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LINVILLE.

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A SNARE FOR THE FARMERS.

Wilmington Messenger.

Of all crass ignorance, it appears to us that the ignorance of McKinley and other republicans in both Houses of the Congress is the greatest. These would-be tariff builders do not understand the primary principle of political economy and are not in the horn-books of tariff making. They are trying to accomplish an impossibility, to wit this: to have heavy exports of American products without also heavy importations of foreign products. They are essaying in their extreme folly and blindness to compass that which is as unattainable as to square the circle or create perpetual motion.

If these ignorant tinkers had studied the great tariff speeches hitherto made in the Federal Congress, or had read with even extreme rapidity the great works on political economy, they would not have been betrayed into the stupidity of which they are guilty. How can you make a bargain unless two be agreed, or how can you conduct trade without two being party to it? If you refuse to buy all foreign products please tell how you can sell your products abroad? Since the world was made there never was commerce with only one side to it. The Chicago News commenting upon Mr. Mills' complete extinguisher of McKinley says this:

"If this country will buy nothing abroad it will sell nothing abroad. What then is to become of the many millions of bushels of wheat, corn, oats and other farm products which now go to other countries? What is to become of the magnificent foreign trade in beef and live cattle which is growing up? Evidently these articles will be shut out from the markets now open to them if foreigners are to be denied the right to sell their products in the United States. Even now, those markets are greatly restricted by the hostility aroused by the existing high tariff. To make that high tariff higher would be a source of infinite loss to the farmers, burdened as they now are with over-production."

When McKinley and his crowd of incapables undertake to satisfy the farmers by empty performances they will find that no longer will their deceiving dodges have their appointed effects. All along the farmers have been beguiled by promises and to their ruin. Now they demand something more substantial. The present tariff is oppressive, is unequal, is unjust, is unconstitutional, is unwise. It builds up great plutocrats, creates devouring monopolists, but robs the poor and wrongs the farmers of the whole land who are the true basis of all sound prosperity. Putting certain farm products into the tariff schedule will bring no relief. It is a delusion and a snare, and the framers of the bill understand that perfectly. The St. Paul Globe—another leading north western paper, has the right view of the matter, when it says:

"As has been abundantly demonstrated, farm products need no protection except to be allowed to seek an unrestricted market. Foreign agricultural products do not compete with ours only in foreign markets. Therefore, all that American farmers ask, is to be allowed to get into the foreign markets on an equality with the agriculturists of other countries. This can not be done as they are hampered with tariff restrictions at home."

Lift your restrictions upon trade and open the world to the American farmers, and you will move on the line of relief and genuine help. It is all nonsense to say that you protect American farming when you put up your high Chinese Wall and shut out the products of the world. Retaliatory laws are adopted and then American farm products are subjected to the same unfriendly treatment abroad. At this very hour our farmers in all the states are reaping a harvest of disappointment and poverty in the unwise and restrictive laws of radicalism. They are enriching a million engaged in manufacturing, but by oppressing and robbing fifty-five millions of people who are not interested one penny in such operations. This is suicidal and immoral.

The Rev. Thos. Dixon Says Col. Shepard is a Tin Soldier, in League with the Devil.

The Rev. Thos. Dixon Jr. spoke yesterday morning to the members of the Twenty-third Street Baptist church on "The Sectional Newspaper," which he denounced as a national curse and a disgrace to Christianity. It has no mission to perform," he said, "because the causes which separated this country into sections have disappeared. Talk about the Confederate flag! Why, I was born in the South, and lived there twenty-three years, and I never saw a Confederate flag."

Speaking of the recent flag editorials in Col. Shepherd's news-paper the preacher said:

The *Mail and Express* so distorts and falsifies the facts as to make it appear that the only flag to be seen was the Confederate flag. This was done with the deliberate purpose of deception. It deals in vituperation, abuse, epithets. The words traitor, rebel and such, are ever ready for use; they are ridden to death. Such is the resort of small nature. Think of Abraham Lincoln, whose life meant "charity to all and malice to ward none." Think of him, and then think of this foul tirade of abuse. Think of Gen. Grant; hear the message he sends from Mount McGregor. "I have witnessed since my sickness just what I have wished to see ever since the war—harmony and good feelings between the sections." Shall vandals destroy this harmony and good feeling? The man who would seek to destroy it, in the face of this message of peace and of fraternity that comes to us from the lips of the great chieftain, is unworthy of the inheritance of such a man, and for such a reviler to dare to pay tribute to the grave of Grant is the height of sacrilege.

Such a paper assumes a pious whine, nauseating in the extreme and posing as a representative of Christianity. It could not live without the assumption of some moral force; it would not be tolerated, and so it steals the livery of heaven. In the name of God and the truth, of honesty and of integrity, I, for one, repudiate this so-called newspaper as in any sense representative of Christianity. The God who presides over the editorial office of the *Mail and Express* and such papers is not my God. I do not know Him, I never knew Him. I do not want to know Him. About as near as I can make it, his God is the devil, whom I fight and fear, with this exception, that the devil is shrewder and more artistic in his methods. [Applause.]

Hear this quondam editor shriek for an army of a million men to march on Richmond! For what? To rob the dying of the memory of the dead. Such men are neither brute nor human; they are ghouls. Twenty-five years have rolled away since those awful days of the war. Peace and prosperity onward flow over mountain and plain and sea. And now in the midst

of all these things this little tin soldier wakes up suddenly and waxes the ears of heaven and earth with his little tin horn. [Applause.]

Keep such papers from your homes as you would a pest. If you want vicious literature, use the bold vulgarity of Swift or the naked realism of Zola. It will be less dangerous than the hatred and bigotry and malice and falsehood of such a sheet wrapped up in a Scripture text.

Men of the North, and men of the South, we are brethren. Let us hear today the voice of the heroic dead. They all speak for peace and harmony. The brave and true never fight after the battle is closed. The time has come for us to take each other by the hand and crush these influences that seek to perpetuate strife for an ignoble, base purpose. God help us that we may have, in deed and in truth, one glorious, united nation.—*New York Sun*.

Moretz' Mills, N. C.,

June 4th, 1890.

Editor Democrat:

We are having fine showers with plenty of sun-shine, and the prospects for bountiful crops are very encouraging indeed. I reckon the "good times" we heard so much about a year or two ago are really about to set in any way. I can't see why times shouldn't get better now, since the Blair bill has been passed and the Internal Revenue law repealed, just exactly as our friends, the republicans, promised should be done.

By the way, where is "Alexander Bill"? Has he pulled the hole in after him? Hope he will send us a message soon, if he is afraid to come out, and let us know if hides are back on the free list; and if he thinks we will have to pay any higher for our tin cups, wash-pans and such like than formerly. I have heard that all such things as these that we farmers have to have would sell for double what they do now, and that diamonds and such things as that would sell a heap cheaper after a little when times get better. Mighty queer things happen these days anyhow.

I have just heard that there was a powerful EFFORT at Boone the other day to change the County Commissioners. Did you see any thing of it? A prominent republican told some one that it looked very strange to him to see a Lieut. Governor taking the census about Boone. Our enumerator is a 'trader' and chews a plug every day. "O tempora! O mores!"
JOHN.

The Philadelphia Press high tariff boomer says that "free sugar will give a great stimulus to the manufacturers of jams, jellies, preserves etc. in this country. This is doubtless so, but it is remarkable how long it took the keen eyed Press to make the discovery. If free sugar is so good, how is it about free wool?"—*Wilmington Star*.

FROM RALEIGH TO BOONE.

For the Democrat.

From Raleigh to Boone the best part of N. C. is passed over. The country changes from the comparatively level of the central counties to the craggy peaks of the Blue Ridge; the products vary from the fleecy cotton to the hardy corn and rye; while the climate grows cooler and more pleasant till the life giving mountain breezes are met. The country around Raleigh produces scarcely anything but cotton and the mases of the people, like they are everywhere, where they depend on one crop, are poor. A change is taking place for the better, more corn, wheat, oats and clover are being raised every year and a few farmers are raising stock.

Durham a short run from Raleigh is in the "Golden Belt" where the finest yellow leaf grows. Durham is a tobacco town the Blackwell smoking tobacco factory is the largest of the kind in the world, its products are smoked the world over, and their trade mark the "Durham Bull" is painted on the pyramids in Egypt. The Duke cigarette factory is as well known as Blackwell's. Where is the boy who has not smoked one of Duke's cigarettes? There are scores of other factories which have made a few rich, while the greater part are poor, they count 5 millionaires and as many hundred very poor people. For the last three years the tobacco crop has been very light, and it being the only crop the people are in a bad condition. I talked with several men from the neighborhood and find the farmers are depending on the alliance to relieve them and are trying to share some of the profits on the tobacco. They have a warehouse for the sale of leaf tobacco and cut down the expenses of sale one half. They also have a store and the consequences are a great number of fine stores are for rent, a factory is also talked of. This is at least one good result of the alliance.

"Hillsboro"! shouted the porter, stepping on the platform. A fellow passenger pointed to where the smoke was curling through the pines one mile and a half away, and in a reverent tone said "Historic Hillsboro." This old town was once the capital of the State and there the great discussion took place in 1788 on the adoption of the U. S. constitution Judge Iredell, Col. Davie and Archibald MacLaine were earnest advocates of the immediate adoption while Willie Jones carried the convention against it, and the constitution was not adopted till the next year at Fayetteville. So much for "Historic Hillsboro" which is now only known by its bright page in N. C. history.

"Greensboro the booming" is the next place of importance. The N. C. Steel & I-

ron company are booming Greensboro, and foretold the building of great furnaces and factories. Land has gone up to enormous figures. The remains of Rev. J. E. Mann arrived that night on the way to Winston from St. Louis. Mr. Mann was a delegate to the Methodist conference at St. Louis where he took sick and died. Loving hands laid flowers on the coffin of one they at one time loved as a pastor. Great crowds of Military companies passed through en route for the unveiling of the Lee monument at Richmond. Salisbury, Statesville and Hickory were heard at intervals and at the latter place at 4 o'clock I rolled off the train, half asleep, and was soon fast asleep, at a boarding house.

After breakfast, next morning, I went out to take in the city. The Piedmont wagon works was my first place to visit, and it well paid me for the walk of a mile and a half. They were making from 8 to 12 wagons per day while capacity is 20. After returning, I soon met up with my former teacher and that perfect gentleman, Prof. W. F. Marshall, of Lenoir. The lay over at Hickory is usually very dull, but the Prof. put quite another meaning to it for me. We visited the Opera House, the *Press and Carolinian* office, the Hickory Inn and numerous other places. The people of Watauga gave Hickory a good start and she has never stopped. You all remember when you used to haul produce to Hickory Station, but unless you have been there in the last five years you know nothing of the city of Hickory.

At 1:30 we boarded the narrow gauge for Lenoir another town Watauga is helping to get a start. It is not dead by any means at this time. Mr. Barnheart showed me through the new furniture factory which is first class in every respect and will soon be at work. A nice feature is that home capital owns the factory. I spent the night very pleasantly with Prof. Marshall and lady, and next morning "hit the grit" for home, but soon met up with a wagon and rode to Blowing Rock. Then by the walking express I soon arrived at home, and was able to say as that genius, who never had a home, "Be it ever so humble there's no place like home." D. D. D.

"I'm the Czar of Russia, an autocrat over the destinies of one hundred million people, and yet I can't do it; it is impossible," and the Emperor's face sank wearily into his hands.

What is it, your Highness, that can possibly be beyond your accomplishment?

I can't even put on as many airs as the humblest drum-major in my dominions.

Coughs and colds come uninvited, but you can quickly get rid of these, with a few doses of Dr. J. H. McLean's rare wine Lungsalm.