

THE LENOIR TOPIC.

W. W. SCOTT, Jr., Editor and Publisher.

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THE LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

Interesting Phases of Human Nature as Seen in a Great City—The Abode of Luxury and the Haunts of Woe and Wickedness.

NEW YORK, June 15.

To the Editor of The Lenoir Topic:

No other city on the American continent offers such attractions to the student of human nature as New York. We wish to see the bright side first, that is, the evidences of wealth, the magnificence and luxury, and for that purpose leisurely stroll along Fifth Avenue, where all the surroundings are suggestive of a prodigal expenditure of money. We wonder: at the splendid buildings, homes of the rich, admire the elegant toilets and pretty faces and regard with astonishment the never-ending procession of attenuated youths in tight plaid casings, and shiny hats and slippers, on the polished surfaces of which sunbeams merrily dance. Watch them feebly twirl their silver-knobbed canes and look up languidly through their single glass as though to say, "Fifth Avenue, doncher naw." Presently we come upon a couple of ugly, angular brick houses that mark the line of brownstones and we feel disposed to inquire what parsimonious individual has dared to invade this sacred precinct of the Almighty Dollar. Our surprise is natural at finding that they are the residences of the Astors, the largest real estate owners in America, if not in the world. The plainness of these buildings is brought into greater prominence by the nearness of the

STEWART MANSION.

just one door up. The possession of that piece of property alone would make one a millionaire. It is of marble, carved and fretted and chiseled, and is one of the most imposing structures in the city. The great merchant prince built it some years before his death, and his widow is said to be at present its sole occupant. Its interior reflects the perfection of artistic furnishing and decoration, splendid paintings, statuary, tapestries and other works of art. But, with all its elegance, there is something about the Stewart mansion that brings to mind a splendid prison, a sort of magnificent mausoleum.

OTHER NOTABLE DWELLINGS.

A few blocks further up the Avenue is a large double brown-stone, fashioned in the height of architectural elegance. Its owner and occupant is reported to be the possessor of more money than the entire State of North Carolina is valued at on the tax books. William H. Vanderbilt is the man. In the same neighborhood are the costly residences of two of his sons, the homes of Gould, Sloan, Gebhardt (the parental roof of the Lily's American love) and hundreds of others just as rich, costly and beautiful.

THE CATHEDRAL.

Our attention is attracted by an immense, majestic pile of marble, rising to a bewildering height in graceful spires and turrets. The building occupies an entire block. The money spent on it would buy out the county of Caldwell, bag and baggage, at its assessed value, and the money required to finish it by the addition of a few colossal steeples would build another Lenoir and leave enough over to pave the streets and put in gas and water works. Such is St. Patrick's Cathedral, which has been many years in building and represents the offerings of tens of thousands of Irish servant girls and common day laborers. It is well worth while to attend services, which are being conducted. We enter the arched doorway, invest twenty-five cents each in a reserved seat, and an accommodating usher conducts us up the aisle. The vast auditorium is indescribably beautiful. A flood of yellow light from myriad candles imparts a radiance to the immaculate raiment of innumerable choristers. The walls are hung with rich pictures; life-size figures of the saints look down from their niches far over head. When services are concluded we inspect the works of art at our leisure.

THE PRIDE OF NEW YORK.

We have seen Fifth Avenue, the great centre of wealth and fashion, and have a desire to visit the haunts of the lower million. It is Saturday night and we turn in the direction of the Bowery. Nearly every nation under the sun is represented in the throng that surges along the pavements, and the great majority of them are of the laboring classes. The fierce, whispered Scandinavian jostles the swarthy Italian into the gutter; Erin's sons and daughters hurl their deadly brogue at their arch-enemy, the red-faced, phlegmatic Dutchman; the meek Celestial scurries are unmindful of the jibes of ruffians; and the Frenchman is there with his never-ending z's, the Spaniard, the Cockney Englishman, the Turk, the Southern dandy, such a conglomeration of unwashed, unkempt humanity! Such a jamming and jibbering and swearing in eighteen languages. Never before had we realized what a bless-

ed thing it is to be a linguist in order to make one's expletives intelligible to foreign tramps of assorted nationalities who are continually digging him in the ribs at every turn. Self-preservation as much as anything else induced us to dodge into a

BEER-GARDEN.

A thousand men and women seated at small tables are clinking glasses and swallowing their beer with evident relish. A cloud of smoke from hundreds of cigars floats up to the roof and out through the open sky-lights. There are visions of men and women in white aprons, flitting about here, there and every where, with huge trays of plates and glasses. Thirty or forty young women attired in red dresses that terminate with picturesque abruptness just above the region of the knee, are making considerable melody on a variety of instruments. Now the strains have died away; a young man and woman come forward and go through with an excruciating character song in German. A Niagara of applause greets this effort, the players bow and smile and clear their throats for business, and we make a desperate lunge for the door to escape the infliction.

IN THE ITALIAN QUARTER.

From the Bowery we turn into Mulberry street and enter the heart of the Italian quarter. Groups of women are seated around the basement doors with nursing infants at their breasts, engaged in excited discussion in their native jibberish. Chasing each other through the narrow street and breathing the poisonous gases that arise from unconfined sewage are scores of weazen-faced, untidy children. We peer into one of the crowded tenements. There, women and children are huddled together promiscuously preparing for sleep—a hundred of them in a room. Even the roof is utilized for this purpose—one that we visited serving as the bed-chamber for 137 human beings! Filth reigns supreme in these places, which give out an unbearable stench, and there is about them an air of misery, want, wretchedness, disease, death.

THE HEATHEN CHINESE.

From Mulberry street we re-enter the Bowery and then go to Mott street, to pay John Chinamen a visit. John hangs out there to the exclusion of pretty much every one and everything else, for when he brings around his pig-tail and "washee" not even the Italian can find much pleasure in the vicinity. We find him at home in force, attired in his loose blue blouse, soft hat and thick-soled sandals. He is lounging about the front door shouting tea-chest lingo, and takes no further notice of us than to look up lazily out of his queer little bias-set eyes. We pass a Chinese restaurant, but withstanding the allurements of fillet de mus and rodent a-la-mode, take a short cut through to Baxter street.

"DOT CO-AT SO SHEEP AS DIRT."

Since the world begun, where did all the cast-off clothing come from? We look in store after store with amazement, and wonder if the whole world has sold out its ward-robos preparatory to practicing dress reform with loin clothes. Each enterprising establishment has two or three street canvassers, who not only solicit but actually drag the helpless victim into their lair, by force of arms. We stopped to see a father in Israel yank in a struggling wayfarer who had no escort. He actually called for help and Rachel sallied out and assisted him in finishing the job; and then we fled to escape similar treatment.

WHO SAID BONNETS?

Division street next claims our attention. It is inhabited by a race of milliners, in fact is Baxter street over with women in the place of men and bonnets and ribbons instead of clothing. The denizens of this quarter are quite as impudent as the fends of Baxter, and as they are women we cannot knock them down, or even swear at them or threaten to sound the police alarm. In vain we explain that we have no present use for head-gear—much less female head-gear. Six women lay violent hands on us and—but let us draw a veil over our ignominious defeat.

THE HAUNT OF CRIME.

From the Bowery again we next turn into Hester street, the seat of more iniquity, pure and unalloyed, than any other portion of the city. It is noted as the resort of desperate criminals, burglars, sneaks, murderers, foot-pads and abandoned women in the last stages of decline. Nearly every house is a "dive," where these characters resort, and hardly one of them could it speak, but would tell a horrible tale of the shedding of human blood. Not far from us is Burglar Red Leary's dive, where Burglar Walsh murdered Burglar Irving in a dispute over the division of plunder and was himself murdered by Burglar Porter. Just in front of us is the "dive" of the notorious Billy McGlory, whose wickedness has given him a national notoriety. We enter the basement by a short flight of steps and come into a low-pitched room used as a bar and dance hall. On a small platform in the corner two men are grinding villainous sounds from a couple of violins. Fallen women with hollow cheeks and sunken eyes are whirled around in the embraces of stalwart ruffians. Some of them are drunk and reel through the figure, lunging this way and that, their blunders evoking a storm of shocking profanity. We decline pressing invitations to participate in the dance, and appease the wrath of the refused damsels by a "set up" to a vile beverage that not even they dared to more than taste, and we

seize the occasion to look for more congenial companionship. We have seen more of the varied phases of human nature—its light and shadows, the comic side, the serious and the vicious, in a few hours than it would be possible to see outside of a great city during a life-time. CALDWELL.

AN IMPORTANT ARREST.

A Gang of Bar-Burners and Robbers Pursued from North Carolina into Tennessee, and Run to Earth in Carter County, Where They had a Store Filled with Stolen Goods.

For some time, probably a month or so, the citizens living on Cove Creek and Beaver Dams Creek in Watauga county have suspected that there was an organized band of robbers operating in those neighborhoods. These suspicions were grounded upon the fact that the barns, smoke houses and other out-houses of many of the citizens were frequently entered and provisions and household plunder stolen. The nuisance became so great that a close watch was kept up and efforts were made to detect the marauders.

On the 9th of this month some person on Cove Creek found that his smoke house had been robbed on the night before, and at once a party was made up to trace the thieves, if possible, to their hiding place. Their trail, which led across the line into Tennessee, was followed, and on the 10th the party met Joe Dotson, Henry Johnson and another man whose name we did not learn, coming towards the North Carolina line and carrying a lot of empty sacks. As Dotson is a notoriously bad fellow with the reputation of being almost an outlaw and as Johnson's character is not a great deal better, the three worthies were indubitably arrested and placed under duress, according to that unwritten but well-understood border law which prevails along the line, and which provides for hamstringing up a thief or an outlaw wherever he is found.

After this arrest the posse of citizens followed the trail and, making their prisoners take the back track, took them along with them and made them give much valuable information which finally led to their drawing up at a house in Carter county, Tennessee, which proved to be the lair of these bold robbers.

Here they found a woman, with whom Dotson was living, keeping house and attending to a little store which they had opened and which was furnished with a great variety of "seasonable goods," consisting of household and farming utensils, provisions &c., all stolen from the good citizens of Cove Creek and Beaver Dams. As the store had just been started it had drawn to it no trade and, wonderful to relate, almost every article that had been missed by the people who organized the search was found intact in this store, except a small pack.

TOWNS.

Lenoir (public square) 1,185; Patterson 1,279; Blowing Rock 4,090; Boone 3,242; Jefferson 2,940; Bakersville 2,550; Morganton 1,184; Asheville 2,350; Waynesville 2,756; Wilkesboro 1,043; Charlotte 725; Salisbury 760; Burnsville 2,840.

MOUNTAINS.

Hibriten 2,242; Table Rock 3,918; Hawk's Bill 4,090; Poore's Knob, (Wilkes county) 2,665; Pilot, (Surry county, 2,413; Grandfather 5,897; Flat Top, (Watauga county.) 4,537; Elk Knob 5,574; Negro Mt., (Ashe county,) 4,597; White Top, Va., 5,530; Gap, at head of Watauga and Linville rivers, 4,100; Beach Mt., 5,541; Snake Mt., 5,574; Roan 6,306; Mitchell's Peak 6,707.

Railroad Earnings.

Yorkville Enquirer.

The Chautauqua.

Black Mountain, June 17.

To the Editor of The Lenoir Topic:

Black Mountain is a small station on the W. N. C. R. R., about 15 miles east of Asheville, N. C. It has, in addition to a depot, store and some dwellings, a large and well kept hotel under the management of Mr. J. M. Stepp, who uses every means in his power to please his guests and make them comfortable. The hotel is pleasantly situated among the mountains and the scenery around affords a scene highly picturesque. The pure air, borne along by the gentle morning, noon and evening breezes, is bracing indeed, and makes one's cheeks glow with the flush of ruddy health.

This is the home of the North Carolina Teacher's Assembly for the year 1885. And no where could the weary teacher find a more healthy place to spend a few days for rest and recuperation, preparatory to again entering into his arduous labors in the school room this fall.

The Assembly met June 11, with a good attendance, and daily there have been additions, until the present time, when the number is over four hundred. There are all kinds of teachers and those interested in educational work. There are old teachers and young teachers, and a majority are ladies. Surely no school in the State will be without a live and energetic teacher, and one acquainted with the modern and most improved methods of imparting instruction. The teacher who does not attend these late instituted

means for training in school-room work, will certainly be outstripped in the educational race by those who do, and finally be crowded and pushed out (as they ought to be) and will be compelled to seek some other employment for a livelihood.

It is a treat to any teacher to be here. Every opportunity for improvement and pleasure is afforded him. The morning is taken up in lecturing and discussing the methods and principles of teaching, together with talks and hints on school government and discipline. It is understood and subscribed to by the Chautauqua that the rules of etiquette be suspended to a certain extent and in a certain direction. If you wear the "badge" you have an exclusive right to assume the acquaintance of any other one who does the same thing. There is intelligence and beauty both represented in the noble corps of teachers now gathered together at the long-looked-for Chautauqua. HEIGHT.

Mt. Zion, Wilkes County, N. C.

June 15, 1885.

To the Editor of The Lenoir Topic:

I have recently returned from the "gold diggings" on the waters of Mulberry, Wilkes county, and will give you a few items relative to the same. Our company, consisting of four, commenced working in Rich Mountain gulch, on the 1st instant, using sluice boxes the same as the miners do on the Pacific coast. We worked about two weeks and averaged about a dirt a day to the hand, and if we had a sufficient supply of water, we could make four times as much just as easily. Some of the gold is exceedingly fine and some rather on the coarse order. The largest piece we found is worth about two dollars and a half. We are prospecting for the main lead and expect to find it at no distant day. The gold we are taking out is of an excellent quality, being worth about one dollar per dw.

There are many other places in this vicinity, both on the waters of Mulberry and Roaring river, which would pay well if properly developed.

Another company speaks of opening a claim on the waters of Roaring river soon. If they do, they will undoubtedly succeed; for there is a great deal of gold in this locality. If we had plenty of prospectors here as energetic as they are on the Pacific coast, the gold which now lies hidden beneath the boulders and pebbles in our streams, benefitting no one, would soon be brought up to the light of day and put in circulation among the people. But a great many of our people here are afraid to expend a dollar for the purpose of developing our mineral resources, lest they should never see it, or its equivalent. There is plenty of money here if we only had the courage to go to work and "dig it out" and if we are too penurious and indolent to do so, it is no matter for us if we do suffer for the want of it. T. C. L.

Heights of a few of the Towns and Mountain Peaks in Western N. C.

The table below is compiled from Prof. Kerr's report.

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STATE TOPICS.

The number of pensioners in the State is estimated at 4,000.

The Farmer and Mechanic and State Chronicle, Raleigh, have consolidated.

W. P. Connelly, Esq., has been appointed store-keeper by Collector Dowd in Ireland.

Gen. John A. Young has been appointed postmaster at Charlotte, and A. H. (Baldy) Boyden at Salisbury.

Capt. Ben Newland has bought the Hedister property on Patton Avenue, Asheville, and will become a resident of that city.

TIMELY TOPICS.

Asiatic cholera in Spain.

The Bartholdi statue has arrived in New York.

Gen. Grant is at Mt. McGregor in the Catskills and is worse.

The Marquis of Salisbury has accepted the English Premiership and will form a cabinet.

Cluverius has been sentenced to be hanged on the 20th of November. His only chance now is an appeal to the Supreme Court.

Hall's Mills, Wilkes Co.

HALL'S MILLS, June 8.

To the Editor of The Lenoir Topic:

As I have seen nothing in your interesting paper from this locality for some time, I will give you a few items.

Corn crops are growing finely since the late rains. Small grain has come out considerably, but cannot make an average crop, so much of it was frozen out the past winter. We have an excellent prospect for an abundant fruit crop.

Miss Jennie C. Land is on a visit to her aunt Mrs. M. L. Hall.

For a long time gold has been known to exist in this locality, but no one seemed to have energy and enterprise enough to develop it until Rev. Am. Hall and Dr. D. M. Hall undertook to open up and develop these hidden mineral resources here. They have spent a great deal of time and money at this business and are now in a fair way to make their money back. They have recently secured the services of T. C. Land, an old prospector and miner from Oregon and have opened up their mine in "Rich Mountain Gulch" which prospects well and is thought to be exceedingly rich in the precious metal. It already pays about a pennyweight a day to the hand, and when properly opened, we are satisfied it will pay much better. They are satisfied that the main lead crosses this gulch and it is their intention to follow it up until they strike it.

There are many excellent indications of gold in many localities here and if we had enough men as enterprising as the Halls to properly develop them, we are satisfied that this would be one of the richest mining regions in Western N. C. Go at it, gentlemen. Why suffer for money when there is millions of it lying almost at your feet, waiting to be taken out and put into circulation? Cease whining about hard times and go to work and develop the hidden resources of your country and soon your efforts will be crowned with success, and you will no longer complain of hard times; but peace and plenty will be yours. What gave rise to the name Yaddin? MARY.

Watauga Hotel,

Blowing Rock, N. C.,

4,000 feet above the sea level, in the midst of the finest mountain scenery in the "Land of the Sky," is now ready for boarders:

TERMS: PER MONTH—From \$15 to \$25, according to location and age. PER WEEK, \$7. PER DAY, \$1.

Capt. and Mrs. Waddill, the well-known hoteliers and caterers, are in charge.

C. & L. R. SCHEDULE

MAIL AND EXPRESS.

No. 52 Leave Lenoir 8 a m. Arrive Yorkville 8:30 p m. Hudsonville 8:31 a m. Gastonia 8:45 p m. Hickory 8:55 a m. Lincolnton 8:55 p m. Lincolnton 10:56 a m. Hickory 9:30 p m. Gastonia 11:50 a m. Yorkville 10 p m. Yorkville 1 p m. Hudsonville 10:50 p m. Chester 2:05 p m. Lenoir 10:45 p m.

FRIGHT AND ACCOMMODATION.

No. 5 Leave Lenoir 6 a m. Arrive Yorkville 6:30 a m. Hudsonville 6:31 a m. Gastonia 6:45 a m. Hickory 6:55 a m. Lincolnton 6:55 p m. Lincolnton 11:50 a m. Hickory 9:30 p m. Gastonia 11:50 a m. Yorkville 10 p m. Yorkville 1 p m. Hudsonville 10:50 p m. Chester 2:05 p m. Lenoir 10:45 p m.

T. M. VANCE,

Attorney-at-Law,

Lenoir, N. C.

H. C. BOYLIN,

Watchmaker and Jeweler,

LENOIR, N. C.

House & Lot for Sale.

I offer for sale my house and lot, having neat and convenient out-houses, good well, etc. The location is handy to the center of town and to the churches. The lot contains one acre. Address Mrs. S. M. WHITTED, Lenoir, N. C.

New Goods! New Goods!!

Spring is here and with it comes our

New Goods.

We have not time to particularize and for the present content

Ourselves by calling your attention

to one of the largest and handsomest stocks of goods ever

brought to this market.

When in Need of anything from a

Paper of Pins

To a Suit OF CLOTHES,

SEWING MACHINE

COOKING STOVE,

Come and see us and we

Will do our best to please

You both in Price and

QUALITY.

Come one, Come all.

Respectfully,

GLOYD AND NELSON.

B 4 U BUY

Bar Iron,

&c, &c, &c.,

Furniture

Always on Hand.

Of any kind call on

J. B. ERVIN

Respectfully,

Who will make it to your interest

To Buy From Him.

Why? Because he sells it at prices that suit times.

Bedsteads, Bureaus, Dressing Cases, Tables, Chairs,

Washstands, Safes, Bedsprings, Mattresses,

&c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

Lenoir, N. C., June 23.

PLEASE

Watch This Column for

F. WIESENFELD'S

NEW ADVERTISEMENT.

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Lenoir, N. C., June 23.