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WHEN THE TIDE COMES IN.

When the tide comes in,
At once the sea and shore begin
Together to be glad.
What the tide has brought
No man has asked, no man has sought;
What other tides have had
The deep sand hides away;
The last bit of the wrecks they wrought
Was burned up yesterday.
When the tide goes out,
The shore looks dark and sad with doubt,
The landmarks are all lost.
For the tide to turn
Men patient wait, men restless yearn.
Sweet channels they have crossed,
In boats rocked with glee,
Stretch now bare stony roads that burn
And lead away from me.
When the tide comes in
In hearts, at once the hearts begin
Together to be glad.
What the tide has brought
They do not care, they have not sought,
All joy they ever had
The new joy multiplies;
All pain by which it may be bought
Seems paltry sacrifice.
When the tide goes out,
The hearts are wrung with fear and doubt;
All trace of joy seems lost,
Will the tide return?
In restless questioning they yearn,
With hands unclasped, uncrossed.
They weep, on separate ways.
Ah! darling, shall we ever learn
Love's tidal hours and days?

—New Century.

A Struggle for Appearance.

"I have tickets for the concert to-night, Annie," said James Henley, coming into the sitting-room where his wife was working the sewing machine with a busy whirl.
"Oh, James, how I wish I could go!" The light died away from the husband's face in a second.
"Wish you could go, Annie! Why, of course you can go."
"I can't, James. I must finish these three dresses before Sunday, and it will take every minute."
"Three dresses?"
"For Jennie, Susan and Lottie. All the spring things are ready but these dresses."
"But this is only Wednesday."
"I know, James; but look at the work. There are overskirts to each and ruffles on all the waists. Jennie's has three flounces. All the children in the congregation are well dressed, James. You cannot afford to put the sewing out, so I must do it."
"Let the children dress more simply, then. Come, Annie, stop that buzz for once, and come to this concert."
"Can't you go?"
"And leave you? I should not enjoy it if I knew you were sitting here. Come."
With a heavy sigh, as if James were exacting a sacrifice instead of giving her a pleasure, Annie left the room and went to her own apartment to dress for the concert.
All through the evening, while her husband drank in the sweet sounds in which he delighted, Annie, with her face all polite interest, was thinking of the unfinished work.
"Was it not delightful?" James said, they walked home in the soft spring moonlight.
"Delightful! I am glad I went, James; Mrs. Gordon had on her new spring dress, and her dresses all come from London. The trimming on her basque is quite a new style, and I am sure I can put Jennie's on in the same way."
Sunday morning shone clear and cloudless. Mrs. Henley had put the last stitch into Lottie's dress as the clock struck twelve, and she awakened with a pain in her chest and a headache, but a feeling of triumph. Her children would wear their new things, that had cost nothing but the material. Nothing! Mrs. Henley did not estimate the hours spent over the machine, the weariness, the neglect of many little duties. There has been no actual money laid out in dressmaking, so it is clear gain on the material.
Very pretty the children looked when they were ready for church. Jennie and Susan, twins of ten years old, were dressed alike, in delicate pearl color, trimmed with blue, and hats of the newest shape and blue ribbons. Lottie wore cerise color, with cerise trimming, for Lottie was a brunette of seven.
The charge at starting for Sunday school were:
"Be sure you lift your overskirts when you sit down; don't lean back upon the streamers of your hats, and walk where you will not spoil your light boots. Don't strain your gloves."
"Overdressed, Annie," remarked Mr. Henley. "Your own dresses are not more elaborate."
"It is the fashion now to cut children's dresses like ladies'. But you ought to be proud of your children, James. Everybody compliments me upon the taste with which I dress them."
"Annie!" Mr. Henley said, suddenly,

leading his wife to a mirror, "look at your own face."
"Well!" she said, wondering what he could mean.
"Your cheeks are as white as chalk; here is a heavy line under your eyes, and your whole air is that of a woman worked to death."
"James, what nonsense!"
"It is not nonsense. I wish it was. Five years ago you had the complexion of a child, as clear and rosy as Susan's. Your eyes then were bright, full of animation. You had young children, a house to keep in order, and just half our present income. Yet you could find leisure then for a daily walk, could read in the evening or sing for me, could enjoy an occasional evening of social pleasure or some entertainment. I had a wife then."
"James! what do you mean?"
"I mean that, in the place of my happy, healthy wife, I have now a sickly, overworked seamstress. Those dolls that have just gone out have none of the grace of childhood. They are fast becoming little pieces of vanity, all absorbed in their finery. Their underclothing would do for signs in an emporium of linen, with the embroidery, ruffles and tucks."
"But I do it all myself, James."
"Exactly. You are stitching your life into the garments of your children, who would be far happier, healthier and better in the simple clothing suited to their years."
"Oh, I am well enough. I am pale to-day because I sat up late last night. But I must dress for church, or we shall be late."
The services passed over Mrs. Henley with but little impression. To her chagrin, the little Goodwins, who had all their dresses direct from London, had an entirely new style of overskirt that made Jennie, Susan and Lottie, look quite old-fashioned in the eyes of their mother.
Summer came, and the long June days were spent in preparing a seaside wardrobe for the children, for Mr. Henley, by the advice of his physician, was going to take his wife to the seaside.
The pain in her side had become very troublesome, and there was a little hacking cough that meant wakeful nights. The pale cheeks were seldom tinged with a healthy color, and the eyes were languid and heavy. People spoke pityingly of Mrs. Henley as "quite an invalid," and her husband mourned over the alteration in his wife.
He insisted upon having a physician who advised fresh air and exercise and a tonic. And Annie obediently swallowed the tonic, took a daily walk, and then made up "for lost time" by stitching at night. For were not the Goodwins, the Wilcoxes, and all the leading fashionables of Langton going to the same place where Mr. Henley had taken rooms, and could Jennie, Susan and Lottie have one inch less ruffling and tucking than they possessed?
He only shrugged his shoulders when his little girls minced along with dainty fine lady airs, instead of bounding with the freedom of childhood. He bore the steady whirr of the sewing machine in the evening, instead of the voice or music of his wife.
But when Annie's health began to give way he exercised his authority, and found he had been silent too long.
But the summer wardrobes completed, the dainty dresses trimmed, the trunks packed, Annie faithfully promised James to rest during the summer's sojourn at the seaside. With a sudden consciousness of growing weakness there came to her an appreciation of her husband's love and patience that had been numbed. She began to realize that she had let her ambition for dress overshadow her love for her husband, and that she had wronged him in depriving him of the companionship he prized so highly.
"I will rest while I am gone, and when I come back James, I will give my evenings to you as I did when we were first married."
That was her parting promise, never to be exacted. Only a few days of rest were allowed her before an acute attack of lung fever prostrated her. James left his business to hurry to the seaside, a nurse was engaged, and medical skill did its utmost. But the constitution, weakened by confinement and overwork, could not resist the disease, and while the summer days were still in their full beauty, Mrs. Henley knew she was dying.
It was a bitter thought. Life held so much that was precious; her kind, loving husband, her beautiful children, her happy home, all these must be left.
"A mysterious dispensation of Providence," said Mrs. Goodwin; "such a good mother." "And those children are just the age when they most need a mother's care."
Annie Henley, in the dread hour when she bade farewell to hope, wound her arms around her husband's neck and sobbed:
"If I had only listened to you, James, I might have been a guide to our chil-

dren, a companion to you for many years, and when I died have left loving memories, instead of a trunk of fine clothing. I have wasted my life."
And James Henley, in his widower's weeds, with his three little girls in sombre black beside him, wonders mournfully how many mothers of the land are wasting their lives in the same struggle for appearance.
Home Teachings.
Teach them that a true lady may be found in calico, quite as frequently as in velvet.
Teach them that a common school education, with common sense, is better than a college education without it.
Teach them that one good honest trade well mastered, is worth a dozen beggarly "professions."
Teach them that "honesty is the best policy"—that "it is better to be poor than to be rich on the profits of 'crooked whistles,' etc., and point your precepts by the example of those who are suffering the torments of the doomed."
Teach them to respect their elders and themselves.
Teach them that as they expect to be men some day, they can not too soon learn to protect the weak and helpless.
Teach them that to wear patched clothes is not a disgrace, but to wear a "black eye" is.
Teach them that God is no respecter of sex, and that when he gave the seventh commandment he meant it for their own good as well as for their sisters'.
Teach them that by indulging their depraved appetites in the worst forms of dissipation they are not fitting themselves to become the husbands of pure girls.
Teach them it is better to be an honest man seven days in a week than to be a Christian (?) one day and a villain six days.
Teach them that "God helps those who help themselves."
Do all this and you will have brought them up "in the way they should go."

Directions in Case of Fire.
Keep the doors and windows of structures closed until the firemen come; put a wet cloth over the mouth, and get down on all fours in a smoky room; open the upper part of the window to get the smoke out; if in a theatre, church, or school-room, keep cool; descend ladders with regular step to prevent vibration. If kerosene just purchased can be made to burn in a saucer by igniting a match, throw it away. Put wire-work or glass shades over gas-lights in show windows, and in bedrooms with curtains; sprinkle sand instead of saw-dust on floors of oil stores; keep shavings and kindling wood away from steam boilers, and greasy rags from lofts, cup-boards, boxes etc., see that all stovepipes enter well in the chimney, and see that all lights and fires are out before retiring or leaving the place of business; keep matches in metal or earthen vessels, and out of reach of children; and provide a piece of stout rope, long enough to reach to the ground, in every chamber.
Neither admit anyone if the house is on fire, except the police, firemen, and known neighbors; nor swing lighted gas-jets against the wall; nor leave small children where there are matches or an open fire; nor deposit ashes in a wooden box or on the floor; nor use a light to examine the gas meter. Never leave clothes near the fire-place to dry; nor smoke nor read in bed by candle light; nor put kindling wood to dry on top of the stove, nor pour out liquor near an open light; nor keep burning or other inflammable fluids in rooms where there is a fire; nor allow smoking about barns or warehouses. — Dr. John Hall.

Children Never Live Long.
When they are not carried away in little coffins and laid forever in the silent grave, they become transformed so rapidly that we lose them in another way. The athletic young soldier or collegian, the graceful heroine of the ball room, may make proud the parental heart, but can they quite console it for the eternal loss of the little beings who plagued and enlivened the early years of marriage? A father may sometimes feel a legitimate and reasonable melancholy as he contemplates the most promising of his little daughters, full of vivacity and health. How long will the dear child remain to him? She will be altered in six months; in six years she will be succeeded by a totally different creature—a creature new in flesh and blood and bone, thinking other thoughts and speaking other language. There is a sadness even in that change which is increase and progression; for the glory of noon-day has destroyed the sweet delicacy of the dewy Aurora, and the wealth of Summer has obliterated the freshness of Spring.

The violet grows low, and covers itself with its own leaves; and yet of all flowers yields the most delicious and fragrant smell. Such is humility.

Christianity in West Africa.

A writer in 'Fraser's Magazine' says: "It is now nearly four hundred years since the first attempt was made to introduce Christianity into the Western portion of Africa. The summary of Christian missions may be given in a few words. The Roman Catholics came first. In 1482, the King of Portugal sent ten ships with five hundred soldiers, hundred laborers, and a proper complement of priests as missionaries to Elmina. The Romish missions thus founded lingered on for a period of 211 years, till at last, in 1723, that of the Capuchine at Sierra Leone was given up and they disappeared forever from West Africa. They had made no impression save upon their immediate dependents; and what impression they made upon them was soon totally obliterated. Protestant missionary attempts were commenced by the Moravians 1730, one hundred and forty years ago, and continued until 1770. Five attempts cost eleven lives without visible results. The Wesleyans follow next. In the minutes of conference of 1792 we first find Africa on the list of the Wesleyan missionary stations, Sierra Leone being the part occupied. In the minutes for 1796, we find the names of A. Murdoch and W. Patton set down as missionaries to the Foulah country, in Africa, to which service they were solemnly set apart by conference. The Church Missionary society sent out its first missionaries in 1804. They established and attempted to maintain ten stations among the aborigines, but they could make no progress, owing to the hostility of the natives, who preferred the slave traders to them. The missionaries were forced to take refuge in Sierra Leone, the only place where at that time they could labor with safety and hope. The Basle Missionary Society—one of the most successful on the coast—had their attention directed to Western Africa as early as 1826. But it was not until 1828 that their first company of missionaries reached Christianborg, near Akra, the place which the Moravians had attempted to occupy more than thirty years previously. The United Presbyterian Synod of Scotland commenced a mission on the old Calabar river, in the Gulf of Benin, in April 1846. Five denominations of American Christians—Baptists, Methodists, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Lutherans—are represented on the coast; in Liberia, Lagos, the Island of Corecco, and Gaboon. The first American mission was established on the coast in 1822. Now, what has been the outcome of these missionary operations? The results thus far achieved are in many respects highly interesting and important. At the European settlements at various points along the coast from Senegal to Loanda, and at the purely native Stations, occupied by the Niger (native) missionaries, the Scotch missionaries, and American missionaries, some thousands of natives, having been brought under the influence of Christian teaching, have professed Christianity, and at the European settlements, have adopted European dress and habits. Numerous churches have been organized and are under a native ministry, and thousands of children are gathered into schools under Christian teachers.

East Indian Coin.
To this day a sort of fanciful value attaches to the magnificent gold mohur, so soft that it could be bent by the fingers or scratched by the nail, while the silver sicca rupee long held its ground against the Company's rupee, with its slight admixture of alloy. The practice of having coins and ornaments of absolutely pure gold and silver had its good as well as its bad side. No doubt the trinkets were easily defaced, the coin quickly injured by friction. But then the natives of India have always found it convenient to convert coin into bangles and nose-rings, or to exchange these latter for coin, at will, and with the minimum of loss. A Hindoo ryot has but to carry a bag of silver to a jeweler, and on paying the cost of the labor he procures its transformation into anklets and armlets for his wife and daughters; possibly, in some rare instances of bucolic ostentation, into silver tires for the wheels of his ox-cart. He has no doubt of the substantial value of the property which he thus oddly invests. For in India is not as with us at home, where jewelry is dear to buy, but cheap to sell; where costly rings and bracelets are with difficulty disposed of at the most alarming of sacrifices, and where many a reduced gentleman has listened with semi-incredulous indignation to the contemptuous estimate by which Messrs. Snap and Pinchback gauge the worth of the "family pearls"—hereditary gems which she had been from infancy accustomed to regard as second only to those of royalty itself. The Hindoo customer knows that his pure gold and pure silver will always command their just price, while he learns the selling value of a ruby or an emerald with at least approximate accuracy.—All the Year Round.

Antiquity and Durability of Brick.
The palaces of Cressus, Mausoleus and Attalus, and other extremely ancient buildings, were constructed of hard-burnt red brick. At the decline of the Roman Empire brick-making fell, to a great extent, into disuse, and was revived again by the Italians after a lapse of some centuries.
The mediæval, secular and ecclesiastical architecture of Italy abounds with fine examples of brick and terra cotta work, and decorations of great beauty have been executed in those materials.
Brick making arrived at its greatest perfection in the reign of Henry VIII., in England, and some of the finest known specimens of ornamental brickwork constructed in that reign, are still the subjects of admiration and are well preserved from decay.
On rebuilding London after the great fire in 1666, brick was the material universally adopted for the new erections, and laws regulating the size, thickness of wall and projections, were at that time made and enforced for the better protection of the community. Much of the brickwork remaining in London in buildings erected in the latter part of the eighteenth century, is admirably executed and in good preservation.
The chief ingredients in the composition of those qualities that gain esteem and praise are good nature, truth, good sense, and good breeding.

become of society if our "candid" friend's dictum were the guide of all; for since there is not one so faultless that he would not come in for a share of personal and impertinent censure, there would follow as the result of this universal uplifting of every man's voice against his fellow, an utter demolition of the social fabric. Yet if one man is entitled to run rough-shod over another, in his zeal to tell him his faults, so have all the same right.
It can be affirmed that no one, even from the best of motives, is at liberty to exercise his critical faculty as he pleases, upon the character or acts of his fellows. The parent himself is not clothed with such authority over his offspring that he can ignore the child's right to have his feelings respected, even when reproved.
The abuse of this critical habit is productive of the greatest evil, in the sphere of the society gossip. The trouble does not begin when, in the free intercourse of daily life, a man tells a friend his opinion of another's character or conduct. Thus far only an irrepressible instinct has been gratified. For with our opinions of each other formed and ready for use, they are sure to be declared. But when the confidence, in which personal judgment has been rendered, is violated, and the friend, thoughtlessly, or with malicious intent, plays the part of a tattler as soon as he can find the ear of the one criticised, then the wrong is done which brings with it alienation, bitterness, hatred, and an endless train of evils. A more dishonorable breach of good faith cannot be committed than when the sacredness of this which we repose in one another in ordinary intercourse is disregarded. The insensibility which prevails on this subject among those known as very respectable people is astonishing. It is the duty of every member of society to cultivate a delicacy of perception respecting those points of social honor in which centre all that is essential to good fellowship.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.
Even a banana-skin will turn when trodden upon.
The proper place for proof-readers: the house of correction.
Youth is the vernal season of life, and the blossoms it then puts forth are indications of those future fruits which are to be gathered in the succeeding periods.
To be truly great, it is necessary to be truly good and benevolent, for all other distinctions the clouds of the valley will cover, and the greedy worms destroy.
I find no quality so easy for a man to counterfeit as devotion, though his life and manner are not conformable to it; the essence of it is abstruse and occult, but the appearances easy and showy.
Accustom yourself to overcome and master things of difficulty; for, if you observe, the left hand for want of practice is insignificant, and not adapted to general business, yet it holds the bridle better than the right, from constant use.—Piling.
The first step toward making a man of your son is to train him to earn what he spends; then the best way to teach him to be frugal is to take away his money as fast as he earns it and spend it wisely for yourself. There is nothing like teaching the young by example.
A funny little ornament for a bureau is a square piece of silver cardboard, about six inches each way, embroidered on the edge with some fanciful design in worsted and having in the centre the words "Scratch my back." It is hung on the gas fixture by a cord. You turn it around and discover the back to be a piece of sandpaper to scratch matches on.
Many of us have made great mistakes, and have shut ourselves up in the cells of poverty when our feet might have stood in a large room. We have laid down pipes too small to bring us a full current of blessing. We have half killed our prayers by tight-lacing them, even as foolish mothers kill their daughters. Our cup is small, and we blame the fountain.—Spurgeon.
He that loses his conscience has nothing that is worth keeping. Therefore be sure you look at that. And, in the next place, look to your health; and if you have it, praise God and value it next to a good conscience; for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of, a blessing that money cannot buy, therefore value it, and be thankful for it.—Isaac Walton.
The history of the origin of the Polka is in season. It is this: "A servant girl in a tradesman's family in Bohemia was one afternoon singing a village song and dancing to the time of it a peculiar step, and while doing so was observed by her employer, who made her repeat the performance. In the evening she was brought into the parlor, and, in the presence of some friends of the family, she sang and danced again. Not long afterwards, occurred the citizens' ball in the town, and the step was introduced, and in 1835, five years afterward, it came in fashion in Prague and was called the Polka, which means in Teheque, 'half.'"
People who have warm friends are healthier and happier than those who have none. A single real friend is a treasure worth more than gold or precious stones. Money can buy many things, good and evil. All the wealth of the world could not buy you a friend or pay you for the loss of one. "I have wanted only one thing to make me happy," Hazlitt writes, "but, wanting that, have wanted everything." And again, "My heart, shut up in a prison-house of this rude clay, has never found, nor will it ever find, a heart to speak to."
We are the weakest of spend-thrifts if we let one friend drop off through inattention, or let one push away another, or if we hold aloof from one for petty jealousy, or heedily slight or roughness. Would you throw away a diamond because it pricked you? One good friend is not to be weighed against the jewels of the earth.
Don't live for yourself alone; better take a wife and raise a family. Don't oppress the poor; remember that you are simply "a tenant at will." Don't commit suicide; the world recognizes the right of a fool to live. Don't despise your neighbor on account of his poor clothes; you were not born in a velvet jacket. Don't dream that you are wiser than your associates; dreams "go by contraries," you know. Don't practice deceit; he who wears two faces is self-deceived. Don't fail to rest on the Sabbath, but don't let your Sabbath last the whole week. Don't spend all your time saying sweet things; life is stale without a little tonic. Don't jump at conclusions; a shoemaker may be proud, though he is often at your feet. Don't slander a man simply because he is a public servant; even office-holders have rights that the people should respect.
You are tender-hearted, and you want to be true, and are trying to be—learn these two things; never to be discouraged because good things get on so slowly here; and never fail to do daily that good which lies next to your hand. Do not be in a hurry, to be diligent. Enter into the sublime patience of the Lord. Be charitable in view of it. God can afford to wait; why cannot we, since we have him to fall back upon? Let patience have her perfect work, and bring forth her celestial fruits. Trust God to weave your little thread into the great web, though the pattern shows it not yet. When God's people are able and willing thus to labor and wait, remembering that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day; the grand harvest of the ages shall come to its reaping, and the day shall broaden itself to a thousand years, and the thousand years shall show themselves as a perfect and finished day!—McDonald.