

# The ROANOKE NEWS

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## MEDOC, Halifax Co., N. C.

THE LARGEST WINE CELLARS EAST OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS INVESTED WHICH YIELDS HANDSOME ANNUAL PROFITS.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE FARMS, VINEYARDS, AND PROCESSES OF MANUFACTURING WINES AND BRANDY AT THIS WONDERFUL PLACE.

That this portion of North Carolina is as well adapted to grape and wine culture as the banks of the Rhine or the soils of California and Southern France is a fact well known to the people of the State, but is not a matter of general information. It is the purpose of this article to show to the world the adaptability of our soil and climate to grape and wine culture; and in no way can this be better done than by an account of what has been accomplished in this direction at Medoc, this county, by Messrs. C. W. Garrett & Co. This firm, by the way, must not be confounded with the firm of Garrett & Co., of Littleton, which deals in wines itself, but makes few of them. A visit to Medoc would give one a far better idea of the magnitude to which this industry has been developed than a volume of description, and the general hospitality of the proprietors and their employees would of itself repay one for the trouble of a trip. But as it cannot be the good fortune of everyone to visit this wonderful place a pen picture of the work carried on there cannot but be interesting to the readers of the ROANOKE NEWS.

### MEDOC.

When Messrs. C. W. Garrett & Co. purchased the place in 1868 it was known as Weller's vineyard. It was then a small farm upon which were only nineteen acres of grape vines, the only variety being the scuppernon. From this beginning, under the excellent management of the proprietors has grown the only vineyard of any pretensions in the State, with the exception of Tokay, near Fayetteville, and the largest east of the Rocky Mountains. Among the varieties of grapes are the Scuppernon, the Mish, the Delaware, the Concord and the Norton Virginias. With the exception of the Scuppernon and Mish these grapes are well known everywhere.

### THE MISH.

The mish grape was first discovered and propagated by Dr. Meisch, a Swiss gentleman, from whom it takes its name. As a table grape it is unexcelled, its flavor being unequalled, besides possessing the rare quality of ripening late, often remaining on the vine in perfect condition until November. Medoc is the only vineyard of note on record which cultivates this delicious grape.

### THE SCUPPERNON.

The scuppernon is indigenous in North Carolina and grows to perfection in all the eastern portion of the State. It grows to full development only in this State, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Florida. In Virginia the vines grow luxuriantly but yield comparatively little fruit. The largest scuppernon vine in the world grew on Roanoke Island and covered more than one acre of ground. It was found there by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1585 and was living and thriving until a very few years ago. It is believed to be the parent stem from which all others sprung.

The scuppernon is one of the most prolific varieties of grapes and its delicious flavor makes it one of the most palatable. It is little known beyond the limits in which it grows because nursery-

men generally disparage it for the reason that should it come into popular favor it would greatly militate against the varieties in which they are directly interested. It is the only grape known which is not subject to disease of some kind.

### THE FARMS.

Medoc now embraces about one thousand acres and besides the eighty-five acres in grapes is the model farm of the State. There are raised the very best wheat, grass, clover, cotton, corn, tobacco peanuts and fruits of various kinds. The land is in a high state of cultivation and is kept so by scientific fertilizing and manuring. Last year some of it yielded two bales of cotton to the acre. Everything is conducted with the most perfect system and economy. Labor-saving machinery is used whenever it can be and the cost of production lessened in every conceivable way. A steam mill furnishes all the meal, hominy and lumber used, a blacksmith keeps the tools and implements in repair and carpenters are kept busy building and repairing houses, fences and woodwork of vehicles, plows, etc.

Thoroughbred horses and Jersey cattle are kept in great numbers and ready sale is found for them at high prices at all times. On the farm are two immense silos which are filled annually with green food for the stock in winter and, as a consequence, they are always in superb condition.

Standing upon the elevation upon which the residence is situated the eye takes in a magnificent view, afforded by the rolling lands covered with the green foliage of the vines, the darker green of the clover, the waving grain ready for the sickle, the little brook winding its way through the meadow lands, rich with grass, upon which the contented cattle quietly browse or lazily rest, protected from the noonday sun by the spreading branches of beautiful trees, the whole having a back ground of cottages about which cluster welcome trees with their various shades of green.

### THE VINEYARDS.

The vineyard is enlarged every year from five to fifteen acres, great care being taken to secure only the best "layers" from the best vines, for the proprietors attach more importance to the quality than to the quantity of their products. They do not buy vines, but always prepare their own layers in order to avoid the possibility of obtaining those of an inferior quality. But the production of wine is not confined to the grapes of their own vineyards; the proprietors annually purchase hundreds of bushels of grapes and blackberries from people in all that vicinity, and the purses of many are made heavier by these sales.

### THE CELLARS.

The capacity of the cellars is one hundred and fifty thousand gallons. They are built in the shape of a T and are situated in a little valley formed by two hills into the sides of which two ends of the cellars are built. They are three stories high and in the first and second stories are the large casks in two great rows from one end of the building to the other, each bearing a label showing the variety of wine and the date of its vintage. They are so large that a man can easily stand upright in any of them. To the average visitor they would seem to hold wine enough to supply the world. The cellars are kept at as near the same temperature—about sixty degrees—as possible winter and summer, and on a warm day it is grateful to get within their walls. In winter those engaged in them work with their coats off.

### THE BUSY SEASON.

The annual production is about eight thousand gallons, varying with the seasons. The busy season of wine-making at Medoc begins about the first of September, when the grapes begin to ripen, and continues about two months. During this period there is a mighty rush of work and hundreds of men women and children are employed daily, but everything moves like clock work. Experienced men have charge and there is neither waste or confusion.

### THE PROCESS.

The whole process of wine-making is interesting. The ripe grapes are gathered in great sheets placed under the vines and taken to the cellars in baskets. They are then punctured by a machine made for the purpose and put into casks holding 2,000 gallons each where they are allowed to remain four or five days, when the juice is drawn off and put into other large casks where it ferments twelve months, being continually watched by skillful wine makers. During this period of fermentation it is "racked" that is, drawn from one cask to another, two or three times. At the end of a year it is dry wine and ready for shipment.

When sweet wines are to be made sugar is added as may be required, and Medoc vineyard consumes more than six hundred barrels of it each year.

### VARIETIES OF WINES.

Among the varieties of wines made at Medoc are Scuppernon, Mish, Concord, Sherry, Claret, port, blackberry and champagne. They are of the most excellent flavor and their bouquet is equal to any of the imported wines, nor could they be distinguished by the most experienced connoisseur, were they favored with foreign labels.

### BRANDIES.

After the juice is drawn off as above described water is added to the hulls and after standing a few days the juice is pressed out and distilled into brandy. This brandy and that made from other fruits will bear comparison with those of France or any other on the markets and their genuine purity has become so well known that the proprietors find it almost impossible to keep any of it until it has been mellowed by age.

### FORSHIPMENT.

When wine is to be put into packages for shipment it is pumped from one of the large casks by an ordinary cucumber pump and a rubber hose which is long enough to reach any part of the building, all the preparations for shipment being made on the same floor upon which the office is situated. Bottles and the straw jackets which cover them are generally imported from Germany because they are better and cheaper. Badly made bottles or bad packing injures the sale of the wine, so much depends on neatness and general appearance. The boxes are made on the place from lumber sawed by the mills of the proprietors.

New barrels and runlets are never used for shipping wine because they impart to it a woody taste and injure the flavor. Nothing will destroy this woody taste except alcohol and for that reason only those barrels are used which have contained some kind of alcoholic liquor, but before these second hand barrels are used they are made over again at the cooper shops at Medoc and look new.

When one of the large casks has been emptied it is thoroughly cleansed inside and whitewashed with lime and so remains until it is called into use again.

### VALUE OF THE PLANT.

The entire property as it stands to-day cost the proprietors probably more than one hundred thousand dollars but the products of the farms and vineyards pay handsome profits on the investment. The business is now under the management of Mr. H. S. Harrison, son-in-law of Mr. Charles W. Garrett who established this great industry twenty-three years ago.

### TEMPERANCE.

The use of light wines containing only the alcohol produced by the natural process of fermentation would be of great service to the cause of temperance. History teaches that the human family will use some kind of stimulant and it is a well known fact that there is little drunkenness where wines are in general use. There is so little of it made in this country and the cost of transportation and importation adds so materially to the price that people resort to whisky because of the ease and cheapness with which they can procure it. The wines of Medoc are cheap and easily obtained, and supply an apparent need of the human system without creating or exciting the dreadful thirst which debases thousands of men and ruins as many homes in this fair land.

### GOLDEN WEDDING.

MR. AND MRS. J. B. TILGHMAN SR., FIFTY YEARS MARRIED.

Oakland, the old homestead of the Tilghmans, three miles from Weldon, was the scene on Wednesday last week, the first inst., of a happy gathering of members of the family, connections and friends to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Tilghman, who, though now quite aged have never ceased to find enjoyment in contributing to the pleasure of their children and friends. Often during the long period of their married life have their hospitable doors been opened to entertain guests—adding enjoyment to their lives by giving pleasure to others.

In celebrating this glad event, the hearts of those present were saddened when the Rev. J. A. Lee in a short and touching address, alluded to the past in a finely drawn picture of life—taking his hearers back fifty years ago when the "Spring tide" of life was upon this now aged couple, when their young hearts were aglow with tenderest emotions of affection, as they plighted their troth, and "for better or for worse" began the journey of life trusting in a merciful Saviour. How beautiful to see them now, since the mother's affliction and the father's recent illness to behold that calm resignation of countenance which tells more plainly than words that they fear not the shore which is almost now in view. Reader, do you realize that you too are inevitably treading the same ground, and that whether prepared or otherwise a landing must be effected?

The day was greatly enjoyed by all present, and particularly gratifying to Mr. and Mrs. Tilghman, as they were the recipients of numerous tokens of affection from children and friends amounting to forty-two dollars in gold, a pair of gold spectacles, gold breast pin and a gold scarf pin, the latter being presented by a colored friend.

The writer does not anticipate witnessing a similar even—but will always remember the impressive occasion as one well calculated to advance the spiritual good of all in attendance.

### A FRIEND. THE WRONG MAN.

Here is a story which may involve a prominent Southern railway in heavy damages. A Kentuckian, who had been drinking heavily, asked the colored porter at what hour Covington would be reached. "Two o'clock ter morer mornin'," answered the darkey.

"Waal," said the traveller, "I have been drinking pretty freely. When we git thar put me off. When you come to call me you may find me remonstrative and fighting drunk, but there are two dollars for you to pay for all injuries. Mind, now, I want to get off at Covington—you understand?"

"Guess I do, boss," said Jeff, as he pocketed the bribe. "Doan't matter how yer kiek—off yer goes—sure."

At six o'clock next morning, as the train was entering Cincinnati, the big Kentuckian awoke. He grabbed his gripsack, and with fire in his eye and sought the negro, who was standing at the extreme end of the aisle. When Jeff, saw the man he turned almost white, and his eyes dilated until the pupils stood out like butter plates.

"Didn't I give you two dollars to put me off at Covington, hey?" hissed the traveller between his teeth. "Sartin sure, honest fac," acquiesced the darkey. "But," he quired, as the perspiration started out all over him, "who was the gemmen we did thow off at Covin'ton?" He kicked wusser nor a mule.

### You Take No Risk

In buying Hood's Sarsaparilla, for it is everywhere recognized as the standard building up medicine and blood purifier. It has won its way to the front by its own intrinsic merit, and has the largest sale of any preparation of its kind. Any honest druggist will confirm this statement. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not be induced to buy anything else instead. Be sure to get Hood's.

### BRINKLEYVILLE.

CROP PROSPECTS—SCARCITY OF LABOR—PERSONAL—NOTES—MAD DOGS.

Perhaps a word from our little town will not be out of place and will be read with interest by some of your readers. We will speak first of the cotton prospect as this ought to be of interest to every one when we consider that from the ground we draw the necessities of our existence. We are sorry to say the prospect is poor, cotton is small and scarcity of labor and low prices of cotton are very discouraging to the farmers. We must diversify our crops or our country will soon be in a sad condition. When our land with proper cultivation, will produce almost anything, why should we stick to cotton? We heard two prominent farmers remark that it was the last year that they should plant much if any of the fleecy staple.

The health of our community is good, with the exception of some cases mostly produced by the summer heat and early vegetables. A young physician from Washington county remarked a few days ago that he thought right through this section was the healthiest part of North Carolina. Apropos of the above remark we would say that we have in our community a family consisting of three people whose ages are 75, 76 and 78 years, they are all active, too.

Our town is being enlivened by the smiling faces of our youths and maidens just home from their various schools and colleges. We were glad to welcome Prof. E. H. Norman, principal of New Windsor Business College, his two sisters and brother who are with us for a three month's vacation.

Our townsman, Mr. Rodger Patterson, who has been quite sick, we are glad to say is improving. His good wife returned to day from a visit to her sister at Crowells.

The usual serenity of our place has been somewhat disturbed lately by the reports of mad dogs. These reports were much exaggerated, of course, though many dogs have been killed and several cows have really gone mad from the bite of the rabid animal. People cannot be too careful about such things and every dog that looks the least suspicious should be killed immediately.

### FAVORITE SONGS.

The Toper's—When the Bloom is on the Rye.

The Miner's—Rock Me to Sleep Mother.

The Shoe Dealers—Oh! dem Golden Slippers.

The Evolutionist's—Listen to my Tale of Woe.

The Merchant's—The sweet By and By.

The Hunter's—White Wings.

The Carpenter's—I built a Bridge of Fancies.

The Buglar's—Oft in the Stilly Night.

The Baldheaded Man's—Shoo, Fly, Don't Bother Me.

The Dyer's—Why do Summer Roses Fade?

The Reporter's—Speak to Me Speak.

The Milliner's—The Flowers That Bloom in the Spring. Tra La.

The Capitalist's—Ye Banks and Bares o' Bonny Doon.

The Miller's—'Tis But a Little Faded Flower.

The Countryman's—The Wearing of the Green.

The Convict's—Oh! For the Wings of a Dove.

The Gambler's—God Save the Queen!

The Carpet Tack's—I am Little, but oh! My.

### Now Try This.

It will cost you nothing and will surely do you good, if you have a Cough, Cold, or any trouble with Throat, Chest or Lungs. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds is guaranteed to give relief, or money will be paid back. Sufferers from La Grippe found it just the thing and under its use had a speedy and perfect recovery. Try a sample bottle at our expense and learn for yourself just how good a thing it is. Trial bottles free at W. M. Cohen's drug store. Large size 50c. and \$1.00.

### IN A WOMAN'S STUDIO.

A LAYMAN TELLS OF A PAINFUL DISCUSSION UPON HIGH ART THAT MADE HIM BLUSH.

"I did not suppose that I could ever feel shy again," said an old club man to some friends, "and as for the blush of maidenly modesty, I supposed it had flown to younger faces twenty years ago. But I blushed the other day—yes, and I stammered, too, like a stage green horn. With a little more whiskey and water, I think I could tell you all about it." That lubrication being supplied and all the men having disposed themselves comfortably in their chairs, the old hide-bound man about town began again: "It was in an artist's studio where I had gone with a friend who wanted to call on a lady artist. It was the traditionary studio—trays full of squeeze tubes, pots full of brushes, unframed canvasses leaning against the walls, framed canvasses hanging about and standing on easels, and all that sort of thing, you know. We looked at the picture of a pallid, fashionable girl buying chrysanthemums of a robust, rosy flower vender, and I grew very confident and artistic in my remarks. We looked at other paintings of the ordinary sort, and as the fair artist was a serious and business-like person, I was perfectly at ease. But all of a sudden, she said: 'Now come and look at what I am engaged on at present.' It was a painting of a nude colored girl drying a nude white girl after a bath. I looked at it and liked it, of course. I mean because it was well done. But the artist was a young lady, you know, and it didn't seem quite the thing to talk much about it, so I edged off. But my friend who to ok me there was an artist, also, and a very opinionated one in the bargain, and he insisted on talking. He said the white girl's lower limbs were 'all out of drawing.' Upon my word, the lady artist appealed to me. I had to go back. I blushed. From that portions of female anatomy the pair went on to discuss other portions, I assure you, and with the utmost cold blooded, calm nerve. And whatever one said both appealed to me for affirmation or denial. I was asked whether I had ever seen a figure like the white girl's proportioned so and so, and whether I believed the legs could be large when the arms were thin, and, oh, my conscience! I was simply standing on red-hot iron through it all. It's all right, you know; it's business. It was commonplace to both those painters, but to me it was simply a strain, that's all. And you may believe me or not, but just as we were going away the fair artist said: 'Well, I am only sorry you came half an hour late. If you had come that much sooner you would have seen the model herself. She was posing for me.' And here she burst out laughing. 'I had to send her away because the room was so cold the poor child was blue all over.' So I suppose if we had happened there earlier the nude model would have joined in the discussion."

### "Hunger is the best Sauce."

As a rule, a person who has a good appetite has good health. But how many there are who enjoy nothing they eat, and sit down to meals as an unpleasant duty. Nature's antidotes for this condition are so happily combined in Hood's Sarsaparilla that it soon restores good digestion, creates an appetite, and renovates and vitalizes the blood so that the beneficial effect of good food is imparted to the whole body. Truly hunger is the best sauce, and Hood's Sarsaparilla induces hun-

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