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August 27th, 1884.

J. M. SPAINHOUR Graduate Baltimore Dental Gellege, Dentist.

Lenoir, N.C. Uses no Impure Material for Filling Teeth. Work as Low as Good Work can be Done. Patients from a distance may avoid delay by informing him at what time they

F. LEE CLINE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW HICKORY, N. C.

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EDMUND JONES, LENOIR, N. C.

CLINTON A. CILLEY. Attorney-At-Law, Lenoir, W. C.

Postion in All The Courts.

LETTER FROM THE SEA-SIDE.

WILMINGTON, Feb. 28.

MR. EDITOR :- In one of my first letters I promised to give your readers a view on board a vessel; this morning I will make good that promise. We will go to the foot of Dock street where we will find a British vessel, and of the largest class that can come to the port of Wilmington. She is registered for 649 tons burthen-1,298,000 pounds -can carry across the ocean 3245 bales of cotton, or 4635 ba rels of rosin. A cargo of cotton would be valued at about \$11,500-a cargo of rosin about \$6500. Across the stern of the vessel we

read her name, Harriet Campbell. Now let us imagine ourselves taking a view of this vessel entirely above the surface, clear her deck of masts. rigging, etc., and she would look like the half of a huge watermelon lying on the back. In length she measures 180 feet, in width at centre 42 feet, hight from keel to rim around deck 40 feet, or twice the hight of usual two-storev buildings. Now raise your eyes and view the masts and rigging, two masts, each 120 feet high and 26 inches in di ameter at base, one 90 feet, these masts are made of timbers jointed together after the manner of flag poles, only far more secure. To these masts are fastened huge cross pieces, the two lower ones 42 feet in length, about 14 inches in diameter at the centre, and gradually tapers to a small point at the ends. These pieces are smaller and shorter towards the top of the masts. To hold the masts and rigging to their proper places requires about 205 ropes averaging 50 feet in length-10250 feet of roping. From these masts 2350 yards of sails float to the breezes of old ocean, and on average time these breezes will move the vessel across the Atlantic in 40 days.

Some times these ropes, sails, etc. get out of order. Then a sailor whose special business it is to climb the masts must go up by means of rope ladders and re-arrange them. At the top of the masts a man looks like a five year old boy. This climbing of the masts is the most dangerous work on board a vessel as it must be done at all times, even while the roughest storms are raging o'er the bosom of the great deep. At times when the sea is very rough and the vessel being tossed about like a cork lies as it were on the side these tall masts hang far out over the water. Imagine the sailor clinging with one hand to the trembling timbers, while with the other he arranges the disordered gearing. I have heard them tell of being thrown from the mast at these times and how they battled with the waves until taken on board. Just here I will say that a person will not sink as quickly in

salt, as in fresh water. But just there over the bow of the vessel hang her anchors each weighing 1250 pounds, and each fastened to chain 80 fathoms in length, 480 feet-weight of chain 55 pounds to the fathom-4400 pounds. The links in this chain are 6 inches long, 11 inches in diameter, and the chain is wound about a windlass the shaft of which is 28 inches in diameteras large as any of your old millwheel shafts. These anchors hold the old ship "both sure and steadfast"-no wonder Paul used it to illustrate the nature of the christian's faith. Both anchors are used only in times of extreme danger, one will hold the ship steady in ordinary gales. The anchor is almost in shape of the letter "T" with ends of top part of letter curving toward the stem and flattened like the blade of the eld "Ame's shovel" with which you and I have so often thrown blue and red mud.

But there, by the masts on either side, are made secure two large casks; these contain 115 gallons each of fresh water for cooking and drinking during the voyage. For fear that this will not be enough for 13 men to use in case of prolonged voyage several barrels of water are

taken on board. Now we look at the cabin, near the rear or stern of the vessel. house about 26 x 16, and 9 feet in height with flat roof and sky-light windows; this is divided into 8 or 10 cozy little rooms; the sleeping apartments of the sailors, furnished with necessary articles of the toilet. The captain's room looks like a parlor se nicely is it furnished. To use the captain's own words "the ocean

rocks me to sleep at night and makes me dream of the little crib of baby days."

Next we look at the "galley"—the kitchen and dining room, size 12 x 18 feet, kitchen furnished just like any other, only the stove has an iron frame about the top to keep the vessels from turning over when the sea is rough. The dining room has its tables and chairs, but often when old ocean is "wrathy" they have to eat like those people did before dishes were made- "with hands and fin-

Next we will notice the apparatus for governing the course of the ship; these consists of a wheel about four feet in diameter around the shaft of which winds or unwinds the chain fastened to the rudder, and by which the rudder is made to direct the vessel in whatever direction the wheelman may direct it to go. "Behold also the ships, which though they be so great \* \* \* yet are they turned about with a very small helm" James 30 4v.

There back at the centre of the ship we find an opening 10x12 feet. Through this we descend into the "hold," or what a boomer would term the cellar of the ship. When standing on the bottom timbers of this our heads are 11 feet under water. In this vast space the cargo is stored away. The packing away begins in the centre of the hold and proceeds towards the ends of the ship; by thus beginning the cargo packs itself, as the ends are higher than the centre. To look at the tremendous beams, bolts etc., that are used in the construction of a ship one would hardly think that she could so soon be made "a poor old stranded wreck."

A look at the sailors. What dirty fellows! "Tars" sure enough; for they look as if they had been rolled in tar and then slid up and down on a board till they glistened. Poor fellows! How much do we owe to them for many of the blessings of life that they bring to us from dis-

The captain is a well dressed fellow-the aristocrat of the number. How saucy he is; cursing and swearing at the poor sailors who seemed to be working for life. I felt like "spanking" him. I did tell him that perhaps they would do as he wanted them if he would use gentler language. To "curse like a sailor" is simply to reach the high-tide mark in prefanity. But there are some good men among sailors, and when we find one we find a man who has the respect and confidence of his

But it is a very mean thing that cannot be turned into some good. and an old sea captain tells that he once knew a preacher who thanked God that the sailors were cursing ; hence if the divine was sincere there must have been apparent good in it, especially for him. I will give the incident and leave the reader to his own opinion of the sincerity or fright of the parson. The preacher had started across the ocean and when far out at sea a terrible storm came up. Naturally the preacher sought comfort in asking the captain as to the danger of being lost. The captain told him that there was no danger of being wrecked or lost as long as the sailors were cursing. In possession of this information the "doubting Thomas" would tramp back and forth from sailors to captain eagerly watching this immoral and satanic barometer as it measured the force of the storm. When the storm was raging in its wildest fury he listened for a second to the cursing, then running back to the captain he said "thank the Lord they're 'cursing' yet."

But truthful sailors say that 'tis a fact that when there is great danger of being wrecked at sea there is no cursing among the sailors. All are quiet and subdued while he that rideth in the storm is blowing his breath over the bosom of the mighty

This brings us to remember that often a poor sailor sickens and dies when far out on the ocean. Then comes the seaman's sad burial service. The dead man's body is sewed up in heavy canvass cloth, to the feet are fastened leaden weights almost as heavy as the man himself; the body is then placed on a smooth plank, the centre of which rests on the railing of the vessel and while in this position the burial service is read after which the plank is raised by two sailors designated for the sad

duty, and the body plunges into its deep grave never to rise until the morn of the resurrection when the sea shall be called upon to give up her dead. What a sad burial. No tender parent there, nor sister's quiet prayer, indeed "there is a lack of woman's tears." No dear one can visit the place in twilight's dewy hour and breathe there an evening prayer, or leave there a full blown

flewer. Now we leave the vessel and turn to other things. A most interesting study at a seaport is the great variety of human life with which one comes in contact. On any day one can see vessels from nearly all the European countries-most usually from England, Germany, France, Norway, Denmark, Italy and Russia. Then we see them from the West Indies and South America. There is always a rush when it is known that a West Indies fruit vessel has reached her wharf, laden with lemons, oranges, bananas, pine apples, cocoanuts, etc. On board these vessels you see men from many nations and each has peculiar characteristics that will identify him at

Here comes a squabby, jostling, jelly-like, beer-gurgling, generous, cleverly covetous German. He looks as if from a land of materialistic

There goes with a quick, elastic step, the raw-boned, muscular English sailor; he is darting about the city as if his keen eye was searching out the Queen's business. He walks, he talks as if from a land of progressive intelligence.

There you see a slovenly, awkward, swathy looking fellow, with expressionless eye, and countenance with deadened pallor; he is a Spanish sailor, a fit representative of a land where individual thought has been stifled for centuries and mental prowess made stagnant by the decrees of tyrannical ecclesiasticism.

The Portugese sailor, in looks and manner, is very much after the style of the Spaniard, but manifests a more daring or independent spirit than his national neighbor from the fact that so many of them desert their vessels when they reach our shores and seek homes among our

Then comes the musical Italian, low, heavy built, very dark with poetic tinge to glance of eye and tone of voice-he will give you plenty of music and then after good old Methodist fashion, will pass around his hat for a half dime, and unless you desire a satanic blessing in rapid speech you had better not get too much music without throwing in-he will brand you as a fraud which would be too near the truth

to be palatable. There is another fellow who looks as if he had stolen some one's milk crock, cut it squarely intwo and had taken the bottom half thereof, painted it red, put a red tassel in the centre and wearing it for a hat It is almost as bad a sham as some of the ladies wear now-o-days. This last named chap is a Turk, and will try to sell you relics from Jerusalem.

Other interesting characters are, the Russian, Norwegian, South American, Indian, to whose complexions the copper cent bears very striking resemblance.

Another thing noticeable among the people at and around seaports is how they adopt in conversation the language or peculiar terms of expression used among sailors. The common conversation of the sailor becomes the "slang" of the populace. For instance in speaking of a man who breaks in business they say "he is sinking," "his head's under water." Or of making a "corner" in a bargain they say "I'll tack on him." If two fellows get into a narrel you'll hear such language as "I'll go aboard you" or "I'll wreck you." They say much more than they mean—the best fighters say the least. In these days we need more

work and less gush. Now, Mr. Editor and readers, this will close my regular descriptive letters from the seaside-will give the remainder in broken doses. I thank you sincerely for the space you have given me in your excellent paper. The sketches have been hurriedly written, therefore imperfectly. I am conscious of having made mistakes, but if none criticise but those who are free from error, then my critics will be few. If in them you've found merit applaud; is demerit spread over it the gorgeous mantle of charity "for blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy." So one and all; when a life of error is done may gems of joy, and pearls of peace sparkle in your "crown of rejoicing."

HERNDON TUTTLE.

## MR. BOWER'S SPEECH ON THE EX-CONFED-ERATE PENSION BILL IN THE SENATE.

Reasons Why This Humans Act Should Command Steelf to Every Patriotic Person---Preper Gratitude to the Brave.

Mr. Bower said :

MR. PRESIDENT: Observation and study have taught me there exist here, as elsewhere, two distinct classes of legislators,-characterized by the motives which impel them to action. I hardly know by what terms to designate them unless we distinguish them as the realists and the sentimentalists. To one class everything that is useless and practical addresses itself with special force, while to the other the strongest impulse to action is often naked, blind, and uncalculating sentiment. The first are always painstaking and parsimonious, though generally safe representatives, while the latter, though lofty and disinterested in motive, are usually speculative and unreliable repositories of public trust. The first are all facts and figures, the latter all feeling and heart. The latter move to the music of the noblest passions of the human breast, the former keep time to the "eloquent chink" of dollars and cents. These two distinct, but by no means reprehensible types of representatives, are strikingly illustrated in the occupants of this chamber. They exist as checks and counter-chocks upon each other. But distinctions are invidious, and I shall not enter upon so delicate a classification. I have attempted in my short legislative career to blend as far as possible in happy composition the two prominent traits of both classes, and thus bring to bear in my official conduct a proper degree of mingled economy and liberality. The measure before us is to be settled by an appeal to the heart or to the purse. To my mind it presents the strongest merit, founded, as it is, in the most rigid justice and the noblest sentiment. A preliminary question that claims our investigation is our financial ability to meet the expenditure contemplated by this act. Much as our hearts may plead for the measure if upon a calm survey of our situation we find ourselves unable, pecuniarily, to meet its demands, it should fall to the ground. A donation that oppresses the giver, is not a gratuity, but an exaction. Thanks, however, to the wise counsels that have prevailed in the past, such is not our condition. If the report of our Treasurer be at all réliable we have never been in a better situation to respond to the dictates of kindness and benevolence than now. Our treasury is overflowing, while the rate of taxation was never lower than to-day. It would almost seem that, that hideous bugbear, a surplus, is upon us.

Our State debt is a mere bagatelle -anticipating the favorable action of Congress in respect to the Blair bill, we are soon to be relieved of any contribution to the educational fund, or at any rate our appropriations in this direction are to be greatly diminished. We are told by those authorized to speak and competent to advise, that a levy of ten cents upon one hundred dollars valnation of property will be sufficient to meet the obligations of our State government the coming year. Our financial status as a State is indeed enviable. We have passed beyond the pale of any momentary stringencv. or even embarrassment. In point of State-credit and pecuniary ability, we are as prominent, as lofty and as fixed figuratively speaking, as the rocks of Gibralter.

Was there ever a time then so propitious as this for inaugurating measure of kindness, of love, -of meagre charity, to the limbless heroes and bereaved heroines of the "Lost Cause." Now when the lapse of twenty years has to a great extent neutralized or at least modified the passions and prejudices of the late war, and gilded with the mellow halo of distances, the glorious achievements of that memorable contest, now when the bickerings of party are for the time hushed, now when the nation stands tip-toe awaiting the herald of a new sectional love and a new restored union, now when our beloved old commonwealth has arisen in her might and shaken from her limbs the manacles of sloth, inactivity and want, now when our hearts swell with sympa-

money, now is the time, the accepted time, to do meagre justice to the unfortunate living and the unforgotten dead: It is true we can never hope to emulate the national munificence in this regard. Circumscribed as we are in territorial extent, and in wealth, and in sources of revenue, our pensions must appear to our national representatives as trifling and unimportant, but it is none the less our duty to bestow

And who are to be the recipients ofour bounty? The Confederate soldier occupies a strange position in modern history. Though conquered he is theoretically and practically on a plane with his conqueror. His defeat was the restoration of complete national citizenship. In the exercise of every right and in the enjoyment of every national boon save one, he is the peer of his antagonist who wore the "blue." One thing only marks a distinction. The one is the ward of the nation, honored for his services and compensated for his sufferings, the other is banned for his gallantry, and for his devotion to his home excluded from the generosity of his government. I invite your minds to the contemplation of the contrast. Two men from the bosom of the same family, nur ished at one common breast step forth in life. The fortune of one carries him north of the Mason and Dixon line, the other lingers in the sunny clime of his southern home, happy mid the scenes of his nativity. The years glide by, and at length war's dread alarm is heard in the land. Prompt to the dictates of duty, and responsive to the call of his country, each buckles on his sword and marches to the front. In battle they meet, they contend, they bleed. Each leaves a limb on the field of battle, a souvenir to duty and patriotism. What is the result? He who fought under the stars and stripes, returns to his home, and an applauding country welcomes him with extended arms to its gratitude and its love. Nor is this all. The treasury of that country is open to him and a pension of two hundred and odd dollars per annum secures him against want and discomfort. How different it is with the poor weather-beaten Confederate. He too returns to his home, but 'tis to a home made barren and desolate by the ravages of war to a family in poverty and rags, to a State too poor to extend even a pittance to alleviate his misfortunes. Doubtless he exhibited upon the field all the endurance and indomitable pluck which constitute the true soldier. The fiery dashing spirit of Ney, the unvielding courage of Turenne were his. But alas! with his wounds are unpensioned and chivalry unrequit-But I rejoice that this act, taken

years since, will to some extent remove the inequality of which I have spoken. By an act passed in the year 1876, we have sent an eloquent and touching message to the blind soldiers of the State. To those unfortunate heroes we have said : We cannot indeed restore to you the glorious blessing of sight. To you the cheering landscape and the green fields that waken to eestasy the swelling heart of boyhood shall rest in memory only as a sweet dream of the past. But we have seen your distress and our money is yours. And, sir, believe me, though shut out from the light of day and wrapped in perpetual darkness, the keen eye of gratitude will peer forth from his soldier heart, and see in undimmed light and unmarred beauty the form of his benefactor. Then, sir, there is a moving pathos in the provisions of this act. Through it we say to the unfortunate maimed soldier : "Sir, we cannot give back to you the limb lost in the carnage of battle. Long since it has resolved itself into its original dust. To us belongs not the power to bid nature's particles coalesce or reanimate the cold and lifeless clay, we cannot restore the symmetry and grace of manhoods form but a part at least of our wealth shall be dedicated to thy use; and when this announcement shall go forth over all the State, the halt, the lame, the limbless veterans shall in their hearts leap with gladness and joy.

in connection with one passed a few

But, sir, to me there is one feature in this bill especially gratifying, and calculated to redeem it from any possible adverse criticism. thy and our coffers o'erflow with I allude to that provision which

looks to the interests of the widows of Confederate soldiers, those honored relicts of dead heroes. It is no less a kindness to these worthy women than a tribute to those whose treasured names they bear. And what men they were! What deeds they did! What a fate was theirs! Their graves may be seen upon every field of battle and in almost every consecrated plat of ground from the Potomac to the Atlantic ocean. They dot our lowlands and our vallevs of the East, and how many of them alas! are nestling upon the hill-tops and in the little vales that girt my own mountain home. They can now be affected neither by our criticism nor our commendation.

Their good swords are rust, Their bones are dust, Their spirits are with God, I trust.

As in life their splendid deeds gave a lustre to Southern arms, and to the cause which they espoused. so in death they have set a seal upon their own and their country's glory. Let us honor them anew by aiding those whom they loved best, and around whom their dearest thoughts clustered while upon earth.

## Sketch of the Smith Family in Caldwell.

George Smith, Sr., was born in Germany in May, A. D. 1768. His father, George or Henry, (not certain as to his given name,) came to America with his family about 1778 and settled in Lincoln county, not far from Lincolnton, where he raised his family.

George Smith, Sr., was about ten years old when his father landed in this county. He grew up and married in Lincoln county, N. C. His wife's maiden name was Catherine Raider. She was born in Sept. A. D. 1770. Soon after his marriage he moved to Caldwell county, then Burke, and settled where M. D. Smith now lives, in the same house in which he lives. He raised eleven children to be grown, seven boys and four girls; all of whom removed to the west except two, George and Henry.

Henry settled where L. S. Hartley, Esq., now lives. He raised a large family and died at a good old

George Smith, Sr., died in 1851, aged 83 years. His wife had preceded him. She died in 1845, aged 75 years.

Their son, George Smith, Jr., was born Oct. 10th, 1797 and married Susan Sherrill, daughter of Isaac Sherrill, Sr. She was born Nov. 6th, 1800. He settled where Rev. G. D. Sherrill now lives, lived there a few years and moved back to his father's, and cared for his father and mother in their old age, where he continued to live until his death, He raised ten children to be grown, seven boys and three girls. He died March 22d, 1878, aged nearly 82 years. His wife had preceded him, having died June 30th, 1876, aged

Their son, M. D. Smith, Esq., was born January 1835, and married Miss Sarah J. Cottrell, daughter of Wm. Cottrell, in Feb. 1859. She was born in June, 1838. They settled with the old people at the old homestead, and cared for them in the infirmities of old age, and still live at the same place, in the same house, with some improvements to

Here are some singular facts. George Smith, Sr., in the house where our fellow citizen, M. D. Smith, now lives, 24 miles from Lenoir, about the year 1807, raised eleven children to be grown. He lived to be 83 years old and his wife 75. His son George Smith, Jr., lived in the same house and raised ten children to be grown. He lived to be 81 years old, and his wife 76. His son, M. D. Smith, the owner and occupant of the old homestead, has nine children, and there has never been a death in the house except the four old people, who all filled out the measure of their three score and ten, and the two old gentlemen more than four score years each. Then, like shocks of corn fully ripe, they were gathered to their fathers, full of years and with reputations unsullied. The sum of the ages of the four old peeple is 315 years.

George Smith, Sr., purchased the place from one Howell who had built the house and made some other improvements as much as twentyfive years before Smith purchased. So the place has been settled at least one hundred years, and there has never been a death, so far as I have been able to learn, of a person under 75 years of age, upon the premises, and there have been thirty children

raised in the house. W. A. Pool.