

The Lenoir Topic.

VOLUME XII.

LENOIR, N. C., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1886.

NUMBER 2.

STATESVILLE, NEW YORK.

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THE BATTLE OF BALAKLAVA.

A Charge that Amazed the World 30 years Ago—Magnificent, but Not War.

Pittsburg Chronicle.

It was thirty years ago, on the 25th of October, 1854, that the Earl of Cardigan's Light Brigade made its famous charge at Balaklava, near Sebastopol. A gentleman who was on the staff of an English General, and who witnessed the charge, gives us this description of it: "On October 25th, 1854, our eyes turned to the heights of Balaklava, on the possession of which depended the very existence of the allied forces. On that day the Russians made a desperate attack on our lines to be as desperately repulsed. Word was sent to headquarters that the enemy, under cover of a heavy fire from the forts, had left Sebastopol in force and was massing himself so as to threaten the safety of the heights. I was at once sent with an order for the cavalry and horse artillery to move and be ready to assume the offensive. They had not to wait long. The Turkish lines were swept as by a whirlwind, and with our Mohammedan allies, the word was *savez qui peut*. The heavy cavalry on the right and the light brigade on the left were advanced, with the artillery in the center playing a game at long bowls. Meanwhile a Russian battery was ostentatiously moved forward, whose well-served guns promised to be embarrassing.

"Lord Raglan, who did not know the full strength of the foe, saw that this obstacle must be removed; but whether or not he also foresaw the necessity of first looking before the leap was taken must be forever a mystery. The commanders of the cavalry brigades, Lord Lucan and 'Ariglan, brothers-in-law, between whom no love was lost, were waiting the word to engage, Lord Lucan being the senior officer. To them, Captain Nolan, a dashing hussar, saluting the General, he said he bore an order—unwritten—from Lord Raglan that the battery must be silenced and the guns captured. Lord Lucan, a man so cautious as to have earned the nickname 'Lord Look-out,' fearing to expose his small force to any ambushed dangers, asked for more definite orders. With a slightly contemptuous turn of his handsome lip, the aid de camp pointed in the direction of the battery, and said:

"You see your enemy, my lord." "Even the Earl of Cardigan, impetuous as he was, generally speaking, looked at his commander in doubt as to the words. But owing to the unhappy enmity existing between them, neither would speak his thoughts, and once more Nolan impatiently waving his sword which he had fiercely drawn from its scabbard, and pointing it to the artillery cried:

"Take the guns; these are your orders!" "The crisis had arrived. No recourse is left but to do as he bids. A cold nod of assent from Lord Lucan, a profound bow follows from Lord Cardigan. 'Light Division, forward, charge!' breaks from his lips. An echoing cheer is the reply from 600 throats, as with clang of scabbard and rattle of bridle and bit, and the braying of the trumpet and the ringing cheer of the 'Heavies,' the Fourth and Thirteenth Lights, the Eighth and Eleventh Hussars, the latter Lord Cardigan's own corps, conspicuous in their cherry colored trousers, and the Seventeenth Lancers, with ranks closed up and squadrons dressed as if at a march past, trot forward down the slight declivity. At their head ride the gallant Nolan and the dauntless Cardigan—even in this supreme moment with a reckless laugh upon his face, he argues some point of war with his brother hussar.

"The unmasked batteries are already belching forth shot and shell. The troopers into a gallop, into a furious, headlong charge. Already Nolan has fallen, cut down by grape shot, the secret of the fatal day dying with him. The serried ranks show frequent gaps as saddle after saddle is emptied. 'Close up! Close up! Charge!' is the unceasing cry, and in a shorter time than it takes to tell the opening ranks of the foe disclosed to the doomed, but indomitable few, cannon to the right of them, cannon to the left of them, cannon in front of them—and now cannon behind them. On through the broken Russian line pressed the noble army of martyrs, their orrillament, their brave leader's flashing sabre, their support.

"With a wild cheer and a wilder leap, the cherry clad heroes fly over the guns as lightly as they would over a five barred gate on the hunting field, sabering the gunners as they leap. A beardless boy, not yet seventeen, holds fast to the colors he has sworn to carry to death or victory and falls with the cry, 'My mother will know of this!' On his dying lips, still grasping that banner in his hand.

"Far away, clear in front, with his aid de camp and a few choice spirits on his left—none ahead of him, raging like a lion, fights as with a forlorn hope the leader and commander of the Light Brigade. He bears a charmed life, and his

brawny arm is endowed with a power of slaughter that grows mightier every moment from the meat it feeds on. Further and further he dashes on, cleaving his way with his blood-stained sword till he reaches the last of the guns.

"Here when he sees the end is not yet, but that rank upon rank of infantry and cavalry, with heavy artillery in the rear, stretches out back to the city's utmost bastion, he recognizes how useless it will be further to tempt the fates and fight one against a thousand. Coolly and calmly, as if in Hyde Park, he takes in the situation at a glance, and gives word to the trumpeter to sound first the assembly, then the retreat. A bullet crashes through the boy's hand as he raises the trumpet to his mouth, but Stoic-like he makes no sign. Clear rings out the summons. A dozen only answer the call. Not one save Lord Cardigan, but is wounded more or less severely, and his clothing shows where lance or sabre or ball had plowed their way over his unscathed flesh. Right about the little band turns, leaving the boy trumpeter dead on the ground behind them.

The enemy, paralyzed by the shock of the charge, and fancying the whole British army supports the handful of braves, pauses in his murderous work to cheer the 108 survivors who returned slowly and sadly to the place from which they came, having, from a military standpoint achieved nothing, yet covered with a deathless, fadeless wreath of glory. 'It was magnificent,' said General Bosquet, 'but it was not war.'

Postponement of the Railroad Election.

Appalachian Philosopher.

The railroad election has been postponed to general election day, Nov. 2, to avoid the extra expense of a separate election. It is only 2 weeks later than the day formerly set. The following is the official notice of the election as corrected and amended:

Railroad election!—ordered by the board of commissioners of Ashe county that an election be held in Ashe county, on Tuesday the 2nd day of November, 1886, for the purpose of voting on hundred thousand dollars for building the South Atlantic and Northwestern Railroad through Ashe county by way of Jefferson.

A. C. McEWEN, Clerk of Board.

Sept. 6, 1886. After a consultation with the railroad committee, together with various other citizens, in order to avoid the expense of an extra election, and both political parties having by a unanimous voice in their county conventions endorsed the railroad proposition, and for this reason cannot possibly become a political question, it is decided to hold the election on the same day of our county election.

JOHN DENT, chairman county commissioners.
L. C. GENTRY, } R. R. Committee.
A. O. WILCOX, }
A. H. THOMAS, }

CONTRACT. The stipulated contract with the South Atlantic and Northwestern Railroad Company, to build a railroad through the county of Ashe, making Jefferson one of the projective points by said company, and between the said company and the voters of the county of Ashe, to be submitted on Tuesday the 2nd day of Nov. 1886 is as follows:

1. That the county of Ashe vote a tax upon themselves of one hundred thousand dollars, to be due and payable to said company in 40 years from the date of the issue of the same, with interest upon said bonds at the rate of 6 per cent per annum, and to be due and payable from the delivery of the same each and every year thereafter, said bonds not to be delivered until the completion of said road through said county of Ashe and it in good running order, also the necessary supply of rolling stock placed upon the same, all to be done within 3 years from the said election.

2. Said bonds of the county of Ashe are to be taken and accepted by said company at par value, and stock in said road to the full amount to be issued to said county.

Embarrassed.

Boston Budget.

Henry Clay was never at a loss for a word or "boggled while speaking. With Mr. Webster it was different and he would often hesitate, and then rub his nose with the bent knuckle of his right thumb. Mr. Calhoun when at a loss for a word would give a petulant twist at his large, turned over shirt collar, and then run his bony fingers through his long gray hair until it stood up like the hair on an electric toy. Mr. Benton would sink his voice and mumble something that no one could understand, and General Cass would "aw!" "aw!" in the English style, passing his hand beneath the lower edge of his capacious white waistcoat. Mr. Webster was almost invariably "stuck" when he attempted to use a Latin quotation and when Mr. Everett was in the Senate he used invariably to appeal to him.

COLONEL M'CAULL AND THE CONSUL.

It Was no Use to Put Off, and the Great Manager Carried His Point.

J. Armory Knox in Texas Sittings.

During the summer Colonel McCaull of the McCaull opera company was in a little town in Germany, where he made a contract with a new tenor. It was necessary to have the contract signed in the presence of the American Consul. Colonel McCaull walked into the Consul's office at about 4 o'clock one afternoon. The Consul's deputy, a young Englishman, was on duty.

"Here's a contract I wish to sign, and I want your seal on it," said the colonel.

"Aw, yes, but you know we can't do it today."

"What's the matter with today?" "Well, it's near the close of office hours, don't ye know, and I'm going out for a drive. Can't you come back day after tomorrow?"

The colonel was so amazed at this cool suggestion that strange to say, he could not think of any profane expression strong enough to fit the case. Speaking in the cold, icy tone that the patrician father uses on the stage when he addresses the obnoxious suitor for his daughter's hand, the colonel said:

"Young man, if you think I'm going to stay for two days in this sauer kraut and pretzel one-night-stand just to oblige you, you're devilishly mistaken. Two days of my time is worth more than you can make in a year and a half. I want to catch a train. Trot out your stars and striped seal."

"But really, you know, I can't." "You 'can't' nothing. Look here, I'm a Democrat."

"Yas, I am told that there's quite a number of Democrats in your country, but weally—"

Then (to pianissimo fiddling on an imaginary orchestra) the colonel said:

"Hist! Mark well me words. I'm an intimate friend of Grover Cleveland, the Democratic President of the United States of North America, and (music getting louder) by the living Jingo, I've got a corrugated neck just like his. Now, I can reach him within one hour by cable, and if I do there will be a change in this consulate that'll make you dizzy and you'll be fired out quick enough to make a Bulgarian King's head swim."

The deputy consul put off his drive for half an hour and the colonel caught his train.

Two Associations.

To the Editor of The Lenoir Topic:

It was recently my privilege to attend the Stony Fork Association. This body met with Stony Fork church near the Deep Gap. It is composed of churches lying along the Blue Ridge in Watauga, Caldwell, Wilkes and Ashe counties. The opening sermon was preached by Rev. E. M. Gragg, from Watauga river. During the sessions sermons were preached by Messrs. Brown, Ball, David Eller, John P. Eller, Hodges and others. Rev. Mr. Gragg was elected moderator and Rev. Mr. Lee clerk. The business of the Association was conducted with order, decorum and good feeling. There is a spirit of progress among the members of this body, especially seen in the fact that everybody reads THE TOPIC. The next meeting will be held on Cove Creek.

The last of September I was at Buffalo church, in Ashe county, at the organization of a new Association to be called

THE ASHE AND ALLEGHANY ASSOCIATION.

The cause of the Missionary Baptists in these two counties has been quite weak, the few churches in the territory belonging to various Associations, some of them cooperating with Virginia Baptists: Nine of these churches have now united in one Association, and it is expected that some others will join at the next meeting. There is a fine field of usefulness before this new body, and the members of the Association seem disposed to seize the opportunity, promising nearly \$100 to be given to the work.

Rev. T. M. Hunicutt, of Sparta, was moderator, and Mr. H. A. Eller was clerk.

The next meeting will be held in Alleghany, near Flint Hill. G. W. G.

The Judge and the Conductor.

A young lawyer once quite forgot himself in some curt expressions to the court but the Judge was a sensible man, and in consideration of the immaturity of the member of the bar treated the matter rather gently. He made it clear, however, that the style had better not be used again, and remarked significantly:

"This court is naturally quick-tempered."

A remark, by the way, not inapplicable to the late Chief Justice Bigelow, who on one occasion was brought to his bearings in a way as affecting as it was amusing. He was riding in a car which did not stop at Quincy, where he resided, and, as it was passing by, he pulled

the rope and the train was brought to a sudden stop. The conductor rushed into the car and demanded:

"Who rung that bell?"

"I did," said the Chief Justice.

"Why?"

"Because I want to get off."

At which the railroad official indulged in some remarks which were not complimentary and hardly respectful. The Judge afterwards complained to the President of the road, who promised to look into the matter. But he found that although the conductor might have used hot language the Chief Justice was not without fault, and said nothing about it. When they next met, by chance, the latter demanded of the President whether he had reprimanded the conductor.

"I spoke to him," was the reply.

"Well, what did he say?"

"He said that he was coming up some day to adjourn your court."

The irate magistrate saw the point and did not pursue the investigation.

Two Stories of the Past.

Washington Star.

Writing a paragraph a day or two ago about the Tennessee Taylors and their fiddling, reminded us of two stories about Granville worthies in the days that are gone. The Taylors of Granville have been leading people for at least four generations. One of the name was a Colonel in the Revolution. One of the Taylors removed to Tennessee some fifty years ago, it may have been, or more. He was a very devout Methodist, and he had prospered in this world's goods. He had set up in the mercantile business one of his sons. One day the old gentleman visited the store and was quietly seated looking around carefully at everything. Presently he saw hanging in a row near the joists on one side of the store a lot of fiddles. The old man called the merchant at once, and said, "Look here Tom, when I set you up I did not mean that my money should be spent in buying their sort of things"—shaking his dexter finger at the innocent offenders wrapped in brown paper, and continuing, "and I don't mean to have it, either. Send them back at once." Tom took in the situation at once, and said, "Why papa, they are not fiddles, they are violins." The old gent grunted and softly replied—"Is that all?" He was satisfied with the explanation. It was because of this story that we recently said in another connection that there were no "violins" in Tennessee. That is, that they were called by the old familiar name, "fiddles."

The late Judge Robert B. Gilliam, of Oxford, of venerated memory and one of the best men naturally that ever lived on earth, used to tell a little story of his campaigning in the thirties for Congress in that District. His competitor was a very ordinary mortal from Warren, who went to Congress more than once as a Democrat, the late Micaiah T. Hawkins. The political meeting was in Nash. Mr. Hawkins led off in a speech to a crowd of some two or three hundred people. Mr. Gilliam took the stump to reply. He had not spoken long before he discovered that the crowd was gradually thinning. He felt confident that he was at least making a better speech than his opponent had made, and they listened to him, but nevertheless the crowd diminished. He exerted himself only the more to try and hold all that remained. But every minute or so, he would see one quietly withdraw, and so it went on for an hour, only a few of his devoted personal friends sticking to him. He was greatly puzzled and not a little mortified. He had reason for thinking his candidacy not unacceptable to a good many worthy people in Nash. After he had closed his speech the real cause of the defection was revealed to him. By previous arrangement Hawkins had bought up every brandy and cider and cake cart at the place of meeting, and had them all removed about two hundred yards distant in a "hol-low" or small valley. A free treat all day and a good time was the watch-word that had been distributed privately around among the sovereigns by his henchmen. They were all to stand their ground until Hawkins had spoken and then adjourn for refreshments and the "sinews of war" into the valley. Mr. Gilliam said he heard the faint notes of a distant fiddle, when he and some friends moved in the direction whence they came. Upon approaching the scene he saw three or four carts and a hundred or two men standing around drinking and eating "gungers" and in the best of humor, while at the tail of one cart was a ring formed and a number of nimble-footed courtymen were dancing after the prevailing fashion of the times, while his competitor was furnishing the music in a very lively style, for he was a fiddler of the approved kind. This shows how campaigning was carried on the thirties in North Carolina.

LAND FOR SALE.—200 acres of good grass and grain land, one-half cleared, located near Cook's Gap, on the Blue Ridge, on waters of New River, apply to T. A. Critcher, Bamboo, N. C.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 25.

To the Editor of The Lenoir Topic: A refreshing coolness in the air; increased activity about the hotels and on the streets; the reappearance of familiar but long absent faces in churches and in theatres are indications that the season at Saratoga, the White Sulphur, and Newport is over, and that the season at Washington is about to begin.

When the Capital of the United States was a village, and the government a loose jointed federation, the season at Washington was synchronous with the Congressional session. But now the United States has risen to the place of primacy among nations, not as a military power, but in population and in wealth. The capital has grown to be a great and beautiful city, and each year the *res gestae, res dictae* at Washington, whether social or political, grows in importance and are read with increased population, the most intelligent in the world. What will the combined increment, population, wealth, intelligence, be in another hundred years? The thought is staggering, like the fathomless and the infinite. One hundred years ago we were an amorphous string of weak sea coast colonies roughly estimated at 3,000,000. Now we have 60,000,000 with wealth and resources incalculable, a great empire whose eastern and western boundaries are oceans. Is it too much to predict that in another hundred years our northern and southern boundaries will be the Arctic ocean and the DeLesseps canal, or shall we say Terra del Fuego for the southern boundary, with an electric railway running from Hudson bay to Cape Horn. This prospect does not seem more extravagant than the retrospect for the last hundred years is wonderful.

There is to be a centennial, constitutional, and presidential celebration in Washington in a few years and the establishment of a permanent exposition of the products and resources of the various states and territories. Other cities, of course, are contending for the honor, and insisting that their corporation limits shall be the locus of the National Exposition. But it is not intended to have any more Philadelphia provincialism in our National celebration. The Capital of the United States is Washington. French national celebrations are not held at Cherbourg, nor British national exhibitions at Birmingham. We have no reason to be ashamed of the national capital, or aside from its being the cleanest and most beautiful city in the world, it is especially adapted for pageantry, and entertainment. More people have sisters, cousins, aunts, and other relatives in Washington than in any other city of the union. They are here in the public service from every State and territory. The visitor to the Exposition will be in direct communication with the relative or friend who will entertain him or direct him to a place of entertainment. Half the houses of Washington are boarding houses, and half the population have been boarding house keepers. In short, here is a bureau of information and a city of explicable boarding houses ready to hand. Washington today can and does entertain a larger transient population than Philadelphia. Then there is much more that is historic and worth seeing in Washington than in Philadelphia. Besides the building in which the continental Congress was held, and the Liberty Bell, I do not remember anything that a patriotic visitor would care to see in Philadelphia. Here are monuments and colossal statues commemorative of the illustrious dead, and of every epoch in our eventful history. Here are public buildings, museums, the Corcoran art gallery, the White House, and the Capitol; the National Botanical gardens, and the agricultural department, comprising, before a dollar has been expended, such an Exposition as no other city in this hemisphere could produce. Even an expense of \$20,000,000. But perhaps the strongest claim of Washington is the fact that here, right in the midst of the city, in sight of all these commemorative and architectural monuments, and in easy walking distance, is a great unoccupied plain of three hundred acres for the temporary or permanent buildings of the international Exposition. This plain is on the banks of the Potomac, and no exposition in the history of the world has had a site so perfect and so accessible.

"My daughter has taken the medicine faithfully, according to the directions, and her health and spirits are now perfect. The humor is all gone from her face. I wish every anxious mother might know what a blessing Ayer's Sarsaparilla is in such cases."

Sufferers from the effects of quinine used as a remedy for chills and fever, should try Ayer's Ague Cure, a powerful tonic bitter, wholly vegetable, without a particle of any noxious drug. It acts promptly, breaking the chill, curing the fever, and expelling the poison, yet leaving no harmful effect upon the patient.

Your Children

Are constantly exposed to danger from Colds, Whooping Cough, Croup, and diseases peculiar to the throat and lungs. For such ailments, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, promptly administered, affords speedy relief and cure.

As a remedy for Whooping Cough, with which many of our children were afflicted, we used, during the past winter, with much satisfaction, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For this affection, we consider this preparation the most efficacious of all the medicines which have come to our knowledge.—Mary Parkhurst, Freeport, Maine, for Little Wanda, Doncaster, Mass.

My children have been peculiarly subject to attacks of Croup, and I failed to find any effective remedy until I commenced administering Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. This preparation relieves the difficulty of breathing and invariably cures the complaint.—David G. Starke, Chatham, Columbia Co., N. Y.

I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my family for many years, and have found it especially valuable in Whooping Cough. This medicine, by its alliteration, prevents inflammation from extending to the lungs, and quickly subdues any tendency to Lung or Quinsy.—J. B. Wellington, Plainville, Mich.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25¢ per bottle.

ROANOKE AND SOUTHERN.

The Reported B. & O. Extension to Birmingham.

Baltimore Journal.

Several weeks ago we gave some particulars regarding the organization of the Birmingham and Baltimore railroad company, which was incorporated in Alabama by a large number of leading iron makers and capitalists of Birmingham. It is stated in the city on the authority

of those interested that this is a Baltimore and Ohio project, and that the money has been raised for the construction of this line. As outlined before, the reports claim that the Shenandoah Valley branch of Baltimore and Ohio will be extended to Dalton, Ga., and there meet the Birmingham end, which will be built to that point. It is known that the late John W. Garrett was fully determined to extend the Baltimore and Ohio into the South and several years ago he wrote a letter stating that it would be done and giving some points as to the proposed route. Added to this is the statement of Vice President Spencer last winter, who wrote to a gentleman in Virginia that in 1887 the Baltimore and Ohio would extend its line to the South, and hence was greatly interested in projects looking to the building of a railroad south from Roanoke. The Birmingham correspondent of the Baltimore Manufacturers' Record, who is well posted as to the movements in railroad circles in that section, in his last letter says that the engineers are about ready to start out on this end of the B. & O. line from Baltimore to Birmingham and expect to have the section between Birmingham and Dalton, Ga., ready for grading within two months. Should the autumn happen to be a long and dry one, as often happens here, some construction work may be done before winter closes in; otherwise the building of the road will be commenced early in the spring and pushed to completion. It is understood here that the work on the other end from Salem, Va., southward, is being arranged for, and will be carried forward fast enough to meet the track layers from Birmingham at Dalton when they get there.

The importance of this line to Baltimore and the South cannot well be overestimated. So vast are the natural resources of the South, and so great is the present growth of that section, that more railroads are needed to open up the undeveloped mineral, timber and agricultural wealth, and to furnish transportation facilities for the enormous volume of business that will be developed within ten years. Baltimore needs to identify herself more fully than ever with the South, and the construction of this line by the B. & O., and the consequent flow of capital for investment there, by the rich friends of this corporation, would do very much to accomplish this desirable end.

Swapped Offices.

The Wadesboro Intelligence gives the following example of the tendency of men in all professions to trade: "At the county convention over in Stanley, last week, something unprecedented in politics in this section happened. Mr. S. J. Pemberton was nominated for representative, and Captain D. N. Bennett for senator. During the session of the convention Messrs. Pemberton and Bennett 'went out' and talked over their nominations, and then decided that they would exchange places, Capt. Bennett agreeing to go to the lower house and Mr. Pemberton to the Senate. They then went back into the convention and told the 'gentlemen assembled' what they had done. A smile of approbation pervaded the assembly, and the convention ratified the swap of Messrs. Pemberton and Bennett.

OH! MY BACK
Every strain or cold attacks that weak back and nearly prostrate you.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.
The Best Tonic

Strengthens the Muscles, Stimulates the Nerves, Purifies the Blood, Gives New Vigor.

Dr. J. L. Myers, Philadelphia, Penn., says: "Brown's Iron Bitters is the best medicine I have known in my 35 years' practice. I have found it especially beneficial in nervous or physical exhaustion, and in all debilitating ailments that bear on the system. It is the only medicine I have used in my 35 years' practice. It is the only medicine I have used in my 35 years' practice. It is the only medicine I have used in my 35 years' practice."

A GIFT Send 10 cents postage, and we will mail you free a royal, valuable, name plate box of goods that will put you in the way of making more money at once, than anything else in America. Both sexes of all ages can live in health and work in spare time, or all the time. Capital not required. We will start you. Remittance pay ours for those who start at once. 1000 Broadway, N. Y.