THE MORRISTOWN GAZETTE.

BY JOHN E. HELMS. "It is not in the power of Mortals to command Success: But we'll do more——We'll Deserve it." $2 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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THE MORRISTOWN GAZETTE is the best advertising medium to be had in Upper East Tennessee. Its circulation in the counties of Hamblen, Hawkins, Cocke, Jefferson, Grainger and Claiborne is larger than any other paper, and its subscription list is increasing daily To insure insertion the same week, advertisements should be handed in by Monday evening. Our terms for advertising will be found very reasonable.

The Morristown Gazette.

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All who want to know what Congress is doing, and who wish to keep posted about the news everywhere, should now subscribe for the GAZETTE It is reliable, and will always be a welcome visitor to the family circle.

LETTER FROM NASHVILLE.

A SPRIGHTLY CITY—ABOUT ITS RINGS, CENTERS AND COURTS.

NASHVILLE, Feb. 1,7 1876.

To the Editor of the Morristown Gazette:

The city of rocks, or rather the Rock City, is a mighty firm town, not built upon the sand, even if it is once and a while a "corral of wild asses" in its legislative halls, imbedded in a conglomeration of villainous rings, such as Railroad rings, Whisky rings, Bondholders rings Journalistic rings, etc. Still, it is a mighty nice town, surrounded by a perfect garden of Eden, dotted expressly by Nature with natural mounds on which to build handsome houses, elevated to every variety of taste.

Nashville is the home of morals and religion, boiling over with emulation to teach the young idea how to shoot in the way it should go through life. In fact, it is the "hub," the center of moral ideas, the center of the State and country, and for aught to the contrary, the center of the world, and a most desirable spot. It is the center of genial climes, the center of railroads, the center of hog and hominy, and at one time had a head Senter that knocked the center out of the Radicals. It is right smartly central.

It used to be said that "as smart as a Philadelphia lawyer" was a very high compliment; but that adage has become obsolete—it is fossilized. The galaxy of lawyers here is like a grand cluster of movable stars, scintillating corruscations of brilliant light, from the radicle *formulæ* of law down to common sease. Jarndyce and Jarndyce is no circumstance to the endless suits they keep on hands through the probate courts, law courts, circuit courts, chancery courts, intermediate courts, and the Supreme Court, back and forth, now on the equity side of the docket, then on the law side and they have a knack of making them get more and more interesting as they progress.

The Rock City is a place of big ideas, overhearing gentlemen talking before you, while walking the streets, you always hear of big sums of money, from $10,000 to half a million, never anything less than a thousand, sure, and that most likely of bonds. SHAWNEE.

The New York *Sun* says: If Theodore Tilton had wished to inflict diabolical revenge on the seducer of his wife he could not have chosen a better method than he has pursued. Shooting him would have been mercy in comparison. Mr. Beecher remains above ground a live corpse, tortured by conscience and chased by public opinion. In all these United States there is no more miserable man than Henry Ward Beecher. He is in a false position. He is entangled with lies. Justice approaches him with steady steps, and he sees everything vanishing that made life delightful to him. The mortal ruin of this strong man is one of the saddest things in our history. Yet justice must be done.

STATE FINANCES.

NASHVILLE, February 9.—The Comptroller has furnished the following statement of the financial condition of the State:

Assets.—Next January there will be due the State	$1,209,702
Liabilities	3,648,249
Deficit	2,446,547
In January, 1878, the assets will amount to	1,318,702
Liabilities	4,459,027
Deficit	3,140,325
The entire interest-bearing debt of the State is	22,908,000

The Centennial.

At the recent dinner given to the visitors from Washington at Horticultural Hall, on the centennial grounds at Philadelphia, the following statement was made showing the following appropriations for the enterprise:

Foreign appropriations—Great Britain, with Australia and Canada (gold), $250,000; France and Algeria, $120,000; Germany, $171,000; Austria, $75,000; Italy—government, $38,000; Chamber of Commerce, $38,000;—76,000; Spain, $150,000; Japan, $600,000; Belgium, $40,000; Denmark, (gold) $10,500; Chili (owner of all goods exhibited, and all expenses); Venezuela (all expenses, amount unlimited); Ecuador, $10,000; Argentine Confederation $60,000 (owner of all goods exhibited.)

The amounts of money which have been subscribed toward the work are as follows:

Total stock subscriptions		$2,337,770
In which are included:		
New Jersey	$100,000	
Delaware	10,000	
Connecticut	10,000	
New Hampshire	10,000	
Wilmington, Del	5,000	—135,000
Gifts, concessions, and interest		230,000
Further receipts from concession		100,000
Appropriation by Pennsylvania		1,000,000
Appropriation by Philadelphia		1,500,000
Making a total of		$5,187,750
Amount still required to prepare for opening up to May 10, 1876		1,537,100
Total cost		$6,724,850

LET US ALONE!

BY MISS EVA WILLIAMS.

To the Editor of the Morristown Gazette:

"Tired"—do you say?

Yes, tired and "sick unto death" of this everlasting cant, and cheap wit (?) at the expense of women and their dress! From pulpit, lecture and press, there rises one continuous clamor, until one is tempted to wish that the whole male race would turn dress-makers and milliners, when—*perhaps*—this vexed question would be satisfactorily settled. As, however, this latter is scarcely practicable, why do not these much-disturbed masculines don female attire, and go out into the world as preachers of a new Reformation, showing, by example, just how we misguided daughters of Eve *should* adorn ourselves?

Talk of masculine women—discontented spinsters and unhappy wives, who would assume the attire and rights of men, raising their squeaking voices in noisy clamor for their so-called "liberties!"—I grant you one's soul turns sick at the mention of them; but *can* they be more disgusting, more unsexed, than a man, "the noblest work of God," forever and aye discussing, and re-discussing, the number of ruffles that shall go upon a woman's dress? And yet—this country is flooded with just such feeble imitations of manhood. Petty rhymsters and puny prose writers, who are too contemptible to win the love or respect of any true woman, delight in ceaseless carping upon "the extravagance of women"—"the country going to ruin for dress," etc.—while a still feebler folk prate loudly of "pin-backs," "high-heeled shoes," "striped stockings," and "false hair," with high-sounding eloquence and questionable modesty!

Poor, dear, much abused darlings! How my heart bleeds for them! I fear not to wager that one-half of them—if any woman has been cheated into marrying them—live with "their wives' people"—while the money of the other half goes for wine and cigars, but not for the mother and sisters at home. Bah! my soul is sick of the whole song! Were it not for the frequency of this thing, one might be amused, if not at the wit of the writer—which is notably "absent without leave"—at least by their charming self-conceit. But the joke has grown so stale—so abominably thread-bare—that our outraged patience cries, "hold! enough!"—unless it were of a better quality. The dose has been repeated "ad nauseam," and a wearer of all these deprecated 19th century abominations would venture a word of feeble remonstrance.

In the first place, dear gallant, high-minded gentleman, *what business* is it of yours if we choose to wear short skirts or long skirts, high heels or no heels, if we frizz, and puff, and otherwise manipulate our "crowning glory" instead of plastering it down on our foreheads, looking like "patience sitting on a monument," after the manner of the dear aunt Jemimas and aunt Susans that you are so fond of quoting to us? In the name of every spark of manhood that is in you, What business is it of Yours? Why don't you "let us alone," for, despite all your croaking and lecturing, the women are going to do *just as they please* in this matter—wear just as many ruffles—just as much false hair, and pin back just as far as if you had never opened your oracular lips upon the subject.

Men have been about six thousand years in learning that there are *some* things in which a woman will have her own way, and it seems to me that they have not yet progressed further than A B C.

Besides, every man, deep down in his soul, has a firm respect for the fashions that be, and no more enjoys seeing his wife, or his mother, or—or—somebody that he hopes one day will pour out his tea for him, dressed unfashionably, than a woman enjoys wearing her old bonnet when every other woman has a new one. "My dear," remarked my respected ancestor, one morning, "what is the matter with you? It seems to me that you look rather—well—rather 'skrimpy!'" "Why, I thought I was very nicely dressed!" "Well, perhaps you may be," was the somewhat doubtful response, "but it seems to me that there is something wrong." It may be well that I "rise to explain" that the "something wrong" was attributable to my wearing a dress *just a season behind the style!* It sounds very well to talk and write about "sweet simplicity," "beauty unadorned," and all that sort of poetic nonsense, but I tell you, in point of practice, it wont do. A woman that dresses plainly, unfashionably, is voted "dowdy," "common," having "no style"—and by whom? Her sister women? No, that were easier to bear, but by those gallant masculine autocrats, whom she "delighteth to honor." Every frill and flounce, every curl and crinkle, endears her to the autocrat's heart, and *she knows it!* He may not be able to tell just what is lacking, but he feels that there *is* a lack somewhere, and we women know that it is this much-abused thing called "style" that the man wants.

I once read of a lover who was describing his Dulcinea to a male friend. After proceeding to a considerable length, he awaited his friend's response. What was it? Is she pure—true—womanly? Not a bit of it. Here it is, verbatim:

"Well, trot her out this evening, and let me see her harness, and I will tell you what I think of her."

There is a man for you—a man who writes long effusions upon the extravagance of women—who clamors for dress reform, etc. There he is—look at him. "Let him see her *harness* and he will tell you what he thinks of her." All this has been so often said that I wonder I should care to repeat it—but so long as men consider it their especial province to find fault with anything under the sun, so it only be the fashion for women—so long will it behoove us to remind them that there are two sides to this question.

I met Brown the other day—the Brown who writes such man-delighting articles upon the "Extravagance of Women." He declared to me that the high taxes—the depleted treasury—the impaired national credit, were all attributable to the criminal folly of women in spending all their husbands earn in expensive and useless "finery."

"Why," said he, "I often tell my wife that if she were as economical as I, we would soon have a nice little sum in the bank, but as it is——," and the poor man sighed a sigh that seemed born of gros-grain silk and twenty dollar bonnets!

When the sigh had been wafted—heavenward, perhaps—I inquired, in a careless sort of way, "What did your hat cost, Mr. Brown?" Brown has a weakness for a beaver, you will remember.

"Ahem—ahem! Ten dollars I gave for this one, but you see I have a cheaper felt for ordinary wear."

"And the suit you have on—it seems to be a very neat one. You gave about fifty dollars for that, did you not?"

"Well, to tell the truth, that fellow Smith made me pay seventy-five dollars for this entire suit. I did not think it worth so much, but, confound it, a fellow must spend a little money on himself sometimes—the most of it goes for women's furbelows."

"Certainly—certainly. You earn your own money, and who has a better right to spend it? While I think about it, your boots cost you at least ten dollars, did they not?"

"Say rather from twelve to fifteen. It is a shame that a man has to pay so much to have himself shod, but I don't see how one is to get around it—these things are necessary, and must be bought."

"Yes—you are right—but let's sum it all up. Ten dollars for your hat—seventy-five, you say, your suit cost you—and your boots, let's say twelve. Ten—twelve—seventy-five—that makes ninety-seven dollars, does it not? A nice little sum for one suit."

"Upon my word!" exclaimed the astonished Brown, "I did not think it was so much—and I am not an extravagant man—indeed, I am often sure that I stint myself."

At that moment the writer wore a cashmere—her "best" for the winter—which, all told, had not cost thirty dollars, and the price of Brown's beaver would have purchased the hat she wore, and left a margin for Brown's daily half-dozen cigars and, by a close computation, might have afforded his morning dram.

But, as the men argue—and intrench themselves behind this latter as behind a wall—there are so many other things a woman must have—jewelry, laces, etc.—there is where the cost comes in!

To be sure—but have I noted all of Brown's wardrobe? Where are his watch and chain that cost one hundred dollars—his handsome beaver over-coat, not to mention gloves, ties, and other things "that a fellow *must* have, you know."

"O, but you women have so many different suits, that makes the difference."

What of Brown's neat gray suit, for rainy days—the dark blue that he lounges in—the felt hat for "ordinary wear"—the half-worn boots and shoes that lie in his closet—the pants and vests that are constantly accumulating behind the sitting-room door, to the distress of Brown's neat little wife?

O, Brown! Dear Brown! Economical Brown! I fear you have not counted the cost of your "harness," else you had never said that more than half your income goes to buying "furbelows for women folks."

"But our clothes last so much longer than womens'—for instance, we never cast away a hat simply because it is out of style."

Come with me to a deserted store-room in my residence. Gaze upon a funereal trio that lie sadly upon the shelf. What see you? *Not* a gentleman's beaver! Surely not. Yea, a beaver—one of them—two of them—three of them! Shining and bright under the dust that has accumulated upon their respectable countenances. "How comes this?" ask *them*. "See here, old fellow, you look pretty spry, how came you here?" Listen: "Too high." "And you, my friend?" "Too low." "Well, well! what was *your* fault, number three?" "Too broad in the brim."

There they lie in unbroken slumber, a *shining* witness to coming ages that a man "never casts aside a hat simply because it is out of style."

I feel that I should be guilty of high treason were I to say aught against that target for coarse jests, and contemptible ribaldry, the much abused, the long suffering "pin-backs." They have laid humanity under a debt that can never be cancelled. Think for a moment of the dullness of the newspapers—the death-like stillness of the street-corners, where young men (and old ones too, be it said to their shame) most do congregate to repeat coarse jests, and indulge in coarser conversation about the women whom God and the angels know are purer than snow beside these men who scoff at them. Think of the lecturers without subjects, the poets minus rhymes, the wits with no jests but for the long suffering fashion! Contemplate the pale, disappointed faces of those aspirants for literary fame, who, but for the "pin-backs," would never have experienced the bliss ineffable—the transcendant glory, of seeing their names, their precious, dear little names—in print!

I would move to call a convention of newspaper men in order to return most humble thanks to the "pin-backs," for furnishing their columns with more vulgar wit, more questionably decent squibs than all other things since hoop-skirts were invented! Surely they have never fully realized that, but for this fashion, there would have been utter stagnation in both Church, State and Society at large. So give the "pin-backs" tardy justice!

But, seriously, good sirs, do you never follow any unbecoming fashions, absurd styles? Are "pin-backs"—*as* they be—more ungraceful, more uncomfortable than the delightful, charming "tights" in which, a few years ago, our gentlemen were "cribb'd, cabbin'd, confin'd?" Are shoes, with heels like an inverted cone, any uglier than the "cork-toed" boots so fashionable at present, serving as they do, to herald the coming of the wearer long before his face is visible?

Not long since a young gentleman, just from a fashionable city, called upon a good old lady—not a hundred miles from here. Of course young America fancied he was "cutting quite a dash" in all his city finery. Imagine his chagrin when the old lady inquired of her daughter, in an audible aside, "Sary Ann, are his *feet* deformed?" But, O! the "cork-toes" are so comfortable! so easy! A pity the gentlemen never found it out until they became the *fashion!* Think of the miserable years, in high-heeled, french calf, which *was* the fashion, that might have been spared them, had some good angel whispered into their ear that "cork-toes" are *so* comfortable!

Beavers—"nine bilers"—"bee-gums"—are *they* "so comfortable?" They are so light! so soft! so graceful! You never see a man bending and dodging in them as if he were afraid he might disturb the harmony of the heavenly bodies! They never tip off, on a windy day, to the amusement of every street urchin passing! O, no! they are *so* much more comfortable—becoming, than a "love of a bonnet?"

And now—I have had my say, and my mind feels easier.

In conclusion, gentlemen, *don't* be always harping upon the womens' dress. If they want to "pin back," let them—pins are cheap! If they want forty ruffles on their dresses, don't make a ninny of yourself by saying they shall only have thirty-nine. Go about your own business like men—and let us alone, and we promise you that you may tunnel the earth with your boots—knock out the stars with your hats, and pile up the cast off beavers until they are as high as "Bunker Hill monument" with never a a word from us!

—A printer named Frazier, at Clinton, Tenn., was recently burned so badly as to cause his death a few days ago. It was first supposed that he fell into the fire while in a state of intoxication, but later developments leave little doubt that the unfortunate man's coat was saturated with coal oil, and instead of being burned by falling accidentally into the fire, he was the victim of a fiendish, horrible assassination. A memorandum book was found which was perfectly saturated with coal oil. The edges of the book and some papers it contained were burned off. The affair has a decidedly suspicious look to it and we hope will be vigilantly investigated. Later information assures us that there was no foul play in the case, and that the unfortunate man fell a victim to his dissipated habits.

A funny story is told of two Vermont farmers who are not grangers. They induced their wives to join and report before they would commit themselves. Now, when they will they can not. Two black balls greet every application. Meanwhile the wives go triumphantly and regularly to the meeting of the grange, and the men stay at home to mind the babies.

MISFORTUNES OF BILDAD.

How he Wrestled with Blackwater Creek and was routed by a Methodist Wasp.

JONESVILLE, Lee county, Va., February 4, 1876.

To the Editor of the Morristown Gazette:

Believing an account of some of my late adventures in Tennessee would be nice Sunday reading for your subscribers, I modestly ask the insertion of this letter. My county paper, the *Lee County Sentinel*, is generally too much occupied with Congressional proceedings, and important National affairs, to trifle with such light literature as county correspondence. Therefore I ask the favor of the GAZETTE.

I am, as you probably know, a scion of one of the proudest blue-blood F. F. V.'s in the proud old Commonwealth of Virginia, and have held high official positions ever since I was a yearling; but never, in my official career, embracing a period of nearly forty years, have I felt the burden and hardship of office, until President Grant appointed me a Special Commissioner to the State of Tennessee, to study and investigate the merits and benefits of the "Great Dog Law." I am sure a history of the misfortunes attending this expedition, would grieve the hearts of the St. Louis whisky ring, and bring the sainted Moody and Sankey to this benighted region.

My most direct route to Tennessee led me up the CROOKED stream of Black-water, and over the MOON-SHINY summit of Newman's ridge. It was on this trip I met my first great misfortune. I have no doubt your readers have heard of the fabulous amount of illicit distilling done in this region, but it is impossible to realize the truth, or half the truth, without testing the reality by experience, as I have done, of the blighting evils of this diabolical moon-shine whisky business. The very air, in the Black-water valley, is so impregnated with the fumes of alcohol, arising from the numerous distilleries, that it smells stronger than the bung-hole of a barrel of genuine bust-head; while the water in the creek actually *beads* with the spirit of alcohol it contains.

I have always been a total-abstinence, temperance man. I would rather dissolve my camphor in coal oil than to use a drop of the devilish fluid, whisky. I live in the Puritan city of Jonesville, where the "Local Option Law" is in force, and where not a drop of spirituous liquors has been

"Seen or Smelt, Feared or Felt"

for years. No wonder, then, unused as I was to even the smell of liquor, that the atmosphere of this "Plutonic half-acre" throwed me. No wonder that, long before I had reached my destination, both myself and horse was as "tight as Dick's hat-band." Yes, gloriously drunk, without having drank a drop of anything but creek water!

Now, alas! comes my troubles—nobody believes my tale. I lost my equilibrium and fell into the "mire and clay" several times; I lost my hat; I lost my saddle-bags; I lost my character for sopriety and truth; but oh! far worse than all, I lost my place in the affections of the fairest and sweetest girl in East Tennessee! Woe, woe, is me! In one short day's journey my golden cup of pleasure is emptied and refilled with troubles bitter as gall and wormwood. Like the prodigal son, I turned my steps toward my Father's house. As I was silently and sorrowfully passing the sylvan shade of old Shiloh Church, I could hear the silvery voices of the rustic "Clinchmaulites" singing praises to Deity. I resolved to turn aside and join in their devotion, and seek religious consolation for my broken spirit. I will never forget that beautiful Sabbath morning. Although it was then between the holidays of Christmas and New Year's, the cheerful sunshine and balmy air seemed borrowed from May or June. As I timidly entered the door of the venerable Church, old Brother Loudon kindly made room for me beside him in the Amen corner. I affectionately laid one arm around his neck and closed my eyes to enjoy the sweet music of choir and organ. Just then an old winter wasp, brought out of winter quarters by the mild Indian summer weather, detected me as an intruder and a Baptist. As this wasp had been hatched and raised in Shiloh, a Methodist church, he felt it his duty to raise a doctrinal wrangle with me at once. So without further ceremony, he lit upon my white, royal neck, and stung me, most unmercifully, over five hundred times, before the good brothers and sisters could rescue me.

This adventure naturally drove all pious notions out of my mind. I hastily remounted my faithful horse, the only sharer of my sorrows, and shook the dust off my shoes and turned my back on Tennessee forever.

I am at home again, and have got the swelling out of my neck so that I can wear a twenty-four inch paper collar, and have got the mud out of my hair and have found my saddle bags. But my temperance friends all shun my company. They wont believe the true story of my adversity, and I am most miserable indeed. Perhaps if they could read it in your popular newspaper, and actually see it in print, they would believe it, and my character would be redeemed. I trust to your charity, and ever remain, yours respectfully, BILDAD.

P. S.—I am not the fleet-footed Bildad the Shuhite, who carried the news to King David, but WM. BILDAD.

Wine Making in East Tennessee.

Chattanooga Commercial.

A prominent citizen of Cincinnati, who was in this city a few days since, visited the wine cellar of A. Severin, on Market street, for the purpose of ascertaining if the reputation of Tennessee grapes for wine making was really deserved. He was shown thirteen different varieties of wines made from various fruits grown on the surrounding ridges. After a careful inspection and trial, he pronounced some of those shown him the best native wines in the country, and fully equal to those of any country. He further testified his appreciation by purchasing all of the "King of the Mountain" brand that there was in the cellar at the very high price of $8 per gallon, paying for it and ordering it sent to his home, for his private use. This particular brand was made in 1872 from Concord grapes grown on Walden's Ridge.

This gentleman is a connoisseur, and knows what he is buying, having a vineyard of his own in Ohio and a wine cellar filled with choice wines from every country which he has gathered directly from the growers in his travels throughout the old world.

Mr. Severin has always gotten his own price for his wines, never having sold any for less than $2 per gallon, while Ohio Catawba wines are selling at from 80 cents to $1 per gallon.

It is a fact acknowledged by those best acquainted with grape culture, that the ridges and table lands of East Tennessee produce better fruit for wine making than any other section of the United States, while the yield is most prolific. The only thing necessary to success is care in selecting varieties adapted to the soil and proper culture thereafter. Attention is being directed more fully each year to this lucrative pursuit, and there will probably be more acres set in grapes this spring than in the past five years.

NOTHING IF NOT CRITICAL.

Bascum Tries Advice to Youths.

DEAR COUSIN JOHN:—Isn't it very strange that we have men in our midst at this day who will pretend to dispute the truthfulness of the Bible, when there is so many things happening day after day to verify the truths therein contained.

Now, there is no doubt in my mind, but that you have often heard, and you may, perchance, have *read* in that Book of books, where it tells of the devil taking Christ up into an exceeding high mountain, from which he showed him much of the world, and the good and beautiful things therein, and proposed giving him all these things if he would but fall down and worship him. Right then and there the devil was trying to practice a fraud, for none of these things were his, and he had no right to trade them. Moreover, he was not worthy of being worshipped. But had it been any common being of the present day, no doubt the devil would have accomplished his object, for no doubt he showed our Savior many beautiful and valuable things—things that not even a member of Congress or a President dare refuse at the present time. But again, had he been successful, and were he indicted for the same under our present code of laws, he would be punished for obtaining things under false pretenses.

How often do we see things in this life, that remind us of the things we read about, but more especially this one thing. For instance, you will see a lady with a beautiful hat, erected high up, on the very topmost peak of a beautiful coil of hair, the hat all covered with the most beautiful flowers, delicious fruits, minerals of various sorts, and jewelry in abundance. She will probably gain the attention of some young chub, whose eyes will be dazzled by those fascinating smiles of hers, as also by the lurid flash of that glittering breast-pin and ear-drops, and at length his eyes rest upon that pinacle—that elevated peak—that mountain all covered with roses, hollyhock, morning-glories, pretty-by-knights, dog-fennel, and those delicious looking fruits, such as grapes, masculines, figs, apricots, hickory-nuts, walnuts, cabbages, &c., &c. The damsel takes him by the hand, leads him up higher, places him in a good position, and tells him, "now, look. You see all these beautiful things connected with that peak. Now, all those things, whatsoever thou seest, will I give unto thee, if thou wilt but fall down and worship me; or, in other words, if thou wilt marry me."

But this is not the only fraud likely to be practiced in a case of this kind, for a young and inexperienced mind, might arrive at the conclusion that this bit of furniture itself—so decorated with flowers, flounces, &c.,—was valuable to a poor man, from the fact that it might and would be both able and willing to assist him in procuring the necessaries of life, by cooking his meals and washing the dishes, and by many other little acts calculated to save a penny; but narry time; for as the devil again tempted our Savior by challenging him to turn stones into bread, so also will she, at the proper time, take him by the hair of the head, (if yet any remaineth), and say: "Now, young man, not into bread alone will I have thee turn thy labor, (woman cannot live upon bread alone), but into flowers, fruits, and fantasticles, to adorn the hat which is still to rest upon this high mountain of mine, the inside of which mountain is plated with pure gold, and adorned with false teeth, as white as the whitest of sepulchres, and the top of which is inhabited by many creeping things." This, cousin John, is the great fraud of the present day, and in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred the perpetrators of these frauds are liable to indictment for fraud in the first degre; for malicious matrimony; for false pretenses and malice aforethought; for an attempt to commit matrimony with intent to rule or ruin; for skull-duggery vs. pro bono publico, &c., &c. But as nothing is to be gained by suits of this sort, my advice to young men is to not place themselves in a position that it will cost a lawsuit to get out of it. Steer clear of those flowery peaks. Select a low elevation, and be sure that nothing objectionable is hidden by false hair and artificial flowers.

THOS. BASCUM.

MRS. ALVIN BARTON.

The audience were now well wrought up, and on the tiptoe of expectancy, for the next song was to be a solo by Mrs. Alvin Barton, of Knoxville, who kindly came to Chattanooga for the express purpose of assisting in this concert. All expected much, and in "Bel raggio lusinghild" there was given a treat which alone would have been a full return for the price of admission. Mrs. Barton's voice is miraculously pure, deep, full, rich, of wonderful compass, and in the high notes attaining a sweetness which rivalled the warblings of the nightingale, and made us feel that we had transported from earth to some fairy land where the very atmosphere was music. How we envy Knoxville this sweet singer. We were reminded of our sensations when first we heard Parepa Rosa, and sweeping over our sensibilities is an undefinable feeling, the effect of this lady's singing, which to describe would be but to mar.

In each succeeding piece Mrs. B. seemed to excel the one just preceding until in John Anderson, the pent up feeling of many of the most highly organized in the audience found relief in tears.—*Chattanooga Times.*

THE FEELING IN WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 14:—Ex-Commissioner Douglass, Deputy Commissioner Rogers, Cashier Gilfillan and other witnesses in the Babcock case, having testified on Friday and Saturday, returned here to-day. These gentlemen have all been the subject of anxious inquiry from here as to the impressions made upon them during the attendance at the trial. Public feeling in the case is becoming constantly more intense, and from all quarters application is made for the latest information from St. Louis. One of the gentlemen just returned from St. Louis says that the strain upon Gen. Babcock seems to be telling upon his physical endurance very much and cites as an instance of that circumstance the reply of the General to a question from a friend to the effect that being under fire in the army would be absolute pleasure in comparison to his present ordeal. Speculation is very busy in the Treasury Department and elsewhere throughout the city to day as to the probable result of the trial. The return of a number of treasury officials and others from St. Louis is giving an impetus in that direction to the great interest felt in the case.

We regret to announce that the only son of Rev. J. W. Bachman, an interesting child of six years, died yesterday morning, after a brief illness. The bereaved family have the sincere sympathy of the community.—*Chattanooga Times.*

Upon the death of a Danbury woman, who was a chronic borrower, an unfeeling neighbor observed: "She won't be buried there a week before she'll be calling on the other tenants for their flowers."

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May 26 n12—tf

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May 6n3.