BOLIVAR BULLETIN.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
—AT—
BOLIVAR, - - TENNESSEE.

G. W. ARMISTEAD,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
For one year in advance).....$1 50
For six months.....1 00

The Bolivar Bulletin.

VOL. XVI.—NO. 27. BOLIVAR, TENN., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1881. $1.50 PER ANNUM.

BOLIVAR BULLETIN.

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One square of eight lines, $1 50 for the first insertion, and 75 cents for each subsequent insertion.

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Corinth.....(4).....	4:52 "
Decatur.....(5).....	9:39 "
Stevenson.....(6).....	2:30 pm
Arr Chattanooga.....(7).....	5:00 pm

GOING WEST.

Lve Chattanooga.....(7).....	8:40 pm
Stevenson.....(6).....	10:35 pm
Decatur.....(5).....	2:50 am
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Grand Junction.(2).....	9:25 "
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A MOTHER'S PASSION.

When the angry passion gathering in my mother's face I see,
And she leads me to the bed-room—gently lays me on her knee—
Then I know that I will catch it, and my flesh in fancy itches,
As I listen to the patter of the shingle on my breeches.

Every tinkle of the shingle has an echo and a sting
And a thousand burning fancies into active being spring,
And a thousand bees and hornets 'neath my coat-tail seem to swarm,
As I listen to the patter of the shingle, Oh, so warm!

In a splutter comes my father, whom I thought away had gone,
To survey the situation and to make her lay it on—
To see her bending o'er me as I listen to the strain
Played by her and by the shingle to a wild and weird refrain.

In a sudden intermission, which appears my only chance,
I say, "Strike gently, mother, or you'll split my Sunday pants."
She stops a moment, draws her breath, the shingle holds aloft,
And says, "I had not thought of that, my son—just take them off."

Holy Moses! and the angels! cast your pitying glances down,
And thou, O family doctor! get a good soft poultice on!
And may I with fools and dunces everlastingly commingle
If I ever say another word when my mother wields the shingle.

How John Got into an Unpleasant Situation

John Smith—you've heard of him—is very bashful; is too bashful, in truth. He was born and raised in the country. His father gave him a very good education, and allowed him a plenty of money. But John, with all other attainments, never could accustom himself to the society of females, not because he did not like the girls, but because his shy nature would not permit him to associate with the fair sex. It once happened, not very long ago either, that John's father had some very important business to transact in the city. He also had some very important affairs to attend to at home, which demanded his personal attention, and not possessing the power of ubiquity, he delegated his son John to transact that in the city.

John, being thus commisioned, immediately proceded to the residence of his father's old friend, whom he found to be a very nice old gentleman with a beautiful daughter, and gold spectacles.

John was ushered into the parlor (a new thing for him) and motioned to a seat—on a sofa, another new thing.

But we must use his own language: I took my seat and made observations. Everything was fine! Fine carpets, fine sofas, fine tables, fine curtains, fine books, fine everything, and especially a fine young lady, who was dressed in fine satin, and who had fine curls, and had a fine appearance generally.

After chatting with the old gentleman, a few minutes, he took down his hat, told me to make myself at home for an hour or two, and left—left me alone with his daughter and a small, mischievous boy, the young lady's brother. I didn't relish the situation at all. The idea of my keeping a city belle engaged in conversation for two hours; perdition! Silence reigned in the parlor for a short time, you may bet. I amused myself as much as possible with the boy—that is, I loaned him knife and watch and key and watched him cut holes in the carpet with one and spoilt the other. I don't know what I would have done had it not been for that boy—he was so good to attract attention, you know.

It's true he asked some questions occasionally, such as "Are you going to court sister Emily?" but such things must be expected.

Miss Emily, thinking no doubt, that to be a good hostess she must engage her guests in conversation, asked me how I liked country life, etc. She said that it must be a beautiful sight to see the laborers, male and female romping on the new mown hay on New Year's day; that she always did think she'd like to spend a Christmas in the country, a nut gathering with the lads and lasses; that it always was a mystery to her how they got eggs off the trees without breaking them.

In return I thought, to keep up my part of the conversation it was necessarp for me to quote poetry and the like, which I did. Among other quotations, I unfortunately repeated the well-known lines of Shakespeare:

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them as we will."

At this juncture the boy, who had perched himself upon my knees, looked very earnestly in my face and said:

"Divinity shaped the end of your nose mighty curus." I'm certain that I wished somebody would spank the young rascal. We talked of hills, mountains, vales and cataracts—I believe I said waterfalls, when the boy spoke up and said: "Why, sister's got a trunk full of 'em up stairs—pap says they are made out of horse hair."

This revelation struck terror into me and blushes into the cheeks of my fair companion.

It began to be very apparent to me that I must be very guarded in what I said, lest said boy might slip in his remarks in uncalled for places; in fact I turned my conversation to him. I told him he ought to go home with me, and see what nice chickens we had in the country. Unluckily, I mentioned a yoke of calves my brother owned. The word calves ruined all. The little fellow looked up and said: "Sister's got a dozen of 'em, but she don't wear 'em only when she goes up in town o' windy days."

"Leave the room, you unmannerly little wretch! exclaimed Emily, "leave immediately!"

"I know what you want me to leave the room for," replied he, "you can't fool me—you want to set in that man's lap and kiss him, like you did Bill Simmons the other day—you can't fool me, I'll jes tell you. Gimme some candy like he did, then I'll go. You think because you've got the Grecian Bend that you're smart. Guess I know a thing or two. I'm mad at you anyhow, 'cause pap would a bought me a top yesterday, if it hadn't been for your gettin' them curls, doggone yer! You needn't turn so red in the face, 'cause I can't see it for the paint. There ain't no use in winkin' at me with that glass eye o' yourn, 'cause I ain't goin' out o' here, now, that's what the matter with the purps. I don't care if you are twenty-eight years old, you ain't no boss o' mine, you old fool."

That is all of the story that John related. He says he don't know how he got out of the scrape.

Is Dying Painful?

Our own observation fully accords with the opinion expressed by a physician in the New York Evening Post, that in all ordinary cases there is little physical pain in dying. A previous correspondent had said that, "as a physical fact, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the act of death is suffering and agony which only those familiar with it can understand." To which the physician replies:

"I beg leave, as a physician, to object very decidedly to this statement. Since I began my novitiate on the battle fields of the South, I have been a frequent observer of the passing out of my fellow-beings, in army and navy, in large hospitals—civil and military, and in private life, and hence cannot help feeling that what I have seen must be a fair sample of the methods of dying peculiar to our race.

"The result of these sad observations, covering eighteen years, is, that the vast majority of persons do not find death 'suffering and agony.' Many suffer more in the various illnesses from which they recover than most do in the article of death. A very large proportion become unconscious, and hence pass away without distress to themselves; while as regards those who retain a good measure of intelligence till life is extinct, I have been greatly surprised, considering my early religious teaching, to discern in them an almost general indifference to their fate.

"I have always supposed that, in spite of apparent mental lucidity, disease clouds the intellect so that apathy becomes the ordinary state or the dying. Of the few deaths I have seen that mere onlookers might call horrible, there was good reason to believe the patients unconscious."

IT may interest some people to know that America consumes about one-sixth of all the Champagne made. Russia and England are the principal consumers; then comes France, and next America; Germany is the smallest consumer, preferring her own wines, and Italy takes comparative little to us.

There have been very destructive floods in California, and Marysville and Sacrmento were both threatened with inundation. Thirty-five thousand square miles were submerged, and the damage sustained is immense. At the last accounts the water was subsiding and the danger over.

A Philosopher in America can't get more than fifty dollars a week for his work, while a leading negro minstrel can make five hundred dollars in that time. And yet when an Englishman happens to say that ignorance is gnawing at the vitals of the Republic, the American Eagle looks around for some place where it can get up and scream.

THE MONSTROUS COMET

That the Necromancers Predict Will Destroy the Earth This Year.

Among the dreadful prodigies of the year now opening there is said to be one which, if it shall come to pass, will eclipse all others, with the solitary exception of the total destruction of the world prophesied by Mother Shipton. This is nothing less than the falling into the sun of a monstrous comet, the impact of which will so increase the heat of the central luminary that, as some persons think, it will destroy all animal and vegetable life on the earth and render necessary, if our planet is ever to be repeopled, either a long process of evolution from those germs which, as no less an authority than Prof. Huxley believes, must at some time in the night of the past have been spontaneously generated, or else a new creative act. There is reason to believe that, even if the predicted comet should impinge upon the sun, this prophecy will not be justified by the event in all its particulars, but, still there is no telling; all will depend upon the amount of heat generated by the impact, which in turn will depend upon the size and density of the ominous stranger, and the velocity to which it shall have attained at the moment when it makes its direct attack ugon the very pivot and governor of our system of planets.

According to the prediction there is now somewhere in the universe a body—small, perhaps, in size, by reason of its distance from the sun, but almost inconceivably dense by reason of the amount of matter which is crowded within it—which is proceeding directly toward the sun and growing gradually larger as it approaches and is expanded by the heat. It has long been a favorite theory with astronomers that the heat of the sun is kept up, in part, at least, by the falling into it of cosmical matter—meteorites and so forth—which it is known must be endlessly gathered from space by the overwhelming attraction of the sun. Space is known, or at least has been said by a great astronomer, to be as full of such bodies (among which comets must be reckoned) as the sea is of fishes. Perhaps, and very probably, the greater amount of solar heat is produced by the contraction of the body of the sun itself as it is cooled by radiation, but it is generally conceded that at least a good proportion of the heat is produced, as has been said, by the impact of those meteors. Matters like this have been considered by such physicists as Helmholtz, Clerk-Maxwell, and Sir William Thomson, and it has been mathematically demonstrated that sufficient heat might thus be produced to keep the solar system in working order for a time to which the imagination of the last probable man could hardly stretch in its highest flights into the future. The methods by which the sun is supplied with fuel have, indeed, long been a subject of speculation among physical astronomers, and both Sir Isaac Newton and Buffon, who was something of an astronomer as well as a "naturalist," held the view that the impact of comets might be the source of the heat—a theory which, in essence, was first broached in more recent times by Mr. Waterson in 1853. Whatever may be the fact as to whether the solar heat is really kept up in this way, it is demonstrably certain that the impact of a great body, such as the approaching comet is said to be, would certainly produce such a molecular disturbance in the solar system as to occasion great damage to all living bodies which should come under its influence, and that both animals and vegetables would be destroyed by the wholesale.

See Here.

The Park Quill says: It is an imposition on any well-bred girl for her lover to keep her up later than half-past ten o'clock, when you have the opportunity of seeing her often. If you always leave with the wish in her heart that you had stayed longer, you gain so much. Never run the risk of wearying her with your presence. Be just as earnest and straightforward as in your honorable dealing with men. Impress your friends with the worthiness and seriousness of your love, so that vulgar and senseless bantering will appear to them as such. Love in religion—the supremest happiness; wear it manfully and proudly, but holily. Woo a woman bravely. If there is anything humiliating to a woman, it is to have a lover whom she wishes to honor, weak and vapid, ever yielding and half afraid of her. She longs to tell him to "act like a man!" The man who conceals or denies his love, for fear of being laughed at, is a coward. A love that has no element of diviinity in it is not love, but passion, which of itself has nothing ennobling. That was a beautiful inscription on an engagement ring: "Each for the other and both for God."

Temperance.

The Prohibition Question.

The movement in favor of the prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquor has reached a stage when it can no longer pass unnoticed.

It is now conceded by all that it is expedient and just and a right that the State ought to exercize. No one can deny that the traffic in intoxicating liquors has become dangerous to the welfare of the State: that it is injurious to the public good; that it leads to disorder, violence and crime; that the results from it are poverty, misery, sickness, and the whole catalogue of evils; that it makes hard times, fills the jails and poorhouses, increases taxes; ruins the young men and kills the old ones; and retards progress in every way.

The State ought to protect the interest of the people and communities oppressed with this terrible curse, and the people have a right to demand protection.

It is said that it interferes with a man's rights, that a man has a right to sell whiskey. Well, a man has no right to do anything that is injurious to the public good; that causes disorder and crime, and endangers life and demoralizes society. And when he indulges in a traffic that creates all this this disorder and evil, the people have the right to demand protection. Others say that it is useless to pass these laws, that they cannot be enforced. For the same reason they may say that it was useless to have laws to prevent murder, or theft, or any other crime, because these crimes are committed notwithstanding the laws.

I notice that an objection is urged by some of the press, that these laws are in the nature of "sumptuary laws," laws that have always been regarded with disfavor. These are not laws to prevent extravagance, but are laws to prevent disorder, and crime, and immorality; or to uproot the main cause of them; to abolish a traffic that brings disease, and misery and pauperism.

Some say that the Legislature when it meets in January ought not to spend time on the measure, but attend to other matters more important. Well, Mr. Editor, what demands more attention at the hands of the Legislature than the enactment of laws to prevent crime, and for the paupers and the insane and idiotic. Well, I have just been reading from the "Diary of an old Criminal Lawyer." He says that in a practice of over thirty years he has been engaged in nearly four thousand criminal cases, and on mature reflection that over three thousand of these cases originated from drunkeness alone. In fifty cases of homicide, forty-three were caused by strong drink. I have read a statement from an eminent Chief Justice of England, as follows; "After an observation of more than twenty years in the courts, I have found that if the murders and manslaughters, the burglaries and robberies, the riots and tumults, adulteries, fornications, rapes, and other enormities that have happened in that time were divided into five parts, four of them have been the issues and products of excessive drinking—of tavern or ale house drinking." Another eminent Chief Justice of New York says: "From an experience running through many years, I believe it entirely safe to say that one-half of the crime of this country is caused by the intemperate use of intoxicating liquors, and of the crimes involving personal violence, certainly three-fourths are chargeable to the same cause."

I could give you the statistics to prove that it is also the cause of pauperism of insanity and idiocy, but fear this is already too lengthy, and if the Legislature pass laws and creates taxes to provide for them why not root out the main cause. No one can deny that it is the main cause of almost all crimes and of insanity and pauperism, and that it blights and blasts the happiness of families and that the world is full of the agony it has wrought.

I intended to show that wherever these laws were in force that crime diminished, and pauperism and insanity but have no time I will conlude by asking the Legislature to relieve, at least, those counties that petition to be relieved of the reign of terror and disorder and let them have quiet and peace, and their counties will soon see the effects of good order and industry and they will become prosperous and happy.

A GOOD IDEA.

Butler, Indiana, has a Union Temperance Sunday School every Sunday afternoon at three o'clock. Each church holds its regular Sunday School in the morning. The afternoon school is devoted entirely to temperance teachings, and is largely attended by all denominations. As Temperance is the handmaid of Religion, we think the temperance meetings should go with the Sunday school.

FOUR SONS IN PRISON.

A Mother's Grief at Finding Her Beloved Boys wearing the Striped Suits of Convicts.

One of the saddest scenes ever witnessed in the Missouri penitentiary transpired one day last week. A mother met four of her sons wearing the striped suits as convicts within its walls. Their names and crimes, as recorded on the penitentiary rolls, are: James Greenwade, aged thirty years, ten years for robbery; received 30th November last. Luther Greenwade, aged 26; seven years for robbery and larceny. Henry Greenwade, aged 20 years; ten years for robbery and larceny.

The father and mother of these men live in Jefferson, near Mount Sterling, Ky., keep a hotel there, and are tolerably well to do in life. Four or five years ago the elder brother came to Missouri and bought a farm near Butler, in Bates county. The younger brothers followed soon after, and the four lived together on the place, the oldest being married. Neighbors looked upon them as people of means, and respectable. For two or three years all sorts of devilment was perpetrated in and about Butler.

Persons were waylaid and robbed by masked men. Mails were rifled, burglaries committed and hogs stolen. At length suspicion centered on the Greenwades, and they were watched by officers and citizens, and at last caught "dead to rights." Mail pouches cut open and rifled, were found in the cellar, and other stolen property on their premises. Conviction was easy and they were landed in the penitentiary.

At the time stated the mother hearing her sons were in trouble, posted in haste to Bates county, only to learn that they had all been convicted of crimes and takes to the State prison. With her daughter-inlaw and the latter's two children she reached Jefferson City and at once proceeded to the penitentiary. The meeting with her sons was terribly affecting, and it is asserted Deputy Warden Bradbury, for once in his life, gave way to the melting mood.

"My God," she exclaimed, "that a mother should live to see four of her beloved boys in such a place.

The officials were kind and tender to the afflicted ones but they had at last to use force in separating the mother from her sons, and induced her to leave them after a visit of three or four hours.

Mrs. Greenwade is a woman of not over 50 years in appearance, well mannered, strong minded, and intelligent; but that fearful realization was more than her mother's heart could bear unmoved, and she gave vent to her shame and sorrow in a manner more affecting than was ever before witnessed within the prison walls. She left for her Kentucky home taking her daughter-in-law and the children with her.

There is one more son; who will doubtless never disgrace his name, for he is a minister of the gospel in good standing. One of the convicts is in the prison hospital.

THE HON. MR. LOT OF SODOM.

BY D. L. MOODY.

Now if we let the Lord choose for us, he will choose better than we can for ourselves. But Lot wanted to choose for himself. I will venture to say, when he left Abraham, if you had talked to him about going to Sodom, he would have said. O, no! Go down to Sodom? Do you think I would take my children down into Sodom—into that great city with all its temptations? Not I!" But he pitched his tent toward Sodom—he looked toward the city—and it was not long before his business took him there. He went down there perhaps to sell his cattle, and found a good market. Some of the leading men wanted him to go down there. He could make a great deal of money—could make it faster. When a man pitches his tent before Sodom, and loops in, it won't be long before he gets in there, tent and all.

His business took him there. "Business must be attended to—a man must attend to his business, you know." "But then it will be ruin to your family." "O, well! I am going to get money, and then get out of it. When I get enough to retire, I will move back, and live on the plains of Abraham. But I must attend to my business first." Many a man puts his business before his family. Business must be attended to, let the consequences be what they will.

In the sight of the world, Lot was one of the most successful business men of all Sodom. If you had gone in there a little while before destruction came upon it, and inquired about the place and its leading men, they would have told you that Lot, the nephew of Abraham, was one of the most successful men in all Sodom.

He held office. We find him sitting at the gate, and that is a sign that he was an officer. Perhaps they made him a judge—a good, high sounding name, "Judge Lot." It is a good title. The world honored him—Sodom honored him; they liked him very well. Then he would have reasoned in this way: "Don't you see, I have got an influence by coming down here." He was a man of great influence in the sight of the world—immense influence. They would have told you that he was one of the most influential men in all Sodom. He owned, perhaps, the best corner lots, and he may have had his name on them If they had had a Congress in those days he would have been a very popular man to send to Congress. He would have been "The Hon. Mr. Lot, of Sodom." He was a man the world delighted to honor; for it delights to honor that kind of a man—a man of great influence! But I want to call your attention to one thing—he was there twenty years and never got a convert. That is a man of "influence!" Look around, and see where the worldly Christians are. How many souls are they winning to Jesus Christ? Are they the men that are building up Christ's Kingdom? I tell you, those men are doing more to tear it down than any other class.

SOUTH CAROLINA

Legislation on Duelling; Temperance; The Sabbath; Carrying Concealed Weapons; Divorce.

From the New York Observer.]

Although duelling has pervailed in the State from time to time immemorial, and in the recent past, it has not done so with the approval of the body of the people. Their representatives in the late Legislature were aware of this, and during the late session passed a law disfranchising all who participate in a duel, and disqualifying them for any office, and pronouncing the person who kills his adversary guilty of murder, and liable to its penalties.

It was further enacted that opposition to duelling be incorporated in the oath administered to State and County officials.

On the subject of temperance it was enacted that a fine of one hundred dollars in addition to the municipal license be required of the liquor dealer and that no license be granted outside of incorporated towns and villages. From the discussion of this subject the friends of the cause of temperance were excited to hope that the prohibition now enjoyed by a few towns will soon be shared by many.

Carrying concealed weapons has been a prolific source of evil, and it was enacted that any persons found guilty of this crime should be punished with fine and imprisonment.

The Sabbath law passed two years ago, as it applied to railroads, forbade the running of any trains on any road. An effort was made to so amend this law as to allow freight trains to reach their destination. In support of this amendment the specious argument was adduced, that in the operation of the present law, valuable articles were often exposed to great dangers by being stopped at out-of-the-way stations. Such sophistry was met by a prompt rejection of the amendment.

The Divorce law has been of the most stringent character, allowing separation for no cause whatever. An artfully arranged amendment to this important law was also offered. Those however, who regarded the sacred relation of husband and wife in its true light were unwilling to allow any tampering with the law as it is, and this amendment was rejected by a good majority.

Thus we see that there is an expediency in these and in all of the principles of Gospel morality that is forcing them on the attention of thoughtful legislators. The day will come when all law-makers will study the gospel, and in applying its principles find a solution of all the vexed questions that arise in securing just and good government.

LOVE, faith, patience—the three essentials to a happy life.

A cross-eyed passenger got off the train at the depot the other day, whipped out of his pocket a piece of chalk, and marked a good sized white cross on one of the elegant coaches. He then asked the way to the "pump," and filled himself with water. When the old gentleman had shuffled back to the train some one asked him why he had put the chalk mark on the car. "My wife told me," said he, "not to git off the train at all, for fear I might git in the wrong keers. I thought I'd put a mark on the train so I should know it was the right one."