

The Lenoir Topic

VOLUME X.

LENOIR, N. C., WEDNESDAY, JULY 22, 1885.

NUMBER 44.

JOYS.

BY REV. R. L. SHELLE.
The joys of earth, how sweet they are!
When all is calm around;
And nothing comes to hedge our way
And troubles are not found.
To fall in love, then life is sweet,
While joys around them stay;
And they are merry on the street
Of time, from day to day.
Sweetly their days are passing by,
Crowned with festivity;
While many are raising the cry,
"I'm lost eternally."
We say the joys of earth seem sweet,
And make life sweet too;
But they soon pass, and then we meet
Troubles, and they not few.
There is a place where joys last
Forever and forever,
Their troubles are forever past
And do not come, never.
Then let us seek this joy above;
Then let us "watch and pray,"
That we may meet him at the door,
In the bright realms of day.

FORTY YEARS IN A TRANCE; OR, Old Si. in a Cave.

BAKERSVILLE, N. C., July 8.
To the Editor of The Lenoir Topic:

A long time ago, when this country was first being settled, there lived a man by the name of Si. Hawkins. The white settlers were few and far between; the nearest one to old Si's was about ten or twelve miles, but the Indians were a great deal nearer and not quite so friendly. The Indians would often visit old Si, when he was asleep and steal his stock. After being harassed, vexed and losing nearly all his stock, he concluded to build a stockade out of locust posts; it was to be Indian high, bear strong, and wolf tight. So he hitched up his ox team one morning and drove to a small rich cove, where there was plenty of nice young locust trees. Old Si was working away faithfully, preparing his posts, when a heavy rain came up; seeing that he was going to get wet, old Si crawled into a small cave near by on the side of the mountain.

He had been in the cave but a few minutes when a peculiar looking bird flew thrice around him; it resembled an owl but was not half as large. Every time the bird flew around old Si, he inhaled a strange, peculiar odor, growing stronger every time the bird flew around. At first it frightened old Si somewhat, but he soon began to get stupid and sleepy and laid down. In a few minutes he was unconscious of his surroundings.

While in this unconscious, trance-like state, he wandered far away through space, passing distant suns, moons and worlds without number. He passed beyond the star-lit sky, saw beautiful gardens, legions of angels and heard the sweetest music that ever fell from the lips of redeemed souls. Old Si was so enchanted by all that he had seen and heard that he attempted to enter one of the beautiful gardens but he was hurled by one of the angels at the gate, down I down through unknown space and an immeasurable distance until he fell suddenly in the mouth of a cave in an unknown world.

Then old Si awoke, rubbed his eyes, and went out of the cave he had been in, but what was his astonishment when he saw that all of his locust posts were decayed, all the beams rusted off his cart but the tires, and they were standing upright and alone. The wood works of his cart were all decayed except the tongue, and it was so affected that it could not speak!

Washington Gossip.

Greensboro Patriot.
"Coot" Jones has been appointed Chief of Division in the Customs Bureau, Treasury Department. This appointment was tendered A. W. Graham, and subsequently J. A. Lockhart, of Anson. Both declined on the ground that the salary \$2,000 was not equivalent to their law practice.

Col Staples has the refusal of a judgeship in Arizona or an appointment as Chief of Division in the Treasury Department. He will take the judgeship. The salary is \$3,000. The appointment will be made next week.

Babyhood for July urges upon parents the importance of "labelling" their children by always marking their full names and addresses in indelible ink on some easily-accessible part of their clothing, such as the inside of their collar-hand. There can be no doubt that such a custom would be fruitful of many good results, and go far toward alleviating the anxiety of parents in cases of their little ones straying away from home, or becoming lost in a crowd or disabled by an accident. This number of "Babyhood" abounds in "useful" suggestions to mothers, and, in the variety of topics treated by its contributors and correspondents, proves its ability to fulfil its avowed intention to become a channel for the best thoughts of all who study the highest interests of child-life. Among its leading articles are "The Baby that must go to the Country," by Marion Harland, and "The Quantity of Food Required in Infancy," by Prof. J. Lewis Smith, physician to the New York Foundling Asylum. (18 cents a number; \$1.50 a year. 18 Spruce Street, New York.)

DUCK CREEK.

A Citizen of Duck Creek, Alexander County, Thinks his Neighborhood has been Slandered—An Open Letter In Reply.

LITTLE RIVER, July 13.
To the Editor of The Lenoir Topic:
Allow me to interest your readers with a few lines. I find in your paper an instrument disgracing my neighborhood and country, headed, "Duck Creek Outlaws," headed by Marley, on the line between Alexander and Caldwell counties. I will inform you that there is no such a crowd as you describe; if there is it is unknown to the writer of this. You say for years this crowd has been banded together and has carried on illicitly the manufacture and trade of whisky until the whole neighborhood is ruined and debauched.

I was born and raised on Duck Creek, in one mile and a quarter of the Caldwell line and can inform you that we have as peaceable a settlement as there is in any part of the adjoining country. We have peace and plenty. We have as good a Sunday School as there is in Caldwell or Alexander counties, and we have as prosperous a Church at Dover, in one quarter of a mile of the Caldwell line, as you will find in any country.

You say that we have a gang that dares not testify against each other. If there is any such gang they do not stay in this locality. By what you say if a man lives on Duck Creek he dares not tell the truth and, again, if he lives on Duck Creek and was to get out from home he would be arrested for burning Clippard or for breaking jail.

There are just as good citizens on Duck Creek as there are in Lenoir town or any other town, and just as ready to submit to and execute the State laws as any people in the State and would be the Federal laws, if they were controlled by honest and respectable men. We are Democrats on Duck Creek from one end to the other, but if such men as John Clippard and Bob Teague and the very scrapings of God's creation is to execute the revenue law we squirm to submit to them. We voted for Cleveland, hoping the scalawags and carpet baggers would have to step down and out and go to work, but we find to our surprise to the contrary. We want the laws administered fairly and squarely by honest men and men of good character, men that has stood to the front until Cleveland had taken his seat.

I have seen no band of men collogued together until, last week, I saw a crowd, said to be revenue officers, headed by Bob Teague, pass my house going up Duck, hunting, they said, for an illicit still and it is reported they found an old still house that has not been in use for ten years and they was so hungry for whisky that they gnawed all the bark off the old house logs and, because they could not find any, they forsaken Teague and left him to make his way as best he could.

As to Marley heading a crowd on Duck, it is an infamous lie. Marley does not live on Duck Creek. You may think by what I say that I am upholding jail breaking and barn burning, but I am opposed to any such thing. If I had the wisdom of Solomon and the penmanship of Jerry Black I could not explain my feelings toward such depredations. I have seven promising little children and don't intend them to lie under such reports.

Sir, you must give me either publicly or privately the author of the writing headed "Duck Creek Outlaws," that is in your last issue. Give me the author. If it was yourself let me know and if it was any body else let me know who it was. You may think I am a friend to illicit distilling. Sir, I am as much opposed to it as any good old fashioned Democrat. I will close, hoping to hear from you in your next issue.
M. PENNELL.

A LETTER IN REPLY.

LENOIR, N. C., July 15, 1885.
MY DEAR MR. PENNELL: I received your letter of the 13th inst. I fully appreciate your feelings. One is prone to make one's own neighborhood law-abiding and respectable and to take umbrage at criticisms. I did not know that you lived on Duck Creek and it goes without saying that such men as Mack Pennell are not to be classed with the outlaws whom I condemn. Let saved Sodom. You ask for my author. I can give you a dozen; it is the common talk here and is substantiated by good men from Alexander county. I am, of course, myself responsible for the publication, but, if I were to try, I could bring up dozens of witnesses to prove every thing I charge in THE TOPIC. Such men as you, perhaps, know little of these things—these lawless men would not dare to interfere with you, but I repeat it, the poor and the humble are so in dread of these men that they are afraid to swear the truth against them in Court.
How many citizens of Duck Creek are now lying in the woods and dodging the revenue officers and the sheriff of Alexander, who has warrants charging them with rescuing

Calloway Marley? Note this carefully: No good citizen will distill whisky illicitly and no good citizen will transgress or evade any law. You cannot deny that too many Duck Creek men are blockading and that some of them are dodging the sheriff of Alexander, who wants them for rescuing Marley. If they are not guilty why do they run? Clippard may be a bad man but he has a right to the protection of law. You are a good citizen, you want to raise your family right—you would not be a Pennell if you did not. Then, my dear sir, let the good people of Duck Creek, these Church members and patrons of the Sunday School, join hands and frown down these bad men who give a bad reputation to your settlement. Let them understand that the best elements of society, the moral and well-meaning people, intend to rule public sentiment and that the lawless must take back seats and reform. These wagons that go almost every week to Hickory with whiskey and bring back corn, these threats to the jailer of Alexander county—they are all known and they give a bad name to Duck Creek.

I honor your manhood in writing over your own name and your article shall be published. By the same mail I received another letter from Little River from a man who was ashamed or afraid to sign his name. He abused me and spoke ill of every body that is opposed to Marley and his gang and said if his letter was not printed I should "hear from him again." I am not John Clippard to be scared and run away by threats from a coward who skulks in ambush and is afraid to show his face. I may be mistaken in reading it as a threat, but if he did mean to threaten me and you find him out, please tell him for me that I am always to be found at my office during business hours, and what I do I am neither afraid nor ashamed to acknowledge.

Again, Mr. Pennell, I sincerely believe that you are an honest, honorable man, and I beg you to think seriously over this matter and ask yourself if I was not correct and I also ask that, if you find I was right, you will join with the friends of law and order and give the force of your influence to rectifying this disorder. I hope you agree with me that it is not the part of a good citizen to break the revenue laws and to blockade whiskey and brandy. Then ask yourself 1. Are there any Duck Creek men who dodge the revenue officers, and if so, how many? 2. Are there any Duck Creek men who are charged with that outrageous rescue of Marley from Alexander jail, and if so, do they evade arrest?

If you answer these questions in the affirmative you must acknowledge that THE TOPIC is right and it is your duty, as a good citizen, to join with us, for this state of affairs must and will be stopped, and these crimes punished no matter who suffers. Sincerely your friend,
W. W. SCOTT, JR.
Editor LENOIR TOPIC.

Assessing Railway Franchises.

News and Observer.
Yesterday the State board assessed the value of the various railways in the State. Notices will be sent the various counties in which there are lines of railway, giving the mileage in each, and the assessed value per mile. The board ascertained the total length of the lines to be as follows and the valuation per mile as given:

North Carolina railroad, 226 2-10 miles, \$1,000 per mile; Northwestern North Carolina, 26 13-100; Piedmont, 44 12-100, \$1,500; Atlanta and Charlotte Air-Line, 46, \$1,000; Wilmington, Columbia & Augusta, 67, \$800; Atlantic, Tennessee & Ohio, 41, \$800; Charlotte, Columbia and Augusta, 12, \$800; Chester & Lenoir narrow gauge, 62, \$300; Raleigh & Augusta Air-Line, 106, \$700; Carolina Central, 238, \$600; Atlantic & North Carolina, 99, \$600; Cape Fear & Yadkin Valley, 143, \$800; Norfolk Southern, 53 6-10, \$850; Western North Carolina, 27 6-10, \$250; University, 10 2-10, \$100; Alma & Little Rock, 12, \$100; Cheraw & Salisbury, 14, \$500; Albemarle & Raleigh, 33, \$300; Asheville & Spartanburg, 25, \$500; Oxford & Henderson, 13, \$500; Milton & Sutherland narrow gauge, \$100.

A very amiable and modest widow lady lived in a certain county. Soon after her husband had paid the debt of nature, leaving her his legatee, a claim was brought against the estate by his brother, and a process was served upon her by the sheriff of the county, who happened to be a widower of middle age. She was much alarmed, and meeting with a female friend, she exclaimed, with agitation, "What do you think? The sheriff has been after me!" "Well," said the considerate lady, with perfect coolness, "that's a very fine man." "But he says he has an attachment for me," replied the widow. "Well, I have long suspected that he was attached to you, my dear." "But you don't understand, he says I must go to court." "Oh! that's quite another affair; don't you come so far as that—it is his place to come and court you."

A SOUTHERN FOURTH OF JULY ORATION.

John S. Long at Goldsboro.

From Messenger's Report.

When the impetuous Montgomery led his brave but exhausted patriots against the fortifications of Quebec, when Gates charged the splendid columns of Burgoyne at Saratoga, and when the ice-covered hills of Valley Forge were marked with the bloody foot-steps of the starving Continentals, everywhere the men of the South were in the front-line of every danger, hardship and suffering. They were the ancestors of a race of soldiers, who, at a later day, shook the earth with their valor, and wrote with their bayonets an Iliad such as Homer never dreamed of. They fought by the frozen lakes of the North just as cheerfully and gallantly as if they had been fighting among the pine and palmetto woods of their own sunny home. And equally the men of Massachusetts and New York sacrificed their lives for the same cause. Side by side with Marion, Sumter and Lee flashed the chivalrous blades of Morgan, Lincoln and Greene. The great drama of National liberty upon Southern soil drew into its stormy bosom the sturdy sons of New England, who had breathed the first crest of the tempest at Lexington and Concord.

Out of the thick darkness flashed for a single moment the crimson glory of King's Mountain, but the heroic gallantry of Shelby and Sevier could not keep back the steady columns which were pushing forward to victory. In this hour of common danger, the bonfire spirit of a common patriotism, nerved every heart to die for the free and altars of a common country. Talk about dividing the inherited glories of a nation, brought through such a baptism of suffering, and built up at the expense of so much treasure and sacrifice? Again we say, such a result could never have been accomplished. An international survey might have established geographical limits, and international courtesy might have observed them with Christian gentility and forbearance. But the sublime inheritance of glory and honor, won by heroic self-denial and courage, belonged to both sections alike, and would have looked at every effort to divide it.

When this Continent was chiefly occupied by the savage and beasts of prey, the great literary workers of Elizabeth and Queen Anne had enriched their nativity with the grandest productions of ancient or modern times. But still in the fields of history and criticism, of poetry and science, and in the almost boundless area of action, we have accomplished results which the world will not willingly let die. We have lived to see the day when Englishmen, three thousand miles away, have erected a cenotaph to Longfellow in their glorious Abbey; when Bayard Taylor is mourned in the German capital as if the blood of Schiller flowed in his veins; when Phillips Brooks receives the divine doctorate at Oxford side by side with the bishops of the English Church; when American scientists are recognized and respected by royal societies; and when by a people, who a few years ago barely tolerated the graphic pictures of Washington Irving, the exquisite writings of Poe, Whittier and Lowell are received and honored on every side. What higher tributes could be paid to American literature than these? These are the seal set by the intelligence, taste and culture of the world on our literary excellence and success.

Only let us of the South seek to have a larger share in this intellectual possession, which has so gloriously adorned the annals of our country. Hitherto we have reaped but a slender harvest in this fertile field of industry and thought. Before the war, swept onward by the tide of politics and pleasure, and since, bending under the burdens of poverty and taxation, we have claimed but little interest in these matters.

Do we wish to make our country truly great and powerful? Let us keep it on that grand, conservative pathway along which it was started by our patriotic sires. Let us weave into the material and intellectual elements of its growth the honest contributions of foreign brain and muscle, seeking a free country for liberty and rest. Then, though we may be gathered to our fathers, our children shall see the grandest nation which ever lived in the tide of time. Like the Olympian, which, under the eastern skies, looked out upon the vain ambition of Greek and Persian satraps, and saw the shattered fleets of Xerxes and Antony alike go down in ruin, this stately Government crowned with the fadeless splendors of peace and plenty, shall see the proudest nations of the earth pass away "like a dream of the night when one awaketh." And as the centuries pass over her, freighted with the changes of intellect and thought, and the hoary watchman, on his lonely beat, begins to strain his vision for the breaking of that morn which shall never have a night, in her starry sisterhood of States, shall still be that changeless unity which no war nor revolution can ever reach.

Side issues—whiskers.

AN OLYMPIAN TOUR.

A Talented Party visits Banner Elk—"The Delightful Tuesday"—The First Banana Peel for Beech Mountain—A Tongue-Tied Post.

BANNER ELK, July 12.

On the evening of the third inst. a beautiful tent was pitched on a grassy lawn at the upper end of the Banner Meads.

Its occupants were Mrs. Elizabeth Van Loan, a talented and well-known authoress of Knoxville, together with her husband, and little daughter, Mrs. E. P. Martin, Louisville, Miss Jessie McFarland, St. Louis, and Miss Katie Trigg, a popular young artist of Louisville.

So pleasant and agreeable were these people that only half an hour was necessary to form an acquaintance which could not have been accomplished with the ignorant and unlearned in half a lifetime.

The Apollos of the mountains visited the Muses of the valley and a trip was planned to Beech Mountain, the Olympus of Banner Elk.

Mrs. Martin, the dashing widow of the party, suggested that the nectar for the trip should consist of "Mountain Dew," a well-known beverage of this country, which is not only inspiring on such occasions, but also useful in cases of poison or snakebite.

On the morning of Tuesday, the 7th inst., the company left camp in the following order, viz: In front, Miss Trigg and the experienced driver, who had just returned from Mitchell county, where he has been mining the glittering treasure.

Next in order was Dr. Wetmore, of Salisbury, with Mrs. Van Loan and daughter, in a bugle. Among others too numerous to mention, came a well-known tongue-tied "Tar Heel" from near Wilmington—that is, his tongue is tied in the middle and loose at both ends, and by his side the charming widow, whose speech is slightly disabled in the same way.

Forward the light brigade, and three leagues onward. The tongue-tied couple volleyed and thundered.

Some laughed, some talked, some hollered, some whistled, and some sang songs until the ringing, joyous mirth of the jovial crowd, mingled with the prattling laughter of the Beech brook that played beside our pathway.

As we neared the place known as the Ponds, we passed through a cluster of wild honeysuckle, where every shrub, clad in full bloom, looked like the burning bush which Moses saw. Mrs. Van Loan named this place Honeysuckle Avenue, and suggested that the first hotel erected on Banner Elk be called "Fern Wood," for the great variety of beautiful ferns peculiar to this locality.

Miss Trigg named a favored spot "Love Vine Gap," it being almost entirely covered with a delicate yellow air plant, known in Watanga, as Love Vine. It winds its tendrils around the branches of rich weeds, and is used in fortune telling in the following manner: The person in love holds a piece of the vine in his left hand, and placing his whole soul, mind and strength on his sweetheart, tosses it over his head without observing where it falls. The next time he passes that way, if it has taken root in other plants and is growing, he will be successful in love, otherwise he is doomed to disappointment.

We now reached the summit where mountain rose beyond mountain until all was lost in the blue haze of an immeasurable distance.

The ladies, with book and pencil, took heights, distances, names and directions with a rapidity and an interest that evinced not only thorough discipline, but also an appreciation of the beautiful and sublime unsurpassed in prose or rhyme. [Hibriten, near Lenoir, is among the mountains noted and sketched by them.]

The face of the venerable Dr. Wetmore alone bore a marked resemblance to the granite bluff which had stood the storms of the countless ages and with every beating rain grew more majestic.

The sun having reached the zenith we repaired to Buckeye Spring where a lunch was spread that would have done honor to Richard Coeur de Lion. Nothing had been left undone in its preparation. Oranges and lemons were abundant, and the first banana peel was cast for Beech Mountain. Dr. Wetmore afterward stepped on one of the peels and fell, reminding us vividly of the parody on "Aileen Allana."

After lunch every young couple found them a mossy rock from which the low, sweet, musical accents of love arose and died on Aeolian whistlers of the evening breeze.

When Joshua hung in the West, and the shadows were falling far towards the East, we started homeward, and, resting at the Ponds, the guide was prevailed on to tell the bear story which he calls "Brewin's hiberna." The ladies pronounced this the champion bear story of the world, and by an unanimous request, it was repeated at the camp on the following day.

We reached the valley in the twilight, which was rendered mellow by the reflection of a saffron sunset,

and thus ended that season of sunshine to the heart, which is denominated "The Delightful Tuesday of 1885."

However the tongue-tied gentleman being vexed at his unsuccessful effort to express his feelings in well articulated English to the accomplished widow, completed his diary that evening with the following metaphorical lines:

My life is a quill from a goose's wing,
The pain that's left from a horse's sting,
The screech of an owl on a mooney hill,
An opossum, at his captor's will.

S. M. D.

"A Plain, Respectable Dinner."

Salisbury Watchman, Nov. 24, 1864.

The Standard complains that "a man of means cannot purchase what will furnish a respectable dinner for his family for less than one hundred dollars." And here is the bill of fare and the cost of it, which it lays out for a family of "six or seven." "One ham of 12 lbs, \$84; 4 lbs steak, \$10; couple of fowls, \$10; couple of cabbages, \$8; to say nothing of bread and soup, and potatoes, and a dozen small constituents which cannot be dispensed with."

This is liberal feeding for a man of any amount of means, and in these times of scarcity ought to be restricted. Divide out this dinner between six or seven, and each individual would have to swallow two pounds of bacon, half pound steak, one-third of a "fowl," and a pound or two of cabbage, a quart or two of soup, a peck or two of potatoes, and a quart or two of a dozen "small constituents" which cannot be dispensed with. The breed of such a "family" ought to be put a stop to, or else exiled to a more plentiful country than ours is at the present time, no matter what their means.

"Students' Songs."

Moses King, while a student at Harvard College, earned his entire college expenses of about a thousand dollars a year by making books, such as "Harvard and its Surroundings," "King's Handbook of Boston," "The Harvard Register," etc., and since graduation, a few years ago, he has published many successful books; among them, "Students' Songs," which has had the most remarkable sale ever known for a book of its class. Over 40,000 copies of this "Students' songs" have been made, and the demand is almost the same as before. The probable cause of this success is the fact that prior to the publication of "Students' Songs" there was no book containing songs and music that have sprung up and become popular within college walls during the past ten years.

The songs have been heard and heartily enjoyed by thousands of people at given club concerts, college festivities, college societies and at home and social gatherings. They have a peculiar breeziness and mirth-making capacity that make them enjoyable on all enjoyable occasions. The book itself is also a cause of its success. It is handsomely printed, and contains sixty of these songs, with their music, nearly all of which are copyrighted, and to be found in no other collection. It is a surprise to find so choice a collection of songs new and copyrighted jolly songs and music, selling for only fifty cents. Like almost all successes, it has its imitations, and some are rather deceptive in their make-up. Already several so-called collections of students' or college songs are in the market, but the genuine and original book of "Students' Songs," the only one that has been noteworthy successful is edited and compiled by Wm. H. Hills, a young Harvard graduate, and published by Moses King, the publisher, at Hanover square, in Cambridge, Mass.

Lamp-Shades and the Eyes.

Prof. H. L. Cohn, in his pamphlet "Ueber den Belenchtungswert der Lampengloehen" (Weisbaden, 1885), describes a long series of determinations of the relative value of various forms of lamp-shades. The method pursued was to measure the brightness of white paper lying on a table over which the source of artificial light was suspended at a given distance by means of a Webster photometer. As one would anticipate, the general effect of shade is to increase very greatly the illumination immediately under the light, and not modify it notably at an angular distance greater than forty-five degrees from this region. The last section of this pamphlet, which deals with the illumination requisite for easiest use of the eyes, is of the most general interest. Taking as a measure of the value of the illumination in this sense the number of lines which can be read from a newspaper in a minute, and as the unit of illumination that of a normal candle at a perpendicular distance of a metre from the paper, he finds that the illumination is not less than fifty such units. Since even a fifth of this illumination is very rarely secured, except immediately under a lamp provided with a good shade, the author emphasizes the conclusion that few school-children work in a satisfactory light.

Recollect that trifles makes perfection and that perfection is no trifle.

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