

The Lenoir Topic

VOLUME XII.

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NUMBER 44.

WALLACE BROS.

General Merchandise Dealers,

Statesville, N. C.

New Stock

FOR THE

Spring Season

of 1887 is now open for inspection

Special attention is called to our lines of

Dry Goods and Notions,

To which we have added many new

articles and novelties.

In these departments we are showing

Handsome Goods

than ever before and offering many things cheaper than can be had elsewhere.

Dealers will find it profitable to give us a call before placing orders for anything in these lines.

Respectfully,

WALLACE BROS.,

DAVENPORT COLLEGE.

A High Grade Home School for Girls.

LENOIR, CALDWELL COUNTY, N. C.

Term Opens 3rd Thursday in Sept. 1886, with a full corps of Teachers.

Special rates for girls from Western North Carolina.

Pre-eminent in Point of Location, in Higher English,

Music, Art, and in

Refining Influences and Home Life.

Will H. Sanborn, Pres't.

SKETCHES OF GLOBE VALLEY.

Written for THE TOPIC.

CHAPTER II.

Jesse Moore was now becoming "old and full of years." He had well spent a useful and adventurous life. His youth and eight years of his married life had been spent in Virginia. Upon his locating in this valley he went eagerly to work and carved from unreasonably wild a beautiful and attractive little settlement. He had served his mission upon earth and his latter days were spent in rest. Age and the results of severe toil in his prime years were plainly recognizable in his waning frame. And so it was with his wife. She, for many long years, had ever succeeded him in his arduous task, but now age had come and her constitution was broken. At a ripe old age she "passed over the river of Death," and five months after her husband followed her at the advanced age of eighty-four. His grave is still pointed out in the little burial-ground near the river by which he lived, and on soil twice purchased "by the sweat of his own face."

This couple left eleven children to enjoy the fruits of their labors, and go on with the work they had begun. They were eight girls all of whom lived to marry and raise large families of children. Four of them went to Indiana, two went to Kentucky, and two remained in this State. There were three boys: Daniel, Jesse and John. The latter was the only child that did not survive his parents. One day he was out hunting cows and on his return home was bitten by a rattlesnake. He managed to get home and, under careful treatment of a few weeks, recovered. About the same time the next year, the poison seemed again to act upon him and in a few days he died. His last moments were spent in mortal agony, his body turning as spotted as the snake itself.

As John was dead and all the girls had married and moved away, Daniel and Jesse were alone left to preserve the name of the hero of our first chapter.

DANIEL

was born December 12, 1764, and was seven years of age when his father came to this settlement. He was quite young when the Revolution broke out but, during the latter part of the war, entered the army and served about eighteen months under General Greene. Although it did not fall to his lot to be engaged in any of the principal battles, he drew a pension for the rest of his life. He first married Rachel Stone, of Virginia. He had played with her in his childhood, loved her during his boyhood, and in his manhood he married her. Upon his return he settled where Mr. F. P. Moore now lives. They had ten children, six sons and four daughters. Eight of them went West— to Tennessee, Arkansas, Indiana and Illinois. Among them was one named Washington who lived at Spencer, the county seat of Owen county, Indiana. He took an active part in politics and, as a Democrat, represented Owen county in the State Legislature for several terms. Another, Elijah, went West, but returned and made his home on Mulberry. He was Sheriff of this county for several terms. Daniel visited his children in the West five times, making his way thither on horseback.

March 4, 1809, he was burdened with sorrow at the death of his wife. A few years after her death he married Rachel Carroll, of Burke county, this State. They had three children: Sallie, Myra and Carroll. Sallie married David Moore and remained in Globe. Carroll married Sallie Mast and lived at the residence of his father. Myra married William Mast and settled at Valle Crucis, in Watauga county, on the farm now owned by Thomas Hagaman. The death of this couple is a horrible tragedy. They were poisoned by a slave who acted as cook, died in about two hours of each other. They were buried in the same grave. They were the parents of Capt. D. P. Mast, Harrison Mast, William Mast and the wives of our countrymen Joseph Dickson and Joseph Webb. Of these William and Mrs. Sallie Webb are dead.

JESSE

was the second son and namesake of his father. His youth was spent in aiding his father in forest and field and bending every effort to ameliorate the condition of the settlement. When he came to the years of manhood and desired a "better half," his mother made him a flax suit of clothes and presenting it to him she said: "Now Jesse, take this suit, go back to old Virginia and marry Betsy Stone. She is a smart girl and will make you a good wife." "Thank you, mother," said he, as he received the suit. Like Jacob of old he went, married the girl, and returned to live where Mr. J. D. Moore now lives. His residence had been built by Lewis Coffey, his brother-in-law, many years before. It is now the oldest dwelling in the Globe, being over one hundred years old.

He had eight children, three sons and five daughters: Polly, Fannie,

Daniel, Alley, Job, Charity, Nancy and David. The girls married and most of them remained in this State. Daniel married Betsy E. Hight, Job married Nancy Hight and David, as before stated, married Sallie Moore. All three remained in Globe.

Thus we see from Jesse Moore, Sr., descended two families who located in Globe, i. e., those of Daniel and Jesse. From the next generation four Moore families took the place of these two, i. e., those of Carroll, Daniel, Job and David.

Such a change of population required the cultivation of more soil and so families began to branch out up and down the valley. Globe soon began to be independent and to keep pace with the times regarding its improvements in the ways of Agriculture, Education and Religion.

The colonization of America was on a boom and cities and towns everywhere grew up farther to the interior of the rich and fertile New World. Markets came closer and the Moores could find a good sale for all their surplus of fruit and grain at a reasonable distance from home. The wagons were used for tools and implements of agriculture in these markets and through them many improvements were introduced into the settlement. Instead of digging up their ground with hoes they used plows. Some of them possessed genius enough to make plows which would answer all purposes. They laid aside the reaping-hook and swung the cradle for sowing their wheat, rye and oats. They put up mills to grind their grain and saw lumber for the erection of more dwellings. The busy farmers had horses, cattle, sheep and hogs. Their industrious wives had chickens, geese and turkeys. And a glance at the little settlement will induce one to give it as an example of American progress.

As to education, the Moores manifested a great desire for it. Public schools were introduced and subscription schools show the thirst for knowledge. The first school house erected in the valley was situated just in front of the church near the present Academy. This thirst for learning increased as time went by till public free schools did not satisfy the people and, in a future chapter, we shall see the result.

Religious matters were by no means neglected. Jesse Moore, Sr., started a train of influence that never died out. After the church was organized preaching was tolerably regular. The church stood near the site of the present Academy. Soon Sabbath schools grew into favor. At first a little handful of faithful followers conducted the Globe Sunday School, which has since become evergreen.

Thus we see the change that has so far come over the Globe Valley. Instead of the yell of the Indian, the voice of the noble settler was heard in harmony with that of his wife singing praises to God. Instead of the howl of the wolf and scream of the panther was the lowing of cattle, the squeal of swine and cackle of fowl. Wheat flourished instead of corn. Corn grew instead of laurel, ivy and shrubs. Waving fields of grain took the place of useless vegetation and the valley was certainly on the highway to prosperity.

This stood matters in the valley when the dark years of the late civil war smote upon the American Union. This valley suffered its part in that dreadful drama. Young manhood was taken from lovely homes and tender hearts and stationed in the ranks of death. But the series of hateful robbery by the Tories and dark reminiscence that followed will be detailed in a future chapter.

Give them a Chance!

That is to say, your lungs. Also all your breathing machinery. Very wonderful machinery it is. Not only the larger air-passages, but the thousands of little tubes and cavities leading from them.

When these are clogged and choked with matter which cannot get out, your lungs cannot half do their work. And what they do, they cannot do well.

Call it cold, cough, croup, pneumonia, catarrh, consumption or any of the family of throat and nose and head and lung obstructions, all are bad. All ought to be got rid of. There is just one sure way to get rid of them. That is to take Boschoe's German Syrup, which any druggist will sell you at 75 cents a bottle. Even if everything else has failed you, you may depend upon this for certain.

At Columbia, S. C., a farm hand asked his employer for his wages, and for a reply had the top of his head blown off.

Children

Often need some safe cathartic and tonic to avert approaching sickness or to relieve colic, headache, sick stomach, indigestion, dysentery and the complaints incident to childhood. Let the children take Simmons' Liver Regulator and keep well. It is purely vegetable, not unpleasant to the taste and safe to take alone or in connection with other medicine. The genuine has our Trade Mark "Z" in red on front of wrapper. J. H. Zeilins & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

SEEN BY WATTS.

Bill Mye Meets a Western Gentleman who has Visited the Tombs.

Bill Mye in N. Y. World.

"I've just been spending the forenoon at the Tombs Police Court," said Mr. Clark Watts, of Conejos county, Colo., yesterday. "I had heard a good deal about it, and so I went up there to hear the trials, partly, and partly because I had heard that a friend of mine named Bohm, that I used to know in Albuquerque, New Mexico—at least his name was Bohm there in New Mexico—had been jerked Sunday for fracturing the liquor audience with regards to sellin' rum on the Sabbath at a restaurant. It seems that you can't give or sell beer, ale or whiskey at your hotel or restaurant to a guest to drink with his meals on Sunday, but it is all right if you go anywhere else and take it on an empty stomach. I know that's the case, because I couldn't get beer, ale or anything else with my dinner at a first class restaurant, but when I got out on Broadway on my way down to the Coney Island boat, there was a man standing in front of a saloon facing the Battery and howling all day Sunday. 'Step inside gentlemen, and get a nice, cool glass of lager for five cents.' So the liquor audience with regards to liquor on Sunday is to discourage drinking with meals and make people drink on empty stomach, so as to shorten up the time and help a poor man get drunk early. Then he can have it off his mind."

"But what's that got to do with the Tombs?"

"Well Bohm, I understand, was jerked for trespassing on this audience with regards to liquor on the Lord's Day, he claiming that if liquor was a good thing for week days that Sunday was no time to economize. So he had been selling real old New Mexican cobra de caterpillar juice in conjunction with cold beans, thus pandering to the simple and natural demands of the West as well as to depraved and acquired tastes of the East. It was what we call in Conejos county a wet restaurant, where you take a drink, wipe off your whiskers with the waiters apron, eat a radish and pay the auditor two bits. You can do as you like about wiping off your chin, and you will not be criticised if you omit the radish, but the success of the scheme rests on the free interchange of coin and cobra de caterpillar juice. Savey?"

"Yes, I savy. But bite it off, if you please. Take a cue in it. I am going to decay here. How about the Tombs?"

"Well Bohm was nipped Sunday for 'fringing this audience, and I heard he was let out on his own recognizance to be tried at the Tombs Monday afternoon. So I went up there. The Tombs is a big dobe for about a mile up the trussle, on the left hand side. I strolled in, thinking I might be snatched up on the jury, perhaps, and make a dollar or two, besides helping Bohm out, for I've been on a jury before. I was jurymen for three years, running in my own county, and never lost a case."

"Well?"

"Well, you seem to be in a thundering hurry for a man I've had my eye on for two weeks and hain't seen do anything yet."

"Well, what becomes of Bohm?"

"Bohm? 'Well, I sat on the back seat and inhaled the warm, delightful old air quite a while, waiting to be snatched for the jury, but didn't get a vote. The room was full of people but they were not of the wealthier classes. A man that sat just ahead of me had to hold one of his ears on with his left hand and his breeches with the other. I judge he was a witness. Another fellow was trying to peer into a tenderloin steak with one eye, and had a what not over the other one. He was called as an expert, so I was told. A very black haired woman from Italy or the Indian Reservation sat across the aisle from me. She had a welt across the intellect about the size of a Vienna sausage. It was made by a pop-bottle in the hands of her husband I was told, who is the organist that plays 'The Cricket on the Hearth' with so much feeling. She had talked with him since about the welt, however, and would now swear that it was a birth-mark."

"But how about Bohm?"

"Well, wait a minute. Nobody's going to get your seat down at the City Hall Park if you stay here half an hour. I sat there and watched and saw people go up and talk across the counter to the head book-keeper in a low voice and then go away. Then some would go up and apparently ask him if he needed anybody to whitewash his fence, but I couldn't hear what they said. Sometimes a policeman would crook his finger at a man in the audience, and the man would come up and he and the policeman and the cashier and another man would smell of a small and very tired Testament, and then converse in a low tone for a while. Then one of the men would step around to the other corner of the corral, turn his pockets wrong side out and give the contents to the referee. Sometimes he would take his hat and go out,

and at others he would get into the elevator. I called it the elevator, but it may have been where the Grand Lodge was in session, for there was a little square hole in the door, and every little while some members of the Grand Lodge would give the sign of distress through this hole and try to come out, but the Worthy Outside Guard would shake his head and hold the door shut. For a long time they seemed to be getting ready and consulting and preparing for court to open or for the Judge to come, or something, till all at once I heard somebody say 'Court's adjourned.' I looked at my watch and it was 12 o'clock, and a man with one wing of his nose gnawed off told me that they had tried seventeen cases since I'd been there."

"But as regards Bohm?"

"Oh, I found out afterwards that Bohm is only his winter name when he goes West. Here I don't know what his name is this season, but anyway he wasn't at the Tombs Police court or I would have recognized him. Afterwards I heard that there was another police court in town that they say is building up a good trade. It is a police court that don't advertise much through the papers, but its motto is 'Live and let live,' and I am told that it is doing well."

He then gave me a cigar with a compound fracture in the middle of it and hurried up the stairs of an elevated station, evidently intending to go down town by means of an up town train.

American Magazine.

A portrait of Guzman Blanco, the President and autocratic ruler of the United States of Venezuela, furnishes the frontispiece of The American Magazine for August. A lively description of a sojourn in Venezuela (illustrated) is contributed by Dr. W. F. Hutchinson. That country is exceedingly attractive, and those who have visited it whether for business or pleasure, are almost sure to make the trip again. Most of the coffee sold in the United States as "Mocha" or "Java" is raised there.

Readers of Mr. Fawcett's story in August number of The American Magazine will find out a great deal more than they have previously learned about the cousins and the aunts of the fair Olivia.

Poets and writers of fiction have familiarized us with the names of many English birds of the common sort. A description of them, as seen by American eyes, is given, copiously illustrated, by Theodore H. Mead. Hereafter, when we go to England, we need not mistake a rook for a crow, nor a jackdaw for a magpie.

The Justices of the Supreme Court are presented both by the engraver's art and in pen portraits by Z. L. White. They are solid looking men, for the most part, with a decided development of avoirdupois.

Julian Hawthorne contributes sketches of typical characters, such as almost every American village can produce. As yet the main features of the village society have not suffered so much change as that of our cities, and Mr. Hawthorne does good service by embalming these types before they pass away.

Col. I. Edwards Clarke, of the U. S. Bureau of Education, presents an elaborate review of the new methods adopted during recent years in our schools and colleges. The change began with industrial art teaching, and in this line the greatest development is to be expected, although the more general effects are far-reaching and apply already to all departments of education.

The chief poem of this number of the magazine is a patriotic lay by Maurice Thompson, entitled "Our Legend" (*Ex Pluribus Unum*). Clinton Scollard continues a serenade.

"The Ghost of Aaron's Prong," by Tope Hodge, and "A Remarkable Pair of Pantaloons," by Caleb Forsythe, are completed stories. Mrs. Lee C. Harby describes "A South Carolina Village" (Georgetown), and Cyrus Field Willard tells of the quaint monuments in a cemetery near Baltimore.

The supplement contains the brief essays of "The American pulpit," letters to the editor on "Timely Topics," "Suggestions for August," by a physician of experience, and a large collection of anecdotes, illustrated in "The Portfolio."

A lady writes: I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla in my family for many years, and could not keep house without it. For the relief of the pains consequent upon female weakness and irregularities, I consider it without equal."

A diamond expert of New York who has visited this State says he is greatly impressed with the indications.

Not a particle of calomel or any other deleterious substance enters into the composition of Ayer's Cathartic Pills. On the contrary those who have used calomel and other mineral poisons, as medicine, find Ayer's Pills invaluable.

Baptist History.

To the Editor of The Lenoir Topic.

Among other things, Mr. J. W. West, clerk of the church at Union, has furnished me these items of interest:

Union Baptist church in Caldwell county was constituted June 2nd, 1814, constituting presbytery being elders Wm. Dodson, Sr., John Carlton and Moses Stanbury, with 16 members viz; Alexander West, Sr., Hannah West, Thomas Litten, Margaret Litten, Alexander West, Jr., Michael Litten, Nancy Litten, Elizabeth Barnes, Mary West, Winney Greene, Sarah Cox, James Blair, James Critchlow, Maryann Critchlow, Martha Steele and Temperance Litten.

James Critchlow was elected clerk and Alexander West and James Critchlow seem to have been ordained deacons.

The church called William Dodson, Sr., as pastor, who served them 6 or 8 years. John Carlton then appears as pastor until 1825.

Then Benjamin Beach was pastor until 1834, then Wm. Swanson one year, then Wm. Holden until 1838, then Cornelius Livingstone till 1841 when Benjamin Beach served them one year, then Smith Ferguson until 1845, then Wm. Goforth till 1847, J. J. Watts till 1851, again James Reed and Houston Holsclaw till 1856. Then George Swain, J. Crouch, D. Austin, J. F. McCall, H. West, J. G. Bryan and I. Oxford acted as moderator from time to time till Nov. 1859. Then J. H. West was moderator till June 1860 and J. B. Powell till September and I. Oxford till November of the same year.

From that time until March 1863 they seem to have had no regular pastor but various ministers acted as moderator pro tem, at the church meetings.

At that time, March 1863, J. Crouch was called and served until August 1866. Then Wm. Pool till April 1868, then J. H. West till April 1871, then Wm. Pool again till May 1872, then Isaac Oxford till 1874, then J. H. West till 1876, then J. T. Shell till 1879, then J. H. West again till October 1880, then J. B. Pool till September 1882. Then W. A. Pool was called and has served to the present, and has been called indefinitely.

The following have been ordained as deacons:

James Critchlow, Wm. Roberts, Alexander West, John Blair, Wm. Shell, Daniel Presnell, D. Downs, C. Downs, S. H. Oxford, H. P. Anderson, E. P. McKary and J. I. McIlroy; the four last named are still living.

The following have served as clerks: James Critchlow, Henry Payne, Simon Harrington, Benjamin Beach, Wm. Swanson, Wm. Shell, D. Downs, C. Downs and J. W. West, who is the present.

The church has belonged to the following associations: It joined the Brier Creek association first. It took a letter and went into the organization of the Catawba river association in 1827. In 1836 it went into the organization of the Lewis Fork association, and after the union of the United Baptist and Lewis Fork in the Brushy Mountain association in 1872, it belonged to the last named until 1885 it took a letter and went into the organization of the Caldwell county Baptist association, of which it is now a member.

In 1826 there were seventeen members dismissed to constitute Antioch church in now Alexander county, then Burke. In 1861 there were seven members dismissed to go into the constitution of the Dudley Shoal church in Caldwell county.

There have been two of the members ordained to the ministry: Rev. I. Oxford and Hiram West. Elder Oxford was ordained May 17th 1850 and Hiram West in August 1863. Elder Oxford is still a member and Elder J. H. West is also a member having joined by letter since his ordination.

There are now enrolled on the records as members one hundred and twenty-four names. The church has a good Sunday school, with J. I. McKary Superintendent. It has also a female missionary society and contributes to the various objects of work being prosecuted by the denomination.

I find soon after the constitution of the church from the records they passed an act that each male member should pay at least 25 cents annually for benevolence.

The reader will remember that this church was organized in 1814. It joined the Brier Creek association first and remained in connection with this association, I suppose, until the organization of the Catawba river association in November 1827, at Yadkin church house. All the Baptist churches then organized in what is now Caldwell county were in the organization of this association.

I have before me a minute of the first session of this association. In it among other things interesting to me I find the following resolution. Resolved, That we advise the churches to withhold their suffrages from any and every candidate that condescends to stoop to the degrading practice of going from place to place, treating with ardent spirits,

A Creaking Hinge

Is dry and turns hard, until oil is applied, after which it moves easily. When the joints, or hinges, of the body are stiffened and inflamed by Rheumatism, they cannot be moved without causing the most excruciating pains. Ayer's Sarsaparilla, by its action on the blood, relieves the condition, and restores the joints to good working order.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has effected, in our city, many most remarkable cures, in cases which baffled the efforts of the most experienced physicians. Were it necessary, I could give the names of many individuals who have been cured by taking this medicine. In my case it has worked wonders, relieving me of

Rheumatism,

after being troubled with it for years. In this, and all other diseases arising from impure blood, there is no remedy with which I am acquainted, that affords such relief as Ayer's Sarsaparilla.—R. H. Lawrence, M. D., Baltimore, Md.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured me of Gout and Rheumatism, when nothing else would. It has eradicated every trace of disease from my system.—R. H. Short, Manager Hotel Belmont, Lowell, Mass.

I was, during many months, a sufferer from chronic Rheumatism. The disease afflicted me grievously, in spite of all the remedies I could find, until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I took several bottles of this preparation, and was speedily restored to health.—J. Froam, Independence, Va.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25¢ six bottles, \$2.

for the purpose of gaining votes." And the church endorsed the action of the association.

At this 1st session of the Catawba river association, elder Alfred Webb preached the introductory sermon, elder Reuben Coffey was elected moderator, and Alfred Webb, clerk.

In the year 1851 the question of church members joining the Sons of Temperance, a secret temperance organization, was agitated in the churches. A majority of this (Union) church thought to join this society, was an act for which he should be excluded. Quite a respectable minority thought it was no offense. It resulted in a split in the church. The minority organized in the same house, and these two churches continued to worship in the same house until the year 1859, when the two churches united on the following covenant:

1st. "We as brethren and sisters in Christ covenant together in the sight of God to keep the unity of the spirit in the bonds of peace and not neglect the assembling of ourselves together, but watch over one another as farforth as God may enable us in all things appertaining to life and godliness.

2nd. Being apprised of the great distress in the churches of Christ and being satisfied from past experience that its use is actually injurious to the cause of the Redeemer's Kingdom and subversion of the peace and enjoyment of mankind both in church and State as a beverage, and that it is unscriptural, immoral and disorderly to use it as a beverage or to visit trifling shops, bar-rooms or any other place where it is vended for the purpose of common use.

3rd. "We do covenant together to carry out in good faith and practice the above 1st and 2nd articles of this covenant." Since which time the church has moved on with a marked degree of peace and quietude.

It is hard for us to estimate the amount of good a well organized christian church does in any community; to illustrate: Among other influences for good, of course I would not presume to say it was all attributable to Union church, yet I think it has been one of the influences, and a profinent one, too. A little more than a year ago, at an election in the township, in which the church is located, on local option, the dry ticket carried almost unanimously. W. A. Pool.

Buffalo Bill's Triumphs.

According to a letter received from Buffalo Bill (Wm. F. Cody) by a friend in New Orleans, that distinguished American has achieved both financial and social success in England. With a frankness characteristic of his Western training, Mr. Cody states that he has "captured England from the Queen down, and is doing them to the tune of \$10,000 a day." He confesses that it "is pretty hard work with two and three performances a day and the society racket, receptions, dinners, etc. No man not even Grant, was received better than your humble servant." As a proof of this Mr. Cody says he has "dined with every one of royalty from Albert Prince of Wales down." It is not to be wondered that these royal surroundings have somewhat dazed Mr. Cody, causing him "to wonder if it is the same old Bill Cody the bull-whacker." But with a loyalty to old associations worthy of commendation, Mr. Cody concludes: "Well, I still wear the same sized hat, and when I make my fill I am a coming back to visit all the old boys. If you meet any of them, tell them I ain't got the big head worth a cent. I am over here for dust. Will be glad to hear from any of them."

President Cleveland has decided to visit the Exposition at Atlanta about Oct 15.