

The Watauga Democrat.

VOL. XXV

BOONE, WATAUGA COUNTY, THURSDAY, NOV. 6, 1913

NO. 11.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*

PROFESSIONAL.

F. E. Bingham,
Lawyer

Boone, N. C.

Special attention given to matters of a legal nature—specialty.

With Solicitor F. A. Linney

129 W. pt.

T. A. LOVE. JAMES C. CLINE.

LOVE & CLINE,

Attorneys-at-Law—

NEWLAND, - - N. C.

Will practice regularly in the courts of Avery and all adjoining counties.

The collection of claims a specialty.

2-27-13 1 yr.

VETERINARY SURGERY.

I have been putting much study on this subject; have received my diploma, and am now well equipped for the practice of Veterinary Surgery in all its branches, and am the only one in the county. All on or above me at Villas, N. C. R. F. D. 1.

G. H. HAYES,

Veterinary Surgeon.

15-11.

E M MA RON

— DENTIST —

Boone, North Carolina,

All work done under guarantee, and best material used.

1-13-11.

E. S. COFFE,

— ATTORNEY —

Boone, N. C.

Special attention given to matters of a legal nature. Abstracting titles and collection of claims a specialty.

1-1-11.

Dr. Nat. T. Dulaney

— SPECIALIST —

ALL KINDS OF THROAT AND CHEST DISEASES EXAMINED FOR GLANDS

FOURTH STREET

Ristol, Tenn.-Va.

EDMUND JONES

— LAWYER —

—LENOIR, N. C.—

Will practice regularly in the Courts of Watauga.

5-1-11.

L. D. LOWE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

BANNER ELK, N. C.

Will practice in the courts of Watauga, Mitchell and adjoining counties.

7-6-11

F. A. LINNEY,

— ATTORNEY AT LAW, —

BOONE, N. C.

Will practice in the courts of the 18th Judicial District in all matters of a civil nature.

6-11-1911.

E. F. Lovill

W. R. Lovill

Lovill & Lovill

— ATTORNEYS AT LAW —

— BOONE, N. C. —

Special attention given to all business entrusted to their care.

THE TRAIL OF DANIEL BOONE.

Address of John P. Arthur, at unveiling of the Daniel Boone Marker at Boone N. C. October 23, 1913.

(Concluded from last week.)

There is no school girl who has not heard of Rebecca Bryan and Daniel Boone's courtship of that coy maiden, and all of them have a warm spot in their heart of hearts for the girl whose lovely eyes, catching the glow of young Daniel's torn at night, when fire-hunting for deer, lured him with their love-light until, afterward, he had no real existence when not within the circle of their splendor and enchantment. For, like the young Lochinvar, Boone was neither "a laggard in love nor a dastard in war." (Here it is written that I must take another drink of water, and remark nonchalantly, as it were,—if any one knows how that is, for I am sure I don't:—Zeb Vance used to say: "You can't run a wind-mill on water. But I am the exception that proves the rule; for I suffer from what is known in the oratorical fraternity as "dry mouth." Now, this little bit of "stage business" is simply a flash of spontaneous humor (notice that I sounded the aspirate) as wholly unpremeditated on my part as it was on Gov. Vance's when he arranged in my presence for the late James G. Gibbs to pour him a glass of water during his lecture on "The Jews" in Columbia, and thus give him an opportunity to get off the above misleading witicism. But I had to get off my own little shindig unaided, as I didn't dare to go into cahoots with anyone for fear Capt. Lovill, who preceded me, might find it out and get it off in advance, who is that rara avis the great grandson with four Revolutionary grand sires.)

From Dr. Archibald Henderson's "Life and Times of Richard Henderson," his great-ancestor, which was published last Spring in the Charlotte Observer, we learn that Richard Henderson formed a land and colonization company after hearing of Boone's explorations in the Holston country in 1764. In 1769 Henderson's company, employed Boone, to spy out these western lands for them; but on Boone's return two years later, Henderson was "embroiled in the exciting issues of the Regulation," and could not then carry out his plans. Boone, however, would not wait, and on Sept. 25, 1773, started for Kentucky from Holman's Ford, with 18 men, besides women and children; but seven of his party, including one of his sons, having been killed by the Indians on the way, and the remainder having refused to proceed, Boone returned with his family to the Yadkin. In March, 1775, however, Henderson & Co. obtained from the Cherokees at Sycamore Shoals, for \$50,000, a grant of their claim to the lands between the Ohio and Tennessee rivers—the Six Nations of the North having sold their claim to the same territory to the British at Fort Stanwix, now Rome, N. Y., in 1763. This purchase was in direct violation of the King's proclamation of 1763, forbidding the purchase of Indian lands by individuals.

Henderson employed Boone and thirty others to go forward from Sycamore Shoals to cut out a path to the Kentucky river, and followed with the main party ten days later. Boone's party was attacked when within fifteen miles of his destination, and several were killed. But Henderson's arrival, and the presence of the Harrodsburg immigrants, who had reached there two weeks before Boone, enabled him to resist the attacks of the Indians. For the Indians ignored not only the

Treaty of Fort Stanwix, but that of Sycamore Shoals also, as Boone knew they would. Dr. Henderson infers from the failure of Boone's independent expedition of 1773 that the latter was deficient in leadership and executive ability. But Roosevelt and most other historians recognize in Boone the real leader of the expedition, and attribute to his skill and prowess the ultimate success of the settlement of Kentucky and the West. It is pleasant, however, to know that Boone was not a mere wanderer in the wilderness, searching for game and hides, while his wife and children remained behind to make the crop, but was paid for his services; and Dr. Henderson wishes his name associated with that fact. (So much for the brass tacks. Now for the sky-rockets and fireworks. It is customary to wait till dark for these; but I am going to send up mine in broad day light. So look out for the sticks.)

"Crowns of roses fade, while crowns of thorns endure. Calvaries and crucifixions take deep hold upon humanity. The triumphs of Might are transient; they pass and are forgotten. The sufferings of the Right are graven deepest on the chronicles of nations."

How applicable are these words to this occasion and to Daniel Boone, in whose honor we have met today; for he too had his Calvary and his crucifixion, and wore a crown of thorns as piercing and as poignant as that which encircled the brow of the Galilean King two thousand years ago. For his life was one of almost constant peril, while he suffered from poverty, cold and every hardship. He was for months separated from his wife, his children and his home, and for a long time was a captive among savage and cruel Indians. He was tried for treason to the American cause, deprived of the title of his Kentucky lands, and left homeless and penniless in a vast and unpeopled wilderness of mountain, plain and stream. Thus, the darkness of his crucifixion lasted not only "from the sixth to the ninth hour" of one day, but until, silently, sadly and proudly, he, a Quaker and Protestant, sought beyond the Mississippi's tawny flood the home which had been denied him in democratic Virginia, and became a citizen and subject to the King of Catholic Spain.

Forgotten for the time being had been his daring explorations of Kentucky's "dark and bloody ground;" forgotten his matchless services in blazing out with his gleaming axe the first true pathway that was so soon to become the great and romantic Wilderness Road, over which thousands of homeless men and women were to follow the luminous footprints of this moccasin-tipped lictor of Church and School, from his abandoned cabin on the Yadkin to the glorious portals of far Missouri's sun-kissed plains. But for all this, Daniel Boone knew that the day of his vindication would surely dawn, and that with an effulgence and splendor sufficiently dazzling to magnify his own proportions into heroic outlines, and to dwarf into insignificance the pigmy figures of his detractors and despoilers.

And right nobly has his prophetic vision been vindicated by the lapse of time and the triumphs of truth. For every year, for three-quarters of a century, has seen the fame of Daniel Boone burgeoning into flower, until today, there is no name among the pioneers of American history more potent to charm, more instinct with romantic interest, or more

revered by all true and patriotic citizens, than that of the unlettered explorer, soldier and expatriate, Daniel Boone, of North Carolina. Empires have waxed and waned; parties have arisen and passed into oblivion; armies have met in deadly conflict on many a bloody field; science has showered her blessings over a smiling land; steam has lifted the burden from the bended back of toil; and electricity, on primrose paths, is bearing our messages and drawing our vehicles where erstwhile the befringed and moccasin "runner" and the weary pack horse crept on tired feet; but the story of each and all of these has grown hackneyed and stale when contrasted with that of Daniel Boone. For his fame has become monumental, and his name has been placed beside those great captains of exploration and discovery—of Columbus and DeLeon, of Cortez and DeSoto, and as long as the story of true heroism shall stir the blood of age and make the heart of youth to glow and bound shall his memory flourish and keep green. The vast and ever expanding pantheon of history contains no other character which has been apotheosized almost solely because of its resplendent background of romance and adventure.

Nay, I tell you, that neither the necromancy of fairy land nor the enchantment of the Arabian Nights, can cast any such spell over the imagination of American boyhood as is contained in the wonder-tale of the dauntless and intrepid Daniel Boone, Indian fighter, hunter and explorer. And "when twilight approaches the season that ever is sacred to song," and our children gather around the winter hearthstone to hear the thrilling story of those veterans of the Civil War, whose fast dimming eyes once blazed with the battle light of Malvern Hill, Gettysburg, Chancellorsville, the Bloody Angle and Antietam, how their cheeks will burn and their pulses beat when they learn that the men who stood with Jackson, Longstreet and with Lee, were the grand-sons of Daniel Boone and those who helped him to win for our glorious union the imperial domain of the Mississippi Valley. For only the descendants of such men could four long years of constant warfare have withstood the embattled North and the mercenaries of Europe, and succumbed only when an army of incendiaries and plunderers had been sent through the South to make war upon our women and our children, by burning the homes over their defenceless heads, and leaving them to starve amid ruin and desolation. We have a few of these veterans with us here today, but no one knows what these maimed and disease-wrecked heroes endured both during and since the close of that titanic struggle.

Story has told and Song has sung the deeds of other climes. And the record of men's victories is statued in their rhymes. But the fragrant lives of honest toil these wrecks of war have led, Will leave their imprint on this soil when their hero hearts are dead.

We who yet live along the trail of Daniel Boone are said to have the purest strain of American blood left on this continent; but at the same time certain sleek philanthropists tell us that civilization has stood still in our midst for nearly a century and a half. Certain it is that we have learned, by drinking to its very dregs the cup of trembling, that "A land without rains is a land without memories, and a land without memories is a land without history; but twice a few years press leaves upon the brow of

any land, and be that barren, beautiful and bleak, and it becomes lovely in its consecrated coronet of sorrow."

¶ We have also learned that "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform," and that "His ways are past finding out." For we have seen Sherman's sixty-mile-wide swath of blazing homes and toppling chimneys, from Atlanta to Goldsboro, become the garden spot of the Union, with thousands of factories in direct competition with New England. We have also seen the ballot that was placed in the hands of Hottentots and Senegambians solely for the degradation and humiliation of their former masters, turn into a flaming sword of rebuke and retaliation to those who maliciously bestowed it, and the party which enfranchised them rent assunder over negro convention representation. We have seen the quondam friends of these unoffending negroes, whose race had never attained as high a degree of civilization since the days of Ham as it did under Southern slavery, desert and abandon them to the very fate the abolitionists were warned would overtake them if emancipated without previous preparation for a state of self-government. But, best and least expected of all, we have seen those very masters emancipated from their ante-bellum slavery to their former slaves, and forging ahead to greater wealth and prosperity and independence than could have been attained if they had succeeded in their battle for disunion. We have seen too the apologists for the atrocities of Sherman's unopposed army daily driven to desperation for excuses to justify what Whitelaw Reid once called his "most barbarous march;" while they impotently await the inevitable hour when the bronze Fame they have created to guide him to the Valhalla of the gods of war, shall crown him with the same laurels she has already placed upon the foreheads of Aleric and Alva, of Tilly and Guise.

But, with our faces in our hands and our hands in the dust, we must confess that we wonder if civilization has really advanced in those regions where vice is commercialized; where merchandise is made of the bodies and souls of women and children; where recent revelations concerning the corruption of political, insurance, railroad, police, custom-house and white-slave transgressions still smell to high heaven. If so, then God pity the victims of such a civilization. Equally incomprehensible to us is "the sweet reasonableness" of protecting American labor from competition with the pauper labor of Europe, while under the pretence of affording an asylum for the oppressed of all nations, Europe is ransacked for the most dependent and impoverished of those very paupers to compete in our own homes with our own flesh and blood. Neither are we sufficiently advanced to explain how some people could have been so bitterly opposed to African slavery in the South sixty years ago, while they are now fostering a worse form of white industrial slavery at the North. For last winter, when little children were starving during the Lawrence strike, they and their mothers were arrested by the police of Massachusetts while trying to leave the State for self preservation, in order to coerce their fathers and husbands into submission. Even Mrs. Stowe never charged us with anything half so bad as that. Thus, through God's ways, have already come to naught the pet

accomplishments of fratricidal hatred and blind fanaticism.

If, however, we have preserved some of the homelier virtues of the day of Daniel Boone, as I believe we have, we may yet take courage. For we still "hold" (for help, but pronounced 'hope') one another as in Macbeth's time; and the professions of divinity, law and physic "are each of them over crowded with practitioners, and filled with multitudes of ingenious gentlemen that starve one another," as in the day of Addison and The Spectator. And we are also "right smart afeared" (not afraid) that we may offend the old-fashioned God of the Bible—the God of Daniel Boone and of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob; though we still put very little faith in the God of Jonathan Edwards, Henry Ward Beecher and of Robert G. Ingersoll.

BANK STATEMENT.

Following is a report of the condition of the bank of Blowing Rock at Blowing Rock in the State of North Carolina, at the close of business Oct. 21, 1913:

RESOURCES:	
Loans and discounts	36,378.71.
Overdrafts unsecured	57.00.
Banking house	1,000.00.
Furniture and fixtures	1,439.10
Due from b'ks and b'krs	17,302.35.
Gold coin	1,442.50
Cash items	20.00.
Silver coin, including all minor coin currency	412.92
National bank notes and other U. S. notes	1,500.00.
Total	\$9,552.58

LIABILITIES	
Capital stock	\$11,750.00.
Surplus fund	500.00
Undivided profits, less current expenses and taxes paid	1,016.80
Time certificates of deposit	14,776.36
Deposits subject to check	31,508.96
Cashier's c'ks outstanding	.46.
Total	\$59,552.58

State of North Carolina, Watauga county, ss: I, G. M. Sudderth, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

G. M. SUDDERTH, Cashier.
Correct—Attest: W. L. Holshouer, W. C. Lentz, J. A. Lentz, Directors.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 29th day of Oct. 1913.
J. H. GREEN, J. P.

BANK STATEMENT.

Following is the report of the condition of the Watauga County Bank at Boone, N. C., in the State of North Carolina, at the close of business Oct. 21, 1913:

RESOURCES.	
Loans and discounts	\$16,715.70.
Overdrafts,	\$1,477.25
Banking house	2,047.00
Furniture and fixtures	1,065.25.
Due from banks and banks	
keys	49,739.50
Cash items	505.00.
Gold coin,	2,521.00.
Silver coin, including all minor coin currency	1,439.92
National bank notes and other U. S. notes	1,280.00.
Total	\$221,790.62.

LIABILITIES	
Capital stock	\$16,700.00
Surplus fund,	10,020.00.
Undivided profits, less Current expenses and tax paid	3,649.03
Time certificates of deposit	91,876.57
Deposits subject to check	96,871.89.
Cashier's c'ks. outstanding	2,673.13.
Total	\$221,790.62

State of North Carolina, Watauga county, ss: I, G. P. Hagaman, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
G. P. Hagaman, Cashier
Correct—Attest: N. L. Mast, W. C. Coffey, J. W. Horton, Directors.
Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 3rd day of Nov., 1913.
W. D. Farthing, C. S. O.
Some men's natural bent seems to be broke.