

# CAROLINA MOUNTAINEER.

VOL. 4.

MORGANTON, N. C., SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1883.

NO 50.

1883.

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## SPRING AND SUMMER.

Office of WALLACE BROS.,

Statesville, N. C., March 1, 1883

### To The Trade:

We take pleasure in informing you that our

### SPRING & SUMMER

S - T - O - C - K

IS NOW COMPLET.

Our Stock this Season is unusually attractive and complete  
complete in all departments; well assorted, new and  
reasonable, embracing everything necessary  
to the full and complete outfit  
of the retailer.

Extending to you a cordial invitation to visit us, and hoping to  
secure your orders through our traveling salesmen,

We are, very truly yours,

Wallace Bros.

P. S. All orders by mail will be filled upon  
the same terms and receive the same attention  
as buyers in person.

## THE MOUNTAIN HOTEL,

J. A. HUNT, Proprietor, Morganton, N. C.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

COMMERCIAL MEN.

A Good Table, Comfortable Rooms, Polite Attention, Reasonable  
Rates. Special Terms by the Month.

### Important Notice to Farmers of North Carolina!

In order that all may be able to use  
Baugh's Special Fertilizer for Tobacco and Grain,  
we are now selling it direct to farmers of North Carolina, at the following  
Reduced wholesale prices for Cash:

rice per Single Ton	\$35 00
Three (3) Tons for	100 00
Five (5) Tons or over	33 00

Per Ton of 2000 lbs. in good bags of 200 lbs each on board cars or vessels  
at our works.

We Guarantee the following analysis:

AMMONIA	5 to 6 Per cent.
AVAILABLE BONA PHOSPHATE	10 to 12 " "
SULPHATE OF POTASH	4 to 5 " "

This article has been used for years in North Carolina with excellent results,  
and we think it will pay all Tobacco Growers to use it liberally.  
Address all orders and inquiries to  
**BAUGH & SONS**  
103 SOUTH STREET BALTIMORE, MD.

## HOWARD & PRESNELL,

DEALERS IN

## GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

MORGANTON, N. C.

ARE constantly receiving new and reasonable goods, which they are  
offering at the most reasonable rates. Call and see them, and you will

be convinced that they cannot be undersold.

### THE MOUNTAINEER.

W. C. ERVIN, EDITOR.

SATURDAY, -- JULY 21, 1883

#### Some Desperate Incendiarists.

Charlotte Journal-Observer.

The citizens of the lively little town of Matthews were considerably exercised Sunday night over an outbreak of incendiarism in their midst, one large barn being burned and a residence saturated with kerosene and fired. The residence was saved through the exertions of the citizens. The barn was the property of Mr. W. P. Williams, and was totally destroyed, together with about thirty bushels of wheat. No live stock was burned with the barn. A short while after this fire originated the dwelling house of Mr. J. Sol. Reed was discovered to be burning on the roof, but as the flames were then in their incipient stage, the citizens soon extinguished them. On the roof where the fire had been burning the presence of kerosene oil was plainly detected, showing that the villain had saturated the roof before applying the match. The citizens of Matthews have long been disturbed by a gang of thieving, troublesome negroes, and to these suspicion points as the authors of Sunday night's mischief. No efforts will be spared to hunt down the guilty parties and bring them to justice.

#### A May Avalanche.

Leadville (Col.) Chronicle.

About three months ago three miners, named William Downing, Arthur Hastings and Edward Hughes, left this city. They are three old-timers in Colorado, and started for Kokomo. The men decided to work an old claim known to Hastings on Fletcher Mountain. Last Tuesday morning they were hard at it. About half past eleven o'clock Hastings declared his intention of going to the tent and preparing dinner. Downing and Hughes continued to work, and thought nothing more of Hastings' absence. He had been gone about a quarter of an hour, and the men were about to quit work, when a strange, rumbling noise, like distant thunder, was heard. Downing turned pale with alarm, as he had heard that strange sound before. He turned to Hughes and exclaimed, in a voice that betrayed his great agitation:

"Do you hear that sound? It is a snow-slide." At first Downing was in doubt as to whether it would be better to stay in the hole or go out. Hughes declared that he would go out and see what had become of Hastings. Downing then said that he would accompany him. On getting out the men were terrified to see the snow going down the little gulch in which their little tent was pitched. The place where the snow overlooked the gulch, and they could see the immense rocks being driven by the snow. On, on it came, and they saw that everything in and around their tent would be destroyed. They shouted as loud as they could for the purpose of attracting Hastings' attention, but it was of no use. He was too busily occupied within the tent to hear the shouts of his friends. The snow-slide came down with a swoop, and, lifting the tent as though it had been a piece of paper, it hurled it on down the gulch. Downing and Hughes ran as fast as they could, and they were glad to see the tent lodged on a shelving rock. They hurried to the spot, and found Hastings half buried in the snow. They pulled him out, but he was unable to move. He groaned loudly and said he was going to die. They picked him up, with as much care as they possibly could, carried him a little way down the mountain to a miner's hut. He was laid on the rude couch, and preparations were made for his removal to Kokomo. These were all unnecessary, however. In about an hour after Hastings had been laid in bed he expired.

### WELCOME TO THE PRESS.

BY WILLOUGHBY READE.

I dreamed a dream; methought I heard afar  
The murmurings of mighty titan tones  
From giant mountains sleeping all around,  
As slowly they awoke from centuries' sleep.  
Serbal to Balsam spoke—Pisgah to each,  
"What, ho! watchman on Junaluska,  
What of the night? What heard we in our dreams?  
A trampling as when feet of warriors came;  
A clattering as of hoofs and wheels and men."  
And Balsam, dark and cold to Serbal fair  
Replied: "I only heard the water lap the crag;  
The night wind moan; the wild bird sweep its wing."  
And then did Serbal's watchman life his voice,  
(The prophet-watchman of our lovely vale,  
Prophet of shining brow and hopeful heart.)  
He said, and all his brethren hushed themselves to hear.  
"The old order changeth, ever giving place to new,  
And God fulfills himself in many ways;  
I see, I see, a new day-dawn at hand,  
Attend ye all! Wearily, pale, I've stood  
Watch above the turmoil of the vale  
The coming of the younger day and lustier life.  
The din of war hath echoed thro' our caves,  
Leaving its scars and graves, aye and its blessings too,  
The sword hath out and our brave sons have bled.  
Yonder an army, not on doubtful errand bent,  
But laurel-crowned each man of peace appears,  
"The pen is mightier" than all swords.  
Of all the nations of the olden world  
These be the knights-errant who never kill;  
Who ride on higher, nobler, truer quest;  
Repairing ills, righting all human wrongs,  
Upholding all things wise and strong and fair  
He ceased. An echo loud as thunder-peal  
Came back from Balsam, Lickstone, Junaluska;  
Re-echoed by innumerable heights  
"Welcome—a thousand welcomes from us all,  
Ye barbingers of light and peace and truth!"  
Then burst there forth a marmur passing sweet,  
From mountain tarn and bubbling, gushing spring.  
From rugged crag and rills and brooks and springs,  
All silent things, the dew and light and air,  
Each found a voice and chorused "Welcome all!"  
In thrilling undertones minor and low,  
Until the listening stars did seem to hear,  
And every leaf and tree sighed out "Amen."  
My dream is o'er. Good gentlemen, from near,  
Or far, we echo all the welcome of the hills!  
Welcome to our fair home, our lovely spring,  
The spring of health for all we need her touch,  
Destined to fame wherever man is found!  
Come often, come again; we and our western land  
Will stretch out friendly hands to you for aye.  
Bring in your train the blessings of the time,  
And tell the world the untold wealth we hide  
In our deep vales and dark mountain

sides,

Richer in minerals and forest wealth are we

Than any State from Gulf to Arctic sea!  
get in, let in the light of that young day  
That has been flushing eastward while we slept!

So will we shout from vale and mountain top

'Tis morning! mist in the valley, radiance

On the hills! 'tis morning! for the mind and soul.

Away all things that nestle in the dust

And dark of error and of sin away!  
'Tis morning! lo a holier, broader

More enlightened day doth gild our land,

And men shall summer in true brotherhood.

Yes, there is glad rejoicing in our hearts

The harvest time has come; ye reapers all

Thrust in the sickle, reap, give thanks, rejoice!

Waynesville, N. C., July 5th, 1883.

#### THE HOME OF GEN. LEE.

The following beautiful description of the home of Gen. Robert Edward Lee as it was when the war broke out is taken from the magnificent address of Hon. John W. Daniel upon the unveiling of Valentine's statue of Gen. Lee at Lexington on June 28. "There was no happier or lovelier home than that of Colonel Robert Edward Lee in the spring of 1861, when for the first time its threshold was darkened with the omens of civil war. Crowning the green slopes of the Virginia hills that overlook the Potomac and embowered in stately trees stood the venerable mansion of Arlington, facing a prospect of varied and imposing beauty. Its broad porch and widespread wings held out open arms, as it were, to welcome the coming guest. Its simple Doric columns graced domestic comfort with a classic air. Its halls and chambers were adorned with the portraits of patriots and heroes, and with illustrations and relics of the great revolution, and the Father of his Country. And within and without history and tradition seemed to breathe their legends upon a canvass as soft as a dream of peace. The noble river, which in its history as well as in its name carries us back to the days when the red man trod its banks, sweeps in full and even flow along the forefront of the landscape, while beyond its waters stretch the splendid avenues and rise the gleaming spires of Washington, and, over all, the great white dome of the National Capital looms against the eastern sky like a glory in the air. Southward and westward, toward the blue rim of the Alleghanies, roll away the pine and oak-clad hills of the "Old Dominion," dotted here and there with the homes of a people of simple tastes and upright minds, renowned for their devotion to their native land and for the fierce love of liberty, a people who had drunk into their souls with their mother's milk that man is of right and ought to be free. On the one hand there were impressed upon the most casual eye that contemplated the pleasing prospect, the munificence and grandeur of American progress, the arts of industry and commerce, and the symbols of power. On the other hand nature seemed to woo the heart back to her sacred haunts, with vistas of sparkling waters and verdant pastures, and many a wild-wood scene; and to penetrate and to penetrate its deepest recesses with the halcyon charm that ever lingers about the thought of Home. Wedded to her who had been the playmate of his boyhood, and who was worthy in every relation to be the companion of his bosom, sons and daughters had risen up to call them blessed, and there, decorated with his country's honors, and surrounded by "love, obedience and troops of friends," the host of Arlington seemed to have filled the measure of generous desire with whatever of fame or happiness fortune can add to virtue. And had the Pilgrim started in pursuit of some happier spot than the Vale of Rasselas, well might he have paused by this threshold and doffed his sandal shoon.

### FROM THE PULPIT.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

As you pronounce your text, you see the time-keeper take out his watch, look at it carefully, and close it with a snap that says, "Ge!" heard clear to the pulpit. You know that he has you down to the second, and that he keeps a faithful record of the length of every sermon you preach, usually adding five or ten minutes to the record, "to allow a difference in watches." During the sermon he refers to that watch every ten minutes or oftener. And when you have been preaching, say, twenty-five minutes, the time-keeper looks at his watch and starts. Can he believe his eyes? He looks at his watch; then he gazes at you. Then he looks around at the clock on the gallery to be assured that his watch hasn't been stopped ever since last Sunday. Then he makes a movement to close the watch and return it to his pocket, but changes his mind, looks at it again, smiles a despairing smile, and holds his hand up a little so that his neighbor can see what time it is. Then with a long fixed look at you, he clicks his watch and returns it to his pocket with the expression of a man whose amazement has stupefied him dumb, and who cannot actually believe the evidence of his own senses. If the time-keeper cannot ruin the closing five minutes of your sermon you are proof against anequence. The squeaker comes in late. His pew is the furthest from the door. His boots are vocal monsters that are never worn save on the Sabbath day to keep it noisy. Down the long aisle he walks squeak-squawk, squeak-squawk. Then he remembers that he has a notice for you to read, and back he squeaks to the pulpit, hands you the wrong notice, and calmly squawks back to the seat, he alone solemn, while the others are inclined to smile. The squeaker is such a good man you can't bear to scold him. He is awfully good. And the gooder he is the worse he squeaks.

#### Avoid Farm Mortgages.

Mr. H. A. Haigh, gives the following wholesome advice on mortgages to farmers in the American Agriculturist for August. Mortgages are necessary and beneficial in civilized society, but there are unpleasant features about them. They often enable a man to accomplish what he could not otherwise successfully. They often enable a man to get out of trouble which he could not otherwise avoid, and they perhaps equally often make miserable a life which would have otherwise been happy. It is easy to get to them on to the farm, but it is not always so easy to get them off. Farm mortgages are about the best investment that capital can find. Investors generally like them. They partake of the nature, permanence, and other substantial qualities of real property, but are relieved from many burdens imposed upon land. Therefore:—1. Do not mortgage the farm unless it seems absolutely necessary. But, as a general rule is less valuable than a particular one, it may be well to specify, by adding: 2. Do not mortgage to build a fine house. By so doing, you will have to pay money for an investment which does not bring money. 3. Do not mortgage the farm to buy more land. Where there is absolute certainty that more can be made out of the land than the cost of the mortgage, this rule might not apply. But absolute certainty is rare, mistaken calculation is common. 4. Do not mortgage the farm unless you are sure of the continued fertility of its soil. Many persons borrow with an expectation of repayment based on an experience of the land's virginity only, which, on failing, may leave the land less productive, and the means of repayment thus be removed. In this way trouble begins which may result in the loss of the farm. Keep very clear of mortgages.