T. entit

YOLUME XI.

LENOIR, N. C., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1885.

NUMBER 1.

Wallace

Bros..

SATESVILLE, N. C.

TholesalE DealerS

Merchandise

Larrest Warehouse

and best facili-

ties for han-

dling

Dried Fruit. Ber-

ries, etc., in

the State.

RESPECTFULLY

Wallace

Bros

August 27th, 1884.



CLINTON A. CILLEY, Attorney-At-Law. Lenoir, N. C. Prootice in Atl The Courts.

BOONE.

BY A. M. D.

Among Watauga's fertile bills Where music flows from crystal rills And health is victor o'er disease. And vigor lucks in ev'ry breeze And all the forests and the fields A growth of richest verdure yields And fruits and flowers profusely grow, A land where milk and honey flow; Mountains scattered, heaped and piled, And landscapes rapt in grandeur wild, And beauty lingers all around And reigns in majesty profound. Within this mountain solitude Stands a young village, small and rude Hard by the base of Howards' Knob, A mounts in Prince, a proud Nabob, Whose rocky bluffs forever frown With dread severeness on the town : As independent, bold and free As promontory on the sea, But has a mission, noble, grand, Born more to serve than to command And owns a mission more to shield Than arbitrary power to wield, And courts our rapture and delight More than suspicion or our fright, So many blessings from him flow, We crown him friend and not a foe; He guards the town as kind and mild As a fond mother guards her child. And when the town is wrapt in sleep His mighty vigils faithfu. keep, And holds communion with the stars And talks with Venus and with Mars, And tain would shield from ev'ry harm. He checks the fury of the storm And tempts the thunderbolt to lurch by the men who control this busi-And spare the steeple of the church ness. The bulk of this business is And waste all its electric fires On his defiant rocky spires : all in one man's hands; he has man-And all may quench their raging thirst aged to secure the inside track, and Where fountains from his bosom burst And roll through various gorges down, his rear. And waters furnish for the town. This mountain sage is old in age And has a fame for hist'ry's page. He is as old as Eden's lawn, And he beheld Creation's dawn. Men's lives are like the flower or grass, But he lives on while ages pass. A thousand years ago he saw The Planets roll with perfect law, and on his head the stars did shed Their light, and from her eastern bed The moon rose up and made her bow,

"HAY AND HORSES."

And smiled the same as she does now

He bails with wonder and surprise

The Nations as they fall or rise;

And notes the actions of mankind

Whether for good, or bad inclined.

A hundred years or more ago
The Indian tent his deadly bow;
The well-aimed arrow quickly sped,
A deer did bound—and then was dead.

No village tien, no glitt'ring spires, The Stars lopked down on Indian fires.

He saw depart a savage race

"Speaking of Hay and Horses," our Interesting Galifornia Gorrespondent Fills the Chinks with Interesting Information About Menopolies, Philanthropists, Vineyards, &c.—The Livermore Valley-The "Hay-Market"-The "News from Edgefied, &c., &c., &c.

SACIAMENTO, CAL., Sept. 9. To the Editor of The Lenoir Topic:

In the first letter which THE Topic printed giving my impressions of California, reference was made, incidentally, to the Hay and Horse interests of this State. Although the facts as they first appeared to me seemed rather extravagant, I took care not to accept them myself until after they had been thoroughly verified; and even then I did did not write all I had learned in regard thereto.-Having an hour's leisure to night, I have thought something additional in regard to what I have seen and heard this week in relation to the horses and hay crop of California would be of interest to THE TOPIC readers. So here goes.

No such thing as grass is grown in Cslifornia as a commercial product-if we except Alfalfa and an occasional field of a kind of clover called "Burr Clover." The hay crop depends on the season for wheat and wild oats. Wild oats furnish the great bulk of the shipping hay. If the early spring is very wet the oats grow ip—spontaneously—for no one ever thinks of sowing a crop—and grow in great luxuriance and abundance and sometimes under these circumstances—excess of spring rains-the wheat fields, instead of "turning to cheat," are pretty effectually taken by the oats, when the whole is cut in its green state and converted into hay. It is the same case with barley, which is to this State nearly what the corn crop is to our farmers in the east for a grain

crop for stock.
There are, however, immense farns, or "ranches" as they are called here, given up whelly to wild his plans. Of one thing it may be oats. It is a crop that never fails, I believe. There are whole communities that appear to devote themselves to the industry of cutting and baling this oat crop. In fact, I find that nearly every particular section makes a specialty of something— wheat being a universal crop here. A few of the counties are taken up almost entirely by the grape and wine interest, others grow oranges, lemons, &c. Of these all, I hope to speak, or write, more particularly in future, telling you also of other specialties in counties and towns. I want to write now some figures and facts I have learned this week in re-

gard to hay and horses.

California—the Bay being in the opening shown by the "V" part of the letter, the city of San Francisco at the upper end of the outward stem of the letter while Porte Costa, Martinez and other towns hug the mountain edge at the other-on the east. About 40 miles down the Bay the Livermore canyon debouches. It soon opens out into one of the prettiest little valleys I have ever seen. It is 14 miles long and about 10 in breadth. It contain two thriving towns-Pleasanton and Livermore. As I ran through these two towns, the whole face of the earth there seemed to be covered with hay and wagons, and teams engaged in the hay business. I became greatly interested and took some pains to obtain statistics of this industry.—I find that these two towns alone, ship on an average daily, more than four hundred tons of hay in bales! It is impossible to keep railraad cars on the tracks there sufficient to move the incoming supplies from the wagon trains that deliver at their depots. On last Monday, Sept. 1st, fifty-five cars loaded with hay left Pleasanton. The average from this town is two hundred and fifty tons daily. To prevent accumulation in the depots, immense warehouses, holding two thousand tons are built

he keeps all competitors always in By the way, while I am on this feature of the subject, I want to say that in this one fact-that of monopoly-there is the great curse, or evil, of California. Every thing has set the example. You find all the good timber here monopolized by the mountains, and all the good land monopolized by the valleys-to a great extent a few individuals have secured vast monopolies of the best landed properties of the State. Senator Stanford is one of these; he owns hundreds of square miles of the finest lands on the Pacific coast. Doctor Glenn-"Dock Glenn"-as he is familiarly spoken of hereonce a Virginian, was one of the great land kings of the State. He boasted of having one field that had sixty thousand acres in wheat. I referred to this in my first letter. Glenn was killed only a short time ago by one of his employees, with whose mistress Glenn was alleged to have taken liberties. This is another curse here. Your readers are familiar and sick with the details of Senator Sharon's complicity with a

bad woman. These are evils which will eventually be uprooted in California. When the curse of lawlessness and irreligion begotten of the old mining days is exterminated by the influences of the gospel, and when the old monopolists die out, and their lands are divided up among heirs and legatees -many of whom will in the course of time become profligate and run through with their estates and be sold out—putting these lands into the open markets—then there will come a better day for California. As it is there is no possible chance for any man getting a foot hold here, in lands unless he is full-handed in money. There seems to be a purpose-whether studied or not I can not tell—to keep poor men, poor farmers, out of California. I understand that Senator Stanford, the largest land holder here, will not sell a foot of his real estate, although he is childless, his only son, a noble lovely young man, as I am informed, recently dying. The father paid Parson Newman, Grant's Chaplain, thirty thousand, dollars, so said, to preach a funeral sermon over the youth. The other funeral services cost over ten thousand dollars.

Senator Stanford, however, is a noble man, according to reports here. He is not a land seller, as I have written, but buys every foot he can find wherever he wants it. I read in the paper here this week of his purchase up in the many thousands. He is going to build a great University for California—far bigger than the Vanderbilts have done for Tennessee. Stanford is going to put ten millions of dollars into his big school, and he gives it a footing besides of six thousand acres of land, near San Francisco. A noted educator from Boston in now here assisting Gov. Stanford in perfecting certain, there will be no half measures, no stinted outlays of money, in this great enterprise of philanthropy.—But this has very little to do with the subject of hay and horses, about which I promised to write. However, you may find something of interest in the digression, and it is impossible to keep one's thoughts entirely in one channel in this country, especially, where there are so many fruitful themes for discussion. I wanted to tell you something par-ticularly about prices here, and es-pecially in connection with hay and

I became interested in the Livermore valley, and I ventured to make I have just run through the "Livermore Valley," which is between
the San Joaquin River and the Bay
of San Francisco. It appears to
have been scooped out by nature in
the range of mountains that are
parted somewhat in the form of the
little "Y" on the western coast of

more valley, and I ventured to make
some inquiry in regard to the figures;
on real estate in this little paradise.
The poorest of the land there brings
\$80 per acre, whenever you can find
a man who will sell. Good wildoat
land there can not be bought for
less than from \$150 to \$200 per acre.
Even the bare hills—bare now, besome inquiry in regard to the figures on real estate in this little paradise.

The poorest of the land there brings \$80 per acre, whenever you can find a man who will sell. Good wildoat

cause the season for cutting is about over-sell for the former figures (\$150). I made no investments

These hills are very beautiful. No trees grow upon them-not a tree is visible in any direction from the R. R., except those cultivated in the streets and about the houses.—I speak of them as "hills"-they are in fact regular mountains that surround this Livermore valley-they of course run down to the "foot hills." These foot hills are very valuable for vineyards. One man has here four hundred acres in vines.

There is one feature connected

with vineyards that we see in the

east that is not practiced here. You never see grape vines in California vineyards trained to post, trellis or wire. Such a thing is unknown here, save in rare instances around houses. The vines grow up and are cut back, forming a "stump" some two or three feet high; and the only branches that are allowed to grow hang down from this stump, and only a few bunches of grapes are allowed to grow thereon. These bunches grow to an enormous size. I have a friend in San Francisco who tells me he raises them to weigh 7 pounds each. I see in the papers that at one of the State Fairs there was on exhibition a bunch weighing 8 pounds. I want to make the grape and fruit subject generally, the subject of a longer and more elaborate letter when I get through the State Fair here, which commences Monday morning.-I am here on an important commission with reference to the Sacramento City postoffice : and it will probably take me nearly the whole week to finish it up and I here appears to lead in that direc- hope in the meantime to have a tion-monopoly. But even nature spare moment to look into this Fair. By the way, I must say that I feel that I have been very highly complimented by the government authorities for my selection to make certain inspections of the postal service in two of the largest cities of the Pacific coast-Salt Lake City and Sacramento-both capitals. spent nearly a week in Salt Lake City in August; and my report of investigation was so satisfactory that I have orders to make similar investigation here. This I consider a "feather in my cap," and I know if I have any friends who are among THE TOPIC readers they will be pleased to hear that much-which is

all I have to say on that score. All of which however has nothing to do with the price of hay-which is seven dollars per ton at Livermore and from \$25 to \$40 per ton up in the mountains-and so no more on that subject.

ABOUT HORSES. Perhaps I had as well wait and make a special letter on this score. But there is one circumstance so on my mind-in connection with hay and horses-that I must write it out. In my first letter, I referred to the big wagons and teams here. For the past two weeks I have been nearly all the while in the mountainous part of the State - up among the Sierras-pronounced Si-airy, and often merely Si'ra by the miners and mountain men. I have been off the railway lines and in a country in fact where railroads are quite an impossibility. There is however a necessity for an immense freighting business-for even the mountains are densely populated with miners and others who are consumers and not producers-nearly everything that enters into daily life of man and beast up in these remote mountains has to be hauled from the valleys below. The consequence is that there are extensive trains of wagons on the road at all times. Such wagons and teams are never seen now in the east. Not even in the old times was there anything to equal the California development in this line .-Thirty years ago I had read in the cavalry exploits of Col. Fremont, during and at the close of the Mexican war, something about the extraordinary qualities of the California horse; but I had no idea he could be taxed as I have seen him during the past two weeks. The team to which I have special reference now, was composed of eight fine large horses. There were the two wagons but only one driver. I counted on the wagons twenty six bales of hay, averaging about 350 pounds each, or over nine thousand pounds for the load-more than a thousand pounds to each horse! This was on a mountain road in Sierra county, that was as steep generally as the Caldwell road from Nelson's to the top of the Blue Ridge. That country reminds me very much of the eastern face to the Blue Ridge.-I thought that load was a big one. It was not long

had on. "A little over eleven thousand," he said. I think I could have counted fifty teams during the two days in Sierra county, that averaged eight horses to the team—two wag-ons and one driver. But the biggest teams I have seen yet were on the Sonora road. Our stage passed, in a long train one day some three weeks ago, two teams that had six span or twelve head of horses in each wagon. They were hauling immense machinery up into the mountains.

These teams make from 12 to 15

however until our stage passed an-

other long train. The foremost man

had ten horses and two wagons tied

together. The wagons were piled

more than four feet high with flour

sacks. I asked him how much he

miles each day. They make sometimes as much as 21 cents per lb .or two dollars and fifty cents per hundred mile. The back loading consists in lumber, either sawed or split. This lumber business here is immense. The bulk of that hauled out of most localities is split. have seen immense quantities of fencing plank split out of the Sierra Nevada pines; it is worked very smoothly and uniformly to the length of 8 to 10 feet, and about 6 inches broad and 1 inch thick. There is a very large business done in split cedar posts. I have seen cedar trees from three feet to eight feet in diameter and for 50 feet without serious knots. These are split into fence posts and cross ties for railways. Another big industry is in what they call here Shaiks. These are pine boards, from 3 to 5 feet long and from 4 to 6 inches wide, and split far more nicely and evenly than the majority of the planks used to be sawed in N. C.—This split lumber is a big element in commerce here, and as it is only accessible by the teams that pull into the high mountains, it makes a paying business for them as an item in back

loading. One more paragraph or so and I close. I found this week one of the stopping places of our stage called the "South Carolina House." I asked the driver why it was so called. He replied that it was owned and run by a South Carolina ladv. When we stopped the driver went in and told the lady that there was a Carolina man aboard the stage. She said she must see him, for it had been years since she beheld a man from her native country. "I would know a South Carolinian," I heard her say, "by the cut of his eye."

I dismounted from my high by the driver, and met the lady at the entrance to her public hall. She came with her hand extended, and tears came into her eyes as she spoke of her long-left and still cherished native home, "old Edgefield." 1 was fortunate in having acquaintance in families she had once known in intimacy. She was a fair speci-men of well preserved beauty, though now on the shady side of life, I inferred that there was a page of sorrow and shame in her history which she could not reveal. She had married in early life an Italian, and the two were living far up in the Sierras-her husbaad now largely interested in mines there-she running the hotel in her name. She asked me so many questions—asked so much for "news"—that I regretted I could not answer all her questions, for our stage must go on. I had, however, a copy of THE TOPIC with me. I gave it to her as a North Carolina paper, in which she could perhaps find some items of interest. She gave me a fervent "God bless you" as I told her good-bye. On my return next day, she told me how she had enjoyed that one paper as a

messenger from her native country And I beg to give expression here to the great interest with which I have read such copies of THE TOPIC as have reached me. It has been to me an exceeding great delight. I find an interest even in its correspondence that once I passed over, because I was there and felt no concern about the little social gossip that your writers spread before us. "Old Hal" looms up before me in living letters. I read his genial effusions with more than ordinary interest, because I know the noble old fellow. I know he won't object to me calling him old. And I know why he don't enjoy the dance. Some men have excellent reasons for not enjoying things. If I had legs only thirty-two inches long and thirty-six inches round, and that carried as much good butter, milk and buck-wheat as Old Hal's do, I am sure I couldn't enjoy a nimble shuf-fle of an August evening. Of course D. don't dance, but here's my hand old fellow. I have seen you when you would have danced, if that Greensboro girl had asked you for a waltz when you were in your lieutenant's coat! You would have danced again, but to another tune, if some of those fellows over the line had caught you—as well as my-self—in the dark and troublous times of '65.-Here's to your health -over the Sierras, Rockies, Alleghanies, and everything else-may your shadow never grow less, my dear old friend! M. V. M.

OUR BAKERSVILLE LETTER.

BAKERSVILLE, Sept. 10. To the Editor of The Lenoir Topic: Mica is flatter than an old hat sat on by all the girls and boys at a country dance, and it has left Bakersville stranded upon the shores of discouragement. I will wager a last year's almanac against a "rotten pumpkin" that there are more loafers in Bakersville than in any

other town of its size in N. Carolina. other town of its size in N. Carolina.

It has'nt even got a school house;
(and its population is about 700).

Well, now, I will take that back, it has an old dilapidated trap of a thing that looks like the gable-end of hard-times. Ah, the enterprising (?) men of Bakersville are putting their heads together and are going to fit up the basement under the new Methodist Church that is soon to be huilt here and have it for a schoolbuilt here and have it for a schoolroom. That's right; put the boys and teachers down in the cellar where they will "keep cool" through

We have the champion checker player of the State here. He plays so much that he dreams about it. He dreamed the other night of playing a match game with one of his old chums. When he exclaimed, "Stop! Stop! it's my move and I'm going to jump you!" "Well jump then" said his chum. And jump he did! Ker-slung he went and lit broad side in the middle of the floor! "Ha, Ha! I told you, Reuben, that

would jump you."

Corn, potatoes and cabbage are fine. The ground is getting so dry and hard that the farmers can hardly turn their stubble land for wheat. Dr. J. K. Moose has a pumpkin that is six feet around; he has five about the same size. They are the "Henderson Mammoth."

Sheriff Hickey and Col. Miller have moved their families to Milligan college, Tenn., where their children will go to school. KIVETTE.

Our Boone Letter.

BOONE, N. C., Sept. 10.

To the Editor of the Lenoir Topic: Since I wrote you last I have been thinking of giving your readers a short sketch of early traditions of settled in these mountains, old Col. Daniel Boone, using the old Indian-trail from the Yadkin River, up Elk Creek till the trail left the stream up Eph's Ridge to Deep Gap of Blue Ridge, then to the Three Fork settlement and to where Boone town now is located. Daniel Boone had various camps or hunting stands on

this route. His rock house camp on Boone's now lives on Elk Creek, is a remarkable camp. It is a rock house about 15 feet square, formed entirely by the rock, a freak of nature ; the branch runs over the house and pours off below, making a nice little water fall. The branch has been called Boone's Branch ever since old Daniel camped in this rock house, and killed game and stored it away in the camp or dried the meat, or what hunters called "jerking" it. It is said that in this camp fire coals and ashes that were burned by Boone are still to be seen.

During this time it is said that

the Indians were in close proximity,

being on the Watauga River, per-haps about where A. B. Mast and Henry Taylor now live. Col. Boone finally crossed over the ridge and located a hunting stand at Meat Camp, where J. E. Finley's farm is located. However, there are some who contend that Boone's camp was on the lands of Esq. John Greer, while others claim the camp was located on the lands now owned by Jacob Winebarger's heirs. I am of the opinion that Boone's camp was on Mr. Finley's lands. I am very sorry our people have been so neglectful about our early history. Our mountain country is rich with traditional history but alas ! it is lost to the coming generations by neglect. One thing is certain, however, Boone had a camp on Meat Camp and no doubt killed many fat bucks, bear, elk, and other game all through those pretty valleys and mighty mountains. The Elk Knob, Bald, Snake, Rich and other mountains surrounded Boone's camp on Meat Camp. What a grand time Boone and those fearless comrades, who hunted with Boone must have had among those high mountains sur-rounded by fat game of all kinds!

Tradition says that Calloway, Greer, Finley, and no doubt others, were with Boone in these mountains. During this time Boone established a hunting camp near where the town of Boone now stands, it being immediately on the Indian trail. Here he hunted and made trips across the Blue Ridge to his family on the Yadkin, taking them meat and re-turning with meal, salt and other equipments. Tradition says that Boone and his comrades procured powder from an old man near Virginia or Tennessee line by the name of Clawson. It was called "rag powder" being very course, and was carried in sacks. Clawson made the powder. Lead that was used was supposed to have been obtained from the mountains and melted from the

section the Indians were moving gradually further west and had located on Watauga River, near the mouth of Roan's Creek, now Johnson county, Tenn., and from there to Boone's Creek, Washington county, Tenn. Boone appears to have followed the same trail. This old followed the same trail. This old trail is yet plain in many places in Watauga. South of Boone on the lands of D. B. Dougherty and T. J. Coffey and brother and J. A. Gragg you can find the old trail passing through Hodge's Gap of the Rich Mountain to Brushy Fork Creek, down said Creek to Cove Creek, down Cove Creek, crossing Ward's Gap to Beaver Dams, crossing Ward's Gap to Beaver Dams, crossing this valley and stream to Stone Mountain, crossing Stone Mountain at what is now known, and from the earliest recollections was known as the "Stare Gap." Here Col. Boone the "Stare Gap." Here Col. Boone crossed into what is now Tennessee and left his initials "D. B." on an

oak tree in this gap of Stone Mountain. All we know from this point, until he turns up on Boone's Creek.

Washington county, Tenn.

This old Indian trail was used for years by the white settlers as their only pass way. Their first houses were built on this trail. I can name some of them. The first at Three Forks, and several after in same section. Two mills west of Boone, old Kasper Cable and old John Beker, who afterwards moved along over this old trail by pack horses, crossing Stare Gap into Tennessee. This was 84 years ago. They settled near the Watauga River, now Johnson county, from which sprung a very large stock of people in size and numbers. On Brushy Fork immediately on the old trail a house, the first in that section, was built. On Beaver Dams the old Webb residence was built the first in that section and immediately on this old trail and in sight of old Stare Gap in Stone Mountain. Here the old

trail is still very plain.

Your excellent correspondent ne doubt could give some very interesting traditions about those large caves near where he lives. I have no doubt that Boone occupied these caves, as his route passed by them.

Perhaps they were originally Indian caves.

Watauga, though everything was Wilkes or perhaps Rowan at the time. Long before any white man settled in these mountains, old Col. Daniel Boone, using the old Indianted to Boone; they may have some traditional history of interest. Let us hear from any one through THE TOPIC.

Smoke

Branch, near where Esq. Calloway Land of the Sky

Cigars,

The Best 5c Cigar in town. Sold only by

S. Reinhardt & Co.

Try a pair of our \$3.00 GENTS SHOPS. And you will wear no other.

JUST RECEIVED.

-A LOT OF-

Ladies Hand Sewed French Kid Shoe

The Finest in Town.

EVERY PAIR

WARRANTED!

SLIPPERS and LOW CUT SHOES at

25 per cent. Discount, to closs out. Highest Prices paid for

Dried Fruit, Blackberries

Wheat & All Other Produce.

While Boone was occupying this R. S. Reinhardt & Co.

Lenoir, N. C., Aug. 15, 1885.

A Large and Complete Stock of SPRING & SUMMER Goods just received by B. L. HOLSCLAW, McDride Mille, N. c., who will sell cheaper than the chapes At Rock Bottom Prices.

For cash or good country produce, YOUR FRIEND, B. L. HOLSCLAW. F. LEE CLINE

HICKORY, N. C.

W. C. NEWLAND. Attorney - at - Law Lenoir, N. (