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# GOLD LEAF.

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THAD R. MANNING, Editor and Proprietor. "CAROLINA, CAROLINA, HEAVEN'S BLESSINGS ATTEND HER." VOL. VI. HENDERSON, N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 31, 1887. NO. 14. SUBSCRIPTION \$2.00 a Year.

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Melville Dorsey.

D. C. S. BOYD, Dental Surgeon, HENDERSON, N. C.

## IN AFTER YEARS.

UPON THESE SILENT DAYS, dear heart, in after years  
We shall look back, I fancy, you and I,  
And think how little cause we had to shed  
These tears  
That dim the days as they are passing by.  
The rain is falling now, I know, dear heart,  
But soon, I'm sure, the clouds will break  
apart.  
The rain is falling; yet upon our lives,  
No storm has ever come, with breaking  
shout,  
And always through the mist the light  
has sweetly sprung.  
And for its flowers have bloomed and  
laughed,  
The days have had their shadows, this I  
know.  
But, it is best, no doubt, this should be so.  
Fall well, I know, some days are buried  
deep in care,  
And pleasant places look so far apart,  
But when we stop and think and reckon up  
our days  
Of good, of gracious things, I'm sure,  
I'd rather  
We always find we have no meager share  
Of these to balance all the fret and care.

I know these days are far from what we'd  
blame;  
But human planning is not always wise;  
Too oft, as now, we'd have each day breeze  
fanned,  
And all our skies the bluest summer  
skies,  
Headless that lives, like years, to be in  
need  
Need winter months, as such as May  
and June.  
Could I but have my way, and being sure  
I'd  
Your life should be one sweet and blissful  
dream  
Of things so good, so beautiful and truly  
bright,  
That Heaven itself could hardly brighter  
seem.  
But let the little I have brought to you  
Be as a sign of what I've thought to do.  
From where I stand, with rain yet falling  
on my face,  
I bid you wait in patience for a time  
When this dim book, whose lines we halt  
ing trace,  
We both shall read and find it perfect  
lymine.  
Or should we never read it rightly here,  
Some day we shall, so, dear heart, never  
fare.

## WAY DOWN SOUTH.

AMONG THE BEAUTIFUL CORAL REEFS.  
An Interesting Letter from Key West,  
Florida.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE GOLD LEAF.  
In the golden October days, when our forests were beautiful with their varied tints of light and shade, of crimson and gold; while yet our flowers bloomed, and all was sweet and lovely with the calm, sad sweetness of autumn, which lingers with us as a benediction after winter has blighted all nature, I turned with a sigh of weariness and regret, yet with anticipations of pleasure to come, from the dear Old North State—which I love and honor—to seek rest and health in the perpetual summer, amid the ever-blooming flowers of South Florida; my proposed destination being the Island of Key West, way down in the Gulf of Mexico.

The trip was to me, one of peculiar interest, as I had never been so far South. Leaving Henderson, N. C., on the 25th of October, we found ourselves the following afternoon in the city of Jacksonville, Fla., that resort of thousands of Northern visitors during the winter months. After spending several days most pleasantly here, we turned our restless feet toward the hospitable capital of the State. Never can I forget the kindness, and hospitality with which we were received in Tallahassee; and the many attentions, and courtesies which were showered upon us.

In truth has Florida been rightly named the "Land of Flowers," and the bison of the whole vast garden is Tallahassee. I have read of, I have dreamed of, such flowers, but never before or since, have I seen such. The town is beautifully located, in the midst of a lovely rolling country, made familiar by beautiful drives through magnificent groves of live oaks and magnolias, all festooned with graceful grey moss, to lakes which lie calm, clear, and pure, glistening in the bright Southern sun. The town itself, with its beautiful shade trees, tasteful residences, lovely flowers, and refined, cultivated people overflowing with kindness, is a place of many attractions; and to those who may visit the flower-gemmed State, I would say "by all means go to Tallahassee!"

From this city of many charms we wended our way back to Jacksonville, and taking one of the St. John's river boats, we proceeded to Sanford; and oh! the beauty and fascination of that never-to-be-forgotten voyage upon the placid bosom of that river—it is not so grand as the Hudson, not so historic as the Thames, but is purely simply, bewitchingly beautiful. The moon was shining as only a Southern moon can shine, making a path of glittering radiance upon the smooth waters, and bringing into view the lofty palmetto, and the snowy, spotless evening glories which climbed them from base to summit, forming a scene of fairy-like beauty, the like of which is seldom found. How poets of old would have raved, and sung of this enchanting

river! I felt that every moment I slept was that much lost, and though sleep was wooed by the gentle rocking of the boat—as gentle as the cradle of infancy rocked by the hand of maternal love—the beauty of the view from my window, drew me with irresistible force from the land of dreams many times during the night, and I would gaze out with a feeling of quiet, happy peacefulness upon the wondrous, graceful beauty, which declare the goodness and power of God.

We reached Sanford when the sun had climbed but a short way upon his accustomed course, and all was rejoicing in the pure, fresh sweetness of early morning. Boarding the train after only a short delay, we sped onward through a country made charming by lovely orange groves, and beautiful silver lakes, which abound on every side.

To me the beautiful, shapely orange trees with their deep green foliage, and burdens of fruit just changing from green to golden, were particularly attractive. After a few hours' travel we reached Tampa, a thriving town on Tampa Bay—here I tasted the fresh, delicious oranges of the first ripening.

The waters of the Bay are not of sufficient depth to allow large steamers to approach the wharf; so we had to take the transfer steamer for several miles, where we were packed bag and baggage on board the "Whitney" bound for Key West.

These steamers also run to Havana, which is only about ninety miles from Key West. The voyage across the Gulf was delightful, the water smooth as glass (though it can be rough enough sometimes) and our gallant ship sailed swiftly over the clear, delicately tinted waters, and the next afternoon we weighed anchor at the "Island City."

Little indeed is known of Key West—and only those who have visited it, can give any idea of the place or people. Having one of the most delightful winter climates in the world, it seems strange indeed that it has not long ago, become a favorite resort for invalids and Northern pleasure seekers. The lack of first-class accommodations, is one reason; and its inaccessibility, and isolation another. I think, why such is not the case. Upon landing on the Island, one is struck with the absence of all attempts at display in architecture, and have a feeling of disappointment, almost of disgust, certainly of surprise; that such is true of a place of fifteen thousand inhabitants, and which has claims to some importance as a naval port and in several branches of commerce—but there is no denying the fact, that there are no buildings, either public or private in Key West, of any architectural beauty or pretensions. Strong and substantial they are, built to withstand the fierce gales, which have in times past, visited them with serious results; but with no grace and beauty to make them pleasant for the eyes to rest upon. This fault, however, is atoned for in a great degree, by the beautiful shrubbery and ever-blooming flowers, which surround most homes in the city—and there is always beauty where these are found from the beginning to the end of the year, with no fear of frost or snow to blight them.

Key West has a population made up of many races; a people noted for their peculiar manners and customs, which, may in some degree be accounted for in the remoteness of the Island from other parts of the world, and these having no laws proceeding from the outside, and more progressive places. are a law unto themselves. The Cuban race predominates here, and if those who have read of the handsome seniors, and lovely señoritas of this nation, wish to be disenchanted, let them go down there and stay awhile among them—prematurely old, filthy, without shame or modesty, unscrupulous in every respect; there is about them, nothing to attract save the novelty which never fails to interest in that which we are not accustomed. We, of course, speak of the majority; there are exceptions as to all rules. The chief industry of Key West, and one that keeps it in constant communication with American and foreign cities, is cigar making from Havana tobacco. Cubans are employed mostly, and command high wages. There is one peculiar feature about these factories, which might be adopted in other cities, with pleasure and profit to many who in no other way, can receive food for the mind; they have regularly employed a "reader," who mounted upon an elevated seat, in the centre of the building, reads aloud the news of the day in Spanish, to the workmen.

The Island itself is seven miles long, and two and a half miles wide, and is built upon a foundation of coral. There are quarries from which a whitish stone is taken used for building purposes; and when dressed and polished it can be constructed into substantial nice looking buildings. A strange city it is, with a strange people; but

many of them kind and true, whole-hearted and generous; extending a helping hand to each other, and to the stranger within their gates as well, when misfortune comes, with a readiness we will not find in many places.

There are many things about this city which seem more foreign than American, to interest and charm—chief among them are the lovely lovely waters which surround it; beautiful in clearness, exquisite in tints! Who would wish for a fairer sight than the broad harbor, its waters sparkling with beauty, dotted with little sailboats like so many snowy birds of the sea, and mayhap magnificent, proud, defiant men-of-war, to give grandeur to the scene? and when the eyes tire of the beauty of the vast expanse of waters, only a turn of the head will give you another view, in its way equally as charming in the city spread out before you, with its white houses surrounded by lofty cocoanuts, graceful palms, and lovely, fragrant flowers. Such was Key West, a city of tropical beauty, on which the glorious sun set on March 30th, 1886, but alas, before the setting of another sun, how changed! She had in years gone by withstood with little injury the fierce raging of the pestilence that walked in darkness, but when the fiery flames assailed her, she bowed her head with bitter tears of despair, and with folded arms so pitifully helpless, yielded her fairest and dearest to her insatiate foe. Oh! it was a sight over which angels could have wept, and which years only can dim to the inward vision of man. Now after the elapse of many months, I never hear the wind blow, and sigh and surge, without recalling the terrible scene, the fierce winds which fanned the flames for our ruin. Awakened at two o'clock in the morning from peaceful sleep, in happy comfortable homes, to rush out into the street in wild despair; the people, women and children fled hither and thither for safety, leaving all the household treasures to the mercy of the flames, which were sweeping down upon them. In many instances where efforts were made for the preservation of household goods, they were placed in the streets only to be consumed a little later on. When the day began to dawn there was presented to view a picture that beggars all description; the streets were filled with men, women, and children, many of whom had found refuge as they fondly dreamed, in homes of friends and kindred, two and three times during the night, only to be overtaken and forced to seek further for a resting place, pursued as it were, hunted down by the relentless enemy. People of all colors and nations, mingled together in the crowded streets, bewailing some with bitter tears, some with the calmness born of despair, their misfortunes to others—and still the flames rushed on, sweeping all in its way like some raging demon, racing in and out of streets and squares, in the strangest and most unaccountable fashion; and not until late in the afternoon, when it had made a charred and blackened path, did it like some wild animal with a raging thirst, quench itself in the beautiful waters of the gulf.

Rising from the ashes of the past, deeply wounded but not mortally, the "Island City" will come forth in more than its pristine glory—and when the evergreen and fair flowers grow again in the waste places, the beauty and attraction shall still be here, and we can again exclaim "Behold how fair she is!"

## A LOVE SONG.

[Jean S. P. Kudd in the Boston Pilot.]  
You are mine out of all the world, beloved,  
Because in my deep heart's love and true;  
From among the millions which make a world  
I have chosen you, I have chosen you,  
Oceans may sever us widely, my love,  
Oceans of sorrow no less than sea,  
But time and distance and wearisome doubt  
Are nothing to me, nothing to me.

For down in the secret depths of my heart,  
Is hidden away like a sacred thing,  
Such love as poets and angels sing.  
You are mine out of all the world, beloved,  
Though I see you no more till I die,  
Mine through the infinite ages to come,  
Mine, by my love, forever and aye.

Subscribe and advertise in the GOLD LEAF.

## Immigration for North Carolina.

EDITOR GOLD LEAF:—I saw in your issue of 3rd inst., a quotation from the Wilson Southern Home on foreign immigration to the State of North Carolina. It is headed "Let us look to the sturdy English and Scotch for the bone and sinew to help us build up the Old North State."

A more liberal and sensible article on that all-important subject has not come under my notice since I made my home in the Sunny South. What a contrast to the views expressed at the Farmers' Convention recently held at Raleigh. The *Progressive Farmer* in its issue of the 9th ult., gave a full and elaborate account of the doings at that Convention. It is stated in the 5th clause of the farmers' petition with regard to the Agricultural Department that no immigration agent be sent to any foreign country. I also saw in your impression of the 10th ult., a quotation from the *Biblical Recorder* where it is said "that possibly there is not a farmer in North Carolina who wishes to see a horde of foreigners settled in the State, they would cordially welcome people from other States and would be glad to have as neighbors men and women from New York, Pennsylvania, &c., but the Irish from Ireland, the Crofter from Scotland, and the Brigand from Italy, they do not want."

Let us hope that the editor of such a praiseworthy journal as the *Biblical Recorder* does not class the Brigand of Italy or of any other country with the honest toilers of oppressed England, Ireland and Scotland, a class of laborers that can defy the world to produce their equals for industry, capability and skill in the noble art of agriculture; and let it be understood that their labor is under the control of the employer. If the negroes of the South were laboring under the smallest fraction of the oppression as what the trustworthy laborers of the countries named are, we should soon hear something of "de rights of de po' culled man." I have not seen or heard whether the farmers in convention discussed the labor question, but it is obvious to all observers that, that question must be taken up and handled at no distant day. It is not to be mistaken the future of the negro is the cities' skill labor, and the public offices, which few may remain in the field their labor will be more dominant than submissive. When that time arrives, which is not far distant, the descendants of Ham will then be in a position to cut connection with the renegade Anglo-Saxon, they will no longer have any use for their white skin brother, the unnatural alliance will then be dissolved. If I read aright the signs of the times in the political zenith, the sable flag of Africa will wave over these Southern States. It is quite evident that this State will be under the necessity of importing labor from somewhere; the farmers advise not to go to "any foreign country," while the editor of the *Biblical Recorder* objects to Europe only; under the circumstances perhaps he would recommend Africa, if so, no doubt the King of Dahomey would be happy to accommodate us with a few cargoes of the genuine article at a cheap rate.

The Northern and Western States, being new countries, have no surplus population. Consequently those are not the countries to look to for any material increase of the population here, besides, it must be remembered that the original Anglo-Saxon element at the North, has been pretty well squeezed out by a conglomerated mixture of all nationalities; if a "horde" of such a combination of races should settle in this State, it is quite possible that a large per centage of the objectionable element—such as the *Recorder* alludes to—may accompany such a crowd. Truly, there is a very desirable class of people not only in New York and Pennsylvania, but in all the other States North and West, who would be cordially received and welcomed as "neighbors" at the South; and no doubt a few will come in the shape of land buyers, attracted by this glorious climate, and such as is now being done under the present small, but laudable management of the Immigration Bureau; but this State is in need not of a few, but an influx, and in order to carry out such a movement effectually, we must go to the great centres of population where there is an overflowing surplus, but under no consideration let us go outside the English speaking race.

Keep away from the cities and go to the rural districts of England, Ireland and Scotland; you will there find an unsophisticated class of people unacquainted with Socialism, Anarchism, Nihilism, &c.—no Brigands to be found there.

The Governments of the Western States in conjunction with the great railway companies are putting forward almost super-human efforts to

draw immigration to their respective States. The Provincial Governments of Canada and Australia are doing the same, by giving away land, and granting assisted—and in some instances free passages. North Carolina is not the only field open to immigration, neither is it a private enterprise; it requires the powerful arm of the Government of any State or country to carry it out effectually.

Now the question arises will this State through its Legislature take up this all-important question—it would be employing its time to more useful and patriotic purposes than to be tampering and tinkering with existing salutary laws, such as the present system of county government and the no-fence law; perhaps it would not be imprudent or querulous to ask those who are desirous of a change if they have a more acceptable substitute for the present system of county government, or is it that the treasury has been out of their reach for a series of years and that in their opinion it is high time that things should change about; but it seems that we are providentially living in an age, if not a world of disappointments, the treasury is still to remain safe under its present guardian-ship.

If this State is to become prosperous its population must be largely increased, the present number of inhabitants are unable to handle it effectually and to develop its vast resources; the present system of annual renting if persevered in will ultimately reduce it to a state of agricultural dilapidation and ruin—no land can stand such a strain. England has been under a regular system of cultivation for many generations, its soil is not yet exhausted. The Norman conquest took place in the year 1066. The conqueror divided the land among the officers of his adventurous followers—who stalked and strutted about and told the subdued Britons that they were to look upon them as their lords, hence the name of landlord. They were also known as the feudal barons and lords of the manor an evil system under which that country is groaning at the present day—one good feature of the feudal system has been that it has not allowed the occupying tenant to exhaust the soil.

"There is a soul of good in all things evil, Would man observingly distill it out."  
Very Respectfully yours,  
R. MARSTON.  
Henderson, March 21, 1887.

## How to Grow Yellow Tobacco.

Maj. R. L. Ragland, of Halifax county, Va., writes to the *North Carolina Farmer* as follows on the subject of how to grow yellow tobacco. He says:

Yellow tobacco ought to be planted out in May, but June plantings usually do best in heavy dark grades. The planter will consult his interest by sowing at a proper time to suit the grade he desires to raise.

Plants set out after the 10th of July rarely pay for growing and handling, and if not planted by that time, it will be wise to plant the hills in peas, potatoes, or something else.

## HASTENING THE GROWTH OF PLANTS.

As soon as the plants become square, i. e., have four leaves, you may begin to force their growth, if necessary. Nothing is better at this stage of their growth than to apply dry stable manure, rubbed fine, and sowed over the bed—applying at the rate of five bushels to every hundred square yards. Be sure to have it dry and fine, and apply when the plants are dry. This is a favorable time to apply a good fertilizer, and the best time to apply it is during a shower, or when it is apparent that one is impending.

## LOOK OUT FOR THE "FLEA-BUG."

If the "fly," as it is called, begins to devour the young plants, apply plaster, in which rags saturated with kerosene oil have lain for a few hours, covering the plants with the plaster, if necessary, to keep the little pests from devouring them. Repeat the application after every rain unless the fleas have left.

A covering of green cedar brush has driven off the fly when other remedies failed and saved the plants. If the flies are numerous, the planter can save plants only by vigilant and constant attention. Hard burning, early and thick sowing; liberal and frequent applications of manure, are the best safeguards, which rarely fail to reward the planter with an early and full supply of stock plants, and with some left for his less provident neighbors. Some planters, if such they may be called, always fail—some never. Follow the latter, and you will always be right.

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