

Rambles in the Mountains

BY COL. FRED A. OLDS.

Raleigh, Sept. 5.—The writer has finished a very notably interesting mountain trip which occupies almost three days of almost incessant travel and in which some forty counties were looked at, more or less casually. Everything seen went to prove the necessity for forest conservation. Mr. Vandiver, for example, in his great Biltmore forest and the example set by the United States in the Cherokee National Boundary are prime objects of interest and instruction for him. While abroad he and the party of scientists with which he was connected met several times the noted Italian traveler, the Duke of the north, who, if the King of Italy dies, will become king, since the present king has no son. On one occasion the Duke invited the party to accompany him across the bay to see the famous volcano Vesuvius and to the surprise of all he took them in a warship. The King of Italy is considering the matter of deepening the river Tiber so that warships can go to Rome, as they did in the days of the Caesars. Deposits of silt are the grave problem there as they are in some of the North Carolina streams. Italy is absolutely devoid of forests, with the exception of a small one near Rome. It is an object-lesson for anyone who is interested in things to show the regard in which President Roosevelt is held in Europe. In the different groups of scientific men his name would be compared him to the man of their own country the most admired and say he was in the same class.

I stopped at Hickory and found it a quite striking town. People in general have no idea how large some of the industries are in that section of the State, and having some leisure I visited the Piedmont Wagon Factory. The business of this concern was hurt as far back as 1906, when the October rains and frosts and a storm in September ruined the cotton crop. It was a year ago that this factory, away up in the mountain foothills, depends for most of its business. Before October, 1906, it was turning out about 100 wagons a day and could hardly keep up with the demand. Now the sales have been cut off heavily. The lumber used is secured in that section, but the mill is a quiet place. A little while would have to go farther for material. He is aware of the fact that much of the timber in the mountains is not so good as that lower down, on account of wind-whipped and pin-holes. It was with curious sight to see stored materials for 20,000 wagons, enough for three years' manufacture. The wood is stored in the dark as it is found in that section. It is said to be the largest stock in the South in this business. One of the eight was half a million spokes and 40,000 hub blocks, and another 18,000 complete wheels. The stock is so much of this material is stored in 700 feet long. All the painting is done by machinery. Mention is made of this plant simply to show that the Carolina is keeping along with the procession.

My objective point was what is known as the "Happy Valley," in Caldwell county, some 16 miles from Blowing Rock, and well up on the Yadkin river, which is here no more than a creek. The way there was from Lenoir over the Indian Grave road, as it is known on a small mountain, and the road was bad enough to be worthy of remark. The timber-cutters have sadly marred the woods and done the same thing by the way. There is a so-called "hook" on the road from Hickory to Blowing Rock, but it is only in name, and a driver told me that during the bad weather it required about a day to make the trip of 12 miles between the "hook" and Hickory, which is ordinarily done in from five to six hours. Stages are not used, but long hauls, usually with four horses. Why the stage would be a puzzle, for Blowing Rock is rather a puzzle, for it is a great resort and would be far greater if the means of access were thus improved. Large numbers of persons go from this state to the mountains to the southward, yet the place is not nearly as well known as points in the Asheville-Toxaway-Waynesville region. From time to time, thirty years or more ago, there has been a drive to get a road to Blowing Rock, but in one way or another these have been frustrated.

I paid a little visit to that admirable gentleman, Mr. Samuel F. Patterson, for many years Commissioner of Agriculture, who has devoted himself so earnestly to the work of that very important department of the State. His home, "Fort Defiance," is set among the hills, which are small mountains and which form an evergreen ring about it and it is in the middle of that fair spot known as "Happy Valley." It seems that in the early days of Chief Justice Rutin, who on one occasion passing there and seeing the beauty of the place said that it ought to be called the "Happy Valley." Ever since that time the residents have been very fond of his name and they have held very closely to it. The valley holding this particular title extends from Patterson down the Yadkin river about 20 miles. It is known as Fort Defiance. The first place is Patterson, where there is a cotton mill, which all during the civil war made goods for the State and for the people and which the Federal troops burned in April, 1862. It was promptly rebuilt. This mill is in charge of Mr. Finley Harper and the Harper home is near it. Next comes the estate and mansion known as the "Fountain," which was the old home of Col. William Davenport, which he built. It is now occupied by Mr. W. D. Jones, a brother of Edmund Jones, Esq. Next comes "Clover Hill," the old Edmund Jones place, which rather recently was bought by Mrs. Cowles, who now occupies it, she being an aunt of Mr. Cowles of Wilkesboro, the Republican candidate for Congress in the eighth district. This is a very quaint place, the private road to it leading through an avenue of extremely tall cedars. The house was built about 1830 and Mr. Edmund Jones lived there until some fifteen years ago. The next notable place is "Holly Lodge," which was the home of that gallant soldier, Gen. Collett Leventhorpe. The latter had been an English officer, but left the service and came to Rutherfordton to engage in gold mining, this having been long before the discovery of gold in California and there being quite a rush of treasure seekers from various parts of the world to the Rutherfordton section. For a number of years General Leventhorpe lived at "Holly Lodge," which is a very attractive place, set in a little cove at the edge of the main valley, the house and its grounds looking like a picture and everything being perfectly kept. The widow of General Leventhorpe died a few months ago, at the age of 83. The west of these steady old valley homes is "Palmyra," which was built about

1800 by Gen. Edmund Jones. To this lately named three-winged house added in 1850 by Gen. Samuel F. Patterson, the father of the present owner. His first wife was a daughter of Governor Morehead. The house is set on a noble, though small grove, and the grounds give a view which is very pleasing. The house is of brick, stuccoed. The driveway is oval and in it there are enormous white pines, spruce and cypresses. It was arranged indeed to see cypresses away up in the mountains, since they are rare even as far west as Raleigh, and it was learned that these trees, as well as those at the Lenoir place "Fort Defiance," were grown from seed sent by the Messrs. Collins, of Seafort county, who a little before the civil war visited the Patterson home and were of course most delightfully entertained there.

The last of the "great houses" of the valley is "Fort Defiance," which gives the place its name. This fort is now unmarked, though the site remains, and there is a cemetery on its site. It stands on the very edge of a bold bluff perhaps thirty feet high, which rises from the river, and it was built as a defense against the Indians. The house is built out of hewn timbers, with wrought nails and the nature, chimneys, etc. It was specially brought from England, by way of Charleston. In this home there are three generations of the Lenoirs—Mr. Cobb being the oldest, aged 82, and his son and grandson, both of the same name.

So here in this quiet and nearly shut-in valley, almost under the foot of the mighty Blue Ridge, is a cluster of noble families. It was and is a little world of itself. The sparkling Yadkin, very swift and clear, rushes through it and fertile corn fields, pastures, orchards, etc., show its richness. It is like a peep into past days, a glimpse of a world which is fast fading away. The sparkling Yadkin, very swift and clear, rushes through it and fertile corn fields, pastures, orchards, etc., show its richness. It is like a peep into past days, a glimpse of a world which is fast fading away. The sparkling Yadkin, very swift and clear, rushes through it and fertile corn fields, pastures, orchards, etc., show its richness. It is like a peep into past days, a glimpse of a world which is fast fading away.

Gen. Edmund Jones, the founder of "Happy Valley" in 1844, aged 78 years. He was a native of Orange county, Va., but went to Wilkes county, this State, early in life. He made a trip to the Cherokee Indian country and kept a full diary of this journey. He was a most methodical man always. He married a daughter of General Lenoir, Gen. Samuel F. Patterson married a daughter of General Jones. General Patterson was State Treasurer and also president of the Raleigh & Gaston Railway and was a very prominent figure in North Carolina. In the old days there was a great deal of travel through this particular valley, which was traversed by the road from Raleigh to Tennessee and Kentucky, and along this trail to both of these States. Daniel Boone made his way through this valley and General Patterson that the railway to Tennessee should have gone up the Yadkin river instead of by way of Asheville. The Indians in the old times were thick in this valley and the remains of this departed race are very numerous. At "Fort Defiance," the Lenoir home, I was shown numerous of these relics and they are picked up every day. Among them a "fisher," nearly two feet long, of black stone, which some people thought was an Indian scepter, though the Indians did not have such things. Another relic at this place is the revolutionary sword of General Lenoir, a Spanish blade on which there is a very appropriate inscription: "Never draw me without cause. Never sheath me without honor." The venerable Mr. Rufus T. Lenoir is a very active man and rode over to Lenoir, nine miles away, to hear Senator Overman speak and to attend the funeral of the late Mr. Lenoir, the riding home next day. The monument over the grave of General Lenoir is a modest marble one and is set on a capstone under "Davenport King's Mountain," which is a member of both houses of the Legislature, Speaker of the Senate, first president of the trustees of the State University and a member of the justice of the peace and chairman of the court of common pleas. In all these important trusts he was found faithful. In private life he was no less distinguished, as an affectionate husband, kind father and devoted friend. The traveler will long remember his hospitality and the poor bless him as their benefactor. Of such a man it may be said "we shall not see him again."

Col. William Davenport is buried in this cemetery and the graves of the Gwynns, Lenoirs, Joneses, etc., are quite numerous, among them being that of Gen. Edmund Jones.

At Lenoir I had the pleasure of dining with Mr. Gaither Hall, Edmund Jones, Esq., taking dinner with one of meeting that fine old soldier, Maj. G. W. F. Harper, of the Fifty-seventh Regiment, who some years ago lent me his flag and also long Enfield rifle borne by a member of the regiment. Major Harper has done a great deal for his town and the people very naturally love him. He is one of his gifts and the use of the books shows that it is appreciated.

Edmund Jones, Esq., very kindly made me a third copy of his father, Lieut. Col. John Thomas Jones, of the famous Twenty-sixth North Carolina Regiment, which suffered at Gettysburg in the three days fighting a "Holly Lodge" in the regiment on either side during the entire civil war. Colonel Jones was born in the "Happy Valley" in 1841, and was killed on the 6th of May, 1864, at the battle of the Wilderness. He was a very brave man and declined the colonelcy of the regiment simply because he wanted to hold the position he already had in it. One of the uniform coats is that which he was wearing when he received his fatal wound. He was brave and cool to the last.

It was very pleasant to see progress at Lenoir and to notice that workmen were erecting a third cotton mill, the company making the brick only a few yards from the walls of the mill. There has been no rain damage in that part of the State, though a good

deal of rain fell. The Yadkin did no damage in that region.

On the way from Hickory to Salisbury by Judge A. C. Avery was met. He was being very warmly pressed for the appointment as commissioner of the United States commissioners in charge of the battle grounds of Chickamauga. Judge Pritchard, Senators Overman and Simmons and many other prominent men are interested themselves specially in this matter.

The nearer we got to the east the more we talked about the damage the floods had done. Really but little of the damage was seen between Asheville and Raleigh, though no doubt all crops were hurt in the region from say Statesville eastward. There has been a great deal of rain in the mountain regions, but it was a general thing not very hard. It was a sort of continuous performance, half

mist. The reason of these mountain rains, as explained by the weather observer at Asheville, is that while the clouds in the heavier atmosphere of the lower country can float along for days without falling, yet when these are blown upon the mountain slope, where the air is much more rarified, there is a precipitation. Anywhere the mountain folk have had the rain they wanted this year and the view of the peaks in general has been obscured by the clouds and fogs, the latter being far more numerous than the mountain region than in any State or along the coast. The mountain air is so thin that the moisture is not felt as it is on the lower levels. The very highest points on the mountains when the fogs were felt the rain, Blowing Rock for example, where there was rain for a week. However, this is a phenomenal year in point of weather.

League and entered the lists against McClellan in a contest for mayor of New York.

On the face of the returns it appeared that he had been defeated by a majority of less than five thousand. His efforts to prevent the terrible outcry of fraud and by various spectacular legal moves kept up the agitation until a few months ago, when his claims proved wholly untrue. He was arrested, however, he had given Tammany such a fright that he actually forced the Democratic leaders of New York to nominate him for Governor. They went into the effort to prevent the nomination with averted faces and revolting stomachs. Enough of the "old line Democrats" joined those who had put him up with the fixed purpose of defeating Bryan, that the nomination of Hearst was once more disappointed. He pursued his work of organizing the Independence League, and in once more in the field for the presidential election. He has since then lost the name of Hearst. If Hearst's career hitherto means anything at all, it means that his one purpose in life is to glorify his own name.

When the Democratic party offered the best outlook for his personal aggrandizement, he was a regular Democrat and through his newspapers scornfully denounced those Democrats who fell in with Bryan in 1896. Later, he figured as an independent candidate for mayor against the regular nominee. Then he held over the organization the threat of a party split by an independent candidate and forced his own nomination. Now with bitter, envious hatred for Bryan ranking in his breast, he is engaged body and soul, in a desperate effort to prevent the nomination of the party that, regardless of its creeds or professions, might have held his support had it been willing to accept him for its dictator. The will, however, regarding his own profession could not have retained his allegiance at any other price. Fortunately the Democratic organization has decided that Mr. Hearst's adherence is too expensive, for his price meant destruction.

The respective careers of Bryan and Hearst present a striking illustration of the irony of fate. Bryan has been a great deal of years in the absolute refusal to sacrifice to the absolute necessities of the most urgent demands of expediency. In spite of human errors and failings, he has remained true to the chief principles of the party, and stands high in the public mind, until the acknowledged head of the Republican party owes his popularity, in large measure, to the policies which he learned from William Jennings Bryan. "With no political machine and no bloated campaign fund, without the prestige of victory and defeat, Bryan has steadily rejected the proposition to lay burnt offerings on the altar of the great God Popularity, has a fair time received the unsought crown of that deity's favor.

On the other hand, the prize for which Bryan sternly refused to bid on the market, Hearst has sought day and night in vain. To win it he has spent millions of dollars, formed and broken alliances, and made and made and denounced him as a vile ward heeler steeped in corruption.

He has held up Bryan both as a lofty patriot and as a low trickster. Yesterday he hailed the Democratic party as the country's one hope of temporal salvation. To-day it is a root of dry ground, without form or comeliness, and there is no help in it. As the nation's political life has found in the tariff an all-important, overshadowing question, or a sham issue over which the corrupt parties do not differ in any way, that concern of Bryan and Hearst before the people to-day prove that in the national, as well as in the spiritual, "whosoever would save his life shall lose it, and he who seeks nothing but selfish ends will in the end defeat those very ends by those very means. To be very plain, doing all in his power to prevent the correction of those grave political evils which he so long professed himself anxious to correct—is doing his utmost to retard those necessary reforms, which he most insistently declares himself eager to restore. He is about as patriotic as Moses would have been had the Hebrew prophet, instead of recasting his people from Pharaoh's avenging host, tried to overwhelm them with the Red sea as soon as he learned that Joshua instead of himself had been chosen to lead them into the Land of Canaan. An Amos would be thought of the doctor who would prefer to let his patient die, rather than effect a cure by using the prescription of a rival physician. What part will the doctor of Bryan and Hearst play in the wind-up?

Hearst is by no means the first to act the role of a dog in the presidential manger. Clay's "wabbling" student, not on in the hands beyond delivering before one of the House committees an argument commonly believed to have been prepared by his attorney, Clarence J. Sherris, was scarcely less of a "dog" than Hearst, while the readers of his papers were assured that he was by all odds the most important and influential character here. Hearst, however, is the same falling that has been cast for the political papers of Thomas E. Watson. He cannot follow. He must lead and without a peer. When the reaction from what many considered the extreme radicalism of 1896 brought out Parker as a candidate in 1904, Hearst snatched at the nomination, and strange as it may seem, carried such a triumph to Illinois and Iowa. His failure and the knowledge that Bryan was still the unrivaled idol of the Democratic masses, caused him to cast aside the mantle of radicalism, and the few Free rollers who drew after him Democratic votes in numbers sufficient to insure the election of Zachary

Taylor, who headed the Wing ticket. In 1894 Ben Butler, by accepting the nomination from the Greenback and Labor party, tried unsuccessfully to prevent Cleveland's election. In all probability he would have accomplished his object had not St. John, the Freeholder, drawn even more strength from Blaine than Butler from Cleveland. Of course from those incidents little or nothing concerning the present struggle can be predicted.

They do show, however, that an insignificant candidate can sometimes bring about momentous results. A mouse has been known to stampede an elephant. Still the outlook at this stage of the contest can hardly be said to be flattering for Mr. Hearst and his straw man.

Undoubtedly some so-called Democrats, whose ultra radical views demand a violent agitator, will support Hearst's candidate.

On the other hand, Bryan stands for all the reasonable reforms that Hearst advocates, while the latter's extreme views on many subjects will prevent his drawing from Bryan any element that would add real strength to the Democratic nominee. Bryan is in hearty accord with his platform. That platform will commend itself to all those who desire to cleanse the temple of government and not to tear it down. On the whole, while Mr. Bryan may be defeated, it is not likely that after the catastrophe Mr. Hearst will have the proud satisfaction of standing out into the limelight of publicity so dear to his heart, and saying with customary modesty: "I did it with my little Higien."

If Mr. Bryan should be defeated, it will probably be due to causes not even remotely connected with Mr. Hearst, and all the world will know that neither Hearst nor his influence had any doubtable hand in the game. No doubt he fully intends to defeat Bryan. Fortunately the Nebraska prospects appear now very bright, and if these fair hopes of victory should be realized, the situ as regards Mr. Hearst and his plans against the Democratic party can be summed up in the words with which Whitney described the action of David B. Hill, when the latter called his noted "Snap convention" to defeat Cleveland's nomination in 1892, "He meant murder and Whitney," but he committed suicide."

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