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"GOD KNOWS."

Oh! wild and dark was the winter night,
When the emigrant ship went down,
But just outside of the harbor bar,
In the sight of the startled town!
The winds howled, and the sea roared,
And never a soul could sleep,
Save the little ones on their mother's breast,
Too young to watch and weep.

No boat could live in the angry surf,
No rope could reach the land;
There were bold, brave hearts upon the shore,
There was many a ready hand;
Women who prayed, and men who strove
When prayers and work were vain—
For the sun rose over the awful void
And the silence of the main!

All day the watchers paced the sands—
Alid they scanned the deep;
All night the booming minute-guns
Retorted from steep to steep.
"Give up thy dead, O cruel sea!"
They cried aghast the space;
But only a baby's fragile form
Escaped from its stern embrace!

Only one little child of all
Who with the ship went down,
That night, when the happy babies slept
So warm in the sheltered town!
Wrapped in the glow of the morning light,
It lay on the shifting sand,
As fair as a sculptor's marble dream,
With a shell in its dimpled hand.

There were none to tell of its race or kin,
"God knoweth," the pastor said,
When the sobbing children crowded to ask
The name of the baby dead.
And so when they laid it away at last
In the church-yard's hushed repose,
They raised a stone at the baby's head
With the carved words—"God knows!"

Earning One's Capital.

A Story for Young Men.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

Deacon David Speers was taking his after-dinner smoke. Perhaps the long clay pipe looked a little incongruous with the handsomely furnished room, and the massive silver plate on the mahogany sideboard. But for that matter, the deacon himself was an incongruity—a little, common-looking man, not very well dressed, with a Kob Roy bonnet on his head, and knitted, gray worsted stockings on his slippered feet.

Certainly a very wide contrast to the handsome, stylish-looking fellow who interrupted his reverie by a very frank and noisy—
"Good evening, uncle. Can I talk awhile with you?"
"That depends on what you're a-goin' to talk about. I'm in no mood for chah-ma-clavers."

"I want to talk about business, uncle."
"Humph!"
"You know, uncle, that Aleck Lang and I have been good friends."
"I have heard so; but I don't know it."
"Well, we have. To-day Aleck came to tell me that he is going into the carpet-weaving business in Kilmarnock. He intends to buy Thos. Blackie out."

"Heck! He'll need some bawbees for that."
"His father will help, and he asked me to join him. What do you think about it?"
"How long have you been wif' Hattie?"
"Five years."
"And how much have you saved?"
"Well, to tell the truth, uncle, nothing at all. What with Jessie marrying last year and Ross this, and the presents I had to give, and other expenses, my savings all went away."

"Humph!"
"I thought perhaps that as the business was such an old, sure one, and as both the Langs would be interested in it, you would lend me two thousand pounds, for such a wonderfully good chance!"
"The old man removed his pipe, and looking Robin in the face said:
"I have made it a rule to never lend money to young men!"

"A very unkind rule, when it touches me, uncle. You were never unkind to me before."
"I am no unkind to you now either, Robin."
"Only two thousand, uncle! And such a chance!"
"Guld heevens, hear the lad! Only two thousand! Did ye ever earn two thousand pounds? Did ye ever save two thousands? When ye have, Robin, come to me an' I'll talk wif' ye about lending ye the sum."

"But uncle, the thing is not a new venture; it is sure to pay."
"It is goun to have new masters; an men at sixty are no sure about things 'paying' as lads of five-an'-twenty are."
"So the young man went away much disappointed and not a little angry; but other friends looked more favorably on the plan. Two thousand pounds were borrowed and Robin Rae and Aleck Lang bought out the old-established carpet-weaving house of Thomas Blackie.

The first year the concern, in spite of falling prices, did very well. Robin's share of the profits not only gave him a good living, but paid his interest and allowed him to lay by nearly £100 toward clearing off his borrowed capital; and the next year things were still brighter.

In the fourth year of the enterprise Robin Rae called again on his uncle.—
"He was sitting smoking in just the same dress and attitude.
"Good evening, Uncle David."
"Good evening, Robin. How's business?"

"First rate. I don't come to-night about business."
"Heck! What for, then?"
"I'm going to be married. I wanted to tell you about it."
"That's a mair kittle risk than Blackie's business, Robin."
"I think not, uncle."
"Wha's the lassie?"
"Jessie Lorimer."
"The minister's daughter?"
"Yes."
"What tocher has she?"
"Just her beauty and her noble nature; she is of a good family, too, and has had the best of educations. Why, uncle, she can do most anything—paint, draw, play the harp, sing like an angel."

"I'm feared she'll be kind o' a matrimonial luxury, Robin. But she's a bonnie bit lassie; I hae seen her; yet I doubt if she's fit for a pul' man's wife."
"You'll come to the wedding, won't you?"
"Surely, surely."
"It was a very grand wedding, and Uncle Speers made quite a sensation by giving the bride a check for five thousand pounds. Indeed, Jessie seemed to have quite captivated the old bachelor, and he soon began to spend a great many of his evenings in her pretty home.

Three years passed happily away. In Robert's home there had been some pleasant changes; and Uncle Speers danced a pretty baby Jessie occasionally upon his knee, and looked admiringly and wonderingly at his own wee namesake in his cradle. Down at the mill things were apparently equally prosperous—all the looms were at work and the very welfare of Kilmarnock as a community was sensibly connected with the business of "Lang & Rae's Carpet Mill."

But a great deal of this success was only apparent, for it hung upon chances entirely beyond the control of the young partners in it.

They had been compelled to borrow largely, and had big interest accounts to meet, and a great deal of their paper being from houses unknown to local banks, had to be cashed at very heavy discounts.

All these things were much against them, yet so great was their industry and energy that they might have turned all into "happy circumstances," and won in spite of the odds against them, if yarns had not taken a tremendous, and quite unlooked-for fall. This, of course, was followed by a number of failures, in most of which they suffered. Not all their efforts could now gather together their numerous lines of enterprise, and they found it equally impossible to curtail them, and so, after a month of desperate, anxious struggle, the firm of "Lang & Rae, Carpet Weavers," appeared in the list of "Sequestrations."

Old David Speers, with that subtle instinct indigenous to capitalists, had long foreseen, and resolutely refused to meddle in the matter. A coolness had, therefore, gradually grown up between uncle and nephew, and when the end came Daniel was not among those who offered Robert and Aleck advice and sympathy. The young men behaved well; they surrendered everything, even to their home plenishing; but Scotch creditors are a pitilessly just class, and did not fail to stigmatize as dishonorable and unbusiness-like the speculative and risky nature of the trade done by the broken firm.

Aleck at once sailed for Sydney, where he had a brother, and Robert took his wife and children to the manse, while he endeavored to find a situation. But week after week passed, and another winter was approaching, and nothing had been done. Once again David was smoking his after-dinner pipe and was interrupted. This time it was his pretty niece Jessie. His face softened wonderfully when he met her large, tearful eyes, and laying down his pipe hurriedly, he went to meet her. The courtesies was a very great one, and it gave Jessie hope and courage.

"Oh, uncle, she said, "we have sore need of you."
"My puir little woman! Sit down and tell Davie what he can do for you."
"Jessie's tale was soon told—her tears told it best—"Robert's heart had quite failed him; they were almost penniless, and they had worn their welcome out at the manse."

"Then you'll come here, my dawtie, you and Robert, and Jessie and wee Davie; an' we'll see what your man is fit for. If he canna find his feet wif' a wife like you, I'm no sordy for him."
"So the next day the family moved with their small belongings to David's grand house, very much to the annoyance of Mistress Janet, David's housekeeper. This lady indeed soon made things so unpleasant that it was evident to all parties there could be no delay in a decision, and Robert, almost in desperation, resolved on trying his fortune in the New World.

David, pressed by his housekeeper's grumbling, and by his affection for his nephew, knew only of one other way—he could advance Robert money for a new effort; "but it would be the ruin o' the lad," he said thoughtfully: "I'm doubting if he's learnt his lesson yet; he must g' on to school again." So he praised Robert's suggestion and offered to pay the passage of the whole family, and give him £100 to start life with.

Rather grumblingly the offer was accepted, and in a few days they were on the ocean, not one of them aware of the real interest and affection which followed them—"but they'll write to me," said David to himself, "they'll write, for they ken I hae plenty o' siller."

Once on a new track, all of Robert's energy returned. He sought information from all he met, and when he arrived in New York, he had a very clear idea of the direction he ought to take.

Provided with a letter which a fellow-passenger had given him to the proprietors of the Mattatock Carpet Mills, he found his way there and readily obtained work. A part of his £100 was used in furnishing a little cottage, and Robert enjoyed a degree of peace and comfort to which he had long been a stranger.

The next year a lucky event gave him prominence. A large mill in the neighborhood imported some machinery for weaving a peculiar kind of rug, and no one could be found in the locality able to make it run smoothly. Robert heard of the dilemma and offered his help. The loom was familiar to him and his success easy. He had found his place, and he knew it; day by day he made his skill and energy felt. He rose to overseer—business manager—partner.

Still he varied very little the quiet simplicity of his home. Jessie and he had found out how little they really needed for happiness, and so, year by year, whatever they saved was invested in real estate. The land grew in value while they slept and worked at other things, and ten years after Robert's first investment he found himself, by the simple growth of the village, a very rich man.

Just about this time Uncle David sent them a very urgent request to come and see him, and as he offered to pay all expenses it was accepted. The old man was now nearing eighty, yet he was wonderfully hale and bright, and met them at the steamer, apparently little older for the ten years that had elapsed since he bid them "good bye" on the very same spot. He liked Robert's way at the first glance: "he has the look o' a man wif' siller an' he bears himself well. I sae wagger he's a full purse in his pouch."

Another thing made a still more favorable impression on David; Robert was not anxious to speak on business. Indeed David had at last to ask bluntly: "Weel, Robin, what kind o' kinty is you?"
"It is a great country, uncle!"
"You'll hae done weel, I suppose?"
"Very well."
"A long purse."
"You'll no be needing any help now? I hae money lying idle."
"Thank you Uncle David; but I hae fifty thousand dollars lying idle myself. I thought some of investing it here, if I can find just the machinery I want."

"You're goun to manufacturing again?"
"Yes I know all the ins and outs of the trade—there is a good opening in our town. Yes, I am thinking about it."
"You'll no be wanting a partner, eh?"
"If I can get the right kind."
"Would I do?"
"You? Uncle!"
"Weel, yes, Jaddie; an' you needna scorn at me. I'll put a hundred thousand to your fifty, an' we'll ca' the firm 'Rae & Speers.'"

"You could not leave Scotland, uncle."
"Was I thinking o' sic a daft thing? I'll trust my interest 't' your hands. I'll hae my full rights, mind; an' you shall hae a fair allowance for doing my work as well as your ain. We'll put everything on paper, and I sae hold you strictly to the bargain."

The proposal made half in banter, finally assumed a very real shape, and it was agreed that when Robert returned to America he should start a new manufacturing firm under very different auspices to his first venture.

But the past was only once alluded to, and then David introduced the subject.
"You'll be thinking, Robin, very likely, o' the day when I wouldna lend you the two thousand pounds."
"You were quite right, uncle; no man ought to borrow money until he knows the difficulty of making it—and of saving it; young men can't know these things; they belong to experience."

"You had that lesson to learn then, Robin, an' I thought ye might as weel learn it o' ither folks as o' me. One fool whiles teaches another fool, an' both grow wise together. Sandy McClure let ye that twa thousand, and he was nane the waur o' the lesson ye gave him. There would be fewer young fools if their were mair wise elders."

So Robert's visit was a great success, and the old man shed the last tears he ever shed on earth when he bid the children good-bye.

"You'll tak' care o' wee Davie for my sake, Robin," he said, tenderly, holding the lad proudly by the hand, "for when I'm no longer to the fore, you'll let my name stand 't' the firm, till he's ready to take my place; so then the hundred thousand will aye be at hand, as I hae said."

And to-day the house grows and prospers, and is known far and wide as the firm of "Robert Rae & David Speers," though old David has long been gathered to his fathers in Kilmarnock kirkyard. Robert's early failure has brought forth a late and splendid success, and better than this, his kind heartedness has almost become a local proverb.

"I make it a rule never to lend money to young men, but if you want to go West or South I'll buy you a ticket, and give you fifty dollars. If the right stuff is in you, that is enough—if not, it is plenty to make ducks and drakes of."

But somehow very few young men that Robert Rae helps, do make "ducks and drakes" of his fifty dollars. In many and many a case it has been an ample foundation for a good life, a good fortune.

Young men, earn your own capital!

Self-Respect.

Always remember no one can debase you but yourself. Slander, satire, falsehood, injustice—these can never rob you of your manhood. Men may lie about you, they may denounce you, they may cherish suspicions manifold, they may make your failings the target of their wit or cruelty; never be alarmed; never swerve an inch from the line your judgment and conscience have marked out for you. They cannot, by all their efforts, take away your knowledge of yourself, the purity of your motives, the integrity of your character, and the generosity of your nature. While these are left, you are, in point of fact, unharmed.

The Monster Cannon of the Dardanelles.

While the Russians are strengthening their works at Odessa with Krupp guns, the Turks are, it seems, substituting the same modern weapons for the big cannon which for ages have watched the straits of the Dardanelles. Bigger than the biggest "Woolwich Infant," or the 100 ton gun of the Italians, these ancient cannon still retain their former position as giants of ordnance, the calibre of the largest being something like twenty-nine inches, while, as our readers may remember, that of the Anglo-Italian weapon is but seventeen. According to one of the best authorities on the subject, Major General Lefroy, R. A., the present Governor of Bermuda, these monster cannon were cast as long ago as the 15th and 16th centuries, and are fashioned entirely of bronze. The cannon balls provided are of stone, and far from being useless and unmanageable, as one might well suppose such gigantic firearms to be, they have, it appears, several times been made use of with considerable effect. Some of the weapons were employed against Scutaria, in Albania, by Mohammed II., in 1478, and we are told that during the siege of that place, from June 23 to July 21, no fewer than 2,534 huge cannon balls were hurled against the town.

As General Lefroy has remarked, in his interesting history of these guns, the supply of powder necessary to have carried on such a terrible bombardment must have been immense, while the quarrying and cutting of so many monster stone projectiles is a task scarcely to be realized in these days. Travelers have given strange accounts of the guns whose ugly black muzzles are to be seen from the Straits, and marvelous legends are told as to their terrible might and distant range. But it is very questionable whether they could bowl a shot for a thousand yards, even if the cannon were strong enough to resist a heavy charge. However, they certainly did some damage to a fleet of ours which forced the passage of the Dardanelles in 1807, for on that occasion eight vessels were struck and nearly a hundred men killed and wounded. This was the last time they were used in action, and the replacement of them now by Krupp guns shows that the Turks have no longer any faith in the unwieldy giants. For some years past their numbers on the shore of the Dardanelles have been growing less, and a little while ago one was presented as a specimen to the British government. When Bishop Pococke visited the spot in 1740 there were, it seems, forty-two in all of these huge weapons, and he quaintly says of them: "They are always loaded with stone ball, ready to sink any ship that would offer to pass without coming to anchor in order to be searched; they fire likewise with ball in answer to any ship that salutes the castle. As this does much damage when they fall, so the lands directly opposite commonly pay no rent.—London Daily Telegraph.

The Pyramids.

The immense stones used in the erection of the Pyramids of Egypt were obtained from the quarries in the Arabian hills, and were carried to the river, and over a bridge of boats. They were then brought forward by means of a causeway, which of itself took ten years to construct, and which is said to have been a fine work with its polished stones and figures of animals engraved upon them. One hundred thousand men were employed at a time, and these were relieved by the same number at the end of three months. A long time was spent in the leveling of the rock on which the edifice stands, and twenty years for the erection of the pyramid itself. The stones were raised step by step by means of a machine made of short pieces of wood, and last of all, commencing from the top, the stones were cemented together with a layer of cement not thicker than a piece of paper, the strength of which is proved by the age of these enormous memorials.

Mental Activity.

If the water runneth, it holdeth clear, sweet and fresh; but stagnation turneth it into a noisome puddle. If the ear be fanned by the winds it is pure and wholesome, but from being shut up it groweth thick and putrid. If metals be employed, they abide smooth and splendid; put them up and they soon contract dust. If the earth be labored with culture it yieldeth corn; but lying neglected, it will be overgrown with bushes and thistles, and the better the soil is the ranker the weeds it will produce. All nature is upheld in its being, order and shape by constant agitation, every creature is incessantly employed in action conformable to its designed use. In like manner, the preservation and full improvement of the faculties depend on their constant exercise; to it God has annexed the best and most desirable reward—success in our undertakings, wealth, honor, wisdom, virtue, salvation.—Barrow.

The Corn Flower.

Emperor William the First is, as everyone knows, very fond of flowers, and his birthday table is always ornamented with most magnificent bouquets; and, among these more brilliant sisters, a very modest wild flower, the Corn Flower, or Blue Bottle (*Centaurea Cyanus*), never fails to appear. All the sons and daughters of the immortal Queen Louisa cherish, in memory of the dear departed, a decided preference for this flower, and this preference dates back to an apparently very insignificant circumstance. The Queen Louisa spent the two years from 1806 to 1808 in Konigsberg, and lived during the summer months on a country estate. The solitude of the place, broken only by the rustling of trees, the singing of birds, and the hum of insects, soothed the troubled spirit of the sorely-trying Queen. Here she often rambled about with her children, giving motherly words of counsel, which would cultivate the mind and heart and steel the character.

One morning, as the Queen was about to take her customary walk in the park, a peasant-girl stood at the garden gate, and offered her a basket of Corn-flowers. The Queen graciously accepted the present, generally thanked the girl, took with her the flowers, over whose beautiful blue color the Princess Charlotte, then ten years old, expressed fond admiration, and went into the park. When they had come to a resting place the Princess attempted, under the mother's direction, to weave a garland of the Corn-Flowers; and so great was the mother's joy over the success of the attempt that the usually pale cheeks of the Princess flushed to a bright red. And, when she pressed the completed wreath on her beautiful hair, it was so becoming to the fine, nobly cut features that the admiring brothers and sisters—among them the present Emperor—gave loud expressions of joy. How delighted the Queen must have been as she saw the eyes of her children glisten over a trifle whose material value was scarcely worthy of account.

The force of arms had brought misfortune on misfortune to the dear Fatherland. Who could have imagined that the Princess, then adorned with a garland of wild flowers, would ever wear the diadem of an Empress? Who could have dreamed that the apparently annihilated Prussia would extend its protecting arm from cliff to sea, and would exalt Louisa's son to mighty power and honor as Emperor of United Germany?

But the Queen saw an Eden arise in the glad hearts of her children, through innocent joy, out of which springs of purest delight must flow. With deep emotion she pressed her dear ones to her heart, and the Corn-Flower, which had given her so much pleasure, became her favorite flower, as also that of her daughter Charlotte.

When Charlotte, twenty years later, as Empress of Russia, gladdened her home with a visit, the people of Konigsberg thought to awaken in the memory of the mighty Empress an exceedingly pleasant recollection, when young maidens, ornamented with Corn-Flowers, appeared before her, scattering the way with flowers. And they were not disappointed. The Empress expressed her thanks and joy that they chose the Corn-Flower with which to honor her.

A Fleecing Manner.

A certain class of people confound culture of manner with insincerity, and blunt rudeness with noble frankness. They admire frankness so much that they would lay no check upon it, and even look upon efforts at self-control with a suspicious eye. This, like all extremes, has, with much error, a kernel of truth. Manners are so often assumed to hide the real character, and are so often at utter variance with the heart that lies beneath them, that it is not strange that blunt, out-spoken honesty should denounce them as channels of hypocrisy and deceit. But though this culture is often allied with duplicity, there is no necessary connection between the two. On the contrary, it may be an important element in the motive. Many people really desire to be what others only wish to seem. The sincere man or woman who scorns to cultivate manners will never reach the full growth of which he or she is capable. It is one of the laws of our being that every inward disposition is strengthened by the outward expression which represents it. For example an earnest person truly desires to cultivate a generous and kindly spirit. Insensibly he becomes more humane and benignant in character. On the other hand, we have known men whose hearts were originally true and tender, but who adopted a gruff, cold, and repellent manner, thus not only causing pain and alienation in others, and also blunting their own susceptibilities, crushing out their sympathies, and cooling their affections. Thus the character is ever sensibly affected by the manner, and no one who desires to elevate himself can afford to neglect it.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Sir Walter Scott's house in Edinburgh was recently sold for \$15,000.

—There are 1,110 students in the University of Michigan at the present time.

—Daguerre, who gave a name to the daguerrotype, is to have a monument in Paris.

—Whales and seals suckle their young.

—The State of Virginia will collect a tax of one cent on each drink of liquor sold at a bar.

—The butter and egg trade of Webster City, Iowa, last season aggregated nearly \$80,000.

—The New York Open Stock Board has disbanded, and the Gold Board will close up May 1st.

—There are 991 lighthouse keepers employed by the United States, at a cost of \$694,900 per annum.

—Over one and a half million dozen eggs were shipped from Nashville during the month of February.

—Rev. Dr. Houghton has been pastor of the "Little Church Around the Corner" for twenty-seven years.

—In point of railroad mileage Germany heads European countries. In proportion to area, Belgium.

—Fred Grant has been sent to the State prison for burglary, but it was Fred Grant who lived in Rockland, Me.

—George Macdonald, the novelist, has eleven children, and the boys and girls alternate regularly through the whole number.

—General Hancock is to be assigned to the Southern military district again, much to the satisfaction of the residents of Louisiana.

—English capitalists have loaned to foreign countries a total of \$336,004,423, which they are not likely to get back again.

—The Home for Women, founded in New York by the late A. T. Stewart, has been fully furnished, and will shortly be opened.

—At Florence, Arizona, there is a restaurant kept by a Chinaman, with a Mexican wife, a negro cook and a white man for a waiter.

—A grand ball is to be given in Music Hall, Boston on the 9th of April, in aid of the old South Preservation Fund. Save the old church.

—The German Postmaster General proposes the introduction of postal cards serving for all countries in the Postal Union, at the price of one penny each.

—An extra session of Congress in June is a boon the boarding-house keepers of Washington do not often enjoy. They endorse the new administration.

—Soup houses are growing in favor all over Germany, owing to the distress caused by business depression and the resulting hard times among working people.

—Mrs. Jackson, of Boston, spends her time in collecting money with which to redeem articles pawned by poor people in that city during the past hard winter.

—Manufactures of wood at Chicago number 226, with a capital of \$7,671,000; employ 9,363 hands, pay \$4,013,970 for wages and produce goods to the amount of \$18,807,000.

—The Dominion Government is said to have under consideration the question of an appropriation to have Canada properly represented at the Paris Exhibition of 1878.

—There are no less than twenty artesian wells in Meeme, Wis. A fountain struck last week throws out 3,000 gallons per hour, through a hole eighteen inches in diameter.

—In England in 1873 iron and steel rails were selling at £15 and £22 per ton, respectively; now, they may be had for £5 6s. and £7 6s. Pig iron has fallen to less than half its price in 1873.

—The old Schuyler mansion at Albany, N. Y., where General Burgoyne was confined after his surrender at Saratoga, belongs to the widow of ex-President Fillmore, who at present resides in Buffalo.

—A Baltimore inventor is ruined. He invented a kind of air cushion for women's bustles, put all his money into their manufacture, and now a change of fashion has left the stock valueless on his hands.

—The Prince of Wales has decided to place his two eldest sons on the ship-of-war Britannia, in order that they may be subject to naval discipline, although not necessarily with the view to adopting the navy as a profession.

—A statistical Parisian boot-maker has recently given American ladies the distinction of having the smallest feet feet by nature among their sex, and from them he ascends in the order of Spanish, Italians, Russians and English to the Germans.

—The Rhode Island Fish Commissioners put 120,000 salmon and 20,000 land-locked salmon into the various rivers of that State last year, and stocked twenty-five ponds with black bass. Their efforts in shad culture have proved very successful.

—At the old King's Arms Inn, Lancaster, England, is one of the three clocks invented and constructed by Ben Franklin. It has three wheels and strikes the hour. It is soon to be sold with a number of other curious and historical objects.

—Madame Bonaparte, of Baltimore, is now in her ninety-fourth year, and it seems probable she may yet realize her expressed wish to live to be one hundred years old. Though feeble, she maintains full possession of her mental faculties, and takes an active interest in public affairs, especially abroad.