

The Lenoir Topic

VOLUME X.

LENOIR, N. C., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1885.

NUMBER 28.

Wallace
Bros.,

STATESVILLE, N. C.

Wholesale Dealers

General Merchandise

Largest Warehouse

and best facilities

for handling

dry

Dried Fruit, Ber-

ries, etc., in

the State.

RESPECTFULLY

Wallace
Bros.

August 27th, 1884.

J. M. SPAINHOUR,
Dentist,
Lenoir, N. C.
Uses no Impure Material for
Filling Teeth.
Work as Low as Good
Work can be Done.
Pain from a distance may
be relieved by informing
him at what time they
propose coming.

F. LEE CLINE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Lenoir, N. C.
EDMUND JONES,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Lenoir, N. C.

CLINTON A. GILLEY,
Attorney-At-Law,
Lenoir, N. C.
Resides in All The Courts

LETTER FROM THE SEA-SIDE.

WILMINGTON, Feb. 5.

MY DEAR EDITOR AND READERS: This morning in the quiet of my "sanctum studio" I buckle on the wings of thought and instantly I pass down the Cape Fear, thirty miles to Smithville, when I enter the historic halls of memory and speedily return, through the records of thirteen months, to the evening when first I entered that town.

That was a stormy evening for the initiation of a boomer to sea-side life. The winds were coming from the sea and driving the white-capped waves, like waving rows of cotton, against the century beaten shores of that old town—the salt spray from the rolling waters could be felt in the oblique air, for 'twas cold—so said the shivering passengers from the well warmed cabin of the boat.

As I slipped on the wharf the captain said to some crusty looking sailors and pilots: "There goes the new preacher." "Does he get sea-sick?" asked one; "If he does send him back," said another, "for he won't do to preach to sailors." But the new preacher went with them often out on the ocean and was never sea-sick. This might have had some influence in promoting the religious success which followed during the year.

As I walked to the shore on the tramway I see a deep red flag floating in the wind from the top of a tall flag pole. What does it mean? A sailor answers, "We can't go out to sea to-night; the storm flag is up and it means a terrific storm from the ocean. The storm has been moving from the northward for three days. If, from the top of this pole, a white flag is floating to the breeze then it means a storm from the land. A storm from the sea is more dangerous, from the fact that it is generally more severe and tends to drive the vessels ashore, while those storms from the land drive the vessels seaward, thus saving them from wreck on the sand-bars, shoals, etc. The wind from the sea, when blowing a moderate gale, drives the vessels safely into their ports. The wind from land starts the vessels out of port on their voyage to far distant lands. Thus we can easily see how "it is an ill-wind that blows nobody good." The wind that makes the incoming sail or curse, will make the outgoing one sicut. How selfish we mortals are! Why can't we be patient, knowing that a wise God is over-ruling all things for the good of the masses, not the one?

But my reader may ask, Who puts up those storm signals, or flags? All along the coast, at intervals of fifty or a hundred miles, or at all important harbors, the U. S. government have signal stations under the control of what is known as the signal service department of the government. One of these stations is situated at Smithville and is connected by telegraph with all other stations along the coast, from Florida to Canada, from Oregon to Wilmington, and in order to secure accurate observations from about 250 offices scattered all over the United States, these offices are made amenable to military discipline by enlisting them in the signal corps of the army. These observations are taken at the same instant (Washington time) every eight hours, and, though the science of meteorology is in its youth, 'tis wonderful with what accuracy the barometers tell the condition of the atmosphere in all parts of the country. Within thirty minutes from the time the observations are taken in all these offices they are read and noted by the chief signal officer in Washington, who thus has a perfect photograph, as it were, of the atmosphere all over the United States. From this table of information the predictions are made for the next day and the information telegraphed to all those offices toward which a storm is moving. This information the officer gets by connecting his map by a fine all places of the same barometric pressure. The barometer of the low barometer becomes the storm center, from the fact that moist air is lighter than dry. The wind always blows from a high to a low barometer, that is from a heavy to a light atmosphere. Twenty four hours is required for the average storm to travel from the Mississippi river to the Atlantic coast. Upon the receipt of information predict-

ing a storm the officer at once runs up the flag and sailors, in or out of port, take warning accordingly—to disregard it is a great risk of life and property.

Here again we pause to render thanks to him who "doeth all things well." As a world of progressive humanity comes necessarily in contact with the storms which beneficially fill a niche in the natural world, and which might impede, to a great extent, the inter-commerce of nations, a wise God measures out wisdom to man in order that he may know how to avoid the destruction to human life and property which might otherwise follow them. The same being, who creates the storm, creates man also and equips him with a mind capable to discover the laws of the storm and hence find a way of escape from its danger. Thus we see invention bridging the chasm between intelligence in man and intelligent design in nature.

But again to the sea. I am at the home of Junius Scroggs to spend the night and we sit and chat of other days that we both have spent in Lenoir, the Athens of the "Old North State," unique in beauty of situation and learning, until 10 o'clock. Then I am shown to a nice bed, white as snow and soft as down, but I can't sleep. Why? The sea, roaring loudly and steadily, keeps me all night in a semi-conscious state. The roaring grows worse as the winds increase to trouble the waves, and I imagine—well what all did I imagine during that long winter's night? My imaginations were melancholy in the extreme. I would think the waves are uttering a deep and moaning farewell to some drowning seaman, who had been just broken loose from his hold on the "poor old stranded wreck. Again my mind would pull at the elastic cord of imagination and I would find myself wandering. What if the waves would gather extraordinary force and leap out over the town and sweep us all away? Then, again, imagination reversed her engine and ran with quickness: speed, along back the well paved track of memory, and I found myself wishing I were again the innocent little boy of twenty odd years ago and in my little tunnel bed when, in the sleepless hours of night, I could call out for pa or ma and their replying voice would give me comfort. This was a bright star I saw that night in the cloudless sky of memory, and it led me to sweet reflection on the "bright and morning star" that arises in the soul. Then turned I my eyes to the window, through which was brightly shining another morning star, (the same old familiar star I used to see when I went to feed the cows before day), which prophesied "the morning cometh" and lo! 'twas soon bright morning, and, eager to make my acquaintance with the old ocean of which I had heard so much, I hurriedly went down to the beach.

Over the curving shape of the sea the sun is rising just on a level with your eyes. How dazzling his disc o'er the glistening waters. All night long the winds have been combating the waters until now, at sunrise, the tremendous waves are dashing, splashing, leaping, rolling and falling, one upon another, in terrific fury—they seemed vexed and maddened, as they rage to and fro, "foaming out their own shame." We are facing Nature's most awe-inspiring picture—standing on the sands and shells, we look away to the orient skies, where the sun is penciling the back grounds of the great picture with a delicate pen of light dipped into the liquid gold of the morning. The soul is entranced, the eyes desire to linger on the scene—nature's masterpiece. Behold the waves that roll immediately in front, "whom no man can number," and each seems crowned with the dissolved hues of the rainbow, while o'er the crown the glittering rays of the rising sun, blending and mingling with the rising and falling spray, form the most beautiful veil all resplendent with the luster of countless diamonds. I struggle for language—the mind cannot transfer its impressions to paper. But here come the waves, chasing each other to the shore. Far as the eye can reach to the north, to the south, "the long lines come moving on," while, on the prism-like edge of each, the rainbow hues again are seen in six-ag beau-

ty. Old ocean seems marshalling her forces for a tremendous charge on the fort of land, that holds her in bounds. Listen! far out you hear the echo of command, the sound of the artillery of waters. On she gradually moves! Surely the contending powers of land and sea are now meeting in a Waterloo. Out there, an hundred yards from you, the waves are tossed an hundred feet in height, with spoon like shape in front and with an overhanging precipice of water that seems to threaten your destruction in a moment; (I was "skered" about this time), but just as she assumes her grandest altitude, another mighty wave from behind seems to give her a stroke on the back of the knees, while yet another, retreating from the shore, makes a tripping movement and the mountain pile of waters, tottering and reeling, fall with a dash and splash at your feet and, as if conscious of her defeat, spreads her delicately scolloped edge of pure white foam gently along the shore, over the sand, and among the shells—but she is plucky, comes again.

In our next the ocean will be calm and we will notice particulars.

P. S.—Just as I finish this letter the post-man hands me THE TOPIC. Its cheerful countenance enlivens me, but the cloud comes after the sunshine, and my eyes fall on the sad news that three good old men of Caldwell have passed to their reward, "absent from the body yet present with the Lord."

Of the three I knew Carroll Moore best. Noble, generous man was he. I learned to love him when a boy, as he often spent a night at father's when on his way to the commissioner's meeting. O! that I could drop a tear and a flower on his grave today; but if all those to whom he did a kindness could do the same, a feral mound would cover his grave. But he needs not these, for his name is written in the "Book of Life." Let us meet him there.

HAMMOND TUTTLE.

WHAT CONGRESS IS DOING.

The United States Senate Feb. 6, passed a joint resolution accepting the awards, paintings, etc., presented to Gen. Grant by various governments. A bill was passed authorizing a retired list for private and non-commissioned officers who have served thirty years in the army. In the House, in committee of the whole, some progress was made on the river and harbor appropriation bill, and an amendment offered by Mr. Findlay was adopted increasing the appropriation for the Baltimore harbor from \$75,000 to \$200,000.

The Collectorship Hackett.

MORGANTON, Feb. 7.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TOPIC: Since Mr. Cleveland's election there has been the natural enquiry among the people as to whether the new Congress will abolish, or in any wise alter, the Internal Revenue laws and meanwhile one leading subject of talk here is who will be selected to administer the laws till they are changed, if changed they are to be.

We hear that Mr. David Settle, a brother of the judge of that name, is to be Marshal instead of Mr. Keogh, and that Mr. Hamilton Jones, of Charlotte, is to take Mr. Jim Boyd's place as U. S. Attorney. If there be aught of truth in these reports—and they are told on the trains and in the hotels by men of repute—the Collectorship in the natural course of things ought to gravitate west of the Catawba river.

Without any reference to political services in the past or capacity for party management in the future, but looking at the matter from a purely business point of view, either George Harper, of your county, or Sam'l McD. Tate, of this county, ought to be made Collector.

"He serves his party best, who serves his country best," and it will be found that Mr. Cleveland's "bean ideal" of an office holder is a man of the practical business cast rather than the most brilliant and successful ward or county hummer.

Tammany will send a delegation of 538 to the inauguration.

Turkey and Italy are looking corner-eyed at each other because the former thinks the latter is about to plow Mesopotamia in Egypt from her.

THE TERRIBLE MACE.

Mr. White, of Kentucky, is not afraid of the Sergeant-at-Arms but a Silver Eagle Brings Him to Taw.

Rep. Sam'l Cong' Report, Feb. 6.

The mace, the official sign of authority of the sergeant-at-arms of the House, which called into use today to require Mr. White, of Kentucky, to take his seat, has been used very seldom in the history of the House. It is the first time for five years that it has been so used. Ordinarily there is no necessity for it, and it is doubted by many whether there was any real necessity for its use today, as Mr. White has been seated thousands of times without it. The mace is kept at the right of the Speaker at all times when the Speaker is in the chair. When the House goes into the committee of the whole, and the Speaker leaves the chair, the mace is taken out of the House, but it always is replaced when the Speaker or acting Speaker takes the gavel. The mace consists of a silver eagle about the size of a pigeon, fixed on a staff about three feet in height. It is understood that the subject will be renewed tomorrow by Mr. White, who will rise to a personal explanation. Mr. White will claim that a great outrage has been done him.

Mr. White rose to a question of privilege, but his first sentence convinced the Speaker pro tem. (Mr. Blackburn) that such a question was not presented, and he requested the gentleman to resume his seat, but Mr. White continued with his remarks. The Speaker directed the sergeant-at-arms to seat the gentleman, and Deputy Sergeant Hill proceeded to perform his duty, but without carrying his emblem of office.

Mr. White declined to recognize his authority, and Mr. Hill rushed for his mace and proceeded toward Mr. White, who took his seat, but who in a moment was again on his feet to a matter of personal privilege. "When I was occupying my place on this floor," he said, "the sergeant-at-arms came to me, a citizen, without the semblance of authority, and attempted to seat me."

The Speaker pro tem.—The sergeant-at-arms went under the direction of the chair, the Chair having repeatedly ruled that the gentleman was not in order and requested him to take his seat, which he persistently refused to do. [Applause on the democratic side.] "I desire to debate the question," said Mr. White.

Mr. Hammond made the point of order, which was sustained by the Chair, that, no appeal having been taken, debate was not in order.

ROBESON'S CROATAN INDIANS.

Hamilton McMillan Tells of Them.

Col. Cameron in the Asheville Citizen.

I was much interested the other day by a bill introduced by Mr. McMillan of Robeson, providing for separate schools for the Croatan Indians in Robeson county. I knew there were many people of Indian origin in that county, but supposed they were of the same nature as the Seminoles of Florida, wandering vagabonds, outlaws, without name or tribe. How then was the name Croatan, a tribe of the north-east coast of North Carolina, applicable to them? So I went to Mr. McMillan for information. He is a man of intelligence and information, and he gave me a history which is not only interesting, but of startling historical importance.

Those familiar with the history of the early settlement of North Carolina will recall the history of the lost colony of John White. This man was sent out by Sir Walter Raleigh, in 1587, to found a colony. One hundred and seventy men, women and children were left on Roanoke Island. White (the grandfather of Virginia Dare, the first white child of English blood born in America) remained but a few weeks with his colony, returning to England for supplies and assistance. He remained abroad three years, forgetting his colony in his interest in the defense of England against the great Spanish Armada. When he did return, the colony had disappeared, leaving no trace except the word "Croatan" cut into the bark of a tree. No authentic record of the colony has ever been had. It

disappeared from history as if it never had been.

Now, Mr. McMillan says that these Croatan Indians of Robeson county claim to be the descendants of the white colony, by intermarriage with the whites. They say that their traditions say that the people we call the Croatan Indians (though they do not recognize that name as that of a tribe, but only a village, and that they were Tuscaroras), were friendly to the whites; and finding them destitute and despairing of ever receiving aid from England, persuaded them to leave the island, and go the main land. They intermarried with the whites, learned the English language, and abandoned their own tongue. They gradually drifted away from their original seats, and at length settled in Robeson, about the centre of the county. The first deed extant for that county was issued in 1732 to Henry Berry and James Lowry, progenitors of the famous Henry Berry Lowry.

Mr. McMillan says they preserve the English language as it was spoken in the days of Chaucer; using many words obsolete, or only spoken in the rural districts of England, their pronunciation being also antiquated and peculiar. They have only two sounds for the letter "a," a flat one and a very broad one, as for instance:—"fayther" for father, "mon" for man; or the same sound we give in "walk," "talk," &c.

He says they claim only the mixed blood of the white and Indians, and are indignant that they are charged with having negro blood in their veins, and feel very sensibly the humiliation of being classed as an inferior and degraded people, when they have the proud consciousness of believing through their traditions of being the pure and unadulterated descendants of a lost colony of full blooded English people, and a noble race of aboriginals. Certainly, if their traditions are true, they have been subjected to cruel usage, and may reasonably rebel upon the injustice which has classed them with the vagabond creation of all bloods and races. Henry Berry Lowry was one of them; and so were many I knew, whom in my ignorance I might scorn for their taint of negro blood.

It may be added that these Croatans never speak, or rather do not recognize the name North Carolina. It is all Virginia to them, as it was in 1587. They were staunch loyalists during the revolutionary war, owing to their attachment to the home of their white ancestry.

Mr. McMillan informs me that he is preparing an article on this subject, which he has been investigating diligently for some years, for the "North American Review."

He says the bill for separate schools is due to the fact that their numbers (about 2,000) and their sense of indignity at being classed as negroes and inferiors, justifies such provision.

LEGISLATIVE TOPICS.

SENATE—Feb. 9.

Among the petitions presented was one from Mr. Hackett from Mulberry township, Wilkes county, asking that W. P. Absher be made a Justice of the Peace.

Bill to improve law of evidence made special order on its 3d reading for Thursday.

Passed third reading: To allow Wake to levy a special tax; to allow town of Wilson to issue bonds; to amend section 2832 of Code in regard to killing deer; to amend section 2821 of Code in regard to lands adjoining stock law territory; to extend provisions of section 1680 of Code in regard to time of Railroad Companies beginning work in the construction of their roads; to amend section 560 of Code; to amend section 73 of Code in regard to bonds of Superior Court Clerks and Registers of Deeds.

Bill to provide for heating the Capitol building by steam and to make necessary repairs was, upon motion of Mr. Todd, recommitted to committee on public buildings.

HOUSE—Feb. 9.

Passed third reading: To allow Pender county to build a court house; to establish a graded school at Brevard; to amend sections 324-6 of Code; to amend section 1082 of Code; to repeal ch. 126, laws of 1879; in relation to gates crossing highways; to establish Obids town-

ship in Ashe; to amend chapter 43 Code; to allow Clerks of Inferior Court in Hertford, Lenoir, Mecklenburg, Halifax, Ashe, Martin and Iredeil counties to take probate of deeds.

The bill to amend section 1848 of Code so as to allow mills to take toll by weight instead of measure was referred to the committee on agriculture.

SENATE—Feb. 10.

Mr. Hackett presented a petition from Calvin J. Cowles and E. W. Scott relative to the payment of the State debt.

Mr. Bower introduced a bill to incorporate Elk Park, Mitchell county.

Several hours were devoted to the discussion of a bill to authorize the Governor to buy for the State Library a certain number of copies of Sloan's History of North Carolina, which failed to pass.

HOUSE—Feb. 10.

Among the bills introduced was one to incorporate the town of Morganton.

Bills passed: To amend the charter of Raleigh; to raise a joint committee to elect trustees of the University.

Bill relating to State Board of Health was made a special order for Tuesday.

Another special order, the bill to increase the number of judicial districts from nine to thirteen, came up. There were two minority reports, one suggesting fifteen, the other twelve districts. The debate on the bill was lengthy. Remarks were made Messrs. Jones, of Buncombe; Pritchard, Womack, Dixon and Leazar.

HOW TO RAISE TOBACCO.

Wilson Advance.

I planted twenty acres of tobacco last year. I did not keep an itemized statement of the cost of the crop, but it will not exceed sixty dollars per acre, ready for market, and its value depends entirely upon the manner of cultivation, curing and handling. From what I have sold I think my crop will be worth about twenty-five hundred dollars. I lost about five hundred dollars from imperfect cures. The net profit from one acre when well managed should not be less than one hundred dollars and ought to be more. My brother planted three and a half acres last year and will realize about seven hundred dollars from it. Mr. G. W. Ward, near Battleboro, planted four acres last year and has sold the tobacco from two acres for two hundred and eighty three dollars, after paying all expenses of selling, &c. Mr. Ward sold his tobacco with Messrs. T. P. Brauwel & Son at Battleboro. There was about seven hundred acres of tobacco planted in Nash last year and I know of no one who is not pleased with the results. I consider the cultivation of tobacco belongs almost entirely to small white farmers who do their own work themselves with the aid of their families. It is that class that has obtained the best prices and succeed best, but it will pay any one who plants cotton to put a part of their crop in tobacco, if they expect to do what they do well, but it will not pay to raise poor tobacco. Tobacco does not conflict with a cotton crop as much as I expected, for the trouble is over with cotton before the cultivation of tobacco counts much and the cultivation of cotton is over before we have any worms to hunt much. I shall continue to plant about the same average of cotton and tobacco that I did when I planted all cotton. Any good gray land, well adapted to cotton that's high and dry is all that is required to raise tobacco on. A little descent to take off the water is best. I would not advise planting tobacco after cotton, it does not grow off so well in the start. My experience is that any good manure for cotton is good for tobacco except swamp muck which I have not tried and would not recommend in large quantities. Cotton seed, stable manure, and all commercial fertilizers do well. I used a special fertilizer for tobacco, but could see no difference in that and the ordinary cotton fertilizer.

I would advise all who expect to go into the cultivation of tobacco extensively to procure some experienced help.

On the 9th near Oreston, Iowa, a train with two coaches and a sleeping car ran off a bridge and killed 7 persons.