

S. P. Ravenel

# BLUE RIDGE ENTERPRISE.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL FOR HOME AND FARM; GIVING RELIABLE INFORMATION OF THIS NEW COUNTRY.

VOL. I.

HIGHLANDS, MACON COUNTY, N. C., JULY 12, 1883.

NO. 25.

### Our American Presidents.

BY J. C. D.

NOTE.—It is the desire of the author to furnish the readers of the ENTERPRISE with a plain and simple poem, entitled as above, which shall notice briefly the character of our Presidents; together with a few of the principal events of their respective administrations. The poem will appear in a serial form, and be continued in each hebdomadal issue. As the writer is but a youth, unskilled in the poetic art, it is hoped the public will not be very severe and acrimonious in its criticisms.

Monroe was next, who like a gentle star, Came to dispell the cloud of angry war; The man who had at Trenton hobbly bled, Was call'd to preside at the Federal Head. He was the last grand statesman of that class Who built around our rights a wall of brass On which the perillous bird of freedom keeps His vigil with an eye that never sleeps. Missouri having formed a constitution With slavery as a lawful institution, Asked for admission, which produced a warm Debate in Congress, and gave great alarm To those who held that "Federal legislation" Had naught to do with slavery regulation. An act known as "Missouri Compromise," Restored the peace and saved the "common ties."

The bill provided servitude should be Restricted to the "lucky sixth degree" Lafayette now from 'cross the sea came o'er To tread the soil he loved so well once more. Upon our shores his hand was warmly pressed, And 'mong the great he was an honored guest. Cities and towns were beautifully bedecked, As evidence of love and kind respect. The Greeks, a brave and noble-hearted race, Resolved to hold an independent place Among the proud, free nations of the earth Which was their right by nature and by birth. All Christendom in Greece an interest felt, And in her cause the world was eloquent Clay and Webster eulogized her fame, And kindled in the land a burning flame; But John Randolph, an advocate of peace, Had sympathy, but little aid for Greece, Though Congress felt unable to relieve, Greece did at length her liberties receive. Monroe was poor in all save spots of fame, And died with ut a "penury to his name." His good deeds were as rain to Africa sand, He turned no one away with empty hand.

In this campaign were pitted in the field Four Candidates, the powers of State to wield: First, Crawford, as the "canorous nominee," Then Jackson came, brave son of Tennessee; Clay and Adams fill'd the swelling roll, With Calhoun as Vice-President for all. Though Calhoun was his opponents in the race, Congress awarded Quincy Adams the place He was indeed a gem from learning's page; A scholar, wit, a scientist and sage, He came to fill the chair as father left, Ere of that father he had been bereft. As Minister abroad he helped to bring Our injured trade from "France" and "England" back.

Eight years he fill'd, with quite becoming grace, The dignity of a cabinet place. The country now was call'd to sore lament, The close of two most honor'd lives well spent; Whom tyranny, with all its regal power, Could not dismay in one dark gloomy hour. They sank to rest, with scarce a gentle sigh, On the memorable fourth of July— Just fifty years since they had dared to frame That grand immortal instrument of fame; Which was the tocsin knell of Liberty That told the world America was free. Jefferson, the first to quit the scene, Until the end, was tranquil and serene: "I now commend my soul to God," he cried, "My daughter to my country's love," and died. Reviewing still the friendship of their lives, John Adams whispered—"Jefferson survives!"

### Engineer's Report.

TO THE PRESIDENT AND BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE HIGHLANDS RAIL ROAD COMPANY.

Gentlemen: In accord with the agreement made with you in June last, I have made a preliminary survey for your proposed railroad from Highlands to a point on the Rabun Gap Short Line Rail Road in the state of Georgia, one mile from the North Carolina line. The Profile and Map of which, I have the honor herewith to submit for your inspection, together with an approximate estimate of the cost. Starting from a point in your town known as Spring Street, the line passes along for two miles near the road leading to Teasentee where we reach the top of the Blue Ridge and pass to the East side, following the side of which for one mile, we cross back to the West side, still keeping the side of the Ridge with an ascending grade we gain the top near Mr. Talley's farm. Then following the top through Mr. Watkins' farm, we reach the School House at the foot of Fork Mountain five miles from the point of starting. Thus far we meet with but little difficulty, the slope of the ridges being quite uniform, making it easy to fit the grade line near the surface of the ground. Leaving the School House we wind along the East side of Sealey Mountain. The mountain on this side is very precipitous, huge cliffs of bare rock rising hundreds of feet above us and dropping below almost sheer down fifteen hundred feet to the Valley. Looking off from any point on this two and a half miles, the view that meets the eye is hardly surpassed by that seen from the top of any of our mountains and is unequalled by any Rail Road in the country. In the distance can be seen Wallaha, Greenville and other towns, with the cultivated lands of South Carolina and Georgia dotting the face of the country. The excavation on this part of the line will be chiefly rock, but the line need not be very expensive, for by a careful location the cutting will be very light, having but few through cuts, being mostly side cutting. This brings us to the top of the Blue Ridge again, which we cross here for the fourth and last time into the Flats of Middle Creek, which stream we follow closely for three miles to the Falls, passing through quite an extensive farming country for so high an elevation. It being about the same as that of Highlands. This is the highest portion on the line, the grade almost fitting the surface of the ground. The grade at some points are quite light and could be made level if desirable. But now comes the "Tag of War" for, to reach the Tennessee Valley we have a difference in elevation to overcome of thirteen hundred feet and only a distance of about five miles to make it in, as one would ordinarily go. It therefore becomes necessary to gain more distance, to do this we follow down the side of the Ridge, dividing the waters of Middle Creek from those of Estatoa or Mud Creek until our grade line brings us near the top of the Ridge. Then putting in a level grade and a switch, we run back up the creek with a descending grade a distance of about half a mile; putting in another switch on a level grade, we again run down the stream to a very low gap in the Ridge, passing this gap we are on the waters of Estatoa. Turning to the left and following the slope of the Mountain, we cross Estatoa Creek about middle way of the Falls and just at the foot of the highest fall. This is certainly a beautiful place—looking up we see the water leaping from the rock a hundred feet above us, and as it strikes the side of the cliff, looks in the sunlight like molten silver. On the opposite side we see the water still rushing with mad leaps among the huge masses of rock that have broken from the cliff above, until it reaches the Valley three hundred feet below us. There the cultivated lands of the beautiful Valley of the Tennessee can be seen with the tall Peaks of the Nantihala in the back ground—making a scene long to be remembered by those who visit these Falls. The total fall of the creek here is over six hundred feet. From this point we have no difficulty in reaching the Valley in a distance of one and a half miles, at a point in Jack Martin's farm, one mile from the Rabun Gap Short Line Rail Road. A connection can be made with this road at any point you may desire, as the country is very level from where we reach the Valley to the above named road. Making the entire length of the road seventeen miles. Estimated as follows:

22,680 Cubic yards of Rock Excavation,	
35,686 " " Earth "	
60,911 " " Embankment,	
168,800 Feet B. M. Trestling.	
Total Estimate, Cost of above,	\$40,919.49
Cost per Mile,	2,407.02
45,000 Cross Ties,	4,500.00
683 Tons Iron Rail,	
25 lbs. per yard, at 45 00	30,060.00
Fish Plates, Spikes, &c.	6,100.00
Track Laying,	3,400.00
Total Cost,	84,979.49
Cost per mile,	4,998.78

In the above estimate I have applied liberal prices to each class of work to be done. I have also estimated the cuts and Embankments full width—making the cuts eight feet wide—when roads now in operation of the same gauge are only six feet. The maximum degree of curvature 20 deg. or 288 feet radius. In my former conference with you, Gentlemen, I stated to you that I thought it would be foolishness to attempt to get a line on this route with a grade less than two hundred feet per mile and that I should not hesitate to use that and greater, should it become necessary. I did not find it necessary to use a steeper grade until we reached the head of Middle Creek Falls. From there I used two hundred and sixty four feet per mile, this could be lessened a little, but not enough to be of any great advantage. I think it more advisable to use this grade and break it at one or two points with grades or resting places. If the broad gauge Roads crossing these mountains can use this grade and even greater, and run their cars over them at all, you, Gentlemen, can operate your road with a gauge of two feet successfully. Any line that may be run in this direction with any considerable difference in the grade will be so costly as to be virtually impracticable. And furthermore, the general route of this line is the only practicable one from Highlands to the Rabun Gap Short Line in this direction. When you remember that from the Point of Sealey to the Tennessee Valley, a distance of nine miles, we have to descend nineteen hundred feet. Is it not wonderful that a line can be found upon which a railroad could be built—and yet here you have one that can be built so cheaply that it is almost incredible. Build your road, Gentlemen, and you will have one that for wild and beautiful scenery is unequalled by any Railroad in this country. You will have a wonderful Railroad, that will bring thousands of people to your wonderful country. In conclusion, allow me to say that to my two assistants, Messrs. Geo. Trist and Thos. Stanley, I am greatly indebted for the facts laid before you. I have the honor to be, Gentlemen, Your Obed't Serv't, J. C. TURNER.

### Our Boston Letter.

FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.

BOSTON, July 2nd, 1883.

#### Editor Blue Ridge Enterprise:

"How to keep cool?" A question on every tongue. The art of keeping comfortable in hot weather, without physical injury, important as it is, has received but little real thought or study. Often does one feel like exclaiming with Sidney Smith:—"Heat, man! it was so dreadful here that I found there was nothing left for it but to take off my flesh and sit in my bones." New England is blessed with a climate with temperature changes from 100 in the shade in July to 10 below zero in Winter, and frequently in the Summer there is a rise or fall of 20 degrees in a day. When a man is hot he fills his stomach with ice water and ice cream, pulls off his coat and vest, finds the coolest breeze, and tries to cool off, thereby ridding health and even life. The Golden Rule for keeping cool is "Regularity of Living." Vegetables and fish are abundant; Nature's hint as to our proper food. Rice, oatmeal, bread and milk, all kinds of vegetables and fruits; very little meat, and lemonade; a little ginger in the water if you must have it ice cold; and moderation; and one will be surprised to find that he has passed the heated term with so little discomfort. It's common sense, moderation and proper food or it's doctors.

The Boston theatres and other amusements are taking a rather noisy way of advertising their respective attractions. Bands in wagons and upon horse cars, big drums inside of cloth covered carts, and four-in-hand with an elegant barouche, in which is seated a single bugler. The merchants and clerks rush to the windows in anticipation of seeing a military parade, and some times out of ten will only discover some new musical advertising scheme. At Oakland Garden, a delightful little place about four miles from the State House, is a grand minstrel jubilee of genuine colored singers. Besides an extended entertainment in a big Summer theatre, the negroes have free and easy cotton picking time upon the lawn under the trees. The cotton is tied, or stuck, upon twigs, the negroes pick the same cotton every day, but at a little distance the illusion is perfect. Thousands flock to see the fun, and it is fun, I assure you. The most delightful of suburban rides, a cool garden, a roaring entertainment, and all for a quarter,—ride, garden and show.

For real consolidated beauty the little Boston Public Garden probably holds the lead in the catalogue of our countries, parks. Not grand like Central Park, or even Fairmount Park, of Philadelphia, but a genuine oasis of marvelous floral and landscape arrangement. In this little Garden one could count, if he choose, nearly one hundred thousand blooming flowers and plants, all laid out in designs which would do credit to the finest en-

broidery. In the evening numerous electric lights turn night into day. The flowers are bathed in brilliant floods of light, and the lake is like a mirror. It is as fairy land; weird, enchanting, beautiful. Attractive as is this Garden, the "Blue Blood" of Boston, although living close beside its borders, do seldom, if ever inspect its magnificence. The poor man and family, the visitor, and the irrepressible tramp seem to somewhat exclusively enjoy a stroll or rest within this delightful spot.

Fashionable ladies are rather copying the dress styles of their cooks. Light colored satens and ootton, made to fit the form close, or to hang loosely, are very much worn. Some of the dresses seem made up all in one piece, while others contain almost an hundred distinct pieces. It is a sensible style, inexpensive and extremely fresh, cool, pretty and comfortable.

For about two centuries the people of Massachusetts have considered, and reconsidered, the advisability, and non-advisability, of cutting a ship canal through Cape Cod. The matter has just reached one step toward reality, in the passage of an act to incorporate the Cape Cod Ship Canal Co. If the canal is dug it will greatly shorten the distance for many coastwise and ocean vessels to, or from, the Port of Boston, and besides greatly do away with the danger of rounding the perilous Cape. With the experiences of the great Suez Canal as a guide, there is a good prospect, of the projected enterprise, if attempted, being a model of ocean engineering.

The European travel seems to increase with every year. Hundreds and thousands are taking, or are about to take, their first, second, or even twentieth, trip across the water. It is getting to be quite the fashion on leaving a friend, to exclaim, "See you in London, next week!" European scenery has a fascination for many of our people. One of means must travel abroad. Hundreds are sight seeing in foreign lands, to-day, who, at home live under the shadow of Bunker Hill, and have, perhaps, never climbed that monument, nor sailed up the Hudson, nor listened to Niagara, nor visited the Mammoth Cave, nor crossed the Continent. Europe is old, grand, and attractive, but the lands across the water have few spots which America cannot duplicate, and often excel. Let the true American, I say, see his own country first, and then filled full of home-spun pride, cross the ocean to see the sights of other lands, and tell their people of the beauty, and grandeur, and wonders of "Our Native Land."

WAYLAND.

### RELIGIOUS.

#### Religious Enjoyment and Religious Duty.

Is it not true that some Christians have lost hold of the connexion between religious enjoyment and duty? There is a sensuousness which presents a much more subtle temptation than worldly pleasure to a certain class of minds, which practically sacrifices Christian duty to Christian joy or what passes for such, and which turns away from all that cannot feed this craving for joyful and exultant frames of mind.

Take the regular church services on Sabbath or week-day. It does sometimes seem as if the sense of duty had ceased to attach to these; as if the covenant into which a people entered with their pastor, to hold up his hands and to sustain him in the discharge of his duties, was supposed to be binding at each one's pleasure. But the point is this, that you are very apt to find these same people at exceptional services—services which carry along with them a great popular enthusiasm, and under the power of which they have a good time. No one objects to the good time, no one grudges the joy of quickened feeling, but the question is how the joy matches the neglected duty and the broken covenant. And I say without hesitation, that any religious enjoyment which a Christian reaches through neglect of duty is worthy of suspicion. Those two things do not belong together. They are as opposite as Bhrst and Belial; and when a Christian man finds that he reconciles the two without any qualms of conscience, he had better look into the state of his conscience.

Or look at the multitude at large. We are told that the churches should be supplemented, and perhaps some think they should be supplanted, by hall services and tent services. The churches don't reach the masses, and the masses do go to halls. That is the argument, and it looks very plausible. That question, however, I do not propose to discuss; only there is

one aspect of the matter which ought to be considered: this, namely, that hundreds of the people who frequent such services in preference to those of the church do so because those services lay them under no obligation. A man says, "I can go to a hall and hear the gospel preached, and I enjoy the singing, and I like it a great deal better than going to church." And do you know why? Because he can thus enjoy the sentiment of religion without feeling its habitual pressure of obligation. If he identifies himself with a church, duty appeals to his pocket, duty levies contributions upon his time, duty imposes a little routine, duty puts him under certain standing obligations to his fellow-members, and that is just what he does not want, and why he is forever venting cheap sarcasms upon the pride and exclusiveness and luxury of the churches. He wants to be unfettered. He wants to go and come as he pleases. It is a trifling matter to put his ten or twenty-five cents into the box at the hall, and he is in no danger of being called on for church-work. He passes unnoticed in the crowd, and enjoys his intellectual or emotional treat, and he does not care to have religion carry him any farther; and, while I make no attack on such movements, while I am grateful for whatever spiritual power they exert, yet I am bound in simple justice to ask how much the church ought to concede to this popular demand; whether the church which represents Christ's yoke, is not obligated to make some stand for the rule and the burden and the yoke, and to be cautious how she encourages the sentiment which seeks to evade them.

God forbid that I should depreciate genuine Christian emotion. God forbid that I should throw into the faintest shadow the necessity of the great heart-change which must precede every man's entrance into the kingdom of heaven. God forbid that I should speak slightly of crude Christian experience, or be intolerant of its weakness and error. It is rather because of its weakness and error, and because I know that no one but Christ can deal with it at once wisely and tenderly, that I would have it come under the yoke, and learn that it comes into Christ's kingdom to acquire a fixed habit of doing right, and of respecting moral obligation first everywhere.—Dr. M. R. Vincent.

### Profanity.

Vast effort and much time are devoted to the temperance cause. Grand results have been attained in this work, and we still implore the divine blessing upon every true effort put forth to crush the insidious monster. But while many a heart quakes at the wine-cup's glow, how often the foolish, wicked oath is passed unheeded by! Comparatively little is thought of it. Many an active temperance worker is not arrested by that frightful sound, but rushes on to his reform club where he discourses both long and loudly upon the evils of King Alcohol, not for a moment realizing that he has just passed, unheeded, the widest gateway his foe in question ever had opened for his admittance. Numberless efforts have been instrumental in staying the liquor traffic, but what one public attempt has been made to stay the dangerous foe, profanity? If a human being libels his neighbor, our law provides for the offence, yet the name of the Holy and Just One may be continually defamed without rebuke. God's name can not be impaired, though polluted lips breathe curses upon it; yet he who said, "Thou shalt not kill," said first, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." While we believe something should be done openly to crush this evil, much more can be done by domestic effort. Let every parent, brother, and sister trample upon the serpent, that its deadly fangs poison not those surrounded by their influence.

### Macon County, Its Resources and Their Development.

In the comments of Prof. C. D. Smith and others, we are led to see the condition of this country about fifty years ago, soon after it was evacuated by the Cherokee Indians.

At that time it was thinly settled, and the pioneers were old styled men, honest, affable, and kind. There was but little timber upon the mountains and in the valleys, and they abounded with game, and the streams with fish. The settlers occupied much of their time hunting and fishing. The country did not seem to be adapted to wheat growing; it was sowed

in small quantities, reaped and threshed on the dirt with sticks or flails, and ground on the little old "tub mills," bolted through wire sieves, and consequently the bread was full of grit. Indian corn was made in small quantities, but the supply was generally sufficient for the demand. Wild meats, fish, and corn cake was the luxurious diet principally used. The people lived in open log cabins, and fevers of any kind, catarrh, consumption, diabetes, nor any other local diseases were rarely known. Soon after this wheat growing became more important, and J. R. Siler (one of the foremost business men of his day) built a flouring mill at Iotla, which is now owned by David Mallonee, and is yet a good mill, and at that time did the grinding for the country now supplied by the mills of William West, J. M. Lyle, W. H. Higdon, Thomas Angel, Thomas Vanhook, J. B. Addington, Reid & Mallonee, John Siler, Wilburn Welch, John Dehart, Amos Asee, and Col. T. D. Bryson, of Swain. The old "Ground Hog" threshing machine was introduced and used, until very recently driven out by separators. The best of which is the "Aultman & Taylor," three of which are now in use in this county, owned by H. G. Trotter, Allen Raby & Co., and Rogers, Kiusland & Co. In that early day the people used puncheons, split full width from poplar and chestnut logs as a substitute for plank for flooring their "log cabins" etc. But the old sash saw was introduced, and has been a drag for many years, but has now given way to the improved circular saws with Ratchet Head blocks, which are certainly a very great improvement, only two of which are as yet in operation, being owned by P. P. McLean, and H. G. Trotter. The two mills are constructed on the same principle, but Mr. M. has his geared to water power, has 17 feet of fall, and a 54 inch saw and can operate much more successfully, cutting at the rate of 7,500 feet per day, while Mr. T. has only ten horse power engine and 48 inch saw, and can cut at a rate of about 4000 feet per day. Our people have advanced slowly in agriculture, many clinging to the old habits of their fathers, cultivating one piece of land in corn for a number of years in succession, till the soil is almost exhausted, steep land washed away, or very ruinous seals produced. Wheat growing is somewhat an exception being attended with greater success, though it is yet far below what it should be. The same of fruit growing, to which our country is well adapted, and many of our citizens have succeeded in raising quite a quantity of trees, and also have a good variety of fruit; but fruit raising could be made a very remunerative enterprise, and those they who plant largely of good fruit, are on the sure road to success. The old way of drying fruit was to cut into small pieces and spread in the sun on boards or puncheons, or to build fires on the ground and cover with rock and mortar, and place the fruit on that, and the fire underneath. But recently the improved evaporators have been introduced, which is by far a more excellent way. The fruit dried on old principles has always been worth about 3 cts. per pound, or \$1 per bushel, or less. After the new method it is worth from 12 and 1-2 to 20 cent per pound. Our people are taking hold slowly but surely upon the important interests that tend to the development of our country. They buy machinery and seem to possess an anxiety for the expansion of public interest. We long to see the day when this beautiful mountain country will be traversed by different lines of rail road, and their locomotives while ascending and descending our slopes, with their ribs of brass and voice of thunder, will cheer up and stimulate the latent energies of our noble mountaineers, many of whom are now looking forward to better times, and nobler things, a time when capitalists with hoarded treasure, will stand upon our mountain tops, and gaze with profound astonishment upon our grand mountain scenery, our rolling waters and extensive valleys, and will be influenced thereby to locate amongst us, build Summer resorts, and lend a helping hand in unfolding the inexhaustible deposits of Marble, Asbestos, Iron, Gold, Silver, Mica, etc., over which we walk daily, build good school and church houses, roads etc. Ship, and apply to the soil the various phosphates and concentrated fertilizers, and induce the people to raise cotton and tobacco, and adopt a higher standard of agriculture, education, religion and general improvement, then will we possess the most delectable part of the globe. Hurrah for Highlands, we are glad to see you driving the opening wedge to better times and greater accomplishments. We hope the spirit of enterprise with which you are infested will very soon become contagious and spread all over this mountain region.

More anon.  
EYEL.

Franklin, June 30th '83.

Tit for tat: A.—"Is the baron at home?" B.—"No, he sends word to you that he has just gone out." A.—"Good! Give the baron my compliments, and say I didn't call."

Mr. Henry C. Pool, New Bern, N. C., says: "I tried Brown's Iron Bitters for general debility and received great benefit."