

The Lenoir Topic

VOLUME XI.

LENOIR, N. C., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1885.

NUMBER 2.

BOONE.

BY A. M. D.

PART II.

No golden fields, no Sabbath bells,
The little school with orange yells;
The redman owned the vast domain
From mountain crag to fertile plain.
He thought his title was in fee,
And O, how happy, wild and free,
But stop, O Savage, stop and think,
You're standing on destruction's brink!
Let all your hopes be turned to fears
And deep despair instead of cheers.
The die is cast, your fate is sealed,
What dreadful foe is that, concealed
In yonder copse? With flashing eyes,
And heart that knows no compromise;
With such a bold, determined look
That death he could undaunted brook,
An iron purpose that fairly mocks
A thousand savage tomahawks.
Oh! Savage, now thy woe be wail,
Daniel Boone is on thy trail!
A hero, great, unmatch'd, brave,
Whose fame grows brighter from the grave.
A hardy yeoman, warrior bold,
Enduring heat, defying cold,
Before whose awe-inspiring tread
The savage father wept and fled
Toward the sunset's russet glow
To bend again his deadly bow.
A woodsman, artful, cunning, keen,
A foe could not himself unseen,
And with a battle in retreat,
And bring out victor from defeat.
Nor Roman arm was e'er so strong,
Nor Spartan valor set in song.
That could eclipse our hero, grand,
Who gave us this, our Swiss land.
A mighty messenger was he,
To blaze the way for liberty.
This John, the Baptist, sought a place
For the great Anglo-Saxon race.
And soon the land was occupied
By civilization's rushing tide.
What need of praise could be too great
Our hero's name to celebrate?
What honors could our race confer
Too great for such a Pioneer?
What village would not boasting claim
To wear the mighty hero's name?
And such is ours, with bubbling rills
Among Watson's fertile hills;
Where crags and stars communicate
The highest village in the State.
What sacred memories hover round
This solitary spot of ground,
Where Daniel Boone did pitch his tent,
And weeks in rendezvousing spent?
Long since had ceased his weary tramp,
Stood the rude chimney of his camp.
A precious temple of his skill
Who could construct, as well as kill,
The time did come, most opportune,
When with these stones, all rough, unshewn,
Was laid the corner-stone of Boone.

LAND PRIZES IN CALIFORNIA.

SACRAMENTO, CAL., Sept. 7.

To the Editor of the Lenoir Topic:
I find that it is necessary for me to make some additions to my letter to you on the 5th. While Senator Stanford is one of the largest individual land owners in the State of California, the very largest holders of real estate here are companies. There is one firm, Miller & Lux, of San Francisco, that own about one thousand square miles of territory in this State, besides large ranches in Nevada and elsewhere. They are the largest cattle men on the Pacific coast. They do an immense business in slaughtering in San Francisco. I have traveled through, and by, many of their ranches between this city (Sacramento) and Stockton. They do not confine themselves alone to cattle, but they own immense sheep herds—the animals bred for mutton as well as for wool. These men pay tax, I am told, on over six hundred thousand of land in California alone, besides what they are supposed to occupy otherwise.—I have just recently examined the official records of two counties in this State for the purpose of ascertaining the financial standing of an individual who is on the official bond of a postmaster. He has in these two counties real estate—farms and stock lands—assessed for taxation at over three hundred thousand dollars. He is a sheep man—his flocks and ranches put at a million of dollars. A very good bondsman he, on any man's paper! But the fellow came here a poor man from Germany. He struck California when land was cheap, and lucky operations enabled him to spread and appropriate.

The history of real estate in California is full of thrilling interest. For many years it was supposed the whole country here was worthless for any purpose in the world except for sheep and stock raising. The reason was based in the fact that it never rains here in the season when growing crops were supposed to require rain. Less than ten years ago it was found out that there were thousands of square miles here which, before that time were given up wholly to sheep ranches, that could be made produce the finest of wheat without irrigation. Land which had gone begging at five dollars per acre suddenly jumped up to from thirty-five to one hundred dollars per acre. There is a saying here in some localities that "you must cover the ground with gold dollars" before you can buy it. I have been shown Sacramento bottom lands that sell readily at five hundred dollars per acre. They bring every year four crops of

from ten to fifteen tons, each acre, of Alfalfa hay, and as this grass—(something like what we call "Confederate Clover" in N. C.)—never requires any re-setting or manuring, you readily see what a source of income a little farm of such land becomes—with Alfalfa at five dollars a ton—in the owner's pocket.

I gave you some figures about the valuation of land in the Livermore Valley. I forgot to give you some supplemented facts supporting the reliability or the reason of such extreme prices. In this valley there is no such thing known as failure of crop. You know we read in the eastern papers that one hundred bushels of wheat is produced here on single acre of ground. You may think it impossible, but a reliable and intelligent farmer, with whom I rode on train in Livermore Valley, assured me that in 1880 his crop—a large one—averaged him seventy bushels of wheat to the acre, and one hundred bushels of barley to the acre. After the wheat and barley are harvested, if done early after ripening, if you harrow the stubble or drag a heavy brush over the ground, the soil sends up a growth of wild oat and wheat (or barley as the case may be) and gives you an excellent crop of late hay. This, however, only in strong lands.

I was in error in saying that oats are never sown here. If you cultivate the soil closely for seven or eight years, you entirely exterminate the seed, and after this you must sow the grain if you ever expect to reap it again. Some marvelous stories are told about the wild oats here in old times. I was informed today by the postmaster here, while talking on this subject, that when he came here early in the 'fifties, he would ride through the fields and tie the bundles before him, the head of the grain being on a level with his head while in the saddle, and that he would bend the bundle down over his saddle and turn under the tie in that position. The men who followed on behind would cut the bundle down—after it was tied! But the "good old days of California" are all over, so they all tell you. The mines are exhausted, and the wild oats will now make you only two tons of hay to the acre, and this on the best land, while on the poorer, the cut gets down as low as a single ton.

I send you some items—clippings from State papers—from which you may call such statistics as you wish. You see that harvesting here costs from 50 cents to \$1 per acre—steam or horse power. A heavy expense is in putting in a crop. The ground gets very hard in the long summers. I have seen twelve horses, or mules, in one plow—three spans of four abreast—the driver riding behind, a whip in his hand and a pipe in his mouth. The ground gets so hard in places that you can't break it with a pick. But travel over this ground, in the high way, all summer, with the big heavy wagons and stages; and you will find such clouds of dust that you can't see the heads of even your nearest horses as you sit on the driver's seat of a stage coach going at six or ten miles an hour—as it gets into your eyes, into your ears, into your nose, into your mouth, under your shirt, into your boots, sticking to your duster and overhauls—you look all over like a well peppered Mongolian, and you can't help saying, or thinking, at least—Jewellinks! What shall I do? Nevertheless, if you are a government officer on duty over that road, you have to grin and bear it—or resign and quit—even if somebody should think you are having a "good time" riding round the circle! I am now ready and willing to testify that no man's lines have fallen in easy or pleasant places if he has to face the California dust in the plains, and be spilled out of a stage at the dead hour of night by a runaway team going down the Sierras at the rate of ten miles an hour—the driver thrown out of his seat and whirled down a precipice fifteen feet in front! But such experience has been mine; and I am thankful it was no worse than the worst fright I ever experienced in all my life—battles included. M. V. M.

This is the time of the year when more weeds go to seed than any other time.

Hogs make into flesh a larger proportion of what they eat than any other animal.

CARRIED ACROSS NIAGARA.

A Dare-Devil Artist's Ride on the Back of Rope-Walker Blondin.

Harry Colcord, artist, now of Chicago, ran away from home and went to sea. Before he got through with his adventures he rode across Niagara Falls three times on the back of Blondin on a tight rope. He says he would not do it again, but that he did not suffer from fear. One can readily believe him. In his deep gray eye there is a suggestion of self-control, and in his slight, lithe figure of strength and reserve physical force which his gentle voice and his easy, courteous manner fails to entirely conceal. He is an artist as entirely go, and paints tolerable pictures. To a representative of the Chicago News he said:

"In the year 1858 I joined Blondin in Boston. He was of the Fracona troupe, including Martenetti and the famous Ravels. I was their scenic artist and painted scenes with a whitewash brush. We disbanded in Cincinnati, and it there occurred to Blondin to cross Niagara on a tight rope, and I went to the falls with him. We had no end of trouble getting the necessary permits to extend the ropes. Blondin only spoke a little English; that was one difficulty, but finally we succeeded in getting them from Porter, who owned the American side, and the rest was easy. Blondin wanted to carry the rope from Terrapin Tower and across to Davis's hotel, which would have led over Horseshoe Falls, through the mist and spray of the great cataract. They objected, because Blondin was sure to fall, they said. The spray would keep the rope damp, and I, who had engaged to go on his back, was very glad of it. Finally we stretched the rope from White's pleasure ground across to the Clifton House. Not far away from the place there is now a suspension bridge. There was 2,000 feet of the rope. It was of Manila, three inches in diameter, made in a New York ropewalk, in two pieces. Blondin joined them with a long splice which, when the rope was extended, was in the centre of the span. It took us nearly five months to stretch the rope and to get the guy lines in place.

"It was 250 feet above water at its lowest point, which was fifty feet below the highest—in other words, there was a grade of fifty feet in each 1,000 feet. There was 75,000 feet of guy line altogether. Each of them was weighted with a ten-pound sand-bag to drop them out of the way of his balance pole and in putting them up Blondin crossed a score of times. At last we were ready to make the first ascension; that was what we called it. Before I went over he made several public ascensions. It was advertised through the papers that I was to ride on his back and I was the subject of all kinds of attacks and criticisms. I was ready to back out, but Blondin began to taunt me, and I got into that corner of pride and vaingloriousness which nothing could escape from. Meantime Blondin had coached me as to what I should do. I was to put my weight on his shoulders by my arms and clasp his body about with my legs. But I could not put my weight on his legs; that would encumber his movements. I had to keep all the weight on his shoulders. In July, 1860, we went across. I took my place on Blondin's back, and he began the descent from the Canadian side on the rope. By reason of the fact that I had to bear my weight on his shoulders and had to use my arms, and with main strength, to support myself, frequent rests were necessary. I told Blondin when I wanted to rest, and then I dropped down on the rope on one foot and waited till my arms were relieved, then I would spring up again, using only my arms to lift and hold myself in place. There was a great crowd there. I did not see them at first. I do not remember what I thought. From my place on Blondin's back I could look out to the other shore and see below me the stunted pines thrusting their sharp points up from the edge of the foaming water ready to split us if we fell. I remember, too, that I was anxious to get over, and I recall, too, that the great rope before us made swings from side to side. We afterwards knew the rope

swung forty feet at the centre, and I felt the necessity of preserving my self-possession and I did it.

"There was a forty foot length between the guy on one side and those of the other that it was impossible to make steady. It was the middle span. Below us 250 feet roared the river, and over it we swung from side to side. Still moving on steadily, however. Blondin never trembled. When he had gone about ten feet on this middle span somebody on the American side pulled the outer guy line. We afterwards found out it was done intentionally and the rope was stopped in its swing. Blondin stopped and his pole went from side to side in the vain effort to enable him to secure his balance. At one time it was up and down on the right side, at another up and down on the left, and I recall now with wonder that I was only curious to know whether he would succeed in getting control of himself or not. I didn't feel any fear. Failing in getting his balance, he started to run across the horrible span, and we safely reached the point where the guy rope came from the American shore. Then to steady himself Blondin put his foot on the guy rope and tried to stop, but the guy line broke and with a dash of speed he ran swiftly twenty-five feet further to the rope. There he recovered his balance and whispered loud: 'Descendezvous.' The perspiration stood out on his neck and shoulders in great beads and we balanced ourselves on the swaying rope. Presently he said 'Allons,' and raised myself to his shoulders and we went on in safety and without accident towards the shore.

"It was not until we landed that I appreciated what had been done. Then it occurred to me that the man who pulled the guy line was one of those who bet that the feat could never be accomplished, and my indignation mastered any reactionary feeling of fear. You see, many thousand dollars were bet upon the ability of Blondin to carry a man over, and human cupidity stops at no sacrifice. Then there were the congratulations and the praises of luck and the rest of it, so that in my foolish boyish elation I forgot everything else. I do remember, as we approached the shore, the wonderful tableau of the 100,000 people who stood grating at us. Thousands of them turned their faces away, or half turning, cast glances over their shoulders at us. I remember their white faces, their strained positions of anxiety—women who stared, white and motionless, and men who wept, and, as we drew near the bank the crowd surged toward us and Blondin stopped, fearing they would push each other over the precipice. Then the crowd was still again and with a quick run we came to the shore and sprang to the ground. I remember one man seizing me in his arms and lifting me high in the air, saying, 'Thank God, this thing is over!' From the other side was a cheer and then we were thrown into a carriage and drawn to the International Hotel by the people.

"I crossed again, twice, the last time under the patronage of the Prince of Wales. He congratulated us personally, and gave us each a purse of \$100. N. P. Willis was present, and wrote a wonderful sketch of the affair. Tom Hyer, the prize-fighter, was there also, and he grabbed me up and shook me, and looked at me through the tears that fell so rapidly as to almost blind him, and said, 'Oh, you little cuss!' 'Cuss' was not the word to use, however.

"What was your weight then, Mr. Colcord?"
"One hundred and thirty pounds."
"And Blondin's?"
"One hundred and thirty-five."
"Would you do it again?"
"Not for all the wealth in the world."

Lagging, But not Laughing.

Asheville Citizen.
We are glad to see that our friends of THE LENOIR TOPIC are stirring up the people of the town of Lenoir to the wisdom of erecting tobacco factories. A considerable number of shares have been subscribed, but the enterprise seems to lag. We infer that there is no better point in the country for such a project, and we are very sure the whole community will profit by it.

Very rash—a boy with measles.

THE STOCK LAW.

WE PRINT what our friend, "D. W.", of Patterson, has to say about the stock law, of course, because THE TOPIC is the people's organ and reflects the sentiments of all classes of the community in its letters. We do desire, however, to call our friend's attention to the fact that he has taken the wrong tack. This measure is not the pet of the "rich" men, as he chooses to style certain respectable members of our community. As we have said over and over again the majority of the people who talk to us earnestly on the subject are decidedly not rich men. They are men who own farms, it is true, but small farms upon which the timber is being exhausted. They will soon have to buy rails and then the "rich" farmer, who has hundreds of acres of outlands covered with virgin forest growth, will have a market for his timber and can sell rails to his poorer neighbors at a price varying anywhere from \$1.50 to \$2.50 per hundred. It is hard enough for the ordinary farmer to make both ends meet as it is, but when the cost of keeping up his farm is increased it makes it so much harder. Do you not see the injustice of the case? He has this extra and increasing cost piled upon him in order to protect himself against the ravages of his neighbors' vagrant stock. (We make these remarks apply not to any section where there is any well recognized and legitimate "range" but to those parts of the country where the range is exhausted and where wandering stock pick up a precarious and scanty living from fence corners and by breaking over "lawful" fences and destroying crops that it has taken time, labor and money to cultivate.) "Laziness," forsooth, friend D. W. I. Is A. to be branded with laziness because he has little stomach for extra work which in no wise benefits him but is solely undertaken to protect himself against the wandering stock of persons who are put to no labor, pains nor expense to look after them? Who is lazy in that instance? Is it A. who builds a great string of fence around his corn field and has no stock in the range? Or is it B. and C. who turn their stock out in the range and have no fence to keep up, because, perchance, they own no land? B. and C. are poor men, we will say, and own no land, but they have hopes to be landowners and land is cheap in this county and can be bought by energetic and industrious men who want it. The very best of land is for sale cheap. The time was when no land in this country was considered worth buying that was not level and lying in the "bottom" of some creek valley. That time has passed and the tobacco and wheat lands of the hills are coming to be estimated at their true value. These lands can be bought at reasonable prices. But there is little inducement for poor men to buy these lands if they go in with the expectation of being forever burdened with the cost of building twice as much fence for the lands they purchase as is necessary and with the rails to buy. So don't you see the burden of keeping out stock is on the poor man? The "rich" man has no rails to make any way. His tenants are bound to split their "complement" of rails every year and the rich man's farm is fenced by his "laziness" under the present system. But, not to prolong an argument which is not necessary, we have only to refer the opponents of the stock law to those persons of our county who have gone to other sections where it is in force. They leave here bitter opponents of the measure and return warmly supporting it and in a hurry for it to come to a vote in Caldwell. We can name men of our own acquaintance, poor men and renters, who have gone through this process of reasoning. It is an actual fact, that the big farmers, those who own large farms, along Lower Creek especially, are perfectly indifferent on the subject and that it is the small farmers who are more interested than any others. So it is a mistake to suppose that it is an issue between "rich" and "poor" men. But it is a question for the people to decide themselves at the ballot box and the Legislature has nothing to do with it.

We import 600,000 gallons of olive oil annually, chiefly from Italy.

An Explanation.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Sept. 5.
To the Editor of The Lenoir Topic:
I should like to have it understood by those who read what I have to say about California and other western countries, in my letters that are published in THE TOPIC and other State papers, that I am not here on a sight-seeing and junketing expedition. The fact is, I am on severe and thankless duties that require close daily application. These duties are not only disagreeable to others, but they are often very disagreeable to me. It so happens that I often visit a town or city, and on duties that require only an hour's time. After this work is done, the authorities, whom I am trying to serve in all fidelity, have kindly allowed me to employ the remainder of the day just as I please, until the next train or the next stage comes along. Then I must pull out and look after crookedness, iniquity or what not, elsewhere. So far, I have managed to put in most of my spare time in beholding and studying the wonders and boundless resources of this magnificent country. And in the meantime I see a fitting opportunity to enjoy myself in old time boyish sports of rabbit hunting or mountain climbing, to keep away the dread oppression of homesickness, let us all charitably suppose it is nobody's business. M. V. M.

Smoke

Land of the Sky

Cigars,

The Best 5c Cigar in town
Sold only by

R. S. Reinhardt & Co.

Try a pair of our
\$8.00 GENTS SHOES.

And you will wear no other.

JUST RECEIVED,

—A LOT OF—

Ladies Hand Sewed French Kid Shoes

The Finest in Town,

—EVERY PAIR—

WARRANTED!

SLIPPERS and
LOW CUT SHOES at

25 per cent. Discount, to close out.

Highest Prices paid for

Dried Fruit, Blackberries,
Wheat & All Other Produce.

R. S. Reinhardt & Co.

Lenoir, N. C., Aug. 15, 1884.

A Large and Complete Stock of
SPRING & SUMMER

Goods just received by R. S. Reinhardt & Co.,
Lenoir, N. C., who will sell cheaper than the cheapest.
At Rock Bottom Prices.
For cash or good country produce,
YOUR FRIEND,

B. L. HOLSLOW.

F. LEE CLINE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
HICKORY, N. C.

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

Wallace
Bros.,

STATESVILLE, N. C.

Wholesale Dealers

—IN—

General Merchandise.

—of—

Largest Warehouse

and best facilities

for handling

Dried Fruit, Ber-

ries, etc., in

the State.

RESPECTFULLY

Wallace
Bros.

August 27th, 1884.

BROWN'S
IRON
BITTERS
THE BEST TONIC.

This medicine, combining iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Loss of Sleep, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and all other ailments.

CLINTON A. CILLEY,
Attorney-At-Law,
Lenoir, N. C.
Practice in All The Courts.