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THE DISMAL SWAMP.

A Region Which is Moist, Lonely and Wild, But Healthy.

New York Sun.

For close upon 200 years the vast water-soaked forest known as the Dismal Swamp has been visited by the woodman in quest of its treasures of cypress and juniper. To facilitate his enterprise small canals, locally known as ditches, have been cut through to Lake Drummond at its center. Of these one was named for Gen. Washington, who visited the swamp when a young man of 24, "encompassing the whole," to use his own words. Another bears the quaintly irrelevant name of Jericho Ditch. At the end of the last century a larger waterway, the Dismal Swamp canal, which has been recently widened and deepened, was excavated near the eastern border. As a result much of the land lying to the eastward was drained and is now in cultivation.

A wilderness the Dismal Swamp remains. Even today its deeper recesses are hardly known save to such untamed denizens as deer and bear and a peculiar race of cattle that has run wild and lives upon the reeds. Not a few people in quest of game, or curious to know what a place so weirdly named may be like, penetrate the swamp from Suffolk by way of the Jericho canal, or on the eastern side, through the Dismal Swamp canal. But away from these recognized arteries of commerce stretch thousands upon thousands of acres of dense, tangled forest, usually covered with water to a depth of 1 or 2 feet, untraversed by waterways and untraversable afoot. In such fastnesses the black bear is at home, and he does not let himself be seen if he can help it. But in hard winters he is sometimes driven from his haunts and has been seen by startled wayfarers even in the outskirts of Portsmouth.

It was on a beautiful may day that I first saw the swamp. Our route that day was the Jericho canal, which one reaches, riding or driving, about two miles from the sleepy old town of Suffolk. Our craft was a skiff built of juniper wood and propelled by pole and paddle. At first the way lay through a comparatively open tract, which has been burned over from time to time, and which, despite the burgeoning green of such vegetation as had survived the fires, has a look unutterably desolate and forlorn. The trees here are small water oaks and oaks, sweet bay, holly, cotton gums, short-leaf pine and some juniper (white cedar). Big canes, which inhabitants know as reeds, grow everywhere, bending its graceful sprays over the water or with stems standing stiffly erect, in great clumps. To this bamboo, more than to any other plant, the vegetation of the Dismal and other Southern swamps owes its peculiarity of aspect. The cane was in bloom when we came into the swamp, and made one think of the marvelous travelers tell concerning the rare flowering of bamboo in India. The young stalks, which are used for making pipe stems, are cut and tied in sheaves by negroes, who can thus earn \$1 a day. Many flowering shrubs were there, mostly heath-erbs, but heath-erbs with large shiny leaves, hardly to be recognized by their humble cousins of the Northern moors and peat bogs. Most delightful of all to eye and nose was a pale pink azalea, much sought by country people for the curious green swelling produced on its leaves by a certain fungus. These they eat, knowing them as honeysuckle apples.

As we pursued our lazy way along the canal the trees became always higher and the fringing canes more dense. The woodland voices that had been lifted high in the early morning sank to a whisper. The chorused chanting of the frog's spring song died away. Now and then the sweet note of a warbler reached the ear. Once a great gray crane rose into the air with a discordant cry. Ever and anon we would beat up a blue heron, to see him disappear in fright down the long arcade before us. Then we glided into what is known as the Black Gum Swamp, where the straight columns of the tree trunks towered a hundred feet or more above us, and the light was soft as in a cathedral. Two miles or so we went between the solemn, vine-hung black gums, and then emerged upon the margin of Lake Drummond, having traveled our 10 miles in something less than four hours. Naturally, everyone who has read Moore's poem, "The Lake of the Dismal Swamp," recalls to mind when he sights Lake Drummond for the first time. And even when seen in the full light of noonday there is something of weirdness in the look of this forest-bordered sheet of water. Involuntarily one's eyes go searching for that mysterious maid who has

Gone to the lake of the Dismal Swamp, Where all night long by a fire-fly lamp, She paddles her white canoe.

That the Irish poet wrote of the Dismal Swamp with all the authority of actual experience, witness the lines: His path was rugged and sore, Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds, Through many a fen where the serpent feeds, Man's foot never trod.

But to descend from the poet's flight of imagination to the details of prosaic description. Lake Drummond is a small body of water, only three miles long and two and a half wide. The banks are everywhere flat, so that the lake impresses one as being much larger than it is. It would be a thoroughly

monotonous landscape, this, were it not for the picturesque belt of old cypress stumps that margin the lake, almost disappearing at very high water, but usually in plain view. Gnarled and gray are these relics of ancient forests, worn by years of weather and storm-dashed water into a thousand strange, unearthly forms. One likes to picture to one's self the noble trees that must have once stood in serried array about Lake Drummond. A few are still living, small of girth above, but near the water thickening into a huge buttressed base. One of the most notable is known in the country-side as Samson's Maul. To the branches of these old cypresses cling small wisps of Spanish moss and the gray beards of lichens that resemble it.

Thus we found the swamp in May. In July very different was its seeming. Then it was less to appreciate the significance of its time-honored name Dismal, which can hardly be very inappropriate, since in Eastern North Carolina it has come to be the general appellation for all timbered swamps. Every day heavy rains fell and drenched us sorely. Surely the Dismal Swamp is at such times the wettest of places, for not only do torrents descend from the skies, but the long, flexible stems of the cane are exquisitely adjusted so that the water dripping from them can nicely slip down the backs of suffering humanity. And the yellow flies! Speak of yellow flies to him who has visited the Dismal Swamp in midsummer, and you shall listen to real eloquence. Something might be said upon the subject of mosquitoes.

The uninitiated are likely to hear wonderful tales of the serpent life of the great Dismal, and there is a certain amount of foundation for them, although one must allow for the sad fact that in the presence of snakes, as of fish, the most ardent lover of truth is likely to go astray. In spring one sees few snakes in the swamp. But in July especially upon a sunny day, they crawl out upon the ends of the canes and bushes that overhang the canal. Then, as one poles along, there is a series of quick splashes as snake after snake drops into the water. One well-grown water moccasin made a serious miscalculation and landed in our boat. There he remained an hour or so unknown to us, when, growing bolder, he crawled out to meet his fate in the shape of a paddle blade. More pleasant to the eye are the small turtles or snappers, no larger than our common wood tortoise, that abound in the ditches. Their black shells are besprinkled with spots of orange.

The water of the swamp is one of its most interesting features. The color of it is a rich dark coffee brown as seen in the canals and in Lake Drummond, but nearly that of sherry when a small amount is taken up. This is due to the vast quantity of finely divided vegetable matter it contains. Notwithstanding it makes an excellent, healthful drinking water, pleasant in flavor, and, if one may believe the local sages, tonic in its properties by reason of the particles of juniper wood suspended in it. It was formerly much in request for supplying ships about to depart on long voyages. The antiseptic virtue of this water is marvelous. Stumps and logs of cypress that have long been buried beneath the surface of the swamp remain in excellent preservation; and now that the best of the standing timber has been removed, they are being sought by lumbermen. Berries keep their color and plumpness for months in the water.

The Dismal Swamp, contrary to popular impression, is not an unhealthy place. Malaria is said to be unknown there, and we were told that people visit the swamp in order to get rid of it. In that distant time which the South knows as "before the war," when yellow fever was a periodical scourge in Norfolk, an enterprising hotel keeper put up a frame building on the shore of Lake Drummond and advertised a health resort. The place was soon crowded with refugees from the pestilence and thrived for a while. But mid-summer came and with the yellow flies and mosquitoes, when straightway guests and employees left that hotel, never more to return.

Autumn is a delightful season for a visit to the Great Dismal, especially if one is in search of sport with rifle or shotgun. Up to Thanksgiving, at least, the air is soft and mild. A light haze rests upon the lake and forest, through which glows the brilliant scarlet of the red maple foliage, the bronze purple of the sweetgum and the yellows and browns of other dying leaves. The small ponds scattered through the swamp are visited then by many a flock of brant and geese and ducks on their way to the sounds of North Carolina. Then the "possums grow sleek and fat upon persimmons and pawpaws, or 'possum pocket apples, as they are called in the Dismal.

If he were content with such honestly come-by food, Bruin's life would be happy and respected to a green old age, for the odds are somewhat heavily against his career being terminated by a hunter's rifle. But, when the beautiful corn stands ripe beneath the autumn moon and the field seems abandoned to his pleasure, it is not in bear nature to resist the temptation to go marauding. Then, as he ambles clumsily along he is likely to encounter the cruel wire which pulls the trigger of a cunningly set gun, and to get a skin

full of slugs and bullets for his pains. I saw one day a bear's hide nailed up on a barn door on one of the large farms that border the swamp. The sight recalled to mind many a delightfully ghastly tale of heads displayed on Temple Bar and of thieves creaking in chains at the crossroads.

Take it when one will or can, the Great Dismal has a charm that falls upon all who go on pilgrimage thither. The very loneliness and vast wildness of it helps to increase this feeling. Although one no longer hears the startling tales of great monsters, lions and alligators and others still more impossible, wherewith the rustics regaled William Byrd, one time his Majesty's boundary commissioner for his domain of Virginia, there is not wanting a delicious sense of unexplored fastnesses, far beyond our ken, in which the wild things of the forest have found a last hiding place. Tales of apparitions, such as Moore's white maid and the ghostly full-rigged ship that is seen on Lake Drummond in times of storm, are firmly rooted in the negro folklore. Then there are many legends of desperate runaway slaves, who took refuge in the swamp in antebellum days. With its native weird beauty, its strange history and yet stranger traditions, the Dismal Swamp has come to hold a place all its own in the imaginations of men.

North Carolina's Great Exhibit of Industrial Enterprises.

Raleigh Post.

We cannot find words to express fittingly our surprise as well as gratification at the grand exhibit made by the industrial enterprise of our people of this grand old State during the past 11 months of this year of grace 1899.

Last Sunday the Post published a complete record of the various business enterprises, covering every kind of industry, to which charters had been granted during the two years 1897 and 1898. Therein it was shown that the amount of capital incorporated reached the gratifying total of \$6,128,920 with power to be extended to \$18,432,000.

But the 11 months of 1899 just passed cap the climax. During these 11 months there were charters granted to 194 enterprises or corporations, with a total incorporated capital of \$6,795,780, with power to increase the same capital to \$20,674,650. Add to these figures for the 11 months of 1899 those of the two full years of 1897 and 1898, we have the imposing structure of \$12,924,700 incorporated into the immediate working energy of our people, represented by some 500 new industrial enterprises and corporations for the development of our State, with power to increase the same to \$39,106,650.

Can any North Carolinian scan these figures without feeling a thrill of joy and hopefulness?

And, remember, these do not include the railroad interests or any of the large number of enterprises which are in successful operation, involving millions of dollars and organized and established before 1897.

The old State and her people have at last gotten a move on them. Let it be, as it will be, encouraged by everyone who loves his State or hopes to better his own condition without robbing somebody or his neighbor.

Gen. Joe Wheeler on the Philippines.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 2.—General Joe Wheeler, in a personal letter received here today, dated at Angeles, Luzon, says:

"There are more than twenty different tribes in this island and very few of them would submit to Aguinaldo's rule. Aguinaldo and his generals would like to govern, because it would give them great power, and many of his soldiers like the war because for the first time in their lives they have authority to carry a gun. They live by taking what they want from the people. Many of them are robbers, who rob defenseless people of their money and sometimes murder them. If we should withdraw there would be warfare and anarchy in the islands until the well-to-do people would get some strong government to come and take control.

"Aguinaldo publishes a paper, which is filled with expressions from people of the United States who are called anti-imperialists, and I think were it not for these expressions the insurrection would be closed."

A Case of the Dead Alive.

MACON, Ga., Dec. 5.—Two negro women, Dolphuse and Ida Hooks, have been in jail here for several weeks under indictment for the murder of Jim Jones, colored. Today Jones made his appearance and his coming has caused a profound sensation among the negroes. A dead negro was found in South Macon several months ago who had plainly been murdered. He was identified by Jones' mother as Jones and was buried by her. Suspicion pointed to the Hooks women and their conviction was regarded as certain.

Jones says he has been working on a turpentine farm and did not know he was thought to have been murdered. Solicitor General Hodges ordered the release of the accused women today.

The financial bill prepared by the Senate committee contains a provision for refunding bonds. The bill is a straight-out gold standard declaration. The House financial bill was introduced yesterday and was the first measure presented.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

How ephemeral is fame. This word is of Greek origin and literally means "for a day" and was applied to the lives of certain insects. Its meaning has broadened and now it is applied to life or fame or health or happiness or anything that is of brief or uncertain duration. I was ruminating about this because I have been down to Barnesville and Thomaston, two prosperous towns, one in Pike and the other in Upson county. I inquired of several good citizens who Mr. Upson was and they couldn't tell me. Finally an old gentleman said that he was a member of the legislature from Oglethorpe county and was a very great and good man, and died early, and the legislature of which he was a member made a county and named it for him. But now there is not one man in a hundred in that county that knows anything about him. I did not find anybody who knew what Mr. Thomas the town was named for. Just so I did not find anyone at Barnesville who knew what Mr. Pike that county was named for. So I had to wait till I got home and examined my books and I learned that Zebulon Pike was a great soldier in the war of 1812—that before that he explored the far west, and was the first man to discover and ascend that very high mountain which has ever since been called "Pike's Peak."

The town of Zebulon took his Christian name or rather his Jewish name, for Zebulon was the sixth son of Jacob and his descendants became sailors. Nobody could tell me who Barnesville was named for. Nobody cares very much who any town or county was named for. The present seems to be all that concerns us, and the historic part will soon pass into oblivion for the old men are nearly all dead. Not long ago I read how an Englishman was walking about the beautiful cemetery of Gettysburg and met a Confederate veteran there and said to him: "These grand monuments and grave-stones will forever perpetuate the memories of the brave men who fell, but I fear your confederate dead will soon pass into oblivion unless you give them cemeteries and monuments like these." "No," said the veteran, "Ours will last as long as these, for every stranger who comes here will naturally ask the same question that you did: 'Who killed all these people who are buried here?'"

As I travel over the South I can tell a prosperous town from a stagnant one by the wheels that are turning, the smoke stacks and the hum of machinery, or the absence of all these—Barnesville is forging ahead and so is Thomaston, for both have cotton mills already and are building more. Thomaston can boast of having the oldest cotton factory in Georgia, for it was built in 1833, and has been added to in later years, and now is erecting another with a home capital of \$100,000. Everywhere are visible the signs of progress and business activity. The new hotel recently built by Mrs. Sandwitch is a gem of beauty and reminds the traveler of Florida and the tropics. All around are to be seen new residences of modern architecture. The auditorium nearly completed is a marvel of Grecian beauty. An electric plant lights the new hotel and many homes and will soon light the streets of the little city. Mrs. Sandwitch established this plant and owns it. Just ponder it a moment. A woman is the foremost factor in the advancing progress of a new-born city. Now if they will let her tear down the old antebellum court house and erect a new one she will do it. But she can't vote—when is this fossiliferous relic of a past age to be reformed. The dirtiest negro in this town has a vote in selecting its ruler, while a widow who pays the highest tax is excluded. All but one of the teachers in our public schools are women, but they have no voice in anything except the privilege of teaching our children. The Hardwick bill is dead, and the maxim is to speak no ill of the dead, but a better bill would have been to place the ballot box just where the jury box is now. In every county there is a commission of honorable men who select the men who are fit to serve on the jury and their names only are placed in the jury box. Men of bad moral character or exceeding ignorance are excluded. We have known instances where men of considerable wealth were excluded because of their notorious vices. The right to sit upon a jury and try cases involving life and liberty or property is of far more importance than the privilege of voting. Then why not purge the ballot box as well as the jury box. Many good negroes would be put in and some bad white men left out. Reader, are you? The ballot has got to be purged in some way. There are only twenty counties that local option has not succeeded in driving out whisky and saloons and in nearly all of these twenty the white vote would expel them, but negroes and vagabonds and saloon owners override the will of a large majority of the people. In Spalding county it was admitted that negroes carried the day and killed the much wanted reform. If the mothers and wives and sisters could have voted, a majority for prohibition would have been overwhelming. Who would have been overruled? Who would have been overruled? If it is not considered proper to vote in local matters

can be trusted in moral measures that affect the welfare of their husbands and sons and brothers, and also in all educational organizations—why does not some member of the legislature with a great big heart and brain champion this reform! The people are ready for it, and will say a Daniel has come to judgment.

Our Thanksgiving is over—we had a turkey that had been stall-fed, but my wife and I were invited to a good, kind neighbor's and the girls to another neighbor's and our turkey has been respited. He has been gobbling all the day, but bears no response from neighboring coops. I would be sorry for turkeys if they were sorry for themselves.

We had a union Thanksgiving service in our town and a large congregation listened to Mr. Bealer's eloquent discourse from the 147 Psalm: "God hath not dealt so with any other nation." He sketched our country from Columbus down and showed that blessing and love had followed us for 400 years. It was a grand sermon.

BILL ARP.

Preachers and Money.

Statesville Landmark.

Referring to the large sums of money that are always raised at every session of a Methodist Conference, for various purposes, the Winston Sentinel says, which is true, that most of this money comes off the preachers, many of whom, perhaps the majority, are ill able to give it, and it thinks that the whole business is wrong and a great injustice to these preachers. The Landmark agrees with the Sentinel. Most of the preachers in our State are poorly paid and the majority of them have a hard struggle to support a family and educate their children. Not infrequently they go to the Conference with their salaries only partially paid, and there they are called upon to contribute to numerous objects. Sometimes, doubtless they come away completely strapped and have to begin another year with nothing. This is certainly a hardship if not an injustice.

While on this subject, we have been interested in the trial of Rev. Mr. Green of Caldwell county, and his suspension from the ministry for twelve months, at the recent Conference at Concord, the charge being that Mr. Green failed to pay his debts and practiced deception. Of course this was wrong. It will not do to allow a minister to be an immoral man, for the public loses confidence in him and his influence for good is gone. And yet we are sympathizing with Mr. Green, because it hardly seems fair to discipline a preacher for doing what many prominent church members are constantly guilty of. If not only the Methodist church, but all other churches, will require their preachers and members to pay their debts or be amenable to the discipline of the church, the finances of the country will improve wonderfully. Very frequently officers and leaders in the churches are notorious for not paying their honest obligations and sometimes they are guilty of actual fraud and deception. Sometimes, too, church members subscribe to the pastor's salary and to other church causes and then refuse to pay all or part of the subscription, and often for this reason the preacher is handicapped and can't pay his debts. We think this, too, is a case for an application of the discipline.

In short, we think if the preacher is to be made to walk the chalk line, and he should, that the church members should be made to do it too.

Biblical Quotation Painted on His Grain Elevator.

TOPEKA, Kas., Dec. 2.—The people of Lebanon, Kas., and passengers of the Rock Island Railroad today saw a practical illustration of the proclaiming of God's word from the housetops. The big grain elevator owned by E. D. Hoyde, a devout Free Methodist, was yesterday decorated by a sign painter with this Bible quotation: "Eternity in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torment. Be not deceived. God is not mocked. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away. Fear God and keep his commandments. For the son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

These texts are in bright letters, and may be read for miles over the level plains. Mr. Hoyde is one of the wealthiest citizens of Lebanon, is a member of the Town Council, and prominent in church and temperance work. Mr. Hoyde says a positive gospel tells, and he believes in disseminating it in every possible way.

While riding on a train in Kansas the other day Miss Mary Burns, of Baltimore, fastened a toy balloon to a diamond brooch, valued at \$2,500, her object being to amuse a child. The window was open and the wind carried the balloon out into the open air. The child has been offered a reward of \$100 for its recovery.

DR. BROUGHTON ON FOOTBALL.

Atlanta Constitution, 4th.

At the Tabernacle Baptist church last night Dr. Len G. Broughton continued his series of sermons on "The Fallen Young Man," paying particular attention to football.

Dr. Broughton denounced football as brutal and totally unworthy the support of any college or university. He declared that one of the reasons of Mercer's continual victory in the matter of oratory was that the state university encouraged football.

In speaking of football, Dr. Broughton said:

"The fad of fads to-day is professional football; yea, it's more than a fad—it is a shame upon our civilization; it is a humanized bull fight. I have a contempt for every college or university that spends its influence for the perpetuation of any such a brutal sport. Intercollegiate football to-day is doing more harm to the young than prize fighting. The other day I said before a New York audience that I was ashamed of New York, and especially so of New York's governor, for fostering the human bulls who enter the pen to conquer by their animal force. I believe Congress ought to pass a law to prevent prize fighting in this country. We must look at this thing seriously. It is no longer a question for whimpering women and sensational preachers. It is one which should engage the attention of statesmen. Shall we degenerate into barbarians and clap our hands over the brute force expended for the enrichment of blackleg gamblers and sensational newspaper mongers? This is a question of serious import to the well being of our society.

"But what about its twin brother—the football craze? Hear me when I say again it is doing more to corrupt the youth of this country than all the prize fighting New York and her governor is feasting us on today. It is doing harm because of the institutions that dady it. Think of our universities and so called Christian colleges drilling a lot of long-haired boys to root for a pig skin. It reminds me of an experience I used to have feeding hogs as a boy. Nothing I enjoyed more than sitting on the fence, throwing corn over in a mud hole and seeing a lot of hogs fight for it. It is simply brutal. It is unduly encouraging brute force. It is developing the coarse side of life. It is running a high-handed gambling machine upon so called cultured lines. I'm opposed to a state university encouraging any such uncivilized sports.

"And surely I can have no respect for the Christian college which enters such a contest. I want to see our state university put more premium upon character and brains and less on feet and hair in a tussle for mastery in a sport that will almost rival the Mexican bull fight. Let me tell you if our university would pay more attention to education and less to such sports and the manufacture of duds, Mercer university at Macon would not forever be wearing the champion medal in oratorical contests in Georgia.

"Some states have made this intercollegiate football unlawful. It ought to be done. A number of young men were killed on Thanksgiving Day by it. Who is surprised? The wonder is that any escaped. I tell you it's high time our athletic sports were being looked into. We are going down grade because of them. A lot of young men who accompanied the pigskin rooters then got drunk and disgraced themselves. I tell you, parents, keep your boy away from that college or university that is in this business."



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the mother to decide. With
and a strong woman's order
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