

The Morristown Gazette.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 28, 1877.

RUSSO-TURKISH WAR.

The Fall of Kars—Loss of 300 Cannon and 10,000 Prisoners.

LONDON, Nov. 18.—An official Russian dispatch, dated Yerevan, Sunday, Nov. 18th, says: The Russians carried Kars to-day by storm. The battle preceding the capture commenced at 8 o'clock last night and continued at 8 this morning. Our trophies and losses are unknown.

LONDON, Nov. 19.—It is believed Osmán Pasha can hold out till the beginning of December. Russia is urging Serbia to action to check the movement of Mehemet Ali for the relief of Plewna.

The Times correspondent at Belgrade telegraphs as follows: Gen. Horvathovise has informed the Serbian Government if it wishes to join in the war it should do so immediately, as the Turks are throwing up strong entrenchments, mounted with heavy Krupp guns all along the eastern frontier and are concentrating troops near Clesoura and Timova, and may any day determine on invasion.

A special dispatch from the Daily News, dated Yerevan Kales Sunday evening, says: "The fortress and city of Kars with three hundred cannon, stores, ammunition, cash, etc., fell into Russian hands. The Turks lost five thousand killed and wounded, ten thousand prisoners and many flags. The Russian loss is about twenty-seven hundred. The Russian soldiers made but trifling booty and spared the peaceful women and children. General Louis Meilikoff directed the battle during the day. Grand Duke Michael was present also. The former entered the city a eleven o'clock Sunday morning.

The Daily News Yerevan Kales, special says: "Kars was captured by about 15,000 Russians, who climbed steep rocks, ramparts and walls, and stormed an equal number of desperately fighting Turks in a headlong flight over their ditches and parapets, compelling them to surrender. The escalade had been originally fixed for the 13th, but was postponed owing to bad weather. The principal attack was made on the southern forts, General Lazereff commanding the right wing consisting of the fortieth division and attacked Hafis Pasha, a fort growing a steep rocky height. General Count Grabbe with a regiment of Moscow Grenadiers and a regiment of the thirty-ninth division assaulted in the centre Kabali Tabia, Survarn Tabia, the three towers and the citadel. The Ardanian brigade and other regiments of Moscow Grenadiers under General Ross and Kamaroff forming the left wing assaulted Fort Ingles, on the north. The attack began in the centre at 8:30 o'clock on Saturday evening when Count Grabbe led his brigade against the Khanli redoubt and himself fell dead in the first onset pierced by a bullet. Captain Keadebeck, of the thirty-ninth regiment was the first to enter the redoubt at 11 o'clock at night. His sword was cut clean out of his hand and his clothes pierced. The redoubt surrendered early in the morning and then three towers almost simultaneously with the capture of the Khanli redoubt. The citadel, Fort Sulvarri, Fort Hafis Pasha were carried by assault. By daylight on Sunday morning Gen. Lazereff's troops had made progress as far as the capture of Fort Karadad. The other forts, especially the Arab Tabia on the east and Takmeat Tabia on the west, maintained a stubborn resistance till 8 o'clock, when all the garrisons which could escape fled towards Erzeroum. But these were subsequently overtaken by dragons, captured and brought back prisoners.

Momentous Import of the Last Achievement of the Russians.

From the New York Graphic. WHY THE WAR MUST BE TERMINATED AS SPEEDILY AS POSSIBLE. The following is the substance of a private cable dispatch sent in cipher, and received in this city by a prominent banking-house. It will be seen that it is of the utmost importance: "Kars has fallen; Erzeroum will follow. Osmán Pasha will very soon be captured at Plewna with his entire army. The Russians are putting forth extraordinary efforts so as to finish up the war before the close of the year. They dare not permit the campaign to go over until spring, for Germany, Austria, and England are in union as to the necessity of stopping the war before the Turks are entirely overwhelmed. Russia will have a large slice of Armenia. The Danubian Principalities will be relieved from Turkish authority, and their future status is to be left to a conference of the great Powers. In any event peace is certain. Sell wheat and provisions short, and get rid of railroad stocks."

General Forrest—After the Stormy Battle of Life he Finds Rest in the Grave.

Extract from the Funeral Sermon.

There never beat a mortal heart with more kindly feelings toward his fellowman than is contained in the body coffined before me. The poor who enjoyed his benefactions, the convicts who have labored for him have lost their best friend. When I visited General Forrest at his house last week I was conveyed from the head of the island by two convicts. One of them said to me: "Are you the preacher come to see the boss?" I replied that I was. "I hear he's very low," the man continued, "and that he may die. If he does, we will lose our best friend." Listen to that testimony. "On the 14th of November, 1875, on a calm Sabbath evening Bedford Forrest and his now stricken wife entered this church and took their seats in the great Sermon on the Mount where the builders on the rock of faith and the builder on the sands of false hopes are contrasted. At the close of the discourse I passed out and found General Forrest waiting at the door. He took my arm and we passed to the pavement below. There he stopped abruptly, and trembling he leaned against the wall, and as tears fell from his eyes, he said: "Sir, your sermon has removed the last prop from under me. I am the fool that built on sand; I am a poor miserable sinner."

"The form which never trembled before the stoutest man seemed all shaken. "My dear General," I said, "I thank God for this. If you feel that you are the foolish builder you are in the best way to get upon the rock." I told him "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believed in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Then I gave him the fifty-first Psalm to read. I called at his room the next night and talked with him and prayed with him. At the close of the prayer he arose and said: "I'm satisfied. All is right. I put my trust in my Redeemer." Since that time, my friends, I know he has said many things not like a Christian, and done many things which he should not have done. But no man ever felt this more keenly than he did. When I saw him on Thursday he confessed how far he had done wrong and brought reproach upon the cause of Christ. "But," said he, "God has forgiven me." Raising his emaciated hand, he pointed to his breast, and said, "All is peace here. I want you to know that between me and my God there is no cloud, I am at peace with God." I bowed my head upon that hand and wept for joy. Said I: "General Forrest, I thank my God for this! Then he gave me this message: "Tell my brethren and sisters that during six weeks I have lain in my bed and communed with my God. Tell them to take up their cross and follow their Savior. Tell my old comrades in sin to give their hearts to God and seek a higher, holier life."

"You who have followed this leader's commands when bullets rained and hot shells shrieked, will you not obey your leader's last request? Will you join him on high? I have no doubt that he is there, amid the glories of heaven. I want the citizens of Memphis and the people of this country to know that Bedford Forrest bore this testimony to the salvation of Jesus-Christ. Had I the voice of seven thunders, and stood on the snow-capped summit of the Andes, I'd send it out to the world. Will you to whom he speaks obey? Will you follow this man? Let us imitate him in this grand aspect of his life. He has folded his tent on earth, but on fame's eternal camping ground younder it is pitched forever to be struck no more. When passion has cooled and the historian of the future takes up his pen to write the names of this country's greatest men, he will write the name of Bedford Forrest. The late civil war, on our side of the house, produced three great men, Lee, Jackson and Forrest. They are all gone, and Bedford Forrest has struck hands with that noble pair on the other shore.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT. Before the cortege had yet formed, groups of ladies one after another slipped softly into the room where the dead General lay in the residence of the last survivor of the Forrest brothers, Colonel Jesse Forrest. Each lady stooped to gaze for a last time on the face of the dead, and depositing her tribute of snowy flowers passed out. One little bunch of flowers, not beautifully arranged, nor made up of rare flowers, had a little history to tell. As the train of Tuesday was passing Wheeling Station, near Courtland, Alabama, a little girl, scarcely thirteen years of age, came forward to the platform, holding in her hand these simple flowers.

"I'm your husband a little bit," asked one lady of another. "There isn't a bald hair on his head," was the hasty reply of the wife.

Handing them to a passenger, she said:

"Take these to Memphis and place them on General Forrest's grave. They are sent because General Joseph Wheeler's daughter loved him."—Memphis Avianche, Nov. 1.

Revenue and Protection.

Absolute protection is absolute prohibition. Absolute protection is, therefore, the destruction of revenue. A tariff so high as to shut off all importation is a tariff squarely opposed to all revenue. The principal of protection is at war with revenue. To give revenue, something must come in. To give much revenue, something, or rather a good many things, must come in pretty freely. To get the largest revenue, we must abandon the policy of protection entirely.

It is beginning to be apprehended that the petting of our industries, at this period of our history, is a luxury, which, as a great impoverished people, we cannot afford. We have learned, at least, that protection cannot keep industries alive when the market for their products is insufficient, and that we are paying much more than we ought to pay for goods, while the man who produces them is not benefited. Some of our industries, which have been utterly overshadowed by protection, have died out. An illustration of the working of protection, in increasing the cost of goods to the people, can be found in almost everything we wear. A silk hat, for instance, which ought to cost, at its best, no more than five dollars, now costs eight. The duty of sixty per cent. on the plush and other silk employed makes the silk that a luxury, and nobody is benefited. We pay three dollars more for the hat than we ought to pay; the latter himself does not at all increase his profits, while he finds his business out down to its lowest mark compatible with continued existence, for only rich people will buy silk hats at the price. A low tariff on the materials—say a tariff of twenty per cent.—would increase the revenue, and so cheapen the hat that everybody could afford to buy it, and thus set all the manufactures at work. Forty million of people, which every man and woman of the number heavily taxed to keep alive our woolen industries, while their gates are shut down and their workmen unemployed, do not form a very edifying spectacle. The people have petted the manufacturers a good many years. They have submitted to a taxation for this purpose that none but a prosperous people could stand. Now it seems to us that it is time for the people to take care of themselves,—time for the fostering mother to push the birds out of the nest.

We have built a wall around us—a wall of protection. Our manufactures are lying still because they have no market. They can get no market outside, for, with raw materials taxed, as they are in many instances, they cannot compete in the markets of the world. Again, they can get no markets outside, because west those markets have to give us in exchange is shut out by "protection." Trade is a game of give and take; and we cannot shut out the products of other nations if we hope to sell them our own. We ask for no free trade that will be inconsistent with a tariff that will give us the largest revenue; but it seems to us that the policy of taxing the people of the United States for the protection of industries that have become bankrupt under the policy, or have ceased to find a sufficient market at home, is about played out.—Scribner for December.

The two United States Senators who ever served the longest terms were both North Carolinians by birth—Benton, of Missouri, and King, of Alabama. The former served thirty, and the latter twenty-nine years. It is related, in reference to Mr. King's extreme courtesy, that when he presided over the Senate the two Senators from Arkansas pronounced the name of their State differently, and that he patiently observed this, and he invariably recognized one as "the gentleman from Arkansas," and the other as "the gentleman from Ar-kan-sas."

The World says that in Paris colored costumes are in vogue for evening wear by gentlemen, the customary suits as solemn sables being silently abandoned to butlers and waiters. It will not be long before people will see no particular point in Fanch's famous interview between two guests in full dress at an evening party: "Beg pardon, are you the waiter?" "No, sir; are you?" "I'm your husband a little bit," asked one lady of another. "There isn't a bald hair on his head," was the hasty reply of the wife.

MY GIRL.

I. A little corner with its crib, A little mug, a spoon, a tin, A little tooth so pearly white, A little ruby ring to kiss.

II. A little plate all lettered around, A little rattle to resound, A little creeping-see! she stands! A little step! 'twixt outstretched hands.

III. A little doll with flaxen hair, A little willow rocking-chair, A little dress of richest hue, A little pair of gaiters blue.

IV. A little school day after day, A little school-ah! to obey, A little study—soon 't is past, A little graduate at last.

V. A little muff for winter weather, A little jockey-hat and feather, A little sack with funny pockets, A little chain, a ring, and lockets.

VI. A little while to dance and bow, A little scowl toward a brow, A little party, somewhere late, A little lingering at the gate.

VII. A little walk in leafy June, A little talk while shines the moon, A little reference to papa, A little planning with mamma.

VIII. A little ceremony grave, A little struggle to be brave, A little cottage on a lawn, A little kiss—my girl was gone!

St. Nicholas for November.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

BY EVA WILLIAMS.

MONDAY MORNING, JAN. 13, 1874.

Verily times do change, and we change with them, whether for better or for worse—tell us, O shades of our departed ancestors, for the problem is beyond my ken. Imagine these same ancestors, who thought a woman must be guarded as carefully as a pet canary, the horrified beholders of three unprotected females en route for California; the Elysian shore of our dreams—the land of sunshine and of flowers, of hope and happiness!

Yet here we are, this lone trio, already more than a hundred miles from home, whirling along more and more swiftly, each moment bearing us further from the land that will soon be hallowed by distance. I cannot realize that I am indeed starting on a journey which is almost "from sea to sea"—that soon I shall stand upon the golden shores of the Pacific!

As we never fully realize that our loved ones are dead until we hear the dull heavy sound of the clouds upon the coffin-lid, so we never comprehend the extent of any separation until we look vainly for some familiar face, or seek the clasp of a friendly hand, and then it strikes upon us with a sense of loss that makes the heart ache hopelessly!

Right blithely our friends wished us "bon voyage" this morning, and blithely the sun shone upon us as we started. May the merry sunshine and the words of friendly cheer prove true harbingers of our journey!

But listen—the train is slackening its speed, the engine shrieks, and "Chattanooga" is shouted upon the evening air. The dullest of places seen through the dullest of drizzling rains; but they tell me that beheld under favorable circumstances Chattanooga seems quite a thriving, progressive little city.

Nature is a fickle goddess, for she promised us fair weather, but see how quickly she has changed her smiles to tears, and all her bright, winsome looks for a frowning countenance. Not bright, hopeful tears, but sad and regretful, as if the New Year were still weeping over the grave of the old. Such tears were children of Nature shed over broken trust, or despairing sorrow.

The lights of the city twinkle brightly in this leaden twilight, like stars in a moonless sky. Grottesque forms are hurrying to and fro upon the platform—enterprising apple boys are vending their wares with hearty good-will; noisy porters are vociferating the praises of their respective hotels, while half-sleeping passengers look out with ruffled eyes upon the rain and mist. A breath of this damp air certainly does not seem tempting, but it must be endured, and quickly too, for here we change cars for Nashville. Bandboxes, shawls, baskets, and other necessaries with which women will persist in being burdened are gathered up—a plunge into the motley crowd upon the platform, and a few steps to the train, then we are "all aboard" to wake in Louisville—going by way of Nashville, Tenn.

"The day is cold and dark and dreary." A sort of raining sleet, or sleet-rain is falling, such as only Kentucky is favored with. There may be close imitations elsewhere, but the genuine article is never seen outside the limits of Daniel Boone's State. It keeps you in continual suspense; if you conclude that it is raining, forthwith little balls of hail are seen pouncing about in the liveliest manner, changing your mind you declare that we are going to have a hail storm, when lo! the rain comes down in torrents.

Half an hour since, three shivering females might have been observed in hopeless captivity to a hack driver, who brought us to this hotel, and from the face which I see reflected in the mirror before me one would be tempted to declare that my bravery of yesterday had left me a coward to-day.

It is a terribly lonely feeling that creeps over me, and if I were once again at home—what am I saying? Faint-hearted already, when a journey of three thousand miles lies before me! I must look around me a bit, and chase away my loneliness.

M—and F—, my "compagnons de voyage" have mistaken themselves to their chambers, where I left them with tears in their eyes, and the declaration upon their lips that they would never again start from home without a man to take care of them. They are handsome people, these Kentuckians—the men tall, and finely formed, with a bearing that the price of a realm might buy; while the women possess a ripened loveliness that I have rarely seen elsewhere. There is about them a look of pride and self-content, as if Kentucky were the most fortunate State, and they the most fortunate people in the Union.

OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI DEPART, 3 P. M.—Here is a dilemma and who shall help me out of it? Some persons tell me that our train leaves in half an hour, others affirm that it goes not until seven this evening.

Before leaving the hotel I questioned, somewhat crossly I fear, the very gentlemanly clerk, who had a very pink face, and a very sleek head—a very soft voice, and a very bland smile, but he seemed to be thrown into such a state of mental confusion by my inquiries, and looked around in such a despairing way, as who should say, "What do I know of Railroads? I am a clerk, I am," that I changed my query by mildly saying, "my bill, if you please." Whereupon the very gentlemanly clerk with the very bland smile, smiled yet more blandly, and brightened so visibly that I handed him the requisite number of "promises to pay," and left him in a state of beatitude that is rarely seen upon this sin-smitten earth.

After leaving the beatified clerk our party repaired to the depot, as current report led us to believe that our train would leave in a few moments. But now that I am here the din and confusion well nigh craze me, and forgetting all my tremors at addressing strangers, I march boldly up to a pleasant-faced gentleman who looks rather married, and beseech him to tell me when the train does start, and to assist me in procuring checks for a number of small-sized dwelling-houses in which we carry our goods and chattels. He smiles and bows with such grace that I have a notion that he may not be married after all. At any rate I am glad to find that he is going our way for a time.

Now we are comfortably seated in the cars. My new-made friend proves not to be married, but is a bachelor, "at your service, Miss." Stranger though he be, I feel a sense of rest, in knowing that he will see that all goes well with us so long as we travel together. A pretty little Italian girl comes along with oranges, and she and my "good Samaritan" have a merry quarrel over the tempting fruit. She vows, with her pretty accent and a roguish look in her beautiful eyes, that she has none better than those she offers, but upon our pretending to be angry she shows some luscious oranges which she has been hiding behind her, and declares with the most serious of faces that we are mistaken, that she never, no never said she had no more. She is a charmingly pretty creature, bold and piquant as she is pretty. We buy her oranges, and are rewarded by a tender look of farewell from the great soft eyes, as the train moves off.

On we are speeding. Without is gold and dreary, within a merry crowd of passengers chat idly as the day wears away. Twilight dim and dreary is creeping over the earth, and, shall I confess it?—away down in a certain little girl's heart is a refrain of "Home, Sweet Home," and were it not so very feminine a procedure I should feel almost tempted to shed a few tears under cover of the darkness.

We have passed the borders of Kentucky, and are now whirling along through Indiana. The swiftness of railroad travel prevents more than a cursory glance at the face of the country; besides, to me, half the charm of travel consists in its human interest. Men and women are more interesting to me than countries.

But hark! what is that I hear? "North Vernon, Indiana!" Passengers for the west lie over till ten o'clock!

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" for—sad indeed is our state. Remain here for four hours—in this dark, dismal place! No hotels near—no hacks to convey us to those in the town, so we must be stung up in that most detestful of places, a village depot.

It is bitterly cold without, and only one grim, uncompromising stove to give warmth to all these shivering people! We are now among the genuine "hoosiers." Grim, gaunt-looking men with their hands deep in their pockets saunter—in—stare idly and stupidly in your face, and pass out into the darkness; giving to the door a parting kick, being too lazy, or too cold to take their hands from their pockets to close it in the usual way. Long-haired, dirty urchins crowd between us and that cheat, which only by a stretch of the imagination is supposed to represent warmth and comfort, while now and then, one bolder than the rest goes through an informal inspection of our luggage with admirable familiarity. In one corner of the room a lot of "roughs" play cards by the light of a tallow candle, and their profanity and boisterous laughter are sickening to ears unaccustomed to such sounds.

At the Episcopal diocesan convention, in session recently at Chattanooga, the Rev. John B. McConnell, colored, delivered an impressive sermon. This is the first instance in the United States of a colored clergyman preaching to a white congregation in the Episcopal church. Bishop Quintard, who presided over the convention, was a chaplain in the Confederate army.

A Russian engineer has invented a bomb proof tower, which is moved about by steam, and in which artillerymen sit and pelt the enemy with destruction. By the time the next war breaks out, the warriors will sit in a rocking chair in the front parlor of a hotel and talk his enemies to death with a revolving telephone.

"But I pass," said a minister, one Sunday in dismissing one theme of his subject to take up another. "Then I make it spades!" yelled a man from the gallery who was dreaming the happy hours away in an imaginary game of euchre. It is needless to say that he went out on the next deal, being assisted by one of the deacons with a full hand of clubs.

ALVIN BARTON. Has just received more than his usual elegant stock of NEW GOODS For the Fall and Winter Season.

A LARGE STOCK OF DRESS GOODS, SHAWLS, CLOAKS, FLANNELS, HOSIERY, GLOVES, LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S Merino Underwear, CORSETS, Neck Ruchings, Furs, Trimmings &c., &c.

Carpets, Oil Cloths, Rugs, and Curtain Goods, House Furnishing Goods, Bed and Crib Blankets, Counterpanes, Sheetings, Table Linens, Napkins, Towels.

Gent's All Wool Scarlet and White Socks, Collars, Shirts, &c. BOYS' CLOTHING, for boys from three to ten years of age. Anker Bolted Cloth, Nos. 3 to 11. The best of Goods and at the lowest prices. Dress making Department in the store, under the direction of Mrs. Long, and suits made to order in the latest styles and at reasonable rates. Orders by mail attended to promptly.

ALVIN BARTON, 71 Gay St., Knoxville, Tenn. Nov. 7.

TENSORIAL By Mack Fulton, At the Grigsby House, MORRISTOWN, TENN.

I solicit the public patronage, and would say that I can give satisfaction in either a clean, neat shave, hair-cut, hair-dress, clean shampoo, or an elegant whisker or moustache dye. Terms moderate.

New Advertisements. JOHN MURPHY, R. E. RICE, Cashier. LOOKOUT BANK. MORRISTOWN, TENN. [STATE DEPOSITORY.] BOARD OF DIRECTORS. JOHN MURPHY, R. E. RICE, W. A. HOWELL, G. T. MAGEE, W. C. ARLINS.

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS. RICHARDSON, Buy and Sell Exchange Gold and Silver, and make collections upon the most favorable terms. May 19, 77.

MECHANIC'S Savings Bank. Knoxville, Tenn. THOS. O'CONNOR, PRESIDENT. SAM. HOISE, Cashier.

Transacts a General Banking Business. Deals in Foreign and Domestic Exchange. Sells Drafts on all the principal cities in Europe. Buys and sells Gold and Silver, and makes remittances and city Scrip. Interest paid on Deposits of \$1 AND UPWARDS. May 26, 1877.

L. C. SHEPARD, UNDERTAKER, Knoxville, Tenn. EVERY DESCRIPTION OF Metallic Caskets and Cases, Wood Caskets and Coffins of every Grade and price ready for use. Call on or telephone for a catalogue and prices. Prompt attention. Terms satisfactory. no.

FOR SALE! A Valuable Tract of Land. THE UNDERSIGNED IS AUTHORIZED by Dr. Wm. J. Anderson, to sell a Tract of Land, lying on Holston River, Hamilton county, Tennessee, and near Anderson's Ford. There is about 200 acres in this tract—100 acres well timbered, and 100 acres cleared, under fence and well watered. The soil is of an excellent quality, and a great bargain can be had in purchasing this farm. For further information, apply to WM. G. TAYLOR, Morristown, Tennessee. May 6, 77.

W. M. WILMETH, MAIN STREET, MORRISTOWN, TENN. Has now on hand a complete stock of Family Groceries, To which he has recently added a full line of BOOTS AND SHOES, Which he offers cheap for Cash. He will pay the highest market price for all kinds of country produce. Provisions and Staples of every description kept on hand at all times. [1877-78.]

D. A. NEILSON, M. D. Having located in MORRISTOWN, I hereby offer my professional services to the citizens of the town and surrounding country. [1877-78.]

FRED. A. SHOTWELL, SURGEON DENTIST; Rogersville, Tenn. Offers his professional services to the citizens of the village and surrounding country, and assures those who favor him with their patronage, that he will do his duty to give perfect satisfaction. Terms, cash. Ladies preferring it will be attended to in the most delicate manner, without extra charge. [1877-78.]

J. K. LAWLESS, Harness and Saddle Maker, MAIN STREET, Morristown, Tenn. Having removed from the Paragon to the ROOM over Theo. A. Baker's Jewelry shop, I am now prepared to make and repair all kinds of Saddles, Harnesses and Horse Trappings, in the most up-to-date style, and on reasonable terms. Saddles, Harnesses and Horse Trappings, will be put up in the most durable manner, and sold as cheap as can be bought elsewhere. REPAIRING done with neatness and cheaply dispatched. None but the best materials used, and all work guaranteed. Give me a call and be satisfied yourself. I have in my charge, a small quantity of leather belonging to various customers of McFarland, Kilduff & Co., and the same can be had by calling on them. Respectfully, J. K. LAWLESS. sep. 19, 1877-78.

Grigsby House, (Formerly Virginia House,) Morristown, Tenn. THE UNDERSIGNED HAS leased the above popular and convenient stand, begs leave to inform his many friends and acquaintances that he has now opened and is prepared to receive the public patronage. The location is in the center of the town and convenient to the depot. The proprietor has stocked up his kitchen with a team which will be known as the Drummer's Band, their fare is very cheap, and they will be ready to attend to the wants of the traveling public. Charges shall be moderate, service polite and the table supplied with the delicacies and substantial of the season. Make the Grigsby House a pleasant place for the traveler and stranger. A price will be made in settling the debt upon the arrival of each train to conform to the rate of exchange. There is also in connection with the stand a first-class Stable. Please give me a call, a trip you will not regret at all. JOSEPH GRIGSBY, PROPRIETOR. Sep. 23, 1877.

New Advertisements. WM. G. TAYLOR, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Morristown, Tenn. WILL practice in the Courts of Hamilton, and the adjoining counties. April 25-77.

W. D. GAMMON, Attorney-at-Law, Morristown, Tenn. Will practice in Hamilton and adjoining counties. [1877-78.]

A. H. PETTIBONE, Attorney at Law, GREENVILLE, TENN. Will practice in the courts of the First Judicial Circuit and the Supreme Court at Knoxville. Will also give prompt attention to the collection of all kinds of claims and debts. [1877-78.]

WILL S. DICKSON, Attorney at Law, MORRISTOWN, TENN. Will practice in the Courts of upper East Tennessee. Prompt and special attention given to collections. [1877-78.]

G. T. MAGEE, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, WOULD RESPECTFULLY INFORM the public that he has resigned his position as Surgeon in the United States Army, and has returned to his profession. Office at the Drug Store of F. Corning. September 12, 1877-78.

THOS. J. SPECK, D. D. S. OFFICERS. Rogersville, Tenn. From 1st to 15th of each month. [1877-78.]

REAGAN HIGH SCHOOL. J. A. Stubblefield, A. B., Principal.

MORRISTOWN Female High School. REV. T. P. SUMMERS, R. A. LOWRY, (Davidson College), Associate Principals. The next session commences the first Monday in September, 1877. Board from \$1.75 to \$3.00 per week. Tuition from \$10 to \$20 per term of twenty weeks. Address the Principals, Morristown, Tenn. [1877-78.]

ROGERSVILLE FEMALE COLLEGE. THE NEXT SESSION WILL begin Monday, September 24. The location, the buildings, the thoroughness in the mode of instruction, and the care taken of students, make it one of the most desirable seats of learning in the country. For Catalogue or particulars, address: REV. A. W. WILSON, PRESIDENT. August 6, 1877-78.

Carson & Evans, DENTISTS, MORRISTOWN, TENN. OFFICE HOURS—From 8 A. M. to 5 P. M. Terms very moderate. [1877-78.]

Wilson, Burns & Co., WHOLESALE Grocers and Commission Merchants, 30 South Howard Street, corner of Lombard, BALTIMORE. WE keep constantly on hand a large and well sorted stock of Groceries, suitable for the Southern and Western trade. We solicit consignments of Country Produce, such as Cotton, Yarn, Skins, etc. Our facilities for doing business are such as to warrant quick sales and prompt returns. All orders will have our prompt attention. [1877-78.]

W. L. ROGERS, S. C. PERRY, ROGERS & PERRY. (Successors to W. A. B. HILL.) WHOLESALE LIQUOR DEALERS, Gay Street, Knoxville, Tenn. Orders Solicited and Satisfaction Guaranteed. [1877-78.]

ROGERSVILLE HOUSE, (South-east of Public Square,) ROGERSVILLE, TENN. N. F. POWELL, PROPRIETOR. CLEAN BEDS, PLEASANT ROOMS, AND TABLES supplied with best of the country. [1877-78.]

THE CENTRAL HOUSE. (A new Hotel—just opened.) Gay Street, Knoxville, Tenn. J. C. FLANDERS, Proprietor. THE CENTRAL HOUSE, IS SITUATED A FEW STEPS from the Depot, and is a first-class Hotel, and Market. Beautiful front yard, with beautiful shade trees. [1877-78.]