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## WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our Regular Correspondent

The republican Senators received an unexpected shock when the news of the action of the convention of the National Farmers Alliance in protesting against the passage of the Force bill reached them; it staggered them for a time, and when they recovered their wits they began to abuse the Alliance. But it is believed that this protest will have great weight with the northwestern republican Senators, and together with the movement of a number of republican Senators, who are said to have determined not to vote for that bill unless Speaker Reed will promise to allow a bill for the free coinage of silver to be voted upon in the House, which he has so far refused to do, it will certainly jeopardize that infamous measure.

The feature of the debate last week in the Senate was Senator Gray's argument against the constitutionality of the most obnoxious clauses of the Force bill and much to the surprise of the democrats, and also, I suspect of the republicans, Senator Teller agreed with all that he said relating to the clause providing for domiciliary visits. The republicans have canvassed on the proposed change of the Senate rules for the purpose of forcing the bill through, a la Reed, but they failed to a great extent. It is now believed that if the bill passes at all, which is far from certain, it will be greatly modified.

The democrats in both House and Senate, satisfied of the justice of the demands of the Farmers Alliance for an increase in the amount of money in circulation, stand ready to vote for the free and unlimited coinage of silver whenever they can get an opportunity, and so many of the republicans are ready to vote with them that the passage of one of the many bills that have been introduced would be a certainty were it not for the opposition of Speaker Reed, who has so far been able to absolutely control the legislation that goes before the House. It is stated that Mr. Harrison would veto it if passed, but that doesn't worry anybody. If it should be passed and he should veto it, good bye to him politically. He would be as dead as Rutherford B. Hayes.

Notwithstanding the snubbing he got from the republicans of the Senate Finance committee at the last session Senator Stanford has introduced again, under another name, his bill for loaning Government money upon farm mortgages, and requested that it lie on the table until he makes a speech in its favor. He has an idea that this bill may nominate him for President in 1892.

Unless Commissioner Raum has a hide as tough as a rhinoceros he must have

smarted all over at the admission to his management, or rather mismanagement of the Pension Bureau made during the discussion in the House which preceded the passing of the Pension appropriation bill. Several dramatic incidents occurred one of the most striking being when Representative Morrow stated that the amount carried by the bill—\$133,000,000—would be sufficient to pay all pensions during the next fiscal year. "But you \$2,000 to \$500 that it will not," yelled Representative Biggs rushing down the center aisle. In a moment the House was in a good natured uproar, which Mr. Biggs added to by saying: "Ask the people of California who stands foremost among them W. W. Morrow or Marion Biggs and the answer will be Biggs by 50,000 majority." He sat down amid shouts of laughter.

Secretary Noble has undertaken the task of fighting the pension sharks, and bets are already offered that they will be able to drive him out of the cabinet. He has aimed a blow at their most valuable point—the pocket—by having a bill introduced in the House to reduce the fee for securing an increase in pensions from \$10 to \$1. Mr. Corporal Turner, who has been growing richer and richer ever since he was kicked out of the Pension office and hung out his shingle as an attorney, has particularly bitter feelings against Mr. Noble, who, he says, at the beginning of the trouble which led to his retirement at the head of the pension office approached him with these words: Why they tell me sir, that you are granting more pensions and paying out more money than Black did.

After many trials and tribulations the international copyright bill has been passed by the House.

The protest of the Farmer's alliance convention against the Conger land bills was presented to the Senate by Mr. Paddock, Saturday.

Statesville, N. C.,  
Nov. 27, '90.

Dear Editor:

Not feeling very well to-day and the atmosphere being a little sharp, I have concluded to remain in doors and see if I can't recuperate a little.

To-day is our National Thanksgiving and I think very appropriate it is. I believe this is the only government on the face of the earth that devotes one day out of 365 for the purpose of publicly thanking Almighty Goodness for the establishment of our free institutions and praying that He will continue to smile propitiously upon us until the end of time. We as a nation, ought to be more thankful perhaps than any other nationality because under God we enjoy a greater measure of religion and political liberty than any of the nations of the Nineteenth century. Well, it is most too late to speak of the recent elections, the re-

sult of which surprised both the political parties; the democrats very aggressively and the republicans most disagreeably. It was certainly a very great upheaval, and like the bushman's boomerang, striking where least expected and carrying before it many of the political bosses whose meat and drink it was to hate and vilify the South, and I am truly glad that many such have been relegated to the rear. I would have been much better pleased if the landslide had hit Tom Reed about the seat of his inspiration and sent him sky hunting to the shades of private life. But I suppose that it was wiser that the stump of Logan should remain a while longer to ensue his reward and his country. I am persuaded that in the 52nd Congress the Maine tyrant will be as another man principally shorn of his locks and in the presence of 153 democratic majority or desertions will feel just a little bit small. I hope so.

The colored Methodist Conference after a weeks deliberation has just adjourned. It brought to Statesville two very remarkable negroes; Dr. Price, President of Livingstone College, which is located in Salisbury and Bishop Moore who lives at the same place. A friend and I stepped into the Conference shortly just after Price had commenced a speech on the moral, educational and mental progress of the colored people since their emancipation. I listened to him intently and to my mind it was a very able and learned speech. Occasionally he was very impassioned and truly eloquent and he stirred his people to their very depths. I was very much impressed with the manner of the orator as he portrayed the wonderful development of the colored race since the war and how under God they were to invade the Dark Continent, civilize it, Christianize it and elevate it alongside of the great nationalities of the earth, and all this to be done through instrumentality of the American negro and yet I could not help being amused at the demonstrations of his colored auditory. They hollered and shouted and occasionally one would jump as high as he could and spin around like a top and then fall into his seat in the wild-est frenzy, with such expressions as these: "Lord grant," "hit him again," etc. At the conclusion of his speech some one arose and moved to extend to him a vote of thanks for his great effort, and this brought to the front several of the lesser orbs and then came the Bishop; 76 years of age, small in stature and as black as the ace of spades and began by saying: "I thank God for Dr. Price; I thank Him for his fine physical powers; I thank God for his great mental vigor and I thank God because he is comparatively a young man." And turning to Price, and in an impassioned tone and clear voice exclaimed:

"And when this world is on fire and the sun is blotted from the heavens, I will be as young as you are, sir." This was said with wonderful effect and was the grandest out-burst of fervid and burning eloquence to which I ever listened. It was not so much what he said, but the manner in which he said it. I never so well understood what Demosthenes meant by laying such stress on delivery. By the request of the white people, the Bishop preached on last Sunday at 3 o'clock in the court house to a crowded audience. His theme was the Resurrection and for an hour and a half he held his hearers spell-bound, many standing in the aisles and scarcely moving until the conclusion. His sermon was perhaps not what theologians would call a profound presentation of the doctrines of the Resurrection, but never-the-less it was far above the average in form and matter, and disclosed wonderful biblical research. Yet much of it was very sublime and of the highest rhetorical order and especially so when he came to that part of his subject "the second appearing of our Lord and his return with the redeemed." At this point the old man seemed to have caught fresh inspiration and with his eyes turned toward heaven and raising himself to his full height exclaimed: "I see him coming! I see him coming! I see him coming! I see him coming with a retinue of angels to wake up the sleeping nations of the dead." And then with consummate skill, and as with the hand of a master, portrayed the ascension of the blood washed throng clothed in white robes passing through the pearly gates into the New Jerusalem, and as they passed the gates they caught their harps and filed into line with the heavenly choir and into perfect unison joined in the song of the redeemed. At this point I never saw an auditory so thoroughly aroused. The effect was beyond description. It would take a more facile pen than mine to give you the faintest outlines of the spell produced by this matchless African. The intonations of his voice were so musical and sonorous that it reminded me of the croaking sound of the raven heard at a great distance. Enough of this.

While I am writing, I wish to present to you and your Watauga readers one thing more. I have long desired that some competent hand would undertake to write the early history of Watauga. I am satisfied that it would be a source of entertainment and amusement to your readers during the long winter nights. If it is ever done, it should be done at once. I know of only two or three men now living who could give anything like an accurate history of the first settlers of your county, and those men are getting very old and according to the inevitable laws of Nature will soon have passed into the realms where

men cease to tell of the reminiscences of the past. I have in my mind one man who is eminently qualified to furnish the desired information, and that man is W. H. Dugger, Esq., of Brushy Fork. He is quite an old man, but is the possessor of a splendid mind and very retentive memory. He is, perhaps, too old and feeble to undertake to write for your paper, but he could furnish the material for some one else who could do the writing. Capt. M. C. Harman is a good writer and while he is well advanced in years, he is several years younger than Mr. Dugger, and still retains his mental and physical vigor. He is also, owing to his years, well up on the pioneer life of the early settlers of Watauga. I will suggest his name, in connection with Mr. Dugger, as a suitable man for the purpose suggested. Many other counties have undertaken, and have accomplished, the early history of their ancestors by beginning in time—why not Watauga? Those were no ordinary men and women, who, a hundred years ago, left the more civilized portions of the country and settled on the mountains of Watauga. Then there were roving tribes of Indians passing through the territory. David Hicks and party came in contact with a tribe of them near the mouth of Davie's, (now Dutch Creek). The whites were the victors in the engagement. This same David Hicks was perhaps the first white man who settled the territory of Watauga. He built a fort during the Revolutionary war where Andy Mast now lives. They had to contend with the rigors of the climate which was then much more severe than now. Then the forests were full of ravenous beasts; the bear, the panther and the wolf roamed the undisputed monarchs of the mountains, and often disputed the right of the pioneer to invade their lairs—yet they braved every danger, took the country, felled the forests and opened up the way for civilization. Many of them were as brave and daring as Daniel Boone and perhaps as intellectual. While his name has been commemorated in story and in song, many of them have been allowed to sleep in unknown graves, and unless something be done at once, before another decade shall have passed, all traces of their heroic and daring deeds will have passed from the memory of men.

Will not some one or more engage in the pleasing task of unearthing the daring exploits of Watauga's early pioneers? If you will excuse me, I will make one suggestion in connection with the matter. I would suggest that you, at an early day, organize an historical society for the purpose of taking the matter into consideration, and at once begin work.

"B"

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