrick O'Donnell, has applied to our society for work. Is he a steady man.

Mrs. McFadden—Steady? Whist, ma'am! If he was any steadier he'd be dead.

## JOYS OF THE COUNTRY EDITOR.

Baltimore Sun.

It is only during the dog days or the occasional heated spell which comes upon us at other times that mankind desires to be the ice man. But the aspiration to become a country editor is perennial and springs up eternal, like Hope, in the human breast. "Monday last," says our esteemed friend the Hon. Francis V. King, who crowns the giddy altitude of the St. Mary's Beacon's editorial tripod, "we were pleased to receive a call from Miss Daisy Wible, of Hollywood. Miss Wible brought us a nice lot of fruit, for which we are very much indebted." Well, we should smile. "We were pleased to receive the call. We are very much indebted" for the fruit. Well, we should smile! Is there any reason why he should not be pleased, and are there any bounds to his indebtedness? And where does the ice man come in? In the presence of this transcendental visitation of Miss Daisy Wible the ice man looks like six nails. He would look like that small array of measly coins in the most torrid spell. Those of us who enjoy the personal acquaintance of the Hon. Francis V. King are aware that he retains the fine suit of hair which has distinguished him from his early youth until customed to these visits and those fruits that she no longer takes tribute of the editor's locks! Well, we know some people who have become prematurely bald upon less occasion. That our friend of the Beacon is not unaccustomed to such visitation and such tribute is manifest from the fact that he dismisses the incident with just five lines. Or perhaps he was afraid to say any more. Such a visit to the editor of a city paper would be acknowledged by a picture of the young lady printed in a frame of forget-me-nots accompanied by a column of text.

Taken one consideration with another, it is certain that the position of the country editor upon the summit of his tripod, whence he slings ink and occasionally a little paste, is about as soft a snap as ever falls to the lot of sinful man.

## Divorced Wife of Walter George Newman Weeds.

Richmond, Va., Special.

Mrs. Lella M. Newman, divorced wife of Walter George Newman, the copper magnate, who was recently married in Jersey City to Miss Moon, of Virginia, was married to-day to John W. McComb, one of the best known horsemen in Virginia. The wedding was a very quiet one, and occurred at the home of Mrs. Newman's father, Major Strother M. Newman, near Charlottesville. Rev. George L. Petrie, of Charlottesville, performed the ceremony.

Walter George Newman, while reputed to be worth \$15,000,000 bought the fine farm near Somerset, Orange county, and built a \$500,000 mansion, which was recently burned. It was this home to which he carried his pretty bride, who eloped to marry him. He bought a large string of horses, and McComb managed his estate for him.

## About Newspapers.

Charlotte Chronicle.

The Atlanta News pays a high tribute to the country newspaper, and by no means overrates its power, influence and importance in the community, but The Chronicle would just like to say one word in this connection, and that is that a little more work on any of the country papers of the two Carolinas, at least, and no doubt of Georgia, too, would help out in adding to the interest in the paper, and would of necessity add to its subscription list. A little more reading of the magazines and of good books, for which the country editor has plenty of time, and a little more use of the pen rather than the scissors in reproducing stuff from exchanges, would further assist. We commend to the editors of North Carolina The Statesville Landmark, and to the editors of South Carolina The Yorkville Enquirer, as models for the sort of work that we have suggested. We would have included in this mention The Gastonia Gazette, The Concord Times, and other esteemed contemporaries, if they would just write a little more editorial than they do.

## Refusing Ten Cents for Cotton.

RALEIGH, N. C., July 16.—The improvement in crops in nearly all parts of this state during the past fortnight almost exceeds belief. A month ago farmers were in very low spirits. They are now delighted at the prospects. It is ascertained that a large proportion of the cotton growers have an idea that cotton is going to 12 cents next season, and they are refusing offers of 10 cents for October delivery.

—If you don't believe that this weather is all right, ask the soda fountain man.

## FOR TRICKS THAT ARE VAIN.

The North Carolina Sogpaw Manufacturers are Right There.

Charlotte News.

Mr. J. E. Denton, of Herring & Denton, is of the opinion that for ways that are dark and tricks that are vain the North Carolina mountaineer who makes and sells the illicit sogpaw is peculiar. He says that he once went to the house of a mountaineer who was afterwards known to have been running a flourishing distillery in the cellar. There were two thick doors and saw-just packed tight between them, so as to deaden the sound, and it was impossible to hear or smell anything going on beneath. In fact, the cellar was under the bed and you would not suspect the existence of a cellar at all. A big fire was kept going in the fireplace all the time, winter and summer and a pipe from below connected with the chimney, carrying the smoke out so as to cause no suspicion. The water was run into the cellar from a nearby stream through a blind ditch and the residuum from the mash was carried away in the still watches of the night. The existence of this still was never discovered. The man carried on the business for years and finally abandoned it. He got in the clutches of the law afterward for retailing "moonshine" and the matter finally came out.

Mr. Denton relates an incident of a fellow who had a shrewd trick for drawing either liquor or molasses from a barrel. He had the barrel arranged into three partitions, with five or ten gallons of molasses in the middle and about twenty gallons or so of liquor in each end of the barrel. When the "red-legged grasshoppers" would come around he would innocently draw molasses from them from the middle of the barrel. But when they were out of the way he would fix his spigot to the end of the barrel and draw whiskey. If revenue officers spoke of the odor while around he would pull out his flask and tell them that was what they smelt. He would have successfully evaded the law indefinitely but for the officers catching him once in flagrante delicto drawing from the end instead of the middle of the barrel. He dashed a cup of whiskey in the face of the officer and made good his escape. His team and stuff were captured and an examination disclosed the secret of the barrel from which both treacle and sogpaw were dispensed.

Mr. Denton recalls the good old days gone by when the big rallies were held on Cherry Mountain and thousands would gather from all the country round about for a day of revelry. Uncle Amos Owens would dispense his famous "cherry bounce" to the thirsty crowd and there was always something doing. But those days are no more.

## A Terrific Spree

Charlotte Observer.

Mr. MacDonald Wilson, of Clear Creek, this township, this county, left Charlotte about two months ago for the West on a prospecting trip. He went to St. Louis, Mo., and after he registered at a hotel he went into the saloon to get a drink. After taking the drink he never knew anything until about two weeks ago, when he awoke in a St. Louis hospital.

When he came to himself he was a physical wreck, being emaciated and having a broken and wounded leg. He learned that after he entered the bar he got on a spree, engaged in a brawl and fought a policeman who shot him, breaking the leg. He was then taken to the hospital, where he remained in an unconscious or delirious condition for three or four weeks.

When Wilson recovered himself he wrote to his father, Mr. John M. Wilson, of Clear Creek township, asking that he be sent enough money to come home on. He was sure he had \$150 when he entered the bar-room, but when he recovered he was penniless. He will return home as soon as his physical condition will permit.

## This Doctrine is Entirely Correct.

Monroe Enquirer.

The doctors of Charlotte have decided to charge ministers one half regular fees. The doctors have heretofore given their professional services to ministers. If we were an M. D. the minister who was faithful in his work and did not send for the doctor just because his service were free and was grateful and showed appreciation would never be charged one cent, while the ministerial gentleman who was in the pulpit for what he could get out of it and sent for the doctor every time one of his family sneezed, just because his services were free and had no regard for the time of day or night he called the doctor, would be charged a plenty. This way of giving the preachers professional or other service is all wrong, when you get down to facts, any way. Preachers should be paid what they are worth and charged for everything they get just like other folks.

## White Blackberries.

Richmond Times.

Sometime ago Youth's Companion furnished the information "that by means of cross-breeding Luther Burbank, of Santa Rosa, Cal., has developed a variety of blackberries which are perfectly white, as bright as snow in the sunshine, and so transparent that the seeds can be seen inside the ripe fruit. The seeds are said to be unusually small, and the berries are as sweet and tender as the finest of the black varieties. The familiar Lawton berry is described as the great-grandparent of the new white variety, to which has been given the name 'Iceberg'."

And now comes a writer in the Arkansas Gazette who says: "White blackberries grow wild in the vicinity of DeWitt, Arkansas county, this State, and I believe that everything else grows or will grow in Arkansas. I know, however, that white blackberries grow here."

On the plantation of Mr. Cabiness, near Cascade, at a point where the counties of Henry and Pittsylvania come together, near the North Carolina line, there is a field in which many white blackberries grew several years ago, and they may flourish there yet. They were in all respects the genuine blackberry except when ripe they were nearly as white as was this paper before it passed through the printing press. In taste they were as good, if not better, than the glorious dewberry that Mr. Powhatan Bouldin used to find so plentiful in the same region. This white blackberry was considered a freak, due to some peculiarity of the soil, but so far as we know the freak was never investigated.

## The Delightful Sapphire Country is a Delightful Place in Which to Spend Your Vacation.

Along the southern slopes and tablelands of the Blue Ridge Mountains in Western North Carolina, at an average altitude of three thousand feet, with broad ridges pointing off from the main chains towards the lowlands of South Carolina and Georgia, is a country full of delightful surprises to the tourist, sportsman and health seeker, which has been appropriately named, "The Sapphire Country." No other State or region contains so many grand waterfalls, such wide-sweeping mountain views and such beautiful lakes.

The most interesting of the many attractive features to be found, are the Toxaway, Fairfield and Sapphire Lakes. Nowhere else in the South, at this altitude are such bodies of water. All who visit these lakes, are impressed with the wonderful beauty, and great varied character of scenery. There are towering cliffs, rising abruptly for a thousand feet from their shores, and cascades of rare beauty, falling directly into the lakes from the lofty tableland surrounding. Some of the mountains in this vicinity, range in height from five to six thousand feet. Indeed it is the general verdict of widely traveled people, that in respect the remarkable combination, and varied and attractive character of lake and mountain scenery, this section is unrivalled by any in the world. Certainly no other part of America has anything to equal it.

Some of the finest hotels in the South are in this beautiful mountain country, the latest being the handsome new Toxaway Inn, which will open for the summer season, and will remain open the entire year.

Low rate summer tourist tickets are on sale up to and including September 30th, 1903, from all principal points, with final limit to return October 31st, 1903. Detailed information can be had upon application to any Southern Railway Ticket Agent.

## Easy Jobs for Tar Heels.

Charlotte Observer.

That is a funny showing made in the report of the Auditor of the Treasury with reference to the receipts and disbursements at the reports of Albemarle and Beaufort, N. C. At Albemarle, average receipts per year for the past five years, \$1,80; average salaries and fees, \$1,208 per year. Beaufort did worse. There the receipts have averaged for five years \$46.20, and the salaries and fees \$1,409 per year. Yet this state of things is nothing new. Judge Fowle, in his campaign for Governor in 1888, exhibited much such figures as touching these ports and handled them with fine effect as showing the reckless expenditure under Republican national government. There is no telling how long this condition had existed before Judge Fowle's day, it is doubtful if it has been better under any administration since. We have never heard the other side of the argument, but it probably is that the maintenance of custom officers at these and similar ports is necessary, notwithstanding that they collect no customs, otherwise there would be harbors for smugglers who, by reason of watchfulness here, are forced to pay duties elsewhere.

## MOTHER AND SON.

Joe Mitchell Chapple, in National Magazine.

On the Boston express the other day I witnessed a scene which I wish I could describe as it impressed me. I was the "four o'clock express," and an elderly woman, evidently a foreigner, stepped on the train, with that peculiar, square rigged, canvass covered, broad valise so much used in Europe. Directly behind her was a sturdy young man, who carried the remainder of her luggage on his shoulder. He, too, was evidently a foreigner, whose dress and appearance indicated that he was now a prosperous adopted American citizen. With a peculiar motion the little woman shrank from taking a seat in the coach among finely dressed people. Although I heard her inquiry as to whether they were to go "first class." The son—for I had gotten that far in conclusions—went toward the center of the car to select a good seat, while the mother had seated herself in one near the door. His bright face beamed as he ushered that little, stooped mother to the seat as tenderly as if she were his bride. What happiness was reflected in those faces! They were seated in front of me, with their luggage carefully stowed away overhead and rough; her little bonnet was very simple; her gray hair was smoothed down in front, and was twisted into a picturesque Norwegian knot behind, her features were irregular, her face wrinkled, her nose large and sharp, and she had no upper teeth—and yet, I never saw a more beautiful face when, after the son was settled, this little woman turned and stroked the hair of her son as only a mother can, regardless of the curious eyes in the coach; and then, unable longer to repress the joy of a mother's heart, she kissed him. Such tenderness in those eyes, glistening with tears—she was with her boy again! The heads came just above the top of the seat and how close they were together, as they talked and talked over the past. What memories of the old home were awakened in the heart of the young man while the mother recounted, as only a mother can, those things which he was most anxious to know about. When he brought her a drink, when he pulled the shade, every act was devotion. If I could only impress upon sons and daughters the priceless heritage they have in their mother,—and every little act of devotion and love will some day be a treasured memory.

## Large Increase in Tax Valuation.

Baltimore Sun.

North Carolina is this year making a new assessment of all property for taxation. The results so far are very gratifying to the officials, as the returns from the nearly one hundred counties indicate that the valuation of property for taxation will be increased about 25 per cent.

In many cases property was found taxed at ridiculously low figures, and in one case a man said to be worth \$100,000 was paying no taxes at all. In fact, a large proportion of the increase in property now placed on the tax books for the first time. Owing to the large extra appropriations for public schools, educational and charitable institutions, the State recently borrowed some \$300,000 in order to pay off its floating debt. The actual State debt is comparatively small, as the Commonwealth owns several million dollars' stock in the North Carolina Railroad, whose lease pays 7 per cent on the investment.

The large increase in the property valuation ought to again put receipts well above expenditures without increasing the tax rate.

## Converse College Not Injured by Recent Mill Disaster.

Charlotte Observer.

We are authorized by President Pell, of Converse College, to state that the recent publication to the effect that the funds of the college were impaired by the disaster to the cotton mill near Spartanburg, was absolutely erroneous. The college not only did not lose anything, but has even made additions to its equipment and faculty in anticipation of a more than usually prosperous session.

## Cassius M. Clay Dead.

LEXINGTON, Ky., July 22.—General Cassius Clay, ambassador to Russia under President Lincoln, noted abolitionist and author, died at his home, White Hall, in Madison county, at 9:20 to-night. Death was due to general exhaustion. General Clay was born October 19, 1810, in Madison county. He led a stirring life, which began to tell on him in late years. His children long estranged by reason of his eccentricities, were again able to be with him and were at the bedside when death ensued.

A five-year-old boy at Perry, Iowa, set fire to his father's barn and becoming frightened at the dead hid away in the hay mow of the burning building and perished in the flames.