

# The Lenoir Topic.

VOLUME XVI.

LENOIR, N. C., WEDNESDAY, MAY, 6, 1891.

NUMBER 33.

## THE WIND'S AN ILL WIND

That Blows No One Good.

In the midst of the Panic which has just passed over the money centres of this country our buyers were on the market placing orders for

### SPRING GOODS.

Panic has been defined as "People losing their heads." The definition is a good one. During the crisis a dollar in cash was worth a handsome premium. Holders of Merchandise who found themselves in need of ready cash were driven to make

### SALES,

and the opportunities for profitable investments were not wanting.

It is only necessary to add that we have taken advantage of the situation to the fullest extent and as a result are prepared for the

### Spring Trade

as we have never been before.

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To merit the good will and support of our friends and customer always foremost in our minds and starting into the

## New Year

with such auspicious prospects it affords us great pleasure to invite their continued co-operation.

Very Respectfully,  
**Wallace Bros.**

Statesville, N. C., January 1, 1891.

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Lenoir, N. C.

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### Letter From Oregon.

EAST, PORTLAND, OREGON,  
April, 8, 1891.

To the Editor of the Lenoir Topic:

So many of my friends in N. C. and many whom I am not acquainted with have written to me lately about this country, and ask what the chances are to make money out here compared to that of N. C. that I have concluded if you will allow me, to answer through THE TOPIC, I will give one and all my opinion, about leaving or selling a good home, and coming to a country they know very little about. I think I have been here long enough to judge.

I will say to the reader, whether young man or young lady, or middle-aged man without a family, go where you are sure you can do the best, be it city, town or country, but be very sure that you will better yourself materially before leaving a good comfortable place in the country to go to the city. The chances are ten to one that before a year passes over your head, you will wish yourself back again in the old place.

If a man has plenty of money to spend or to invest in business, he can get along in the city of Portland very nicely while his money lasts but the moment that is gone he might as well be in a prison or in a desert, as in the city especially during the rainy season which is about six months in the year, as financial and business matters go in times of depression the city is the last place on earth for a poor man with a family, or even a single person unless they know just what they are to do before they go there, and unless they are pretty certain they will succeed in their new work before going. To come to the city of Portland with the hope of getting into some kind of profitable business or falling in with some grand chance to make money, is the greatest of folly imaginable. Such chances rarely occur to begin with and when found, a thousand men on the ground waiting and watching, stand ready to seize upon it before the opportunity is an hour old. As a rule there is no greater slave on earth than the average city clerk, book keeper, apprentice or any kind of workman.

Late and early hours, steady application, conformity to strict rules and a constant liability to be discharged for the smallest offence, are in permanent quantity in the life of every working man or working woman in this city.

This is a very poor place for a man with a small capital to go into business. A few men own most all of the business part of the city, and the majority of them are in some kind of business and the rents are so high, it takes all of your profit to pay rent. There are very few men that have gone into any kind of business here in the last three years that have made a success. They can't afford to sell goods as cheap as the man who owns the building he is doing business in. In the first place it takes a large sum of money to start into any kind of business and make anything. I could not offer any encouragement to any man of means to try his hand in any kind of business here, for where one succeeds a dozen or twenty fail. A house with two rooms anywhere in the city, can't be rented for less than \$12 to \$15. Firewood is worth \$4.75 per cord, and oakwood is \$6 per cord, so you see it costs like everything to get a house to live in. A residence like Dr. J. M. Spainhour's or Major Harper's would rent for \$75 to \$100 per month in almost any part of the city, and it would cost \$10,000 to \$15,000, to build such a house in this country. I know hundreds of men here who had nice homes back East or at least they say so. They sold out everything and came out here, and bought a lot, and put up a small cottage on it, which took the last cent they would get rich in a few years. With such prices as they pay for work here, I find the majority of them are sick of their bargain. They find the work is much harder, and not making near as good living as they did on their little farm in the East. Very few men get work more than half the year, for this reason there is very little work of any kind done here in the rainy season. I mean out door work; there is very little manufacturing done here. They can't afford it at such prices as they pay for labor. The majority of young men eat up one six months, what they make the last.

Many men came here ten years ago with families, who had just enough money to get here, and today they are no better off financially than when they came. It takes every thing a man can make to pay house rent and keep up his family. If a man is doing well and is comfortably situated in the east, you had better let well enough alone, than venture out on an unknown and untried country. The time was when young business men could go into cities and do well, but that time has gone by and will probably never return, for the simple reason that, the cities are overcrowded already, and there is no prospect of their population growing any less.

This whole Pacific coast is alive with young men, coming and going. To give you an idea how young men come and go from Portland, I was at a free dinner given at the Y. M. C. A. last Thanksgiving day a year ago. There were over 1,000 young men present at dinner. The Y. M. C. A. undertook to give a free dinner to the young men away from home, on last Thanksgiving day in the City of Portland. There was 1500 present. After we had all eaten, the secretary, N. H. Jacks, had each young man to give the state he was born in and how long he had been in Portland, and his name. Out of the 1,000 present a year ago, only seven of the number were present this year. Very few of the number had been here six months. You can readily see how fast the people are coming and going from this country. This should be proof enough to any young man, that the majority of people are not satisfied out here.

Thousands of young men had nice sweet sheets to sleep between back at his home that sleep on old sacks out here, and one old quilt an overcoat thrown over him, and his trousers under his head for a pillow, and glad of the chance of that, after doing a hard day's work. The only way a man can save much money out here is to lack and live economical. I wish the people of N. C., could see the old greasy bachelors in this country. It makes me tired and sick to look at them. There are five men to one woman out here. It is amusing to see them after they have done a hard weeks work, scrub up on Sunday morning, to go out to some public place to look at the ladies pass by, they seem to enjoy it as much as I used to eat ring chicken pie after I had shucked corn a half night. The home of a bachelor in the city of Portland is 7x9. These small rooms will rent for just about as much per month as Major Harper's brick residence in the town of Lenoir. I know young men who came to this city three months ago, and walked the streets every day since, looking for work and have not found anything yet. Many young men come out here with a trade thinking it will be no trouble to get the kind of work they want, and get much better wages than they got back East.

Very few of them get the kind of work they want. But when the purse gets light they will take any kind of work they can get. Many young men are doing work out here that they have never dreamt of doing before they started West, and many are doing work they never did do before. An old saying but a good one, root hog or die. Many young men come out here and get discouraged, and completely throw themselves away. You do not have to go far to find any kind of place you are looking for in this city. Wages are coming down every year in Oregon. When I first came to this country you could get \$50 or \$35, on the farm, and now the farmers get all the men they want at \$20, and board. Very few of them will give that, during the rainy season. If young men will go to work back east like they do out here to make any thing, they will save just as much money as they will here, and be much better satisfied, and some times out of ten the work will not be so hard. There is a class of people who had rather die by inches in a city than live well in the country. I say such people are shallow and weak-minded and it makes but little difference where they live or die. They are simply human mortals flustering around the great city candle; with proper care and effort country life can be made just as enjoyable as a city life and much more healthy and profitable.

I say, boys, stick to the old southern states, you have got a good country, all you need is a good shaking up and get to work like you meant business.

### The Exiles of East Tennessee.

M. V. Moore in Atlanta Constitution.

Many of your readers remember well the reign of terror in East Tennessee, beginning with the occupation of that country by the confederate authorities, after the secession of the state in 1861. It avails little now to charge responsibilities upon this one or that one for the beginning of atrocities, and in inaugurating the era of bloodshed and persecution there. The world knows the fact that East Tennesseans voted overwhelmingly against separation from the union, and the troubles and tragedies began when these people found that they could not give up their full allegiance to the federal government when they were surrounded by those who were devoted to the new confederacy. It is no use to impugn now the motives of the hardy mountaineers there who sided against the South; but it is a well-known fact that while many of these pure-hearted people were, in sincerity and patriotism, attached to the union, many of them antagonized the confederacy for no other reason than the fact that it was claimed to be a schism and a scheme of the democrats, whom they hated with unrelenting energy and fury.

The most conspicuous and popular and I may say the most beloved leader of the old East Tennessee whigs, was William G. Brownlow, a man who despised the very suggestion of democracy, and yet who had little or no love for any party or people who advocated negro liberty or abolition, as is shown by his celebrated controversy with Pryne, and by his denunciations of the republican party prior to his being driven into it in 1861. But when, in 1861, Brownlow denounced secession and raised the cry of "Wolf," his uneducated followers, almost to a man, flocked to his standard. A few only of the more intelligent classes refused to follow the scurrilous old fanatic, for such, indeed, was Brownlow, though he was in many respects a good man who died with clean fingers and with a record for honesty which might well be envied and emulated by other republicans. Among his old whig companions who refused to be led by him, and who believed and went with the southern confederacy, were many of the noblest and best men the state of Tennessee has ever produced—men who have either died in the democratic party or are yet living within its folds—and loved and honored in many states of the union.

The first conspicuous act of repudiation of confederate authority in East Tennessee were high crimes committed by some of the so-called unionists there—men who felt so outraged that they should be dragged into war against their wishes and their votes, that they, early in 1861, after the secession of the state, burned nearly all the great bridges on the railway in East Tennessee, over which the troops from the gulf states were being sent to Beauregard and Johnston in Virginia. The atrocious crime, leveled at the army of the confederacy, affected the transportation and business interests of the entire south; and it roused not only the confederate governments but state and railway authorities also. Several of the criminals were apprehended, tried, convicted and summarily punished. The two acts—the crime and the execution of participants—were the fuel thrown upon the fires already kindled; but the flames went deeper into the hearts of the union people, and from that time forward they began to feed the passion of vengeance. The whole union element of the section was roused to the very highest pitch of fury and indignation, and you may say or think what you please, but the fires then kindled have not yet been wholly extinguished. Many, very many, of the East Tennesseans of the old "union" ilk have no use yet for people they still call "rebels," and while the latter class are tolerated there, there is no denying the fact that the entire cordial between the late opposing elements there exists more in hearsay than in heart. East Tennessee is the only part of the south where the bloody shirt is yet vigorously planted in political campaigns. But after the votes are counted it is laid aside, but not buried, for it is the only banner that many of their politicians have.

The reign of terror inaugurated in 1861 was at its highest pitch in the summer of 1865, when the "union" men, who had been long exiled from their homes there, returned to glut their deep-seated vengeance and to plunder after the down fall of the confederate power—which had partly kept them away during the years '63, '64 and '65—one of the most terrible and pathetic chapters of all confederate history is that which deals with the refuging of thousands of patriots from East Tennessee. It has no parallel save in French history, in the times of the Bourbons and their overthrowers. I can only allude to the matter in a general way—for particulars would fill volumes.

This refuging and punishment of patriots was not confined at all to union sympathizers, as it was not confined to royalists in France during the different eras. Some even of the first exiles from East Tennessee were southern sympathizers who went away because of the predominant local element. They went not so much from actual intolerance or persecution as from a desire to be among congenial spirits.

Their hearts were so in the cause of the South they could not bear the taint of Toryism at home. The power of the confederacy was not sufficient to allay all the local feuds or soften the sharp asperities engendered by the strife of arms, and when the conscription act began to lay the heavy hands upon the opponents of war there there was a general exodus to Kentucky, or elsewhere north, of men, especially union men—subject to military duty, who could not find protection in bomb-proofs or otherwise.

When the "union men," driven away by the power of the confederate government, returned to take possession of their homes, under the aegis of the federal flag, they banded together and gluted their ire and vengeance with a fury and remorselessness unknown since the days when Rome fell beneath the northern vandal invasion, and the Goths butchered those who had thrown their brothers into the gladiatorial ring—"to make the Roman holiday."

Then it was that the confederate sympathizers, "the southerners," began their general exodus, their wholesale refuging. Thousands of the best blood in the south then fled before the avengers in blue—for those men, many of them returned soldiers, persisted in wearing their old blue uniforms long after the surrender of Lee and Johnston, and even to-day the old blue coats are yet seen at public gatherings in East Tennessee—the men are so in love with the garb that they cling to it even though it is in tatters—for it serves for them the double purpose of inspiring (as it is supposed) terror yet in the souls of weak-hearted "rebels," and then it is the outward badge of that "loyalty," a parade of which seems so desirable on occasions.

In 1865, many of the defeated southerners, in East Tennessee had to flee for their lives. Heaven only has the record of those who did refuge. Heaven alone has the list of those who fatally fell before the bloody hand of "loyalty" there. The vanquished fled in every direction before the conquerors. The roads were full of them in the fall of 1864, and even before that time. Early in 1865, nearly every railroad train going out of that doomed region carried families into Georgia, Alabama, the Carolina and elsewhere. There is scarcely a city of prominence anywhere in the south but received its quota of the exiles—the East Tennessee refugees from the persecutions of unionists in 1864 and '65. Many of the Georgia and Alabama cities and towns owe much of their character and prosperity to those exiles—for wherever they located they inspired and wrought character and prosperity. The benevolent hand of Providence, or God, seems to have been with them in their flight and location, and again during the past ten years have I heard prominent East Tennesseans in that section lament the persecutions which drove so much of their worth and integrity of their country into other lands. It will be very many years before East Tennessee will fully recover from her losses occasioned by the driving away of so many of her best people in 1864 and '65. A new generation had already been born before the tide of southern prosperity touched the heart of that section. Twenty-five more years will be required to restore fully the lost elements of virtue and worth.

But other countries are bettered by the infusion of what Tennessee lost. The exiles have been a powerful instrumentality in the prosperity of Atlanta. But not Atlanta alone. I find them everywhere I go. During a fourteen year's travel over the gulf states, I seldom visited a city or town of importance but I found there the exiled East Tennesseans. I have met with them even among the sands and hummocks of Florida and far away on the prairies of Texas. Whenever I do find them, I come in touch with sympathy that immediately responds to the glow and grief in my own heart—for I too am an exile from the home of my birth and boyhood—dear loved old old East Tennessee.

### From Blue Ridge to Rocky Mountain.

Account of a Trip from the Atlantic to the Pacific and Half way Back to the Plains of Kansas.

MANHATTAN, Kansas, April, 5 '91.

To the Editor of The Lenoir Topic:

I promised my N. C. friends to write a letter to your paper, as it would be out of the question to write then individually, so I hope they will take this as a letter personal to each one. We left Morganton, N. C., Feb. 16th '91, for the distant State of Washington a distance of about three thousand miles. Stopped over night at Knoxville Tenn., the first night after leaving Morganton; and then on through Tenn. into Kentucky, stopping a few minutes in Lexington, the home of the Clays and Breckenridges and where we met our young N. C. friend, Prof. D. S. Coffey. Then on to Cincinnati where we stopped a short time. This is a city of three hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. The next place of importance was Indianapolis, the home of Harrison. We passed out of Ind. into Ill., and into Chicago, the queen city of the West, we run twenty miles in the city before reaching the Wisconsin Central depot, said to be the finest in the United States, built at a cost of two millions and a half dollars, including grounds. The population of Chicago is one million one hundred thousand and has the largest area of any city in the United States or perhaps in the world and they confidently expect to pass N. Y. by nineteen hundred in point of population. We stopped ten hours in this city and took in some of the sights. We went down to Lake Michigan, walked through the exposition grounds for '92 and went to the building containing the air ship, but as they ask us several dollars to go in, we declined. It almost makes your head swim to hear the noise and bustle of this great city. One hundred miles out from Chicago, we struck the snow and traveled through it about two thousand miles, the average depth being eighteen inches and the mercury below zero most of the time. From Ill. we passed into Wisconsin, then into Minnesota, going through the rich and beautiful cities of the St. Paul and Minneapolis. At St. Paul we crossed the Mississippi River which is not larger than the Cotawba river at Morganton. Next we passed through North Dakota. Especially we noticed the "bad lands" of this new State. They are a strange formation and, in places, looked like a volcanic eruption. Bismark is a nice city. Next we passed into Montana and traveled, perhaps, three hundred miles in this State. Helena is a very pretty city. It was indeed interesting to us to see all the sights here; the sleigh drivers were clad in fur and following every sleigh were several large dogs, that would probably weigh one hundred pounds each. Our train of nine coaches, was here coupled to two huge engines to pull us over the Rocky Mountain and then it was all that they could do to haul us over, several times they had to stop to get on a better head of steam. Awful canyons, mountains of rock and many other natural sceneries were seen. We passed through many tunnels, one of which was four miles long, and was dark as midnight. We passed through North Western Idaho and finally reached Spokane Falls, Wash. It has a population of thirty thousand and is handsomely built. This might be properly called the "city of dogs" for you meet them every where you go on the streets several in a group, and of large size. Of course we went to see the famous Spokane Falls. We do not consider them equal even to Linville Falls N. C. Leaving Spokane, we traveled sixty five miles to Palouse City, in the famous Palouse county. It was to us, what Moscow was to Napoleon the 1st. Our first impression of the country was favorable, but the longer we remained, the more dissatisfied we became. After inquiring from a number of farmers, we ascertained the fact that land that was represented to bring sixty bu. of wheat per acre did not yield more than forty, and that forty five cents per bu was a fair average, when crops are generally good in the West. Men in whom we had confidence, told us that wheat could not be raised for fifty cents per bu. In the harvest season, labor reaches the price of sixty-five dollars per month. The price of labor, by the year is about five hundred dollars. The Palouse produce heavy crops of

Continued on Fourth Page.

### Deal & Deal.

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