

The Lenoir Topic.

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LENOIR, N. C., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 21, 1885.

NUMBER 18.

Wallace Bros., STATESVILLE, N. C.

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August 27th, 1884.

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STARK DEFEAT IN THE FACE.

A Gloomy Letter from Gov. Vance in the Last Days 1864—True as Steel.

The following letter said to have been written by Gov. Vance, in 1864, appears in the National Republican from its Raleigh correspondent.

RALEIGH, September 22, 1864.—I would be glad if I could have a long talk with you. I never before have been so gloomy about the condition of affairs. Early's defeat in the Valley I consider as the turning point in this campaign, and, confidently, I fear it seals the fate of Richmond, though not immediately. It will require our utmost exertions to retain our footing in Virginia till 1865 comes in, and Abolitionism is rampant for four years more. In short, if the enemy pushes his luck till the close of the year, we shall not be offered any terms at all.

The signs which discourage me more than ought else are the utter demoralization of our people. With a base of communication five hundred miles to Sherman's rear through our country not a bridge has been burned, not a car thrown from its track, not a man shot by the people whose country he has desolated. They seem everywhere to submit when our men are withdrawn. "What does this show, my dear sir? It shows what I have always believed, that the great popular heart is not now and never has been in this war. It was a revolution of the politicians, not the people, and was fought at first by the natural (sic) of our young men, and has been kept going by State and sectional pride, assisted by that bitterness of feeling produced by the cruelties and brutalities of the enemy. "Gen. Lee is a great man and has the remnant of the best army on earth, bleeding, torn and overpowered, though it be. Saturday night may yet come to all of our troubles and be followed by the blessed hour of rest—God grant it. "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief," in final liberty and independence. "Would fain be doing." How can I help to win the victory? What can I do? How shall I guide this suffering and much oppressed Israel that looks to us through the tangled and bloody pathway wherein our lines have fallen. "Still I am not out of heart, for as you know, I am of a buoyant and hopeful temperament. Things may come around yet."

"Daddy calls me now to stand by the new Union to the last gasp of truth and loyalty. "This is my consolation. The beginning was bad. I had no hand in it. Should the end be bad, I shall, with God's help, be equally blameless. I am, dear sir, very truly yours, "ZAMUSON B. VANCE."

NOTES FROM THE SEASHORE.

WILMINGTON, Jan. 7, '85. DEAR EDITOR:—And esteemed "old friend" together with your many readers, my known and unknown friends among the peaks of the sky-land, among the hills that furnished the pure air which first I breathed, and the clear sparkling water which first quenched the thirst of my boyhood days. To you one and all I ardently wish a happy and prosperous year. Are any of you dissatisfied with your homes among the mountains? Is there a restless boy on which the calls of the big-end of his teens, and who is tired of his father's directing and controlling care, or who is anxious to slip the nose of a kind mother's apron string and be "his own," a "free man"? If there is such a person, such a boy, it would do him good to escape from the prison of home for a season. How I wish such characters could be among the swamps of the east for a while, to change their water at home, God's best beverage for the tadpole soup of the mountains of the eastern swamp, or exchange that mountain air, purified as it is by the breeze of the mountain peaks, and which imparts its thrill of life to every tendon, muscle and fiber of the body, for this heavy, deadening atmosphere, so filled with malarial poison that you feel like you were being smothered, and then get enough of the poisonous air to give you a chill that will shake

worse by far than your irritated daddy ever shook you for not doing your work as you ought, and I want you to know if your daddy shakes you like mine did me its no little shaking, but if I must be shaken let daddy do the shaking. Now, this daddy part of the shaking I am acquainted with—not acquainted with the chill part but have seen it do its work with energy. I guess you would like to know how I have escaped the "chill shaking"? I am an exception to the rule—I am a scape-goat from the chills like I tried to be from work when a boy. Don't you favor me in this last particular?

In order that you may have some idea of the eastern night air among the swamps, on some hot night next July you take your pillow, sheepskin and coverlid and go down in your old cellar among the old barrels, Krout-stands, soap-troughs and many other moldy inhabitants of that dreary place and spend the night in trying to sleep; then come down east, go into the country and call for a night's lodging and you will get yourself put away for the night in a little shed room 8 x 10 ft with one little window—hot, yes, in a stew—but you must cover up! put up the window! No! Why? Muskeeters! Where is your net? Call it a net if you want to, its only a sifter. Keeps one big one out and lets forty little ones in. How they sing! How they bite! How you slap them all the night long. With a bill and a song, You slap and pray in feverish throng, for your own "homesweet home" in the mountains. Oh! restless young man, after spending one summer among these "muskeeters," your desire will be expressed in language like this: Let me return to my father's house to be even as "a hired servant," let the "simmons" and sassafras sprouts cut me across the knuckles as the old grubbing hoe goes up and down, let the old saw-briars tangle my ankles, let the dog weed roots beat my shins blue while I plow in the new-ground turnip patch, let the bull-nettles sting while I tie fodder by the star-light of the west. Yes, let sprouts, briars, roots, dull plows and grubbing hoes, and old mules all combine to vex me during the day, it will only prepare my weary limbs for the sweet rest of a returning night during the dreaming hours of which "muskeeter" music is never heard and their long bills never probe into your business. Then young man you may enjoy a moonlight chat or stroll by the banks of lovely mountain streams, the murmur of which is a fitting requiem to a fellow dead—in love (ah! this is experience to the tune of "auld lang syne"). Down here the mosquitoes knock all the romance out of courtship—no time to flirt—matter of fact. If you don't mean business, "shut your mouth," (experience again). All things are created for a purpose. I guess 'tis here that the despised mosquito fills his niche in the great structure of God's well designed creation. Yes, kind reader, get deeply in love with your beautiful "land of the sky." Let bonds of patriotic devotion ever bind your energies and means to the rapid and full development of all her natural resources. Throw your restless nature into the rapid current of her growth, as it is surging amid the very precincts of your childhood home. With honest toil call forth the abundant sleeping resources of the "old home place," and make it "bloom and blossom as the rose"—make it a bright place, a pearl in the valley, a shining crown on the hill-top, a glistening jewel on the mountain's breast. Let no stranger buy the "old home-stead" to tread with careless steps the dust of your sleeping fathers and mothers. Next to selling the birth-right is selling the birth-place. Sell your surplus lands to the comers among you, but if you have a sacred memory for the golden times of your fathers, and "Where is the man with soul so dead Who, to himself hath not said This is my own my native land?" If these lines find a living echo in your hearts then hold fast to the old heritage. Let the labor of your hands, and not the labor of a stranger change the old fields into fields of fruitful verdure. Let the fragrance of the growing crop cultivated by your own toil be your offering on the altar of love to the memory

of the fathers. If there is any one thing in this world that could call me from the great work of offering eternal life to dying mortals through a crucified savior, that thing would be to save the "old home place" from the forgetful hand of the stranger.

Western North Carolina is now the "desired of all lands." The samples of the native wealth have already touched the pulse of capitalists. The traveler now beholds her beautiful scenery with covetous eye. Amid the commotion of trade let native sons hold on to a "goodly heritage" of the native soil. Leave not your State in the time when mind and muscle are needed, but remain with her to see her grow—help her grow. Good-bye till I meet you again through the columns of the wide awake Topic, which always comes as a practical, if not poetic, quotation from Scott. D. H. TUTTLE.

WHAT CONGRESS IS DOING.

In the United States Senate, Jan. 9. Mr. Morgan withdrew his motion to reconsider the Oregon Central land forfeiture bill, and the bill goes to the House as amended by the Senate. The interstate commerce bill was discussed, a motion to recommit it, together with the House bill, having failed. The Belmont resolution calling on the President for information relative to the Congo conference was adopted in the House. The Senate adjourned until Monday and the House until this morning. A bill was passed by the House of Representatives yesterday for the relief of John W. Franklin, executor of the will of Jno Armfield. President Arthur will probably not visit the New Orleans Exposition until February. The United States Senate was not in session Jan. 11. The House passed the naval appropriation bill.

The Railroad Subscription.

SENATE CHAMBER, RALEIGH, N. C., Jan. 13, 1885.

To THE TOPIC: There is a movement in agitation, or rather in contemplation, by the Wilkes and Ashe representatives in the Legislature, concerning the extension of the railroad now being constructed from Stateville to Taylorsville. As the people of Caldwell are interested in this matter I desire, through the columns of THE TOPIC and "Chronicle" to inform them of the nature of the project and to ascertain, if possible, their views in relation thereto.

It will be remembered that two years ago the Legislature passed an act by which fifty-five thousand dollars, realized from the sale of the State's stock in the Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley railroad, was to be loaned to any company that would build the road. The terms and condition of the loan will be found in the act. The salient points were these: The loan was to be for thirty years, and the amount loaned to be apportioned as follows: One fourth to be advanced by the State when the road shall have been completed to Taylorsville, one fourth (being nearly \$14,000), to be advanced when the road shall have been graded to Wilkesboro, another fourth when the road shall have been extended across the Yadkin River, and the other fourth when the road shall have been built to Patterson.

By the provisions of the bill the counties through which the road is to run are to secure this loan by issuing county bonds to an amount equal to the sum loaned by the State and to pay the interest annually as it becomes due.

If the road should be built from Wilkesboro to Patterson, Caldwell would have to issue her bonds to the amount of \$13,750, to secure the loan of that amount; the bonds are to run thirty years before payment can be compelled. The question is whether the people of the county would be willing to incur that amount of debt in such an enterprise. If they should be there is possibility of getting a road to Patterson in a few years. My own opinion is that they will not vote the necessary amount to secure the loan spoken of. The proposition now on foot is to allow Ashe county to take her part of this money, if that county will vote the necessary

appropriation of bonds to secure the same, and thus extend the road from Wilkesboro to Jefferson and on to Virginia, instead of to Patterson. Of course I should prefer to see the road built to Patterson if possible, and if there is the slightest probability of Caldwell's voting her part of the appropriation, I shall oppose, and I think successfully, any diversion of the amount intended for Caldwell. If, however, there is no prospect of the county's going into the enterprise, then I do not care to act the part of the dog in the manger, by failing to borrow and use the money myself, and yet refusing to allow a neighbor to do so.

What I now desire to know is the wish of my constituents in the premises, as their will shall be mine. I hereby solicit correspondence on the subject from all who may feel interested therein. I will add that I would be glad to have the views of THE TOPIC and "Chronicle" as to the probable action of Caldwell in reference to an appropriation, in accordance with the bill passed two years ago. I would be glad if the "Chronicle" would copy this. Very truly yours, W. H. BOWER.

The Late Murder Trial and Its Lessons.

MR. EDITOR:—In the late trial for murder which occupied so much of the time of our Court and which called together such pre-eminent talent and investigation, there ought to have been some salutary lessons learned, some effective warnings given of more than ordinary force.

Perhaps in all the annals of crime at least in this portion of our State, there never has been exhibited such a reckless disregard, such a wanton destruction of human life as those details brought to light. One looked in vain for some adequate provocation to the commission of such dreadful crimes, or in the absence of those, that the law of self-defense demanded the sacrifice, only to be astonished that none of these things could reasonably be pleaded in extenuation of the dreadful crime, whose history must from henceforth darken the pages of our criminal lore for generations yet to come.

But not to extend this review, my object in this writing was prompted by a desire to benefit the youth of our county, scores of whom, no doubt heard this fearful detail of crime, and who thereby may learn and ought to learn what a fearful creature a mad man is, especially when he is moved to the commission of crime, by the devil and the letting loose of his unrestrained, unbridled passions warmed up and intensified by whiskey, by whiskey! Ah, yes, whiskey was there! Whiskey is everywhere where there is crime, under its demoralizing influence, men rush into eternity as if there was no angry God, no judgment bar to face.

The other night when the court house bell was rung and the honorable court assembled to receive the verdict of the jury, we felt it was a solemn assemblage. The jury and the honorable court had each a most solemn duty to perform, the jury to fix the guilt, the honorable court to pronounce the sentence of the law. Whatever stolid indifference the prisoner may have manifested, there were in that court house scores of persons whose very hearts trembled for the guilty one. We would earnestly hope this was true with the youth who were there. We would appeal to you, boys, young men, take warning from what you have seen and heard in this trial.

The scene of this wretched man's condemnation was, no unrenewing ceremony gotten up for parade or show, far from it. It contemplated either his hanging by the neck till he was dead, or his incarceration in a high walled abode of crime, cursed of God and abandoned by man, manacled by chains and clothed in the habiliments of disgrace. As a citizenship we have need to be admonished, as it is written: "Be not deceived; God is not mocked, whatsoever a man sows that shall he also reap, he that sows to the wind shall reap the whirlwind, whose fiery breath will vindicate the majesty of his throne who has declared, "vengeance is mine, I will repay." A. A. S.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

I suppose but few persons now living in Lenoir can realize the change in and on the site where the town now stands, in the last 100 years. In the Winter and Spring of 1784 the families who occupied Fort Grider, were moving out, getting on to farms. Grider went to the farm now tended by Burwell Martin; Kaylor went to a cabin somewhere south of Dr. Beall's; Wm. Tucker where Capt. Faucette now lives, "Tucker's Barn"; Colbert Blair, was living near where Wm. Day now lives; Saml. McDaniel where Mrs. J. B. Powell lives; Wm. Choat at "Choat's Bridge." The election was held on large oak log near him until 1799 when it was moved to Tucker's.

Bob. Powell, the "noted desperado" spoken of in King's Mountain, lived about where A. C. Sherrill now lives. Joseph McCrary lived on the farm now owned by the county, the "poor house farm." The Indians had a camp on the farm now owned by J. E. Powell. The trail used by them in going from that to the camp on the Nelson farm on the Valley of the Yadkin was visible often in my recollection.

Joe Allen and a man by the name of Husband raided through this section about that time. Peter Holt lived on the farm now owned by J. A. Dula. He had a mill where Capt. Faucette now has one. In his absence some person drew the gate and set the mill running, and let it run, so said, for 6 weeks. I have seen the stones. They were worn perfectly smooth.

Ambrose Powell lived where Henry Reichardt now lives. 50 years ago. What a change! Waugh and Harper had a store near the old Fort. The Rev. R. J. Miller was living at Mary's Grove; John Tucker where J. R. Wilson now lives; in Lenoir; Joe Tucker at Tucker's Barn; Jopling at Choat's Bridge.

I might go on and tell how Saml. McDaniel and sons could kill as many as a half dozen deer in one day; had regular days to drive; got together such men as H. N. Miller, Joe Tucker, John Tucker, S. W. Hughes, James Sudderth, Jacob Smith, Levi Hartley, Peter Steel, Tom McCrary. Time would fail to tell all.

About the year 1826 the last drove of wolves came through this section. They came in by the way of the Green Mountain, crossing the Yadkin, it is supposed about Elkville, came up to King's Creek, passed down Zack's Fork, crossed the Lincoln road, now Choat's bridge, taking to the right, crossed the Mulberry road where Freedman now is, then went in the way of John's river or Mulberry. There was said to be a dozen or over. They did no damage on this side of the mountain. All the dogs and men in the neighborhood went after them but without effect.

Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines.

In connection with the sketches of life of Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines, which have recently appeared, a subscriber of the "Sun" writes to question as follows: "She (Myra) was born in 1806 in New Orleans. Clark (her father) persuaded the mother to give up the child, and placed it with a friend in Philadelphia, who promised faithfully to care for her. With domestic trouble came business disasters, which made Clark think he would lose all his property, and he, therefore, conveyed to his friend \$700,000 in trust for the child, and made a will," &c.

The "Sun's" correspondent says this statement is not in accordance with the facts. "The Philadelphia friend" referred to, he says, "was Col. Davis, a gentleman of some means and great benevolence. I cannot recall his first name, nor the circumstances of his acquaintance or intimacy with Clark, although I was familiar with them fifty years ago. Clark was said to be a man of loose morals. He never placed his daughter with his friend. Col. Davis took Myra into his family in her infancy, abandoned by her father and disowned. So far from Myra's being kept in ignorance and seclusion from sinister motives on

the part of Col. Davis, she grew up bearing his name and believing herself to be his daughter, until, upon her persisting in marrying Whitney against Col. Davis's consent and judgment, he revealed to her the circumstances of her parentage. Her foster sister, the daughter of Col. Davis, with whom she was educated, married Commodore Wm. W. McKean, of the U. S. N., a grandson of Thos. McKean, Governor and chief justice of Pennsylvania, and whose family held the highest social rank in Binghampton, New York."

The story of Myra Clark Gaines is full of romantic interest, and is worthy of being told by some of the able counsel who are familiar with the case in all its details.

Hollow Horn.

Home and Farm.

In "Home and Farm" of October 15, a nameless subscribers asks for a remedy for hollow horn.

I can recommend the following receipt as a sure cure for that disease, although I differ from nameless subscribers as to the location of the hollow horn:

Take from three to five ears of sound corn, shell it and put it in a kettle; then add cold water, and boil it one-half hour. When nearly cold put it in a bucket and apply it to the cow's nose.

In addition to the above, let her have all the crab-grass or Johnson grass she will eat; repeat the dose until the "hollow" is filled. There is a look about the eyes peculiar to "hollow horn" that is readily recognized by experienced stock raisers.

With some hollow horn is applied indiscriminately to every disease of cows which the owner is unable to diagnose. It is near akin to "worms" in children, hog and chicken cholera and the "lombrix" of sheep in south Texas.

I believe it is unnecessarily conceded that we all have to learn what we know some time in our lives. Some learn very young, while others believe in hollow horn and such like voodooisms until they die. Neither deserved to be praised or blamed, as both cases were owing to accident or birth, whereby one had advantages for acquiring knowledge that were denied the other. My father was a farmer and stock raiser. He read agricultural papers and cow doctor books, consequently I was one of the fortunate ones that became wise in cow doctor lore when I was young. Texas. H. L. H.

MUSICAL AND LITERARY REGITAL,

Davenport College, Lenoir, N. C., Wednesday Evening, Jan. 14th, 1885.

PROGRAMME.

PART ONE.

1. Duet—"Les Crelots" (Boscovits) Misses Gilbert and Lyle.
2. Reading—"Lochinvar's Ride" (—) Reading Class.
3. Vocal Solo—"Thou'rt like unto a Flower" (Rubinstein) Miss Mary Lenoir.
4. Recitation—"The High Tide" (—) Miss Carrie Freer.
5. Terzetto—"Summer Fancies" (Metra) Misses Gilbert, Connelly and Scott.
6. Recitation—"The Smack in School" (—) Miss Ida Clarke.
7. Piano Solo—"Rondo Capriccioso" (Mendelssohn) Miss Carrie Freer.
8. French Recitation—"L'Ange et l'Enfant" (—) Misses Wilson and Lenoir.
9. Vocal Solo—"Spring Revel" (Mattei) Miss Mattie Gilbert.
10. Recitation—"The Gipsy Maid" (—) Miss Laura Newland.
11. Semi Chorus—"Christmas Song" (Adam) Misses Stowe, Connelly, Freer, Lenoir, Lyle and Gilbert.

PART TWO.

12. Vocal Solo—"Shadows" (Osgood) Miss Carrie Freer.
13. Recitation—"How 'Ruby' Played" (—) Misses Wilson and Gilbert.
14. Vocal Solo—"The Wanderer" (Schubert) Miss Pattie Scott.
15. Piano Solo—"Op. '82." (Mendelssohn) Miss Ellie Harper.
16. Terzetto—"Row us Swiftly" (Compana) Misses Stowe, Freer and Scott.
17. Recitation—"The Sioux Chief's Daughter" (—) Miss Mattie Gilbert.
18. Vocal Solo—"Caprice Polka" (Albites) Mrs. Sanborn.
19. Recitation—"Maud Muller" (—) Misses Freer, Wilson, Lenoir, Gilbert and Lyle.
20. Overture—"Weisse Fran" (Boieldieu) Misses Gilbert, Lyle, G. Wheeler and Freer.