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1882. Fall and Winter. 1882.

—THE MAGNIFICENT—

FALL WINTER

STOCK OF

Wallace Bros.

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GENERAL MERCHANDISE

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Send for our Illustrated Catalogue and Rural Register FREE TO ALL. C. B. LANDRETH & SONS, SEED GROWERS, PHILADELPHIA

ADDRESS OF COL. W. W. LENOIR, To the Democratic Nominating Convention of Watanga County on the 11th Sept. 1882.

FELLOW DEMOCRATS: I accept the nomination for representative of the county which your partiality has tendered to me. I am very grateful to you for the high honor which it confers on me; which is the more marked because, as some of you know, I have tried harder to avoid nomination than candidates usually do to secure it. I had hoped that your choice would fall upon some younger, more active, more deserving man; and would leave me free to devote myself to my farm, where I hope that I am doing some good, and where I know that I am much more needed, in my own judgment, than either on the stump or in Raleigh; and free to enjoy on it the retired life which I love so much. But it is not the part of a good citizen either eagerly to seek office or nomination to it, or too obstinately to refuse it when tendered.

FELLOW CITIZENS OF ALL PARTIES: I will not attempt to discuss the political issues of the canvass. I will do as well as I can throughout the canvass, and face to face with my competitors, if according to custom they meet me. It will not be my fault, if the canvass interrupts the good feeling between them and me. I have no personal charges to bring against them; but I hate their politics. I will make war on their politics, and I will ask none for mine.

The public discussion of politics is to me an untried field. I am slow of speech and diffident and unskilled in extempore debate. I dread to make a stump speech more than a truant school boy dreads a flogging. I would be quite overmatched in this contest if I did not have so much the best cause. But trusting in the strength of the sound democratic principles which I have been chosen to defend, I say to my competitors: Turn on the light, let the truth be heard. Truth is mighty, and in the end will prevail. Truth is eternal, and cannot die.

Believing that the principles of the democratic party are those upon which the safety and welfare of the South, and of the whole country depend, I cling to those principles with all my heart. My democracy will give no uncertain sound. I am nominated as a democrat, I will canvass as a democrat, I will vote at the election as a democrat; if elected, I will work and vote in the legislature as a democrat.

And when I say that I am a democrat, I mean that I am all democrat. I am not one of these so called liberal democrats, who are so liberal with their democracy that they have thrown it all away, and have gone over, bag and baggage, into the camp of the enemy, and, to quote from the iron clad oath, are giving "aid and counsel, countenance and encouragement" to the enemy. There is no republican stop-water in the pure spirit of the democracy which I profess. It is high proof democracy; Bourbon democracy, if you choose so to call it; democracy which never forgets the great fundamental principles on which it is founded, principles which were handed down to us by Madison and Jefferson and the other old fathers of the purer days of the republic, to be preserved, with the constitution, as a part of our precious heritage of freedom; democracy which never learns to keep step with the music, or march under the banners of the republican party, the great enemy of those principles.

If I represent you at all, it will be as a democrat. Yet it would be at the same time as the representative of all the people of Watanga county, and I would try to maintain the rights and interests of every citizen of Watanga county, whatever his politics might be. As an humble member, I might well say the humblest member of the body to which the State had for the time entrusted its legislative power, I would be one

of the representatives of the whole State, in duty bound to watch over, maintain and defend the rights, the interests and the honor of the whole, and of every part of it. With this broad principle of duty for my guide I would vote for no measure which would be unjust to any portion of the State. I would not even vote a seeming benefit to our own beautiful county of Watanga, our fair queen of the mountains, if it could only be obtained at the price of injustice to the remotest eastern county that turns its face to the tempest tossed Atlantic. Let justice be done, come what will.

I try to take the same broad view of federal issues as of State issues. The South has no longer any peculiar institution tending to cause discord between the North and the South. The United States are now bound together in a perfect community of interests. They form one country, the common country of all its citizens, under the government of which they have each and all equal rights and equal rank, and which they each apd all, both in interest and in duty, are bound to love, honor, cherish and defend. The tendency of our free institutions is to make brethren of us all. We have a country in which sectional issues have no longer any natural place or room, and can only have a forced and unnatural existence.

It was to be expected that our great war would be followed by some sectional issues, the bitter fruit of the animosities which it engendered; issues in which the defeated and impoverished South would of necessity be acting on the defensive only. But these issues are disappearing, thank God! with the wane of the republican party, which, as one of its unholy means of continuing in power, has never ceased to foster them. There are many and increasing indications of a new era of good feeling between the North and the South. I cannot permit myself to doubt that, if we will but be true to ourselves, the North will soon of its own motion join us in demanding full justice for the South.

Sectionalism is either aggressive, where part of a country proposes or enforces partial laws, or a partial administration of law to the injury of another part; or defensive, where the part so injured seeks to defend itself from such partial legislation, or administration of law. Aggressive sectionalism is a form of tyranny. Defensive sectionalism, which it summarizes into existence to resist it, is but a form of patriotism. It is the broad and placid stream of patriotism obstructed by obstacles forced by its enemies into its current and chafing in its narrowed channel.

Ireland, burdened by centuries of British oppression, is intensely sectional still, only because intensely patriotic, intensely Irish. Remove every just cause of complaint against British rule, and Ireland would soon be as intensely British as she is now intensely Irish. Until all her wrongs are righted she can only cease to be sectional by ceasing to be patriotic.

The South, thank God, is intensely patriotic, and in case of war against our common country would rush headlong to the front in its defense. It must follow, as the night the day, that whenever assailed by aggressive sectionalism the South must in response, as long as she retains her patriotism, become solidly and intensely sectional.

Under our government of the people where the majority rule, it is absurd to accuse the South of aggressive legislation against the North, which outvotes the South two to one. It is in the power of the North at any time to give the death blow to the defensive sectionalism of the South, by abandoning the aggressive sectionalism at the North which begets and nourishes it. That, after seventeen years of peace for observation and reflection, the North should still fail fully to see and act upon this, is to me one of the mysteries of our politics. But the people at the North do at length in a great measure understand it. Under the healing influence of time, and the fraternalizing tendencies of our free institutions, our sectional issues, though sedulously

fanned by the party which is still dominant at the North, are fast dying out. What is left of them has mostly become merged in questions of general importance, which, though in some respects peculiarly affecting the South, divide the country independently of sectional lines.

The war caused the enactment of some laws now no longer needed; and from the burdens imposed on the people by them, the whole country stands in great need of relief. Some of these no longer needed war measures are especially burdensome on the South, and it is therefore of especial interest to the South that they should be repealed.

The internal revenue taxes, now confessedly no longer necessary, are especially burdensome on the South, because collected mostly from products which are more Southern than Northern; and because the abuses in their collection, and the corrupt manner in which the machinery for their collection is made to influence the elections, are practiced mostly at the South.

The tariff duties are now so high on many articles manufactured at the North as virtually to prohibit their importation, and thus suppress, instead of raising a revenue from them; though they raise the price of them to the consumer higher than a revenue tariff would. This, though a worse than useless burden on the consumer every where, is especially hard upon the South, which is too poor yet to engage largely in manufactures.

As the federal government is administered by the party now in power, the South has especial cause to complain of its centralizing tendency which is so dangerous to all the people of all the States.

It is the policy of the republican party to continue these burdens upon us. It is the purpose of the democratic party to relieve us from them. On the issues thus presented the Southern democracy do not propose to be silent. On these, on all aggressive issues which the republican party, which any party, may continue to force upon the reluctant South, I say to you, and to all whom it may concern, that I align myself shoulder to shoulder with the Southern democracy, the true friends of the South, on the side of the South, my loved, my honored, my own, my native South.

If we do not take our own part, pray, who will take it for us? I take my stand for my native land and my home. For, the man whose soul is so dead that he would not, I find no fit likeness among men nor beasts.

Even the jackal, that deputy revenue collector of the forest, that willing informer and swift witness among the smaller beasts of prey, which fearing to attack the game that it hungers to devour, yelps on its trail to guide the lion to it, and after the lion has feasted upon it, gorges its stomach and satiates its gluttonous appetite upon the dirty refuse and stinking offal from which its 'boss,' the lion, has stalked away in disgust; even this cringing and cowardly jackal will stand at bay and fight for the wretched den which shelters it and its mate and its young.

I denounce no republican who is honest in his belief. I think his judgment sadly at fault; but I respect his courage, when I see him standing up as squarely for his convictions as I do for mine. Nor do I denounce any man for holding office under the administration; who takes and holds it with clean hands. But the Southern men who have been corruptly bought over with money or office to fight against their home and race, may be aptly compared to the hell hounds in Paradise Lost, growing fat by preying on the vitals of their mother.

If I am elected, I hope that my course as your representative will be popular at home among the good people of Watanga. I promise you that I will try to make it so, by trying to do what is right. I believe that to be the best, the only way to secure a popularity which would be desirable and lasting. But should circumstances lead me into a situation in which I must choose between popularity and duty, I would turn my

back upon a popularity which I could not embrace without sacrificing duty, and I would follow duty. And then in the peaceful retirement on my farm which would result, I could reflect without a pang of self reproach upon my course, and faithfulness to duty would bring me its own high reward.

Let us all remember that this is a very important election in which every man should feel himself especially called upon to do his duty.

THE MAN WHO LIVED ON.

Detroit Free Press.

Riding along the highway between Enfauia and Union Springs I came upon a native Alabamian seated on a log by the roadside. He was a perfect picture of all "broke up." He looked sick, his clothes were ragged, and he was barefooted in May because he had no boots to wear. He looked up in a weary way, I halted, and when I asked about the road he shook his head and replied:

"Don't bother me, stranger—I'm clean gin out."

"What's the trouble?" "Oh, everything—everything. I've had sickness and losses and lawsuits and tribulations till my sand is all gone. I came out here to die all to myself, and I'm expecting every minute to hear the toot of the horn."

"That's too bad."

"Yes, its bad. The old woman she'll have to peg along alone, and the children will have to die out or starve, and some other man will wallop my old mule and kick my dog. It's bad, bad, but I've got to go. They'll find my dead body out here and plant it in some swamp, and that will be the last of me."

"Can't I help you in any way?"

"Stranger, are you bluffing?"

"No."

"Really mean it?"

"Of course."

"Then put yer hand right thar and squeeze. Them's the first kind words I've heard in twenty years. Patch my hide if I don't feel like living three months longer."

"Have a plug of tobacco?"

"Will I? Will a drowning man holler for a raft?"

He took the plug and tore away a quarter of it at one bite, and as the taste began to come he cried out:

"Stranger, it's heap better than going to heaven! Yum! Yum! Why, I really believe I'll live till cotton comes off!"

"And here is some brandy which I carry to use in the water down here. Won't you take a pull?"

"Won't I?" Stranger, that's too good, and I can't believe it! I haven't tasted brandy since Lee surrendered."

He took the flask and pulled away until half the contents had disappeared and as he handed it back his eyes began to shine, his hair pushed his hat off and he cracked his heels together and exclaimed:

"Stranger, I'm going to live—going to live all summer—all winter—all next year! I'm a new man—I'm right up to the mark again—and I'll go home and give the family to understand dad's on deck and good for seventy-five years yet! Whoop! If you hadn't been so powerfully kind to me I'd bet my old hat agin a cent that I could lick ye in two minutes."

DONE WITH THE GOVERNMENT.

"Boss, wush you'd send dis ter 'Tildy Smith," said a colored man, passing a letter through the stamp window of the Little Rock postoffice. "You haven't put a stamp on it."

"I know dat but can't it go any-way?"

"No."

"Won't de government credit me fur free cents?"

"No."

"And dis government what I fit fur won't credit me fur free cents. From dis time on I'ee a sour man. I shakes politics from de folds of my garments, an' I wants it understood dat I'ee a isiny ter dis house, an' ter de oper, seer ob dese premises. An' sides I knows whar a Newrited States soldier is asleep rite now. I'ee gwaintat a club an' hit dat man."