

The Western Courier.

B. K. DAVIS, Publisher.

"JUSTICE FOR ALL—PARTIALITY TO NONE"

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

VOL. I.

HENDERSONVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1878.

NO. 49.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

COURT OFFICERS.
 Clerk of Superior Court and Probate
 Sheriff—J. S. Williams
 Register—W. S. Whitfield
 County Surveyor—A. L. Patterson
 County Commissioner—Joseph Hamilton
 County Treasurer—Thomas J. Miller
 County Jailor—Thomas J. Miller
 County Jailor—Thomas J. Miller

COMMISSIONERS OFFICERS:
 Mayor—C. G. McDowell
 Marshal—L. P. Taylor
 Commissioners—M. T. Justus, S. V. Pickens, H. G. Ewart and M. C. Toss.
 Justices of the Peace—M. M. Patton and A. R. McCascon.

COURT DIRECTORY.

TERMS OF SUPERIOR COURT.

ELEVENTH DISTRICT.

McDowell county, 3d Monday in March and August.
 Henderson, 4th Monday in March and August.
 Hatteras, 1st Monday after the 4th Monday in March and August.
 Madison, 3d Monday after the 4th Monday in March and August.
 Wayne, 4th Monday after the 4th Monday in March and August.
 Mitchell, 5th Monday after the 4th Monday in March and August.

TWELFTH DISTRICT.

Graham, 2d Monday in April and September.
 Cherokee, 3d Monday in April and September.
 Clay, 4th Monday in April and September.
 Macon, 1st Monday after the 4th Monday in April and September.
 Swain, 3d Monday after the 4th Monday in April and September.
 Jackson, 3d Monday after the 4th Monday in April and September.
 Haywood, 4th Monday after the 4th Monday in April and September.
 Transylvania, 5th Monday after the 4th Monday in April and September.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

W. B. G. WYNN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
 ASHEVILLE, N. C.
 Practices in Haywood, Henderson, Buncombe and Madison counties.
 Special attention given to the collection of claims.
 sep27-

DAVID STRADLEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
 HENDERSONVILLE, N. C.
 Will practice in the Ninth, Eleventh and Twelfth Judicial Districts of the State, and in the United States Court at Asheville, N. C.
 Collection of claims a specialty. Office in the Court House.
 sep27-

H. G. EWART,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
 AND
 Register in Bankruptcy, Eighth Congressional District,
 HENDERSONVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA.
 PRACTICES in the State and Federal Courts. Claims collected in all parts of the State. Special attention given to investigating titles.
 July 14

M. J. W. SMITH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
 HENDERSONVILLE, N. C.
 Will give prompt attention to any business entrusted to his care in Western North Carolina.
 July 25-ly

C. A. MOORE,
Attorney-at-Law,
 ASHEVILLE, N. C.
 Will practice in all the State Courts of North Carolina, and the United States Court at Asheville. The collection of claims a specialty.
 Office on First Floor in Court House.
 July 11-ly

MELVIN B. CARTER, ARTHUR S. CARTER,
CARTER & CARTER,
Attorneys-at-Law,
 ASHEVILLE, N. C.
 PRACTICE together in the Courts of the Eleventh Judicial District, in the Federal Court at Asheville, and in the Supreme Court at Raleigh. They will give special attention to cases in Bankruptcy, and to the collection of claims in every part of the State.
 July 11-ly

C. N. GLOVER, LAWRENCE PULLIAM,
MOLOUD & PULLIAM,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
 AND
 SOLICITORS IN BANKRUPTCY,
 ASHEVILLE, N. C.
 OFFICE on Main Street, first door below Low's store. Will practice in the Federal and State Courts of North Carolina, including the Supreme Court at Raleigh, and give strict attention to all professional business. Special attention given by the junior to surveying and plotting lands.
 July 18-ly

EMO. H. MERRIMON,
Attorney-at-Law,
 ASHEVILLE, N. C.
 PRACTICES in all the Courts of the State, and in the Federal Court. Prompt attention given to all professional business.
 July 29-ly

IN THE LAND OF THE SKIES.

Adrift Among the Mountain Peaks of Western North Carolina.

The Highest Elevation in the United States East of Pike's Peak—Fascinating of the Mountains—Their Beliefs—How they Live and Die—The Mountaineer's Home.

[Continued from New York Sun.]

Southwestern North Carolina largely termed the land of the skies, Marion, McDowell county, is the center of an amphitheatre of mountains. From twenty-five to thirty cloud-capped peaks are in sight. The most prominent is Mount Mitchell, 7,700 feet above sea level, and 1,700 feet higher than the White Mountains of New Hampshire. Clingman's Peak, twenty-five feet lower, pierces the sky like a pyramid a few miles away. Mount Linville, Grandfather Mountain, the Roan, Hickory Peak, Table Rock, and the famous Bald Mountain stand on the horizon like grim sentinels. The scenery is magnificent, and certainly unsurpassed this side the Rocky Mountains. From the top of the Roan the tourist catches a glimpse of nine States. The mountain ridges of Tennessee, Kentucky, and Alabama face him on the west. On the north the peaks of Outer are reared above the tobacco fields of the Old Dominion, and the rock-ribbed Alleghenies mark the southeastern boundary of West Virginia. The mountain spurs of Georgia and of the Palmetto State stretch away to the south, and the red gold belt of North Carolina is spread to the east. Bright seams of verdure mark the fertile valleys of the Yadkin, Catawba, Broad, French Broad, Great Peece, Wateree, and Savannah rivers. Springs gush from the ground beneath the feet of the tourist, sending their waters to the Gulf of Mexico via the Tennessee, Ohio, and Mississippi rivers, and within a stone's throw a pulling brook stretches for the Atlantic ocean by way of the Yadkin, Wateree, and Santee. It is a country of vast water power. There are cascades at nearly every turn in the mountain roads, and crystal streams filled with speckled trout irrigate every section of land. The country is fairly settled. Grass grows luxuriantly up on the slopes, and the valleys quiver with golden grain. The piping of quail and whirring of pheasants are heard, and rabbits, foxes, deer, bears, and wolves are killed by the hunter.

Mount Mitchell is the highest ground in the United States east of Pike's Peak. It is named after Prof. Mitchell of North Carolina University, who lost his life among its crags. Enchanted by the scenery, he sat on a peak until sundown. While descending he was caught in a terrific thunder storm. The sky became black as ink. In stumbling through the darkness he lost his way. Hours were spent in trying to find a path. While endeavoring to grope along the course of a brook he fell over a precipice. Over three hundred persons searched for him on the following day. His body was found in a mountain pool at the base of a cliff, and from that time the mountain has borne his name. Clingman's Peak is named after Gen. T. L. Clingman, a versatile Confederate General, and formerly a well-known member of Congress.

During a trip to Bald Mountain, the writer spent four days in the mountain region. The weather was very hot. The roads were carpeted with tumble-bugs, poplar blossoms, and small blue butterflies. A yellow honey-suckle filled the air with sweet perfume, and blooming laurel swept the top of the buggy. The traveling was bad. All streams were forded. There were no bridges. So steep were the hills that the horse frequently tried to sit on his haunches and slide down. In one instance the bed of a stream served as a road for fully a quarter of a mile. The soil is a blood-red clay, and the roots were so deep that our hubs touched the ground. It is evidently a country of water-spouts, for great washouts flanked the way like rebel earthworks, and frequently out on the roadbed. Water is turned from the road by a novel contrivance. Instead of the solid "thank-you-marms" so common in the North, pine logs, not larger than the mast of a vessel, are sunk transversely across the road and firmly pegged to the ground at both ends. They serve the purpose admirably, but loosen the running gear of a wagon, and the jolting after dark is not pleasant. There are

many clearings and but little travel. In a drive of thirty-three miles we met only an old cat team driven by a gray-headed man. He had reins on the horns of the animal, and was evidently unfamiliar with the terms "haw" and "gee." When we passed a house, the family usually ran in, closed the doors, and dropped the high-curtain window shades. As we drove past a well was to be seen, but a looking back from the wagon a few moments later showed the well empty. Most of the houses are constructed of heavy logs. All chimneys are stopped with clay. Ragged one chimney stands outside, and near their heads above the gables. Tall poles strung with boards, resembling a banner of a bashaw with three tails, are conspicuous in many of the dooryards. Martins and swallows make nests in these gables, and chase one another around the house like bats. The floors are earthen. The most prominent articles of furniture are ginning wheels and large wooden boxes. A well-fashioned chest of glass-topped drawers, three feet high and eight feet long, seem common to every house. There are no bed-rooms. Small white curtains are strung on wires around the edges of corded beds, and large feather beds are spread between the antique posts. There are no pantries. Rows of blue plates are ranged on shelves along the walls. Two or three cow-seats and a wooden bench serve as seats. We saw no stoves. The most of the cooking is done in the fireplace, and the old hutch oven is used for baking. There are no bureaus or sofas. Frames pictures are scarce. One mountainie had tacked a campaign portrait of Lincoln Greeley to the wall, and seemed to worship it; but he had not unraveled its mysterious signature, and said the words: "Years for Universal Society and Impartia Suffrage. HENRY GARDNER."

They were read to him; his bright knowledge bounds. The smoking numbers of the Confederacy was trampled in another dwelling by a painted chart of "Our Fallen Heroes." It occupied the post of honor above the fireplace. Portraits of Bishop Fox, Ashby, Stuart, Albert Sydney Johnston, A. P. Hill, and John W. Wren covered a wall of the highest Snowflake. All "flesh fighting generally for their country" except Meade. He was "traitorously murdered by Federalists at Greenville, Tenn." Post Captain Barnes' name was left out of the list entirely, possibly because he was an Irishman. The representation is not strictly historical, for Jackson was dying under a tree by the side of a river with the sun light streaming in his face.

Every dwelling has a pigsty, and a dilapidated barn or cow crib, but there are none of the light out-houses so necessary to the comfort of Northern farmers and their families. Land is cleared by girding the trees and allowing them to stand until the wind blows them down. No manure is used on the farms. Herds of cattle range upon the Blue Ridge, and there are no cow yards. The soil is cultivated until literally worn out. In the heart of the mountains I saw a large frame house with rotting listels and door posts. It had become abandoned because the lack had become unproductive for the lack of manure. Large crops of corn, wheat, and potatoes are raised, but there is no market. Eggs sell for from six to eight cents per dozen in Marion. Beef brings four cents per pound; the best steak can be bought for five. Butter retails at from ten to twelve cents, and chickens are sold at a dollar a dozen. Flour is never more than five dollars per barrel, and in the fall potatoes cannot be sold at any price. In the spring they are retailed at from thirty five to forty cents per bushel. A farmer with \$1,500 or \$2,000 is considered a millionaire.

The surface of the earth is barely scratched. Ploughs are so light that farmers pick them up in one hand and walk off with them over their shoulders. They have evidently not heard of sub-soil ploughing. I saw neither mowing machines nor reapers, and am convinced that either a flailing mill or corn sheller would be regarded as a great curiosity. The trees are loaded with crows, kept away from the corn fields by the old familiar scarecrow. A few buzzards were sailing around the peaks, and appear to be the only scavengers. It is a great fruit country, and is said to produce the finest apples in the United States. Apple trees grow to an extraordinary size, and I saw some as large as New Jersey ones. Pure spring water is abundant. The climate is delightful. The summer nights are deliciously cool, and enough snow fell during the winter to start the grain. Sickness seems to be unknown, and an average physically sound man of his profession would starve. The whole country is thickly wooded. Locust and black walnut are abundant, but parties from Chicago are buying up the trees preparatory to throwing the lumber on the market. Good land, partly cleared, can be bought for from \$3 to \$10 an acre.

The inhabitants are honest, but indolent. They lack the skill and enterprise of the Yankee. Many of them work one or two days a week, and spend the remainder of the time hunting and fishing. Occasionally an energetic fellow buys a farm, erects a frame house, and settles among them. They hail him with joy, and his neighbors usually work for him and take their pay in corn and bacon in preference to cultivating their own land. A few plant little gardens and raise shallots, lettuce, peas, beans, radishes, beets and cabbage, but the greater number of the population live on rice, grits, corn bread, and bacon, and rarely taste a vegetable. Eggs and chickens change the bill of fare, and are washed down with muddy coffee or buttermilk. The wives of the farmers say that sweet milk is unhealthy, and when a stranger asks for it look at him in astonishment. The cooking is unpalatable. Everything swims in grease. One kind lady laid a dish of apple sauce before me with the remark that it was something good. "It isn't stewed in water," she added, "I cooked it myself in pure grease." Children, or the entrails of hogs carefully cleaned and boiled, seem to be a favorite dish. They have a disagreeable smell, and I cannot vouch for their taste.

The men all wear white shirts and homespun garments. The most of them go without underclothing summer and winter. Black felt hats uniquely checked are universally worn. The women are clothed in plain calico gowns. Planners and furlows are scarce and carpets and rugs below par. Gingham dresses with girdled waists and the big buckles so fashionable years ago complete the Sunday toilet. The girls ride to church on horseback behind their fathers, brothers, and lovers, shading their faces from the rays of the sun with large yellow parasols. Prettier girls were never seen. They have regular features, small mouths, ripe lips, delicate complexion, the whitest teeth, and the tiniest feet. Once married, however, they lose these charms. Maternity and hard work drag them down. The houses are filled with children, and a family without little ones is unknown. I saw no women smoking and no signs of snuff-dipping. The taint of slavery remains, for no household, however poor, was without its negro servant.

There is a lack of schoolhouses. I was told that not one father in twenty gives his children an education. "You might travel in these mountains for six months," said the proprietor of the hotel at White House, "and not one in a score of young men could give you the name of the capital of the State." Politically, the people are sound. All frown on fraud, and denounce the action of Stephens, Gordon, Merrimon, and Hampton. They look upon Hayes as the receiver of stolen goods, and no sophistry can wipe the impression from their minds. Gov. Vance is their political idol. They say that he was cheated out of the United States Senatorship by Merrimon's combination with the carpet-baggers, and are resolved that he shall have his rights. They add that Vance was born in the mountain, and, unlike Merrimon, will never bow the knee to Baal. No man can be sent to the Legislature from this land of the skies unless pledged to support the Governor for United States Senator. He has won so great a popular enthusiasm that the finest horses, the best-bred shays, the gamest chickens, the largest bulls, and the handsomest children are named after him. With all their shyness, the natives manifest a reasonable amount of inquisitiveness. "Is this the road to

Bald Mountain?" I inquired of an old lady wooding a bed of shells. "Hit 'em," she answered, "but what would be your name?" The name was given. "Be so kind as to tell me how far it is to the White Mountain," I continued. "A right smart nine mile," she replied, "but what must you come from?" "I came from New York. Do you think I can find accommodations for the night at Mrs. Murphy's?" "Certain-are," she responded, "but did you leave New York this morning?" "Oh no," said I, smiling, "I left on Tuesday evening. Do you think I can get corn for my horse at Mrs. Murphy's?" "Certain," she returned, "but must you know a man in New York named Jones?" "I know several by that name," I replied. "We once had a Postmaster named Jones. Is that the gentleman?" "I reckon he warn't no gentleman," she said. "My daughter she sent him seventy-five cents in a letter for a pair of are-rings and when she got the are-rings they war brass and made her are sore."

She was about to go into the house and show me her earrings, but I thank her and bade her good evening. The mountaineers have a quaint way of expressing themselves. In beginning a sentence with the pronoun "it," they say "hit"; and this seems to be the only word in which they interpolate an h. "I'm dogged if it ain't hot, certain," said one man as he saw me mopping my brow. I called his attention to a rosy face girl who was watching our movements. "She feels the effects of the hot weather right powerful, certain," he responded.

A moonshiner, who had lost his umbrella, became nervous and fretful. "It's d-d seldom what's become of that umbrella!" he exclaimed. I suggested that the landlord might have mislaid it. "The landlord," he repeated, "why, he don't know how to keep a hotel in spite o' hell."

Writing of hotels, reminds me of the one at White House, twelve miles from Bathurst. We arrived at twilight. The landlord pointed to a tin wash-basin on the veranda. After my ablutions, he pointed out a towel behind the door. Supper over, he conducted me to a room on the ground floor containing three beds. One was occupied by a mountain magistrate who had cast his saddle-bags upon the floor and was snoring right lustily. A gentleman from New Orleans and the landlord's son slept in the second bed. The third was reserved for my use. The hotel proprietor advised me to hang my watch on the wall beside the "Squire's silver tucker," but as both windows were open and faced the negro quarters, I preferred to place it under my pillow. The next morning was Sunday. When I awoke the room was cleared. The landlord entered with a pitcher of water. One of my friends had given me a bottle of moonshine whiskey, and I had left it on the table. The proprietor promptly seized it, gave me a toast (one of the customs of the country), and after a long pull decided that New York whiskey was no better than Carolina corn. At breakfast the "Squire and myself were seated at the table on a wooden bench without a back. The landlord rapped upon a plate with a knife, and every head was bowed. He said grace—"Oh, Lord, bless this breakfast to our use, and make us thankful." His devoutness created a profound impression, but not a lasting one; for after the meal he appeared upon the veranda and cursed a shambling dork so heartily that the negro turned in his toes and took to the scrub. And five minutes afterward the pious man was advising me to stop to church on my way to Marion.

The mountain churches stand on elevated points in the woods near the cross road. They are built of rough boards, and are without bells and steeples. A stovepipe generally runs through the side of the building, and turns the smoke over the roof. In the summer the seats are taken out under the trees, and the congregations enjoy pure, unadulterated open-air preaching. The most of the mountaineers are Methodists. There is a sprinkling of

Baptists and Presbyterians, but you might rake the whole country with a fine-toothed comb and not find an Episcopalian, Unitarian, or Roman Catholic. Nearly every man professes religion, but many copy the landlord in its practice. Some are so devout that they are continually quoting Scripture. While at Bald Mountain, a Mr. Freeman, living at the foot of Vance's Nose, said that he rejoiced to see me, for my appearance was a fulfillment of the spirit of prophecy. "The Scriptures say," he averred, "that in the last days men shall be running around in search of knowledge, and your visit convinces me of the truth of the prophecy." The whites, however, speak in contemptuous terms of the religion of the blacks. "The worst thieves," said an influential gentleman of Marion, "are the negro ex-brothers. They will steal anything, from a chicken down to a shingle nail." Every church has its little cemetery. There are no vaults, but the mountain aristocracy build shingled summer houses over the graves of their loved ones, thus shading the rain and keeping out the light of the sun. These are fenced and latticed, but not painted. In fact, on the entire trip I saw but two painted dwellings. The simplicity of the mountaineers is remarkable. A life insurance agent strayed among them seven years ago, and induced a Mr. Murphy to take out a policy for \$1,500. The people were aghast. They misunderstood the theory of life insurance. They looked upon it as some contrivance by which a man could keep himself alive forever in defiance of the will of God that he should die. Murphy was disciplined by the church for his impiety and irreverence to the Almighty. But after he died, his widow had received the insurance money and created an unpeopled summer house over his grave, the spirit of the mountaineers changed. Insurance agents did a thriving business, and the head of nearly every family in the mountains has taken out a policy. Two or three years ago Marion was blessed with a circus. It was the first exhibition of the kind after the war. Mountaineers within a circle of forty miles flocked to the little village. They slept and cooked in the open air. Many of them brought great bags of chestnuts and sold them to the merchants at twenty-five cents a bushel to get money for the purchase of tickets. The market was glutted, and the nuts could not be given away. When the circus opened and the band began to play scores of the mountaineers with bags of chestnuts on their backs besinged the ticket wagons and endeavored to trade them for tickets. A sharper opened a booth near the tent. He exhibited a paper box with three compartments, placed two one-dollar bills and a fifty in the box before the eyes of the spectators, and charged them five dollars a choice. They went for the fifty with a rush. One man lost over eighty dollars brought into town to pay his own and neighbor's taxes. A prosiding elder mortgaged his mule, and was cleaned out of fifteen dollars. The sharper was coinng money when an old squarer shooter took him by the neck, saying: "Dog my buttons if you put the fifty in the box at all!" He opened the trap without delay, and out dropped three ones. The indignation was very great, and the prosiding elder was almost wild. Lynch law was threatened but through the interference of the circus men the sharper finally escaped with his plunder.

With all their piety and honesty, the mountaineers dearly love whisky. Illicit stills are hidden in the dells among the crags, and sweet mash may be found in any out-of-the-way cabin. These distillers are called moonshiners and their whisky is known as moonshine whisky. They are young happy-go-lucky fellows, and fine singers and juba dancers. Honest as the day is all dealings with neighbors, they about a revenue officer as quickly as they would shoot a wolf. I found them free and open hearted, and willing to put themselves to any inconvenience to accommodate a stranger. They disappeared on the most unfrequented paths, and invariably turned up at an unexpected moment with new whisky put up in pickle bottles and old tomato cans. You can never forget their kindness nor the taste of their whisky.

The Carolina gold belt skirts these mountains. Before the war individual miners dug out the precious metal with pickaxes, and either panned or melted it themselves. Planters frequently leased mines, and worked them with slaves, through the employment of their surplus slaves. Negro breeders hired their slaves in the spring to the mining companies, and sold them off in season for outfit picking. Since Lee's surrender strenuous efforts have been made to get Northern capital for the development of the mines. A crowd of Southerners in Morganton cut the eyes-teeth of a Yankee in the most approved manner. A company was formed, and Prof. Day, of New Haven, was one of its stockholders. The story runs that he visited the diggings and thoroughly prospected them. The soundings were made by a negro, and the scoop brought up pay dirt every time. On the Professor's recommendation the company paid the Southerner \$25,000 for the claim. Costly machinery was sent down, and the company went to work with a vim. The result was discouraging, and they finally abandoned the mine in disgust. It afterward turned out that the Southerner had filled the negro's mouth with gold dust before making the soundings. Prof. Day's experience was a warning to Northern capitalists, and no important investments have since been made in North Carolina mines. The soil in the gold belt resembles the soil along the Tuolumne and Stanislaus rivers of California, where millions of the precious metal were unearthed between 1850 and 1860, but the bed rock is a trap rock and not boulders. No doubt there is plenty of gold in the Carolinas but it can be developed by honest dealing only.

So much for the character of the mountaineers. They are honest, but unskilled in their domestic duties, but peculiarly practical in their piety; industrious, but indolently so; hospitable, but like to be paid for their hospitality; frugal, but frugal from necessity, polite, but inquisitive; churches, with a strong love for the circus; and, best of all, Democrats who steadily turn their faces against all attempts at compromise with fraud.

MORE ABOUT BALD MOUNTAIN.
 The Theory of Mr. Charles McKinley, of the Charleston News and Courier.
 "I confine to an utter ignorance of the laws governing the internal structure of the world I live on, and may be best exposing that ignorance by what I am about to say, but I have a theory nevertheless which I think to be a rational one, and right or wrong I shall propound it, for the consideration of wiser heads. That theory is that water, not fire, is slowly yet in the bowels of the Blue Ridge, or at least underlying the foundations of that outlying chain of which the Bald and Chimney Rock and Rich Mountains form a part, and to its agency all the phenomena of the district can be referred. May it not be that there is a vast subterranean lake underlying all this district, which supplies the numerous rivers and smaller streams which your map will show you take their rise just here? Count them and ask yourself from whence such a volume of water comes? Then ask yourself the further question whence came all those countless rills that flow down every valley and every ravine and every glen and gulch and gully high up on the sides, even from the tops of those barren and rocky hills. The waterfall that we saw but now is large enough to run a mill; yet it has its origin, scarcely affected by the prolonged droughts of summer, on the very summit of a rock nearly 6,000 feet above the level of the sea; and this stream can be duplicated in kind, if not in volume, at every step on every peak in sight of you. At a dozen farm-houses in the neighborhood these streams are turned into rude pipes made of hollow logs, and brought for long distances down the mountain side and made to deliver themselves into the daries, and horse troughs and gardens of the farm-houses."

The Carolina gold belt skirts these mountains. Before the war individual miners dug out the precious metal with pickaxes, and either panned or melted it themselves. Planters frequently leased mines, and worked them with slaves, through the employment of their surplus slaves. Negro breeders hired their slaves in the spring to the mining companies, and sold them off in season for outfit picking. Since Lee's surrender strenuous efforts have been made to get Northern capital for the development of the mines. A crowd of Southerners in Morganton cut the eyes-teeth of a Yankee in the most approved manner. A company was formed, and Prof. Day, of New Haven, was one of its stockholders. The story runs that he visited the diggings and thoroughly prospected them. The soundings were made by a negro, and the scoop brought up pay dirt every time. On the Professor's recommendation the company paid the Southerner \$25,000 for the claim. Costly machinery was sent down, and the company went to work with a vim. The result was discouraging, and they finally abandoned the mine in disgust. It afterward turned out that the Southerner had filled the negro's mouth with gold dust before making the soundings. Prof. Day's experience was a warning to Northern capitalists, and no important investments have since been made in North Carolina mines. The soil in the gold belt resembles the soil along the Tuolumne and Stanislaus rivers of California, where millions of the precious metal were unearthed between 1850 and 1860, but the bed rock is a trap rock and not boulders. No doubt there is plenty of gold in the Carolinas but it can be developed by honest dealing only.

So much for the character of the mountaineers. They are honest, but unskilled in their domestic duties, but peculiarly practical in their piety; industrious, but indolently so; hospitable, but like to be paid for their hospitality; frugal, but frugal from necessity, polite, but inquisitive; churches, with a strong love for the circus; and, best of all, Democrats who steadily turn their faces against all attempts at compromise with fraud.

MORE ABOUT BALD MOUNTAIN.
 The Theory of Mr. Charles McKinley, of the Charleston News and Courier.
 "I confine to an utter ignorance of the laws governing the internal structure of the world I live on, and may be best exposing that ignorance by what I am about to say, but I have a theory nevertheless which I think to be a rational one, and right or wrong I shall propound it, for the consideration of wiser heads. That theory is that water, not fire, is slowly yet in the bowels of the Blue Ridge, or at least underlying the foundations of that outlying chain of which the Bald and Chimney Rock and Rich Mountains form a part, and to its agency all the phenomena of the district can be referred. May it not be that there is a vast subterranean lake underlying all this district, which supplies the numerous rivers and smaller streams which your map will show you take their rise just here? Count them and ask yourself from whence such a volume of water comes? Then ask yourself the further question whence came all those countless rills that flow down every valley and every ravine and every glen and gulch and gully high up on the sides, even from the tops of those barren and rocky hills. The waterfall that we saw but now is large enough to run a mill; yet it has its origin, scarcely affected by the prolonged droughts of summer, on the very summit of a rock nearly 6,000 feet above the level of the sea; and this stream can be duplicated in kind, if not in volume, at every step on every peak in sight of you. At a dozen farm-houses in the neighborhood these streams are turned into rude pipes made of hollow logs, and brought for long distances down the mountain side and made to deliver themselves into the daries, and horse troughs and gardens of the farm-houses."

The Carolina gold belt skirts these mountains. Before the war individual miners dug out the precious metal with pickaxes, and either panned or melted it themselves. Planters frequently leased mines, and worked them with slaves, through the employment of their surplus slaves. Negro breeders hired their slaves in the spring to the mining companies, and sold them off in season for outfit picking. Since Lee's surrender strenuous efforts have been made to get Northern capital for the development of the mines. A crowd of Southerners in Morganton cut the eyes-teeth of a Yankee in the most approved manner. A company was formed, and Prof. Day, of New Haven, was one of its stockholders. The story runs that he visited the diggings and thoroughly prospected them. The soundings were made by a negro, and the scoop brought up pay dirt every time. On the Professor's recommendation the company paid the Southerner \$25,000 for the claim. Costly machinery was sent down, and the company went to work with a vim. The result was discouraging, and they finally abandoned the mine in disgust. It afterward turned out that the Southerner had filled the negro's mouth with gold dust before making the soundings. Prof. Day's experience was a warning to Northern capitalists, and no important investments have since been made in North Carolina mines. The soil in the gold belt resembles the soil along the Tuolumne and Stanislaus rivers of California, where millions of the precious metal were unearthed between 1850 and 1860, but the bed rock is a trap rock and not boulders. No doubt there is plenty of gold in the Carolinas but it can be developed by honest dealing only.

So much for the character of the mountaineers. They are honest, but unskilled in their domestic duties, but peculiarly practical in their piety; industrious, but indolently so; hospitable, but like to be paid for their hospitality; frugal, but frugal from necessity, polite, but inquisitive; churches, with a strong love for the circus; and, best of all, Democrats who steadily turn their faces against all attempts at compromise with fraud.

MORE ABOUT BALD MOUNTAIN.
 The Theory of Mr. Charles McKinley, of the Charleston News and Courier.
 "I confine to an utter ignorance of the laws governing the internal structure of the world I live on, and may be best exposing that ignorance by what I am about to say, but I have a theory nevertheless which I think to be a rational one, and right or wrong I shall propound it, for the consideration of wiser heads. That theory is that water, not fire, is slowly yet in the bowels of the Blue Ridge, or at least underlying the foundations of that outlying chain of which the Bald and Chimney Rock and Rich Mountains form a part, and to its agency all the phenomena of the district can be referred. May it not be that there is a vast subterranean lake underlying all this district, which supplies the numerous rivers and smaller streams which your map will show you take their rise just here? Count them and ask yourself from whence such a volume of water comes? Then ask yourself the further question whence came all those countless rills that flow down every valley and every ravine and every glen and gulch and gully high up on the sides, even from the tops of those barren and rocky hills. The waterfall that we saw but now is large enough to run a mill; yet it has its origin, scarcely affected by the prolonged droughts of summer, on the very summit of a rock nearly 6,000 feet above the level of the sea; and this stream can be duplicated in kind, if not in volume, at every step on every peak in sight of you. At a dozen farm-houses in the neighborhood these streams are turned into rude pipes made of hollow logs, and brought for long distances down the mountain side and made to deliver themselves into the daries, and horse troughs and gardens of the farm-houses."