

# THE WESTERN REPORTER.

ALFRED MORGAN Editor and Proprietor.

"BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT AND GO AHEAD."—David Crockett

\$1.00 per Year.

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NO. 47.

## FRANKLIN HIGH SCHOOL.

MALE & FEMALE.

N. P. RANKIN, PRINCIPAL.

The 2nd term of this school opened on the 5th inst. with encouraging prospects. Tuition ranges from \$5 to \$15 per session of 20 weeks, contingent fee 50 cents, which, with one half the tuition bill, is required in advance—the residue at the end of term.

The government is kind and parental, but firm. Two courses of study are open to the pupil—English and Classical—the former, for those seeking to fit themselves for the ordinary vocations of life—the latter, for those looking to entrance into any of our Colleges. Board can be had in good families on reasonable terms. Several dormitories will soon be completed, which can be secured by students wishing to board themselves.

Any application for further information will be cheerfully responded to by the Principal or Chairman of Board of Trustees. January, 1880.

## FRANKLIN HOUSE,

Franklin, N. C.

D. C. GUNNINGHAM, Proprietor.

Guests will receive every attention they can wish. Horses and mules always on hand for hire and sale.

## PIEPER'S HOTEL,

Main Street,

WALHALLA, S. C.

W. H. PIEPER, Proprietor.

BOARD:

Per Meal.....25 cents.  
Per Day.....\$1.00  
Per Week.....5.00

## F. POINDEXTER,

Architect & Builder,

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Will furnish Designs and Plans, with Specifications, together with Estimates of Quantities, and an approximate cost of materials and labor, for

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE BUILDINGS,

Churches and School Houses, on reasonable terms. Will superintend and execute the work when desired. References given when asked for. 32-ly

## INDIAN RELICS.

I wish to buy all the Indian Relics in Macon county. Persons having such will do well to bring them to the Reporter office.

J. A. DEAL,  
Sole Agent in Macon County.

## Oak Grove School,

Macon Co., N. C.

(9 miles below Franklin)

A. D. FARMER - Principal.

Rates of Tuition:

In Preparatory Department, \$1.00 per Month  
Intermediate " 1.50 per Month  
High School " 2.00 per Month

The present term closes about the 1st of May. For further information address  
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Practices in the counties of Graham, Cherokee, Clay, Macon, Swain, Jackson, Haywood, Transylvania, Henderson, Brumby and Madison, and in the Supreme and Federal Courts.

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Practices in all the Courts of the Ninth Judicial District, and in the Supreme and Federal Courts. Special attention given to the collection of claims in all parts of the State.

## THE REPORTER

ALFRED MORGAN, Editor & Prop'r

FRANKLIN, N. C., APRIL 2, 1880.

### IN THE MOUNTAINS.

HORSE COVE, MACON CO., N. C.,  
April 24th, 1880.

Editor of the New Orleans Times:

How many of your readers are aware that a ride of twenty-four hours by rail will carry them into an utter change of scenery and climate, even from the flat lowlands of Louisiana into the portals of the Blue Ridge?

It has seemed to me amazing that our people, year in and year out, will take long journeys, or send their families on long journeys, from New Orleans, say to Wisconsin, or to the White Mountains, or even to the mountains of Virginia; especially that they will make the dismal journey from New Orleans to Chicago of two days and nights, over a country flat, dull and forlorn, from the cypress swamps of home through the dreary cornfields of Illinois, without a solitary sight of interest to break the stupid monotony that reigns from Bayou Manchac to the Chicago river, when one night and day will carry them to one of the romantic and picturesque regions on the continent.

I took my berth on the Mobile road, on the evening train, four days ago, and, after passing Bay St. Louis, "turned in," and knew no more until the morning, when the porter awakened me for "breakfast in Montgomery."

Montgomery well behind, one feels the journey is half over. It is only a short run to Atlanta, the wide-awake, the enterprising, and the somewhat braggart little "Chicago of the South."

There is an hour or two to wait, then one steps into the cars of the Piedmont Air-Line railroad, and is whirled away along the foot-hills of the Blue Ridge.

Atlanta is eleven hundred feet up in the air to begin with! The highest city east of Denver in the country. There is no more charming ride by rail in the United States than I enjoyed this afternoon. To the right lay the mountains, the last ridge of the Appalachian system, their blue crests rising in the distance and purple in the sunlight. Single peaks like Youah and Stone Mountain stood out alone in solitary dignity. Green valleys swept up between them, and cultivated levels, verdant with the springing corn and cotton stretched to their feet.

The air was vivifying, a tonic to one from the lowlands, as it swept down from the blue heights. At Mount Airy the road is fifteen hundred feet above New Orleans. There is a breath of the pine forest and the

cataract in the air, a sound of waters and of the waving of woodlands, and one's eyes seek the great bulk of Youah, heaving his purple shoulders out of the mist to be kissed by the setting sun!

Again we speed to, ever on the side of the great mountain range, until, at eight, twenty-six hours out of New Orleans, we stop at Seneca City, in South Carolina, a new railroad town, where the Blue Ridge road crosses the Air Line, and my journey by rail is over.

A night at Seneca, and then, in the dewy morning, after an early breakfast, a ride into the heart of the hills.

It is but an hour, behind a pair of rapid grays, and we draw up to water in Walhalla, the present terminus of the Blue Ridge road. The mountains lie around this place like an amphitheatre. The point I wish to reach is visible from the gallery of the hotel. There heaves up the rocky mass of Whitesides, yonder the vast back of "Terrapin." Stooly lifts his shaggy front still nearer, and Rabun, with his "ball" (a rocky mass, round as a billiard ball, resting on his bristling head), shines in the morning sun. Georgia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and their heads together a few miles from here (we shall be in each in the space of our drive), and crown their heads with coronals of wooded cliff and bald mountain summit.

From Walhalla it is a few miles, and our mountain ascent begins.

The day is glorious in spring sunshine. The woods are aflame with azaleas and rhododendrons. The cooing of the wood-dove and the cry of birds accompany us. The partridge (the pheasant, as he is called here) whirrs away as we pass. Now and then there is the truculent gobble of the wild turkey, softened by distance.

The road is rough sometimes, but always passable and always safe.

We skirt the shoulder of a mountain. Below us rears a leaping torrent, the foam flashing through the screen of embowering leaves. Springs of crystal and ice cold water gush out of the rocks here and there, and send brooklets racing down into the gorges. Oaks, pines and chestnuts overhang the roadway. Bare, ragged rocks rise now and then, weather-stained and water-worn, on the mountain side.

Now we dash down a slope into a woody hollow, and splash through the rushing stream at the bottom, rolling on over its rocky or gravelly bed, then we rise again through the cool shadows of the mountain, till, as we near the summit, the panorama of the blue crests swings away all around us to the horizon, like the blue swells of the ocean from a ship's deck.

Every furlong gives a new picture, a new vision of glen and cataract, of

rock and leafy gorge. There is the music of the falling water, the sighing of the wind in the pine tops, the hum of insects and the call of birds. All is life and movement, and nature laughs in her gladness.

It is steadily upward, over "Stump House," over "Kadis," over "Billings" mountain. Eighteen hundred feet. Two thousand feet. Twenty-five hundred. Still the little aneroid marks a steady rise as we crown each summit. And from each the masses of Whitesides, Chimney Top and Terrapin swell grander and nearer.

By the banks of the Chattooga, foaming headlong to the Savannah, in a deep glen, a spring leaps alive from the mountain. We stop for lunch.

That over, and thirst quenched from the cool, dark basin of granite we continue. We ford the Chattooga. We ford it several times—shallow, brawling, and limpid as the other, with the spotted trout darting through its shadowed pools.

Before us, at last, rises an apparently unpenetrated wall of mountain the river chafes and plunges five hundred feet below; the sounds of the water-falls accompany us. We near the mountain's edge, and are not stopped. The road passes between the Chestnut and Rich mountains, along the narrow pass formed by the outbreaching river. Here beside us are "the falls," a succession of leaps by which the stream escapes from the glen. There a short turn in the road, and Horse Cove lies spread out before us in the heart of the hills.

Black Rock, a thousand feet high, frowns darkly opposite the entrance; its grim, precipitous sides scamed with scars and furrowed with rushing torrents. The flanks of "Sodgy" and "Stooly," wooded, or bare and rocky, veil the sides of the valley. Here the rivers are born. In this valley the west branch of the Chattooga takes its rise, fed by the streams which, like silver robbers, wind down through the green mountain glens. Two streams, fringed with alders and the wild grape vine, and flowering shrubs of many kinds, mingle through the valley till they meet near the gorge.

Eighteen years ago the present writer was told in far Wisconsin, by a distinguished physician who had made climatology his specialty, that here in these mountains is the healthiest country on the globe.

Others besides my old friend have begun to think so. A colony of Northern people have made a settlement beyond this valley (at Highlands,) and are advertising its advantages east and north. There is a perfect air; water soft, clear and cold, out of the granite; not a mosquito; nights cool enough for blankets in August; an exhilaration in the air, a tonic in the act of breathing; an ap-

petite to digest anything, and all around the grandest scenery of mountain, glen, cataract and woodland.

Some of our Southern people are finding out the good things at their doors also. A gentleman from Charleston is building a handsome house just on the mountain edge overlooking "the Cove." (Near Highlands,) in a valley, a few miles away, Col. Hampton, of Mississippi, has a summer house, and there one meets his brother, the Senator, sometimes in the warm season.

And last summer a large number of New Orleans people found health and enjoyment in what Prof. Morris, of Virginia, calls "this Abyssinian vale."

The mountaineers are an honest, hearty, primitive folk, the grandsons of the men who beat Tarleton at King's Mountain. They are "behind the times," perhaps. But I, for one, am not sorry, and think none the worse of them.

But to you and me this is nothing compared to the fact that here in the hills, at our very doors, nature has built a sanitarium of woods and waters, of mountain summit and sequestered glen, where, by so short a journey, one can find refuge, and health when the sun beats hot in our Southern lowlands. H.

### BABY PRIZES, \$600.

An eminent banker's wife of N. Y., has induced the proprietors of that great medicine, Hop Bitters, to offer \$600 in prizes to the youngest child that says Hop Bitters plainly in any language, between May 1, 1880, and July 4, 1881. This is a liberal and interesting offer, and everybody and his wife should send two cent stamp to the Hop Bitters Mfg Co., Rochester, N. Y., U. S. A., for circular, giving full particulars, and begin at once to teach the children to say Hop Bitters and secure the prize.

Mr Henry E. Colton, formerly editor of the Asheville Spectator, but now of Knoxville, Tenn., writes to a gentleman of this place: "I look upon the completion of the Knoxville and Augusta Road (Rabun Gap Short Line) as a fixed fact, in three years, and no one will rejoice more than myself at the prosperity it must certainly bring to your country and people."

### ADVERTISING CHEATS.

It has become so common to write the beginning of an elegant, interesting article and then run it into some advertisement that we avoid all such cheats and simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain honest terms as possible, to induce people to give them one trial, as no one who knows their value will ever use anything else.

Ralph Waldo Emerson divides his time between selling milk and writing poetry.