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Western North Carolina.

Beautifully situated, in a charming latitude, enthroned upon the everlasting hills, crowned with a diadem of clouds, and surrounded on every side by grand and lofty mountains; Western North Carolina as a country, is indeed matchless.

Here in the heart of the Alleghenies, nature has, with a lavish and partial hand, poured her gifts in richest profusion, making this "land of the skies" all that heart could wish. Dear to the heart of every one is his own, his native land, and this applies with peculiar force to the people of our own happy favored State.

No matter how far they wander, they are ever turning longingly to the cool springs and delightful breezes of their mountain home, and stern is the necessity that binds them to another land.

Here we have the most magnificent scenery, and the most delightful climate in the world. The invalid has but to breathe this health-giving atmosphere to recover. The tourist and pleasure seeker finds our cloud capped mountains sufficiently beautiful for their greatest expectations. The artist dwells with delight on each changing landscape, and the poet amid such lovely surroundings might find a renewed inspiration.

There is no baleful miasma lurking near us; we feel entirely safe from those diseases that infest low level countries, and can only look with pity on our richer, but more unfortunate neighbors who live there.

Western North Carolina is rich in mineral wealth. Hidden away in the dark recesses of the mountains are vast quantities of ores, and we dream sanguinely of the days that are to come, when Western North Carolina will rival California; when these rich treasures will be taken up by the hand of industry and skill, and added to all her other attractions will be the crowning glory of wealth.

The exquisite beauty of the scenery would rival that of the far famed Alps of Swit-

zerland. The sunny skies and soft twilights of Italy, of which we have heard so much in song and story, can not excel in beauty, that of Western North Carolina. Here are interminable mountain ranges stretching out their blue lines until they are lost in the maze of distance.

Embraced amid the clustering hills are the lowest valleys reposing in dream like beauty, over shadowed by the tall rugged mountains looming around them on every side. Here are solitary peaks rising up from the wilderness of mountains in the superiority of their height and grandeur.

Noticeable among the mountain peaks in Western North Carolina, is the Grandfather. I have watched his dear familiar face in all his changing moods, until it is forever daguerrotyped on my memory. He ever looks upward as if in the act of devotion. Day and night, winter and summer, through storm and sunshine, that reverent face has been looking into the "deep immensity of heaven"; offering to God the "perpetual worship of the everlasting hills". He may be touched by the fleecy wings of the morning clouds, or mellowed by the golden light of the noonday sun, or kissed by the moonbeams, or again the storms are raging around him in all their fury, and the red lightnings are let loose over his grand old head; or rocked by the music of that "grand organ of nature", the thunder, responding in deep heavy notes through the universe. When the "storm-king" has been chased away how glorious the Grandfather looks when the peaceful morn bathes him in a flood of rosy light; or night with her glorious retinue of moon and stars keeps her vigil over him. He stands ever the same, a kingly spirit, "throned among the hills" his foundation deep in the earth, his summit piercing the skies.

Here that beautiful stream, the Watauga River, has its source. It rises on the side of the Grandfather, and makes its way through deep gorges and rocky ravines, washing the mountain side with its cool clear waters. Emerging into the valley it becomes a beautiful river overhung with laurel and ivy, and embosomed among the hills, it carries with it a charm that only a mountain stream can. In its clear sparkling waters is a beautiful mirror, reflecting all the beauty of its surroundings in its silvery depths.

The mountains are the glory of the world. The hand of Divinity formed them for a special purpose. It satisfies the eye and fills the soul with a calm and solemn delight to gaze upon these grand old mountains, that rise above us in such awful and unchanging majesty.

Western North Carolina but waits for development to make her one of the most charming countries in the world. And when this beautiful land of mountains with

its sun painted cliffs, its fleecy clouds, its green valleys and sparkling waters, shall become the pride of all the Southern States, and North Carolina takes her place among the first; how glad and we will be, that our home was here, in this "Land of the Skies". L. E. F.

OUR CELEBRATION.

The people of North Carolina will on the 21st. day of November celebrate 100th anniversary of the Constitution of the U. S. by North Carolina. The celebration will be held in Fayetteville.

During the Revolutionary war, the states had formed a kind of Confederation which conferred very little power on Congress. The Congress could only recommend laws but not enforce them. The government had incurred a heavy debt on account of the war. Congress asked each state to pay, but they were jealous and nothing could be done.

Under such circumstances many of the best men in the government recommend a new Constitution. A Convention was called to meet at Philadelphia to revise the articles of Confederation, Washington was chosen president. A new Constitution was adopted, September, 17 1787.

All the states in the Union were requested to be represented North Carolina, by an act of the Legislature sent five delegates. The new Constitution was submitted to the several states for ratification. Nine of the thirteen original states had to adopt it before it was binding on any of the states, then only on those that did adopt it was it binding.

The Legislatures of the different states met in 1788, and the required number adopted it during that year. North Carolina called a Convention to meet at Hillsboro to consider the Constitution on the 21st of July 1888.

This Convention seems to have been influenced against adopting the Constitution by Willie Jones, but a favorable report was had that if some changes were made it would be adopted. This caused great political strife in North Carolina, and the question of adopting or not was discussed throughout the land. The Legislature and a Convention both met at Fayetteville, and on the 21st day of Nov., the Convention unanimously adopted the Constitution of the United States, which then had received ten amendments.

It is this memorable day in North Carolina History that her people will, in a few weeks, celebrate.

North Carolina should spare no effort to make the celebration a grand success. Our people should inform themselves more about the formation of our Government and States, and should strive to learn the principals of a Republican form of government. It is very sad to note that so many politicians who ought to enlighten the people about the workings of the government, are themselves mere gas bags, and have no knowledge. But we should not lay all the blame at their doors, but should be students ourselves. How ma-

ny who may chance to read this, show the spirit of the Constitution, or have ever studied it as they should? We can no longer depend on the fathers for this information which they know so well but must learn it ourselves, to preserve the government like it was founded.

COL. SHEPARD'S REMARKS.

There are some fire eating "bloody shirt" cranks yet who are full of venom against the South and, her interests. During the National Press association at Detroit Michigan Col. Sheppard made use of the following of language to the editor of one of the papers of that city who published it. Of course the Southern editors were incensed and grossly insulted by the remarks of Col. Sheppard and give some rejoinders but we cannot give too much space to such stuff for we believe Col. Sheppard to be a crank, and does not express the views of but few intelligent Northern gentlemen.

IF THE PLAN HAD WORKED.

Cleveland planned that he could then be elected to a third term without a single Northern State. The result would be that the South would, through Cleveland control the nation. The negroes would be re-subjugated, the poor trash of the South would be driven out and the North would be at the mercy of the rebels. These plans would probably have been covered up by some pretended political issue of another character, but I think that had Cleveland been re-elected we would have had another war during the four years of his term. The South would no doubt been anxious to withdraw from the Union again and the people of the North would not stand it.

But the good Lord God Almighty, in his beneficent providence, saved us the calamity by defeating Grover Cleveland.

THE BLOODY, BLOODY SHIRT.

"I often dine with Gen. Sherman, and in our several talks he agrees with me that the Southern people are as traitorous as ever, and that there is no patriotism among them. He does not think that they will take up arms again during this generation, but that it is only the sturdy, unflinching, patriotic spirit and superior strength that keeps the country together.

"The negroes now have no political rights and many are practically in slavery. They can't vote unless they are taxpayers, and when without means of support can be sold to prison contractors to prevent them becoming public charges. Should the South gain control, as Cleveland had planned, the Southern States would have repudiated the last three amendments, claiming that they were forced upon them while in duress, and that in law such action was not binding. They would then practically repeal the amendments so far as they were concerned, and say that slavery still existed

and that the negroes have no rights as citizens.

"I insist that the people of the South will never become patriotic. Look at the way they idolize Jeff Davis whenever he appears in public. You notice that the men who are most popular in politics in Southern States, are those who were most devoted to the lost cause, and who insist that the lost cause is not lost, but is yet alive. The South will not have liberal sentiment. They send home all our Northern men who go South to stipulate the productive industries of the country.

"Why, to indicate how strong the rebel sentiment is today. Do you know that in Alexandria, six miles from Washington there was not a Union flag to hoist on the recent Centennial day, and they had to send to Washington for one, and it was hung up with two rebel flags."

HIS LONG FAST ENDEAVOR.

Robert Marvel, after fasting sixty-seven days, died at his home in Indianapolis, Ind. His case is so extraordinary that it has attracted the attention not only of the curious public, but of the medical fraternity far and near. He was 85 years old.

On June 13th Mr. Marvel ate his last square meal. For thirty-six days he took absolutely nothing into his stomach. On the thirty-eighth he bit off a piece of pie, but did not eat. On the thirty-ninth day he drank a small quantity of milk, and at irregular periods he has continued to do so. All told, he has drunk not to exceed one gallon of milk in sixty-seven days that have elapsed since he began to fast.

The effects of his abstinence is such as would be expected. The faster had reduced himself to a "living shadow." The case is so far beyond the ordinary that incredulity has been excited.

But there is no occasion for this, as Dr. George Hasty a well known physician of this city, has regularly attended him. The great difficulty in treating him has been his determination to resist proffered aid. After fasting a full month he one day arose from his bed, and seizing a pan of water that stood near, and drank some of it. After the milk and water was left near him and occasionally he would rise and drink a little. During the last week Marvel had been bedfast, except at times when he would spring up and wonder about the house and porch. Sores came upon him by reason of his long confinement, and evidently Marvel has not only suffered long but severely, though everything possible was done to relieve him. His fast is the longest on record.

The World In Miniature.

"Among the many wonders of the Paris Exposition, there is none," says a writer in the Boston Transcript, "that shows more accurate

scientific knowledge on the part of the makers than the enormous globe on which the earth's surface is depicted. The diameter is forty two feet, and the surface is 325 square feet, and these figures are said to represent just one millionth of the dimensions of the great original. The scale permits close detail. Large cities have the outlines and some of their principal thoroughfares expressed all drawn to scale. Everything that relates to the earth, its geography, its political divisions, all its means of communication on land or sea, is shown. The globe is made of stout pasteboard, in 405 pieces, covered with plaster, fastened to a skeleton of wrought iron ribs, and although very heavy, so finely adjusted is the balance that it will turn at the slightest touch. If it were rotated at the same velocity as that of the earth, its movement would hardly be visible, as a point at the Equator where the speech would be highest would move at the rate of only an inch a minute.

FAULT FINDING.

Fault finding is always a very poor business. Criticism may be a very proper performance. It requires only a very small man and a very mean nature to perceive and to point out faults. To be a true critic, one must have largeness of mind and a spirit of fairness; for criticism includes the discerning of the beauties as well as the defects of that which is under examination. If you would be a critic, or would do the work of a critic, in any sphere of life, you owe it to yourself and to the cause of truth to make it clear at the start that you are not a mere fault finder. Before you point out any fault you would have corrected, you must designate some beauty which is worthy of admiration, and which ought not to be changed. Then when you have proved that you have the best of critics powers, it will do for you to enter upon the criticism inferior work. If ever, under any circumstances, you tell another of his faults before you commend his good traits, or if you point out the defects in a piece of work of his before you speak of its attractions, you seem to be a fault finder rather than a critic; and so you seem to be a person who is wholly out of place in the world.—S. S. Times.

North Carolina has been one of the most backward States in the matter of public education.—Exchange.

This is an error. Before the war North Carolina had the best common school system in all the South. Since the whites got the State Government out of the clutches of the carpet-baggers, scallawags and negroes the schools have been provided for. The sum annually is somewhere near \$600,000. It could do better and will do better. North Carolina is always ignorantly or purposefully being misrepresented. Stop it, it is monotonous.—Messenger.