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MT. MITCHEL.

Our Correspondent Tells Interestingly of a Trip to this High Peak.

For about two months I have been in Yancey County, near the foot of the Black Mountains. More than once, when climbing some lofty peak, I have thought of writing to my friends at home but have refrained from doing so, realizing that I can in no way do justice to a view thus obtained. But a few days hence I had the privilege of climbing Mt. Mitchel, "The Monarch of the East" and if my friends will bear with me for a few minutes I should like to tell them something of my trip.

Mt. Mitchel is a spur of the Black, and is the highest peak east of the Mississippi river its altitude being 6,711 feet. It is named in honor of Prof. Mitchel, who, for many years was a member of our State University faculty, and who first explored its summit and ascertained its altitude. This gentleman lost his life while on one of his exploring expeditions, and his body was laid to rest on the summit of the mountain. His grave has been marked by a handsome monument, which is the first thing the eyes fall upon on reaching the top.

On the morning of the first of Aug. a party of us packed our saddle bags and grips with some substantial eatables, and started out for "the peak" as it is always called here. We rode four miles up the beautiful little stream Cane River, to the foot of the mountains, arriving here at about ten o'clock. Before beginning the ascent we sent back some of our horses, keeping only one mule and one horse to carry us up. We loaded these with our baggage, besides we ladies took it turn about, first one and then another riding.

The air was as pure, as cool, and as invigorating as only mountain air can be, and we had no thought of growing tired when the ascent was first begun. I myself was quite sure that I was going to walk the entire distance. You will not be surprised that I changed my mind when I tell you to gain the top, meant five miles of almost straight up hill. I am proud of the fact, however that I walked four miles out of the five, more than any other lady of our party, and was the first to reach the summit.

For the first mile the ascent was very gradual, and we began to think climbing Mitchell wasn't such a task after all. Here, near the base, the trees are of various kinds, the poplar being the largest species. These grow to an enormous size. One we saw measuring thirty-three feet in diameter, is the largest tree in our State. We stood for a while by this giant of the forest, feeling very small and insignificant as we thought of the ages through which it had stood fighting the winds with its great arms, and perhaps after we have lived and died it will still be standing there—still warring successfully the many storms that must sweep over it. We grew dizzy gazing up its broad sides and turned away awed at its majestic proportions.

As we go higher the ascent is much steeper, but we forgot to be

tired in the contemplation of the things about us.

The forest all of the way is so dense as to form a canopy over our heads through which the sun rarely ever penetrates.

This condition is peculiarly favorable to the growth of moss and fern, and it is said that the moss growing here is the most beautiful in the world. There are a great many varieties and we are constantly loading ourselves with small bunches, only to throw them aside a few minutes later when we have found a variety, which we are sure is more beautiful than any we have yet seen. It grows over every imaginable thing.

It spreads itself over the ground as a carpet for our feet; it covers the somber trunks of trees, making them delightful to our eyes; it cushions fallen logs with plush fit for a king, and it converts rocks into downy beds of ease. If Jacob's pillar was so softened, we do not wonder that he dreamed of angels. Our party, being in no hurry often stopped to avail themselves of the many tempting resting places nature has thus formed for the weary traveller.

We found a delightful spot in which to eat our lunch and we were all hungry enough to make this part of our trip particularly enjoyable. After eating we had a draught of water that made our teeth ache with cold, but which proved as refreshing as only mountain air can be.

We were all eager to resume our journey so did not tarry very long for dinner.

The ascent now is very steep. The forest trees are less varied, and we rarely ever see any trees but the balsam-pine, which ladens the air with a delightful perfume. These grow very tall and straight and are so thick it seems as if it would be impossible for anything to make its way through them. These trees are of considerable size where we first find them, but as we go higher they are much smaller until on the summit their growth is very much stunted.

In about a quarter of a mile from the summit we come to what is known as "the ball ground". It is a rolling plain covered with long grass, and is entirely without trees, or shrubbery of any kind. This is our first opportunity of obtaining an unobstructed view of the mountain, and we halt here a few minutes getting a foretaste of the grandness that awaits us up ahead.

In a very short time we reach the summit and one glance around us dispels all thoughts of fatigue. Certainly

"Distance lends enchantment to the view,

And clothes the mountain in its azure hue."

We can't realize that the vast territory stretched out before us is the common everyday-world which we have just left.

Although it is three o'clock P. M. of an August day the air here reminds one of early frost. So we pull our jackets around us and settle down around the monument, which is on the highest point, and begin to drink in the scene around us.

Through the mist toward the west the Great Smoky Mountains

loom up like so many dark clouds, and stretched out between them and us lie, what seems to us, hundreds of hills decreasing in altitude as they near us. Looking north we peer as far over into Virginia as our eyes will allow us; we turn eastward and trace the line of the Blue Ridge—Blue in truth through the mist of the summer evening. But our eyes grow weary gazing at such distance, and we soon begin to turn our attention to scenes nearer at hand. Some of the ladies of our party are tired and are quite content to rest, but I have forgotten that there is such a sensation, and in company with a friend begin to explore the grounds about us. To gain the top of some huge boulder, we scramble through thickets, which look as if they were too dense even for a cat to make its way through. We get scratched and tear our clothes but do not mind at all, it only emboldening us to try another. We go in quest of water, and find it pure and cold, dripping from crevices in a large rock, then gathering itself in a pool beneath. Having refreshed ourselves, we rove around a while longer, trying as we said, to find a rattle snake and a bear, but without having succeeded in this quest, we go back to the summit and join the rest of the party.

It has now grown late and we seat ourselves around the monument to watch the sun-set. I grow disgusted at the thought of trying to give you any idea of the beauty and grandeur of this scene. Great white clouds float away down on the mountains below us, and the courses of rivers may be traced by the long lines of white fog; the distant mountains are scarcely discernible through the mist that envelops them. The sun, a great ball of glowing fire, is just sinking into this gray sea, converting it into one of roseate hue. Our party gradually grows silent and we almost hold our breath, as the sun begins to sink out of sight behind the distant mountains. Down, down, it sinks until only a small rim is seen. Now it has entirely vanished. We look for a moment longer, then, for the first time realizing that the air is cold we button up our jackets, rise to our feet, and slowly and quietly wend our way to the tent that has been prepared. This is a rude structure of balsam boughs thrown up over some stakes. But it keeps off the cool wind besides delighting us with its fragrance. We eat our supper, and then a few of us go back to the summit to watch the moon rise. But we have tarried too long over our evening meal. The moon is already trailing the mountain tops with its silver light.

Surely there is nothing more grand, more sublime than the scene before us. The dark balsam pines toss their restless arms, and sigh, and moan and whisper; the lurid glare of several camp-fires, bring into strong relief some great troubles; dark figures flit around these fires and remind us of phantoms from another world; above all, the moon rises with all her splendor, converting the distant mountain tops into a fairy land enveloped in silvery mist. But the moon has not warmed the chilly night winds, and we are soon willing to seek the

shelter of our tent, and the warmth of our camp-fire. Some of the party wrap themselves in blankets and soon fall asleep, but I for one am not so inclined. All night we sit around the blazing fire, watching the weird shadows thrown by the waving pines, and laughing and joking in real camp style. About day we were startled by the scream of a panther only about thirty yards off.

We felt a little streaked as the mournful sound resounded through the forests, but it left us unmolested, wending its way out across the ridge screaming defiantly all the while. Just about dawn we returned to the summit to watch the sun rise. It came up just as it went down,—a great ball of glowing fire,—driving away the cold gray mist and cheering us all by its warm rays. Most of us were feeling pretty tired and sleepy and were not so anxious to hunt bears and snakes as we were the night previous. After eating our breakfast we feel very much refreshed however, and when told that we must begin the descent we are all sorry. We started down about half past seven, and two of us walked six and one half miles before mounting a horse. I then rode horse back, to my boarding place, a distance of thirteen miles. At home I should have been completely broken down, here where one gains renewed strength with every breath of this invigorating air I was just tired. That night I fell asleep dreaming of my climb upon Mitchel, and hoping that I might sometime again have the rare pleasure of taking such a trip.

MISS MOLLYE WALTERS.

Shaffer Has 60,000 Men Out.
Pittsburg, Aug. 12.—The struggle for mastery between manufacturers and men in the steel industry is now fairly launched, and on the first show of strength advantage is with the former. The general strike order issued by President Shaffer, of the amalgamated Association, has so far been obeyed by only about 14,000 men, according to the best figures obtainable here. The first two preliminary calls were answered by about 45,000 men, so that the total number now out is in the neighborhood of 60,000.

Grand Carnival.

Richmond, Va., is preparing another record-breaking week of fun for her visitors. This will be the week of October 7th.

All preparations are on a magnitude that prove the assertion of the Association that the Grand Carnival Free Street Fair, and Electrical Fete of 1901 be greater than ever given in the Southeast before. Shows will be plenty, parades will be daily 20 bands, military, fraternal day, and 10,000 lights arching Broad street, with electric fountains at intervals are a few of the many wonders offered during this "Week of Wonders."

A Man and Boy Drown.

Hickory, Aug. 12.—While attempting to save the boy, Mr. John Garrison, of Pineville, and his 14-year old nephew Dale Wagoner were drowned in the pond at the E. L. Shuford Cotton Mill, a few miles from here, about 6 o'clock this evening.

A Good Fair at Greensboro.

We are in receipt of a handsome premium list of the Central Carolina Fair, which will be held at Greensboro on Oct. 8th to 11th. A large quantity of valuable premiums are offered for all kinds of exhibits, as well as many cash prizes. The purses for the trial of speed aggregate \$3,850.00. The management has announced that nothing but clean and legitimate racing will be allowed, thus insuring genuine sport. Arrangements have been made for a number of free attractions, and it is said that the "midway" will eclipse anything of the kind ever seen in North Carolina.

The fair is backed by a strong company and the united public sentiment of the community, and is already pronounced a success. Every thing is being done for the instruction, amusement and comfort of the thousands of victors who are expected to attend. All railroads will give reduced rates.

Mr. R. S. Petty, the Secretary, will gladly answer any inquiries concerning the fair.

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Fall session opens September 2nd.

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