

# The Daily Astorian.

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No. 63.

**AMONG THE MOONSHINERS.**  
 The Illicit Distillers of the Kentucky Blue Ridge.

The mountains of eastern Kentucky, although deficient in height, have the same wild and picturesque beauty as those of Colorado and Nebraska. Springing at one bound directly from the lower Blue Grass region to a height of more than 3,000 feet above tide-water without any intervening range of foot hills at their base, they seem as lofty as the much higher western Sierras. They have the same perpendicular or overhanging precipices of towering rock shutting in the narrow valleys through which the streams rush on with the same violence, roaring over broken masses of stone or plunging down great perpendicular heights with the thunder and turbulence which always accompanies falling water. Their summits present the same sharp and clearly-cut outlines of serrated, rocky masses, with bald, perpendicular faces towering high in the air fringed with a thin crest of feathery pines at their summits.

On which no foot of man has trod. And accessible only to the strong-winged buzzards, who there build and rear their young in perfect security.

Between the base of these rocky summits and the high precipice inclosing the valleys at their feet the mountain sides are formed into terraces whose level platforms are clothed with lofty forest trees, as yet untouched by the settler's ax. Giant oaks, lofty chestnuts, tall magnolias, black walnut and tulip trees mingle with the less lofty growth of buckeye, holly and catalpa, beneath which is spread a thick undergrowth of pawpaw and the broad and narrow-leaved mountain laurel.

The inhabitants are few and far between. Only where the narrow valley widens into the level bottom land of rich alluvial soil is the ground cleaned and the rude log cabin of the settler built, always destitute of windows, and very often doorless also. Wagon roads and bridges are unknown. Bridle paths alone traverse the valleys and cross the mountains at their lowest gaps, or wind around their sides upon a narrow pathway, affording scanty room for even a single horseman, with high, perpendicular rock on one side and a vertical downward plunge of several hundred feet on the other. Carriages, wagons, or even carts are even unknown among this primitive people, who are at least a century behind the present era. The mountains are full of sheep, which furnish wool, and the long summers ripen flax and cotton, which the busy fingers of the women card, spin and weave into homespun cloth.

Rude turbine wheels, cut from the solid tree and driven by the mountain streams, grind the corn into coarse meal, and this, with the long-legged breed of pigs, fed upon the abundant mast of the mountain sides, and homemade moonshine whisky, constitutes the entire bill of fare of this rude and primitive people.

Nowhere is this primitive character more clearly shown than in the nomenclature of the streams in which his Satanic majesty and his usual headquarters play a conspicuous part. They have the Upper Devil, Lower Devil, Hell for Sartain Branches — the Big Devil, Little Devil, and Hell Forks, and Troublesome, Dead Horse, Quicksand, Cutshin and Kingdom Come creeks.

The mountaineers are "given to hospitality." They will share their last piece of corn bread with the strange guest, careless and indifferent as to where the morrow's

supply for themselves and their families can be procured. They live strictly in accordance with the command to "take no thought for the morrow, but let the morrow take thought for itself." A more rigidly honest people cannot be found upon the face of the earth. If the guests' "saddle-pocket"—as saddle-bags are called—were filled with gold, no curious eye would pry into their secrets, and not one of these rude people would rob him of a cent. Every offense against property is promptly and severely punished, and in their estimate a thief is the lowest and vilest of criminals. But human life is of little value, and homicide is not regarded as a crime. Each section has two rival families or clans, who are at deadly feud with each other. Desperate encounters between opposing clans, in which men are killed with knife and pistol, are of frequent occurrence. Men are waylaid and shot down from ambuscades of trees or rocks by one faction. Retaliation of a similar character is made by the opposing side, and as these crimes are never punished, the evil grows until the whole region is involved in a constant war of clans.

But whenever the United States marshals make a raid upon the moonshiners—as the distillers of illicit whisky are called—then only do the rival factions lay aside all animosity for a time, and unite for mutual defense against their common enemy.

All intercourse with the outer world is shut out, except such as are maintained by the peddlers or cattle buyers who generally visit this region alone or, at most, in pairs. Strangers are recognized at once by their accent, or the cut and material of their clothing, and every party consisting of three or more mounted strangers are supposed to be United States marshals on a raid against moonshiners, that being the only motive which has thus far called visitors into the mountains. Such parties are accordingly regarded with much distrust, are carefully watched and frequently ambuscaded in the narrow defiles, and either shot down captured, disarmed and escorted to Sweden under the same king."

The result of the union have been most beneficial to both countries and the event is worthy of celebration, since nowhere, probably, does there exist a constitutional monarchy which grants to its subjects such complete and perfect independence as that enjoyed by the brave and industrious people of Norway. The bands of the old sea-kings once adventurous explored our most inhospitable shores; now their descendants have sought in America a permanent home. The wild Norse warriors once descended on the fertile fields of England, to plunder and ravage; now, after fourteen centuries, the same race comes to till the still more fertile fields of England's greater offspring. Norwegian and Swede are bound here by a closer union than that which holds their native land as one common kingdom. The conquest they are making with plow will be more enduring than the old victories of the sword, and the birth of national independence which they celebrate, is seen the spirit which makes them worthy of the larger independence which awaits them here—the independence of American citizens.—*Seattle Post-Intelligence.*

**A Little Norwegian History.**

May 17th was the anniversary of an eventful date in the history of Norway. In name it is the union with Sweden, which is marked for celebration; but in fact is the birth of the New Norwegian Independence, and the beginning of the growth of Norway, in all that marks a free and progressive state, self-governed, proud of its liberties, and intensely conservative. No title of race or nation calls up more poetic visions than that of the Norseman. The Scandinavian people have a history extending back to the dim ages of myth, when Odin was the progenitor of the royal line. They have a literature whose bold and rugged beauties have never been surpassed.

**Notice to Contractors.**

BIDS WILL BE RECEIVED BY THE undersigned at Astoria until noon, June 19, 1882, for furnishing the materials and labor required for the erection of a building 60x109 feet, 3 stories high, to be erected in Astoria for the Odd Fellows Land and Building Association. Plans and specifications to be seen at the Odd Fellows Hall. The right is reserved to reject any and all bids.

By order of the Board of Directors.

A. J. MEGLER, Secy.

(Oregonian copy.)

J. J. did.

ed. They live in the imagination as the race whose sea-kings were the terror of an earlier time, who first dared to penetrate the mysteries of the terror-haunted Atlantic, and whose rule in England, independent of a common origin, connects them by a closer tie with every one of English name. From the time of Harold Harfager, with whom authentic history begins, down to about six centuries ago, the record of Norway, though a glorious one for the stormy annals of those times, is one of almost constant battle, with alternating conquest and submission. Then came decadence; and from the early part of the fourteenth century, the kingdom lost its nationality. Now a province of Sweden and now of Denmark, manners, independence and even language were made to conform to the caprice of the conqueror. Not until less than a century ago did Norway catch a glimpse of the security and honor she now enjoys.

The wars of Napoleon dragged the Scandinavian kingdom into that conflict which had Europe as its theater, and laid the foundation of Norwegian independence. The great Emperor had a lavish way of bestowing a sovereignty upon a brother or a favorite, and of giving away provinces as if they were his rightful inheritance. He had assigned to Russia the Swedish province of Finland, to which he had no claim, and Russia made her peace with Sweden by making her a present of Norway, which was not hers to give. When this arrangement was ratified, Norway declared her independence; and the national assembly at Eidsvold, on April 11, 1814, adopted a constitution; and on May 17, sixty-eight years ago, Prince Christian was elected king. Although forced to yield by the combined power of England and Sweden, and to accept the union, the constitution of Eidsvold remained substantially intact. Its provisions guard most jealously against Swedish encroachments, and the first article provides that "Norway shall be a free state, independent, indivisible, and inalienable, united to Sweden under the same king." The result of the union have been most beneficial to both countries and the event is worthy of celebration, since nowhere, probably, does there exist a constitutional monarchy which grants to its subjects such complete and perfect independence as that enjoyed by the brave and industrious people of Norway. The bands of the old sea-kings once adventurous explored our most inhospitable shores; now their descendants have sought in America a permanent home. The wild Norse warriors once descended on the fertile fields of England, to plunder and ravage; now, after fourteen centuries, the same race comes to till the still more fertile fields of England's greater offspring. Norwegian and Swede are bound here by a closer union than that which holds their native land as one common kingdom. The conquest they are making with plow will be more enduring than the old victories of the sword, and the birth of national independence which they celebrate, is seen the spirit which makes them worthy of the larger independence which awaits them here—the independence of American citizens.—*Seattle Post-Intelligence.*

King of the Blood

Is not a "cure-all," it is a blood-purifier and tonic. Impurity of the blood poisons the system, causing many disorders, known by different names to distinguish them according to effects, but being really branches or phases of the great general disorder. **Impurity of Blood**, such an important condition, *Liver Complaint, Constipation, Convulsions, Headaches, Barkache, General Weakness, Heart Disease, Dropsey, Kidney Disease, Rheumatism, Ulcers, Scrofula, Sore Throat, Skin Diseases, Plethora, Ulcerous Disease, &c.* King of the Blood prevents and cures these by attacking the cause. Impurity of the blood, according to physicians agree with it, "the most genuine and safe preparation for the purpose." Sold by Druggists, \$1 per bottle. See testimonials, directions, &c., in pamphlet, "Treatise on Diseases of the Blood," wrapped around the bottle. D. R. EASTMAN, Son & Co., Provo, Buffalo, N. Y.

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