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WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our Regular Correspondent.

For the DEMOCRAT:

Mr. Harrison's message was read in both Houses of Congress to-day. It is too early to say what is thought of it, as few members pay close enough attention to the reading of a message in the House or Senate to care to express an opinion upon it; they prefer to read it over carefully afterwards. But it certainly was not received with any enthusiasm by the Republicans. That much could be plainly seen by any person that attended the opening of Congress.

Gen. Clark, the clerk of the last House, called the new House to order at noon to-day, and he is probably the last Democrat who will have the honor of presiding, even temporarily, over the House until the first Monday in Dec 1891, when a Democratic speaker is again expected to be elected.

Senator Quay, aided by the silent support of the administration, succeeded in making Reed speaker of the House, just as your correspondent from the beginning predicted, but it may in the future prove to be a dearly bought victory for Mr. Quay as he has made some enemies that will not hesitate to get even if the chance ever presents itself, and it generally does in political as well as private life. "One enemy that Mr. Quay has made, he may well beware of. It is J. M. Carson, Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger, who had the audacity to become a candidate for Clerk of the House without consulting Mr. Quay. Mr. Carson claims that a majority of the Pennsylvania delegation had pledged him their support, which virtually meant his election, as the place was conceded to Pennsylvania, and that Mr. Quay, by open threats succeeded in compelling the most of them to support his candidate for the place, Edward McPherson, Secretary of the Republican Congressional Committee. McPherson got the nomination, but Mr. Quay got the enmity of Mr. Carson, who wields a great influence among the newspaper men, who resent Mr. Quay's saying that Mr. Carson only represented a lot of irresponsible newspaper men. No

politician has ever antagonized the Washington newspaper men without paying very dearly for it. Ex-speaker Keifer will bear me out in this assertion as also would the late Schuyler Colfax if he was alive. Keep your eye on Quay.

Mr. Reed has been made Speaker because it is believed by the Republican leaders that he can be relied upon to get the best of the minority in their efforts to maintain their rights in the House. He is not expected to do this by his superior knowledge of parliamentary tactics, but by arbitrary decisions. There will be exceedingly lively times in the House when he attempts to deprive the Democrats of any of their rights.

The newspaper correspondents are heartily glad that the speakership race is ended. They were required by their papers to telegraph daily accounts of the fight, when there was no fight. There has been no time within the last three months when the fact was not perfectly plain to an impartial observer that Reed would be speaker. There were two reasons for the exaggerated newspaper accounts of the alleged contest. One was opposition to Reed and the hope that a real contest might be brought about by the sham publications, and the other was the desire on the part of the correspondent to earn their salaries.

The Democratic caucus to nominate House officers was called for last Friday night, but owing to the absence of a quorum, was postponed until this morning at 10 o'clock when Mr. Carlisle received the nomination for speaker and all of the old House officials were renominated. No other business was transacted by the caucus.

The question of who shall be chairman of the ways and means committee of the House is going to make hard feelings on the part of some of the Republicans. Mr. W. D. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, thinks he is entitled to it, but it is almost certain that Speaker Reed will give it to McKinley, of Ohio.

The usual hustling and bustling crowd of men and women attended the opening of Congress to-day. It is an annual show that hundreds of Washington people attend regularly. I saw faces in the galleries to-day that I have seen there on the first Monday in December for twelve years past. Attending the opening of Congress and shaking hands with every President is a positive mania with lots of folks here.

The new House officials are Reed of Maine, Speaker; McPherson of Pennsylvania, Clerk; Holmes, of Iowa, Sergeant-at-arms; Adams, of Maryland, Door-keeper; Wheat, of Wisconsin, postmaster, and Rev. C. R. Ramsdell, District of Columbia, Chaplain.

Hon. Samuel J. Randal was in his seat at the opening of Congress, but his looks tell

is far from being a healthy man.

Georgia's Second Jasper

"Our men were exhausted by continued vigils, enfeebled by a scarcity of food and water, and well nigh stunned by the ceaseless roar of the bombardment. The bomb-proofs had suffered so severely that they were capable of but partial repair. Outside of them the men could not live; within, existence was barely tolerable. So persistently had the Federals pushed their sap, that it almost crowned the counter-scarp of Wagner. Such of the heavy guns of that fort as were still serviceable could not be depressed sufficiently to bear upon the working parties, and the sharpshooters of the enemy effectually commanded all the embrasures. So violent was the hurricane of bursting shells and impinging solid shot—sweeping the parade at all points, and searching even the gun-chambers—and so unremitting was the fire from telescopic rifles that the Confederates could no longer man their guns, or show their heads above the parapet without incurring the penalty of certain death. Wagner had been practically silenced, and was sullenly suffering inevitable demolition."

But the incident I am going to relate was known only to the members of the Twentieth Georgia Regiment, and at that time not all of them were present. This gallant regiment was commanded by Col. Wm. Crawford, now a resident of Augusta, and himself one of the coolest, bravest, and most modest survivors of the war. Among the men then on duty were several who are now citizens of Augusta. It was during the very hottest of the fight Crawford decided to send an order over to a detachment at his command, stationed in a different part of the fort.

Nearly every gun had been disabled, and Col. Jones, in his description, declared that in the midst of the tempest of shot and shell, there were hours when a bird could not have flown with safety across the parade-ground of the fort. Old soldiers who were there will remember that this description did but justice to the raking fire. "Wagner, indeed, was but little else than a volcano."

How to get this order executed was a problem. Crawford called for volunteers. There were men there who did not care for adventure. For fifty days they had braved shot and shell, and there were no places about the fort bomb-proof or safe; but to walk out on the parade-ground so as to reach another point of Morris Island meant certain death and mutilation. Men who every day were putting their lives in up on a hazard, naturally shrank from any such escapade.

But the order had to be obeyed. "Well, boys, shall I go myself?" said the popular commander, walking toward the open space.

"No, Colonel, I will go."

A tall fellow, with black hair and mustache, came out of the bastion. Saluting his commander with the precision of a man on dress parade. Private, John Martin received the Colonel's orders, and walked over the parade-ground. Quiet seemed to reign in the fort. What few guns had been served from time to time on the Confederate side were stilled, for the gunners were noting the long figure as it stalked across the plain. It seemed to his companions that John Martin was seven feet tall. Around him on every side poured the unremitting hail of Parrot guns and Coehorn mortars. It looked to his comrades like Martin had gone on his long journey. But if he had ever thought of his almost hopeless errand he did not show it. With steps slow and stately, as if on picket duty, John Martin measured off the space that seemed to separate him from eternity. The few hundred yards were made in safety, but it seemed to the men in the fort that they would never be completed. Then commenced the return of the faithful messenger as he faced about from the barbette after delivering the order that shifted or silenced the Confederate fire in that part of the fort.

Would nothing arouse that stolid spirit, and make him walk faster in that race for life? Only one thing perhaps, and that happened just then.

Casting his eye toward the sky—it was two o'clock in the afternoon—John Martin looked up immediately to the bright sun which flamed beyond the bastions fringed with fire. Possibly he thought of his home up in Georgia and wondered whether he would ever return to his friend alive. Just then a shot struck the flag that floated serenely above the battle, and the radiant banner fluttered half-way down the staff like a shadow of ill-omen to Battery Wagner. John Martin had performed his mission. He had no obligation now, except to get back to the bomb-proof as fast as possible. As if emboldened by this dismantling of the flag, the Federal batteries and ships redoubled their fusillade, but Martin's blood was up. For the first time during this dangerous outing his spirit seemed to flame. Personal danger had failed to arouse him, but the sight of the disheveled flag fired his very soul.

With the spring of a panther he rushed to the center of the parade ground and climbed to the halyards, succeeded in raising the flag to its defiant height again. Shells now fell like rain, but somehow the stars and bars rode the storm without a shred, and private John Martin got back and reported to his commander.

The boys say there was a tremor. Col. Crawford's voice as he said: "All right John. I will give you a furlough if we ever get out of here." And as for John Martin, he went back in the fort and lit his

pipe, and returned to his post in his old, quiet, faithful way. No stars or epaulettes ever marked his soldier cloth. To-day he lives Capt. Sam May's place, in Columbia county, where he has worked ever since the war was over. The man who wants to know any thing about his heroic conduct at Battery Wagner must bear the details of this incident, as I have done from some one else.—Correspondent to Augusta Chronicle.

Persons who lead a life of exposure are subject to rheumatism, neuralgia, and lumbago and will find a valuable remedy in J. H. McLean's Volcanic Oil Liniment; it will banish pain and subdue inflammation.

Are you restless at night, and harassed by a bad cough? Use Dr. J. H. McLean's Tar Wine Lung Balm, it will secure you sound sleep, and effect a prompt and radical cure.

If you suffer prickling pains on moving the eyes, or cannot bear bright light, and find your sight weak and failing, you should promptly use Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening eye salve twenty-five cents a box.

A Lately Discovered Parable.

Then shall the kingdom of Satan be likened to a grain of tobacco seed, which though exceedingly small, being cast into the earth, grew and became a great plant and spread its leaves rank and broad, so the bugs and vile worms found a habitation thereon. And it came to pass in the course of time the sons of men looked upon it, and thought it beautiful to look upon, and much to be desired to make lads look big and manly.

So they put forth their hands and did chew thereof and some it made sick, and others to vomit most filthily. And it further came to pass that those who chewed it became weak and manly, and said: We cannot cease from chewing it.

And the mouths of all that were enslaved became foul, and they were seized with a violent spitting, and they did spit even in ladies' parlors and in the house of the Lord of hosts, and the saints of the Most High were greatly displeased thereby.

And it came to pass in the course of time that others did sniff it, and they were taken suddenly with fits and they did sneeze, in so much that their eyes were filled with tears, and they did look exceedingly silly.

And yet others cunningly wrought the leaves thereof into rolls, and did set fire to one end thereof, and they did look exceedingly grave and calf-like, and the smoke of their torment ascendeth up forever. And the cultivation thereof became a great and mighty business in the earth.

Merchantmen waxed rich by the commerce thereof. And it came to pass that the saints of the Most High defiled themselves with it, even the poor who could not buy bread, nor shoes, nor books, for their little ones spent their money for it. And the Lord was greatly displeased there with and said, Wherefore this waste and why do these

little ones lack for bread, shoes and books? Turn ye your fields into corn, and wheat, and put this evil from you, and I will bless you, and cause my face to shine upon you.

But with one accord, they all exclaimed, We cannot cease from chewing, puffing and snuffing. We are slaves, and the Lord was sore displeased with his people, who raised this plant, and cried, "Repent, or I will come and curse you, and with a sore curse." S. FITZGERALD.

There are many accidents and diseases which effect stock and cause serious inconvenience and loss to the farmer in his work, which may be quickly remedied by the use of Dr. J. H. McLean's Volcanic Oil Liniment.

Reed, Speaker of The House.

Hon. Thos. B. Reed, of Maine, is the Speaker of the House. To our people it makes no difference who; so far as we are concerned one of them is the same as another. He is an able man, a bitter partisan and a devout worshiper at the shrine of Plutocracy. So also are McKimley, Cannon and the rest. The Democrats voted for Mr. Carlisle for Speaker—all of them excepting Mr. Cowles of North Carolina, who voted for Mr. Cummings, of New York. Mr. Cowles remembers the indecent treatment he received in the last Congress at the hands of Speaker Carlisle. He was not, we assume, in the caucus which nominated Carlisle, and if not his vote against him was a perfectly defensible one.—Landmark.

NOTICE!

By virtue of a mortgage deed executed to us by M. A. Pressnell and wife, Charlotta, dated the 13th day of Nov. 1888. Recorded in the office of the Reg. of Deeds, in Book 503 pages, 57 and 8 11th of Nov. 1889. One tract of land containing fifty acres more or less, adjoining the lands of J. P. Henson, Church and Harman's heirs in Shawnee haw township, in Watauga Co., We will expose for sale the above described lands to the highest bidder for cash, at the court house door, in the town of Boone on the 6th day of January 1890, for the recovering of amount set forth in said mortgages. This Dec. 8th '89.

E. M. Greer and Jacob Younce, Mortgagees.

NOTICE!

J. L. Adams, Administrator of the Estate of Elvira Adams, vs. G. W. Long & E. H. Dougherty. Vendition Exponas, Execution.

By virtue of a Ven X Execution placed in my hands by the Clerk of the Superior court of Watauga county in the case of J. L. Adams Adm. vs. G. W. Long and E. H. Dougherty, I will sell for cash to the highest bidder at the court house door, in the town of Boone, on the 1st Monday in January 1890 it being the 6th day, a tract or parcel of land, known as the Elvira Adams land, lying in Blue Ridge township, of this county containing two hundred acres. Devised on by me the 3rd day of Dec. 1889 to satisfy judgment of five hundred and four dollars and six cents, with interest and costs accrued and expended. Said land levied on as the property of G. W. Long. This the 3rd of Dec. 1889. J. L. Hayes, Sheriff.

CHARLES CARTER, M. D. Physician and Surgeon, Blowing Rock, N. C.