

# The Lenoir Topic

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## WALLACE BROS.

Statesville, N. C. 304 Greenwich St. N. Y.

### To the Wholesale Trade.

We congratulate our friends and customers on the fine outlook for crops and consequent good fall business. Anticipating a largely increased demand, we have made very extensive preparations and will soon have our entire

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in line. We feel confident in saying that it will be the largest stock of

### General Merchandise

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Every department will exhibit a

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Term Opens 3rd Thursday in Sept. 1887, with a full corps of Teachers.

Special rates for girls from Western North Carolina.

Pre-eminent in Point of Location, in Higher English,

Music, Art, and in

Reading Influences and Home Life.

Will E. Sanborn, Pres't.

### JACKSON'S DEATH WOUND.

From Wearing of the Gray, by John Estlin Cooke, of Virginia.

On fire with his great design, Jackson then rode forward in front of the troops toward Chancellorsville, and here and then the bullet struck him which was to terminate his career.

Jackson had ridden forward on the turnpike to reconnoitre and ascertain, if possible, in spite of the darkness of the night, the position of the Federal lines. The moon shone, but it was struggling with a bank of clouds, and afforded but a dim light.

From the gloomy thickets on each side of the turnpike, looking more weird and sombre in the half light, came the melancholy notes of the whippoorwill. "I think there must have been ten thousand," said General Stuart afterwards.

Such was the scene amid which the events which now are about to be narrated took place.

Jackson had advanced with some members of his staff, about a mile from Chancellorsville, and had reached a point nearly opposite an old dismantled house in the woods near the road, when he reined in his horse, and remaining perfectly quiet and motionless, listened intently for any indication of a movement in the Federal lines.

They were scarcely two hundred yards in front of him, and seeing the danger to which he exposed himself one of his staff officers said, "General, don't you think this is the wrong place for you?" He replied quickly, almost impatiently, "The danger is all over! the enemy is routed—go back and tell A. P. Hill to press right on!"

The officer obeyed, but had scarcely disappeared when a sudden volley was fired from the Confederate infantry in Jackson's rear, and on the right of the road—evidently directed upon him and his escort. The origin of this fire has never been discovered, and after Jackson's death there was little disposition to investigate an occurrence which occasioned bitter distress to all who by any possibility could have taken part in it.

It is probable, however, that some movement of the Federal skirmishers had provoked the fire; if this is an error, the troops fired deliberately upon Jackson and his party, under the impression that they were a body of Federal cavalry reconnoitring. Whoever may have been the origin of this volley, it came, and many of the staff and escort were shot, and fell from their horses. Jackson wheeled to the left and galloped into the woods to get out of range of the bullets; but he had not gone twenty steps beyond the edge of the turnpike, in the thicket, when one of his brigades drawn up within thirty yards of him fired a volley in their turn, kneeling on the right knee, as the flash of the guns showed, as though prepared to "guard against cavalry." By this fire Jackson was wounded in three places. He received one ball in his left arm, two inches below the shoulder-joint, shattering the bone and severing the chief artery; a second passed through the same arm between the elbow and the wrist, making its exit through the palm of the hand; and a third ball entered the palm of his right hand, about the middle, and passing through broke two of the bones. Here, Captain Wilbourn, of his staff, succeeded in catching the reins and checking the animal, who was almost frantic from terror, at the moment when, from loss of blood and exhaustion, Jackson was about to fall from the saddle.

### FARMERS RUINED BY PROTECTION.

Donn Platt Exposes the Hypocrisy of the "Infant Industry" Dogma.

Protection and polygamy are the twin relics of barbarism. The one is the religion of Utah, the other that of Pennsylvania. They are alike in form as they are alike in stupidity. As doves of women are sealed to skip and bone on imaginary blessing. The Mormon prophet works his wife on earth in return for his pass to the happy here after when they shall have been worked to death; and the monopolized capitalist wrings the last cent from wretched toil in return for a protection against the pauper labor of Europe.

It was the late Tom Corwin who said that in supporting a protective tariff "the bigger the fool the better the argument."

Of course the consumer pays the additional cost put upon the article consumed, and the tax neither adds to the quality nor increases the quantity of the thing taxed. The sole object of protection is to destroy competition. If this is not its purpose, none can be discovered. If it cheapens production, it kills itself. When they first promulgated the American system they based their claims to recognition of their project upon the plea that our infant industries of a manufacturing sort needed the fostering care of a paternal government. Reduced to plain English, what they said was: "Let us rob the consumers of a bounty to pay these feeble producers until such time when the weak enterprises shall be able to stand alone, and then competition among them will reduce them to a level with the pauper labor of Europe. Let us, Mr. President, set up and strengthen them on legalized extortion until they are strong enough to cut each other's throats and so relieve the consumers."

A BOUNCING INFANT, THOUGH. For half a century we have been waiting for two things; one is the time when the infant industries will come of age and be able to stand alone; the other, for that home market. We are no nearer either than when we began.

The main sufferers with us from this iniquitous system are the farmers. Since 1861 the agricultural products of the United States have steadily fallen thirty per cent. What other industry could survive such a shrinkage? The poor tiller of the soil stands dismayed amid his crops and finds, through loss of market, the very soil slipping from beneath him. He does not know what hurts him, and borrows on mortgage to meet his local taxation, hoping for better returns from future seasons to save his poor home.

I cannot give in an easier and more familiar way the views on this subject, as seen from an agricultural standpoint, than to reprint a little address made to my neighbors when, to greet my return home they complimented me with a serenade. I said—

OLD HAYSEED TAXED BOTH WAYS. "You see, we sell under free trade, and are left to the mercy of the worst form of pauper labor. "What is our condition when we come to purchase? Why we are met with protection. All that we buy, from a horsehoe to a mower, all that we wear, all that we build for shelter, all that we use over and above our products, from the cradle we are rocked in to the coffin we rot in—the clothes we wear, the shingle that shuts off the storm, the glass we look through, the blanket we sleep under to the tombstone that records our supposed virtues, are augmented in price to double their value, so that we sell under free trade and buy under protection. New, do you wonder that we work at a disadvantage? If protection is such a good thing we want it. If free trade is such an evil we do not want it. And yet we have the one and not the other. We get what we do not want and are denied what we do want, and it is the most barefaced, impudent swindle ever perpetrated on an intelligent people. There is precisely where insult is heaped on injury. We are considered so ignorant and stupid that we may be plundered with impunity. (A voice—"How about wool?") Let me tell you. They pretend to protect us on wool. Well, we have lost more on our protected shears than we ever made on our protected wool. If the government will give us free lumber, free salt, cease its protection to the barbed wire monopoly, and see that I am charged a reasonable rate for transportation on these public highways, called railroads, I will undertake to undersell at a profit any wool grown in any other part of the earth than that of these United States."

Make home attractive. Nothing adds so much to the pleasures of a home as music. Buy a good Piano or Organ from J. L. Stone of Raleigh N. C., and you will never regret it.

### A BIG GUN.

What a Tariff Reformer Thinks of the President's Message.

To the Editor of The Lenoir Topic: The President's message is the first gun of the campaign of 1888. It has startled the politicians, impressed the people, and its echoes have been heard in Europe. It marks a new era in our political history. Old things are done away. Old issues are dead. The "bloody shirt" in the North and the "nigger" in the South, give place to more important and inviting topics. The President presents a new and living issue. With the honesty, courage and simplicity for which he has gained a just and enviable reputation, he tells Congress its plain and simple duty to the country. His words are easily understood. No equivocation or political cunning marks their meaning. Looking at it from the standpoint of a politician, the message is neither wise nor expedient. He forces an issue upon his party, on which the party is divided, and this too on the eve of a great campaign, in which it is reasonable to suppose he will be a candidate. It is an issue his opponents profess to hail with joy. If Mr. Cleveland were a mere politician, he would not have done this. With a popular and unspotted record of three years in office, presaging future victory, he had no need to take risks.

But Mr. Cleveland is a patriotic statesman, who seeing danger ahead for the people whom he serves, flings away any thought of selfish ambition, and gives Congress a warning, his party dare not refuse to heed.

The danger consists, in short, of withdrawing from circulation, and hoarding in the Treasury, so much of the money of the country, the life blood of its prosperity, as to produce "widespread disaster and financial ruin."

But it may be asked how and why in his efforts to avert a financial panic, does the President run any risk of political success, or manifest any courage in announcing the danger to Congress. The risk and the courage consist in the method he advocates of changing existing laws to avert the danger. It is because he tells Congress there must be a reform of the tariff laws, that such an awakening has followed.

Now, when it is considered there is an immense money power, consisting of great corporations and monopolies, interested in preserving intact for their own selfish gain, the present vicious, inequitable and illogical tariff laws, when it is known this power employs thousands of agencies, newspapers, writers, speakers, legislators and Congressmen to insidiously instill into the minds of the people the idea that, in some mysterious way these tariff laws are a benefit to the laborers of the country, it is easy to see the President and his followers have no light task ahead.

The real question is, "Shall 60,000,000 people continue to be taxed for the luxury of the employers of 2,623,088 laborers?"

The inevitable result of this new issue which the President thus forces on the country, will be a new alignment of political parties. No man need cling to the Democratic party, however loyal he may have been in the past to its policy, if he favors a high protective tariff. No man, however dear to him and proud he may be of the grand history of the Republican party, ought longer to support it if he sees the need of a reform of the tariff laws.

Already the change is taking place. The Birmingham (Ala.) Herald, the organ of "protected" iron manufacturers, indicates that it will support, not the old Republican party of mighty achievements and proud fame, but the new party, degenerated as foreshadowed by Mr. Blaine and other leaders into a mere organization, under the control of the money power.

### A Letter from the South.

Elizabeth X. J. Sunday Leader.

GLENBURNIE, North Carolina, THANKSGIVING DAY.

Old Sol's cheerful rays came peeping over the hill fronting the hospitable home of the mountaineer, with whom we are staying, at half-past seven o'clock in the morning. The weather here is delightful, although occasionally hazy, which prevents an extended view of this romantic section.

The real charm and attraction of this country is its air. And when one considers the importance of this element, in its purity, to the human frame, its value as a restorative agent can hardly be over-estimated. Nearly one thousand diseases follow in the track of the human family, dogging their steps from the cradle to the grave; seeking entrance into the citadel of life through the door of every neglect and exposure. The hidden hand of the destroyer lurks in the deadly germs of the water we drink, the food we eat and in the air we breathe. How few escape the ravages of this invisible army of the enemy to die a natural death. We mourn over the dead, but wado not protect the living. We ascribe to the mysterious hand of Providence that which is really caused by bad drainage, bad air or bad food, and which might have been remedied by our own care. Although the fabled elixir of life has not yet been found, and no potency of drugs, no physician's skill, no discovery of science, no pleading of loved ones can stay the hand of the merciless tyrant, "Death," yet there are spots in the world comparatively exempt from many of the deadly germs of disease, and where the conditions of longevity are extremely favorable. Statistics show that the people of this section, as a rule, are longer lived than dwellers along the seashore, being comparatively free from many diseases,—such as pneumonia, diphtheria, fever and all kinds of epidemics. Disease germs are never found along the Appalachian range, and hay-fever and catarrh are impossible. There are no sudden or severe changes of weather here, where the rarified atmosphere acts as an absorbent on all material matter.

Thousands of people from the north and extreme south spend their summer months among the health giving mountains—Blowing Rock twenty-eight miles from Lenoir, equally so of Caldwell county, being the chief resort for this section. Lenoir is the terminus of a branch of the Piedmont air line system, readily reached from Salisbury. The good hotel at the rock, with its low-priced accommodations, should entice thousands of people from the north during the heated term. I hope some Elizabethans may be tempted to visit this country next summer. They will be heartily welcomed by the people here.

At this season the fields and woods abound in game, and one cannot go amiss in finding partridges in large coveys, squirrels and rabbits, while back upon the higher hills black bear and deer are to be had in abundance. Mr. Harrison Aldrich, a hunter who was famous before the war, whom I met on Grandfather mountain in 1864, last week killed two bears—one of which weighed nearly three hundred pounds. He usually hunts for large game along the Watagua river—a beautiful stream which courses through the mountains for many miles.

Last week, with the aid of a net, we captured many partridges, some of which weighed over three-quarters of a pound each. They are now in prime condition. I expect to send quite a number to friends in Elizabeth, if the weather admits. I regret that the law prohibits the shipment from the State live of birds.

Elizabethans will be interested in learning the following quotations. Butter per pound, 15 cents; Cabbages, per pound 1 cent; Fresh pork, per pound 6 cents; chickens, 12 cents; turkeys, 40 to 50 cents; apples per bushel, 50 to 75 cents; potatoes per bushel, 50 cents; corn per bushel, 40 to 50 cents.

The want of a market accounts for these prices. Chestnuts sell for fifty cents a bushel, but the supply is greater than the demand. It is estimated that three hundred thousand bushels of chestnuts have been handled in this section this fall. Gatherers of these nuts set fire to the leaves in order to facilitate their operations.

### WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 16.

To the Editor of The Lenoir Topic: With characteristic fairness Speaker Carlisle called Mr. Mills to the chair this week, and, descending to the floor, requested the House to choose the Committee on Elections. This unusual action was taken on account of the contest of Thobe against Carlisle, upon which this committee is to pass, and the Speaker declined to have any voice in this selection of the tribunal which will try the issue, so that, no matter what the result, he cannot be charged with manipulating the Committee in his personal and political interests. Some of the Republican extremists favor sending a Congressional Committee to Kentucky to have an investigation chiefly for the purpose of making much needed political capital. But this can hardly be done as the evidence in the contest is virtually closed and the case will probably be conducted with the regular formality of judicial proceedings at the bar of the House.

As but two of the House Committees have been appointed, that body has not begun its regular work, but in the meantime, the members are mapping out much legislation, a good deal of it on the tariff question.

Mr. Randall is preparing a revenue bill, looking to a \$60,000,000 reduction of taxation. Mr. Mills, the probable chairman of the Ways and Means Committee is framing a bill, based upon a reduction of \$80,000,000 in internal revenue taxation and a largely increased free list. It is certain that this measure will be carefully scrutinized by Speaker Carlisle before he gives it his support. Mr. Randall's bill proposes to make an equal reduction in tariff duties and internal taxation. It is believed that the Speaker and the Ex-Speaker will come to an agreement on tariff reform that will be generally acceptable to the Democracy. Why, so widespread is the conviction that tariff revision is necessary, that even the Republicans are working up a measure to that effect, so that in the event of Democratic discussion, they can take advantage of the situation, rush their bill, through, and steal the enemy's thunder.

The Senate Committees having been organized this week, that body is fairly progressing with its work, and a shower of bills has been introduced, many of them, however, being old to readers of the Congressional Record. Among the more important mention may be made of Senator Hoar's bill to change inauguration day from March 4th, to April 30th. In case it passes, this bill cannot become law until after the next inauguration, as the State Legislatures must first ratify the measure.

Senator Platt has again introduced his resolution to abolish secret sessions of the Senate but that dignified assembly is so jealous of its privileges and prerogatives, that there is little probability of the passage of such an act.

Senator Callom's bill making the "United States Postal Telegraph" a part of the Postal system of the United States, providing for the construction of a number of telegraph trunk lines, connecting the principal cities of the country, appropriating four million dollars for the purpose, and regulating the tariff of charges, while it is not without its merits, one of the serious objections to its becoming a law is that there would be an immense increase in the number of Government employees. It is also, claimed by many that such a scheme would be an infringement of States' rights and a dangerous concession to the doctrine of Federal centralization.

Senator Chandler's bill to "regulate" Congressional elections in the States of South Carolina, Florida, and Mississippi, and Louisiana by the presence of Federal Marshals and supervisors, is the very worst bill of all, and if it should pass the Senate, would never become a law, because there is no valid reason why these states should be singled out for regulation. Such legislation is worthy of this same "Bill" Chandler, who was largely instrumental in stealing the votes of three of these states for his Frau-lulency, Rutherford B. Hayes, who was the first and only man to dishonor the Presidential chair. The dissolving Republican party has given proof as strong as holy writ of its decadence by opening into the American house of Millardaires Bill Chandler, the sponsor and the brazen beneficiary of the monumental political infamy of modern times. "Whom the Gods destroy, they first make mad."

We last week spent three days on Grandfather mountain—over six thousand feet above the sea level—but were compelled to leave Sunday morning owing to the intense cold and a fall of several inches of snow. Saturday night many mountaineers visited our cabin, where a right merry time we had. Among those who contributed to our pleasure was a handsome Tennessee girl, Mrs. Gooden—who performed on a banjo until she broke all the strings, which her husband replaced by new ones

### which he ran twelve miles to obtain. One of Mr. G's songs ran this way:

"De corn is in de barn,  
De hog is in de pen,  
De royal mister gobbler  
Is er struttin' in his den;  
De 'possum's up de 'simmon tree,  
De coon is in de holler,  
An' ebbery one of dem is  
As fat as dey kin weller;  
Whet up de butcher knife,  
Wipe out de tray,  
An' stan' back 'Hard Times'  
Fer 'Thankgiving Day'"  
J. M. D.

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