

The Watauga Democrat,

A DEMOCRATIC family newspaper devoted to the interests of County, State and Nation. Published every Thursday at Boone, Watauga County, N. C.

Thursday, Oct. 22, 1891.

THE DEMOCRAT. News and Observer.

The chief danger which threatens the supremacy of the Democratic party in North Carolina is undoubtedly the formation of a third party among us. It is because of this that we have protested so strongly against the teachings of those men whose declarations are undermining the confidence of the Democratic people in the Democratic leaders and are waning them from the Democratic organization.

The masses of the people are being led away from the party; their affection for it sapped and they are being prejudiced against it. Unless these things are arrested the supremacy of the Democratic party in North Carolina will be put in jeopardy and may pass away. We live in a world of change. Changes have come and changes may be expected in the future. The South was once a Republican stronghold; then it became solidly Democratic. Now what?

What has the future in store for us? We are now approaching the crisis which we have foreseen for months, and for which indeed the readers of the News and Observer have been in some measure prepared. Yet they may have failed to realize the extent of the danger. We desire therefore to emphasize that the danger is great and that the time for averting it with the least harmful consequences is the present. There should be efforts made to arrest the movement, and these efforts can be made more successfully in the neighborhood than elsewhere. Patriotic Democrats should bestir themselves in their several localities. While there may be no such line of cleavage between the Alliance and the Democrats, who do not belong to that order as some have apprehended, yet we may anticipate that a third party ticket will be put in the field in the Union and in North Carolina, and we should all seek to prevent that new organization from carrying off from the Democratic party any considerable number of Democrats. In this work patriotic Alliance men can do more than those who are not members of the order. They have the ear of their neighbors, and they should not neglect to use the privileges of their position. We trust that they themselves will inaugurate a campaign, each man in his own locality, and warn his neighbors of the drift away from the Democratic party, and urge them to remain steadfast in their party fealty.

A Republican Organ.

Chas. Bruner, son of the old veteran editor I. J. Bruner, returned Thursday evening from Asheville whither he had been at work on the Mountain Home Journal, an alliance paper, edited by I. T. Long, a famous republican of the dark days of reconstruction. Mr. Bruner retires from the paper, because he is too democratic in views, to suit Col. Long, who is running the Journal in the interest of the republican party.—Cor. Charlotte Chronicle.

From Wake Forest Editor-Democrat:

If there is one man in America that the Wake Forest boys worship it is Thomas Dixon, Jr. Many of them have his picture in their rooms and are perfectly familiar with his whole history while a student here. The fact is, Dixon is a great man, graduating at twenty years of age in 1883. He has since that time achieved more fame as an orator and a speaker than any man in the country of his age. He began the practice of law in his native town Shelby and was elected to the legislature before he was twenty one years old. To be a lawyer and plead the cause of man did not suit his talents, so he entered the ministry where his life and great talents could be of more service to the Master. First called to the pastorate of the Goldsboro Baptist church, then to Raleigh, Boston, and finally, New York, where he is now preaching to one of the largest congregations in the city. His church has already begun to be a rival to Talmadge's great Tabernacle in Brooklyn. It was my good fortune last night to hear this distinguished man. He gave a lecture to the students and citizens of the village on 'Backbone.' Tall and slender, with long black hair and a keen, black eye, which sparkles under a heavy set of eye brows; clean shaven face, with high cheek bones; a clear, musical voice under complete control, add to this a brilliant mind, a rich subject and a free use of long bony arms and fingers and you have a combination that is seldom met with in one person. Dixon is this and more too. There are some men whose sermons and speeches read better than they sound, not so with Dixon. His dramatic powers go far towards making his lectures enjoyable. Although there are many things that were said last night that are still ringing in my ears, and making indelible impressions on my mind, yet I dare not go further than to give an idea of his great lecture, Backbone, as the speaker used the word, meant a determination and set purpose in a man. The peculiar times required such men and would make them successful because they lost no time trying to please everybody, because they have the courage to carry out their convictions, and because they thought they alone were responsible for what they did. The lecture was two hours long and well seasoned with wit and humor.

Mr. Dixon at a call meeting of his old society, the Euzelian, made a very encouraging talk, and offered some propositions to the society that I may say something about hereafter. Ever since the Exposition opened at Raleigh, two weeks ago, I have been wanting to go and see the exhibits. So on yesterday, "to kill two birds with one stone," as the saying goes, I went. The double object of my trip was to see the Exposition and the greatest show on earth, ten big shows combined. The show went under the name of John Robinson's, but could that celebrated showman come to earth and see this show he could never rest afterwards. The Exposition is very

good, yet there seems to be a lack of interest among the persons who are in charge of some of the exhibits and often no one is in charge to give any information.

The North Carolina Exhibit is first class. Twelve or fifteen county exhibits are all that I had time to examine. Wayne had the best exhibit. Forsythe and Buncombe the next. Some counties had poor exhibits, too poor. Each county, not to particularize, had about the same products—grain, grasses, woods, vegetables, and minerals. The North Carolina department was more varied than either of the other States. Buncombe had balsams and several of the hardy pine family, Wayne the long leaf pine and cork; Ashe had cranberries, buckwheat, and cabbage; Wake, cotton, peanuts, and corn; Forsythe, tobacco; Beaufort, rice; Macon presented a fine collection of ores; craven, a nice lot of sea shells. There was flax from Edgecombe; wool from Forsythe. The University, Agricultural and Mechanical College; Salem Female College, and several more of the prominent schools of the State have nicely filled up quarters. The Experiment stations have spared no pains to show every department of their work.

The Blackwell Durham Bull tobacco was shown in the form of a revolving world, a bell, and a real tobacco bull.

Georgia sent a man to advertise the lintless cotton, and show some cloth and plank, and a few other things. Lintless cotton sounds strange to me. Something like woolless sheep.

Virginia's, the "Old Dominion," show of tobacco and peanuts, with many other products of the field and factory was very creditable.

Mississippi is contented with yards and yards of cloth and leaves and leaves of trees, shrubs and plants.

Florida is beautifully and tastefully represented. Sea shells from the coast, grass from the everglades, and live alligators from the ponds in numerous varieties, and combinations makes one feel the gentle breezes and sweet perfumes of the flowery land and sigh for the oranges and lemons which are not.

The Exposition is improving every day, and will be open until the first of December. D. D. D.

Oct. 14, '91.

The Clouds Love Our Mountains. For the Democrat.

I have seen the clouds march across the Blue Ridge from the Atlantic Ocean and come and recline on the top of Rich Mountain as if they were weary with their march, and wished to rest and enjoy the cool breeze and the scenery below. I have seen them suddenly change their appearance from a light, feathery color to a darker hue, and then fold themselves about the top and sides of the mountain, as if to hide it away from view, as gently as ever a mother folded away her darling child to sleep. Then when the air was cool, I have seen those clouds lift themselves up, and vanish heavenward, and lo! they had left the mountains sparkling with crystals and glittering with diamonds, more beautiful than "Crystal Palaces", or a bride on her wedding day. Then I have seen them appear to play hide and seek in

the deep gorges and on the sides. They would fly swifter than eagles across the rugged side and over the ridges of the mountain, and pause in the gorges and assume fantastic shapes. There would be huge serpents, standing upright, lifting themselves far above the trees; then they would assume the forms of giants in deadly warfare. After this theatrical performance, they would silently retire and the mountain would appear as sweet as a summer morning.

Then I have seen them chase each other from one peak to another—from Elk Knob to the Snake, and from Snake to the Rich; and when the sun shone forth they returned from their play as gracefully as lovers part. Then I have seen the storm-cloud, which had its birth in the Atlantic Ocean or on the Tennessee River, come with an angry bosom and pour out its storm-fury on the old mountain. The thunder shook the mountain to its very foundation stones. The lightning sent its darts far into its sides, and while this war of the elements was in progress the storm-cloud reached out over the valleys, and scattered the showers of refreshing rain on every side. Then, as if ashamed of its violence to the mountain, the cloud would lay aside its anger and appear to smile; lay aside its dark storm-garments, and clothe herself in fleecy white—such, perhaps as angels wear—and caress the mountain as a lover would the idol of his heart, and then stand by the mountain and waltz to the music of the breeze in the forest below.

Then I have ridden through the gap of the Rich Mountain about sun-set "When Nature was sinking in stillness to rest", and I have seen the clouds in the great west gather to themselves every conceivable beauty of color. It appeared as if the angels of God with the patriarchs and saints, after a long day of hallelujahs to God, had walked out through the "pearly gates" of heaven to take an evening stroll on the carpets of gold that the Eternal Hands had spread for their unwearied feet. There were angels of glory, cities of light with streets of gold; rivers of life in which the holy ones bathed their untired, heavenly forms. Or it appeared that the sun had hid his face in the shadows of the lofty and time-worn mountains of the far west, and an angel of glory opened one of the pearly gates of the golden City and a ray of divine glory painted earth's clouds in order that its inhabitants might have a glimpse of heaven. While gazing on the scene I said: "If earthly glory is so beautiful, how rapturous must be the glory of heaven?" Gentle reader, after seeing these things, I have decided that the clouds love our grand old mountains.

A MOUNTAINEER. Zionville, Oct. 16. COVE CREEK ACADEMY.

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Sept. 25th., '91.

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