THE MORRISTOWN GAZETTE.

By JOHN E. HELMS. MORRISTOWN TENN., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1880. VOL. XIV---NO. 38.

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THE MORRISTOWN GAZETTE.

Subscription Price, $2.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 8, 1880.

COL. GEORGE WASHINGTON SPEAKS.

A Bold and Animated Letter.

From the Knoxville Chronicle.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Nov. 22, 1880.

Mr. Editor: Permit me to interpose a respectful denial of that energetic paragraph, wherein I am said to have enlisted in the noble army of "floppers." It has doubtless originated in the rather muscular criticisms with which I have lately seasoned my remarks concerning the Democratic party.

The remarks uttered in the most public and emphatic manner, soon put on their seven-mile boots. To this I had no objections, for the emphasis of their utterance was surpassed only by the deliberation with which my conclusions were reached.

As might be supposed, however, in traveling the circuit, they underwent a metamorphosis so complete that I was unable to recognize my own bantlings. And presently I found myself being congratulated by sturdy brethren of the Republican persuasion upon my growth in political knowledge and grace.

I have nothing to recall. The views which I entertain, so far from being hastily formed, are the slow growth of years, as is well known to many, and as may be seen from a communication of mine, published more than eight years ago. They are the product of the most anxious desire to reach sound political conclusions, wholly uninfluenced by selfish or narrow considerations. And when a man reaches that point he can well afford to decline the questionable honor of receiving his opinions ready-made from those who take in their politics through the pores of their skin, and whose political and intellectual horizon is just comprehensive enough to take in the corporate limits of a small town.

It is no part of the purpose of this communication to air, in extenso, my convictions. For while they are strong enough to compel my obedience, they are not, in my opinion, of sufficient importance to justify a gratuitous howling of them in the public ear, just at a time when we have quit politics and gone to work.

One thing, however, is certain. If Democracy is desirous of a future, it must turn over a new leaf. It must unload the dreary and unprofitable traditions of dead eras, and take aboard a few ideas. What the devil do we care about the past? If we go back at all, why stop this side of Pericles? The best way to honor the past is by catching the inspiration of the present. Pretty soon we will put our feet upon the threshold of the twentieth century. The world moves—ideas move! There are thirty-eight States in the Union, and will be fifty, perhaps. For all National purposes, under the Constitution, this is a Nation, and with a big N. The credit of the Government is sky-high; and don't let's lie about it, and say it isn't. Our notes are the equivalent of gold, both at home and abroad. Greenbackism is dead; fiat money is dead. What a pity the Democracy can't claim the honor of the murder! Nevertheless, it is its privilege to attend the obsequies, and see that it is buried beyond resurrection; and meanwhile quit congratulating greenbackism upon ephemeral successes, and claiming them as "great Democratic victories." Quit setting "springs to catch woodcocks." "The American people are not a darned fool." We have just witnessed a campaign in which no Democratic orator assigned a solitary substantial reason why there should be a change just at this juncture. But, instead, we behold a once great party crawling over the continent on its belly, disgarring private property with a 329 brand, and only stopping long enough in a semi-occasional way, to catch its breath, and howl "centralization;" a howl, it must be admitted, possessing a delightful flavor of originality and freshness, since it began with great vigor in Washington's time, and has been kept up, at intervals ever since. It seems to me that it proceeds from those who underestimate the intelligence and character of the American people. So far as I am concerned I feel entirely safe. This is not an age calculated to foster monarchical systems, except the monarchism of brain. The tendency is otherwise. The schoolmaster is abroad; the newspaper is abroad; so are railroads, telegraphs, postoffices and frequent elections. The North is just as jealous of local self-government as we are, the issue being pressed. They love liberty just as well. They are business from head to foot, and the essential characteristic of business is conservatism, for business is but another name for capital. They haven't got time to hate anybody. So let us drop the sounding brass of politics, and fight over the tariff and other questions of a politico-economical nature. This is the way to split the solid North as well as the solid South, and the time has arrived when the South may safely divide. Let's both preach and practice the utmost toleration—the largest intellectual liberty and freedom of conscience in politics and religion. It's the true civilization. The party which cannot stand this deserves to have a stone tied around its neck and tumbled into the Atlantic. The most damnable and accursed of all despotisms is that which enslaves the better part of man, his mind and conscience. As the "land of the free and the home of the brave," we become, under such a system, a ghastly sarcasm, and the phrase itself the monumental irony of the ages. The politician who would even wink at it is the enemy of his race, and deserves to be "a fixed figure for the time of scorn." It is at once the sublimity of cowardice and the consummation of folly.

We thus invite immigration and capital; and with these will come the quickest and surest solution of the race-problem in the South.

Sometimes parties, like individuals, have to be made very sick before they can be made well. Drastic remedies must be applied. The seidlitz powders of dialectics are inadequate to the present crisis. It calls for a breed of stalwarts with principles, well stuck to, for their creed. Not Bourbonism, that deadly enemy of the South, which is but another name for the enslavement of the mind, and means stagnation; but that higher sort of stalwartism which plants an iron heel upon the sectional spirit; which makes a manly bow to the stern syllogism of accomplished facts, and feels a generous ambition to occupy the front lines of modern thought, and thus move along with the spirit of the age. For who fights the spirit of the age fights the stars, and for his pains will be left. Heretofore Democracy has been the very paragon of inconsistency. Its platforms constitute the most variegated piece of mosaic in this history of politics. It has achieved its own defeat. Let it banish expedient and plant itself upon the ramparts of principle. Then, if it go down, it will not be in ignominy. Until it does this, it is effrontery for it to ask the American people to restore it to power. That man has an obvious touch of the celestial about him who can detect some subtle odor of heaven in a shadow. I can't.

I have written far more than I had intended, but such as it is you may publish it. If it is treason to Democracy, then let Democracy make the most of it. I'm not worrying myself much about the consequences. As in the past, I've nothing to ask of any party. I've always been able to take care of myself and am better able to do it to-day than ever; and nothing within the gift of either party can cause me either to conceal or deviate from my conscientious convictions. All this is personal; and I say it merely for the benefit of those microscopic political insects and pismires who have lately buzzed about and crawled over me in this vicinity, for no better reason than that I respectfully decline to surrender my patent of citizenship and basely resign the right of thought; and upon whose soft cranis a genuine idea would fall with apoc alyptic effect.

Respectfully, &c.,

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

A dispatch from Indianapolis says B. S. Parker, Republican elector, nominated in place of Gen. Thos. W. Bennett, who was withdrawn because of his alleged connection with a Federal office, has been defeated through the blunder of omitting his name from the Republican tickets in Perry, Floyd, Bartholomew, Putnam and Wells counties, in which Parker did not get a single vote. This will elect D. W. Chambers, Democratic elector, by about 5,000 majority. This will offset the Democratic loss of Terry in California.

JOHN H. INMAN.

A SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS MAN.

Emerging From the Confederate Army, a Boy of 20, and Penniless, He Becomes a Millionaire and Head of One of the Largest Cotton Houses in the World.

H. W. Grady, in Atlanta Constitutionalist.

ATLANTA, Nov. 20, 1880.

A short time ago I printed an article on "self-made men." This hasty sketch took the rounds of the press, and I am led to believe did some good. It certainly kindled fresh hopes in some young hearts that were despairing, set aright some designs that were going awry, anchored some lives that were drifting, and lifted the eyes of some young fellows that were groping about blindly. The article was effective, because it taught by example and not by precept.

I have become acquainted with the history of a man and a family that is a fit supplement of that sketch. How I get the facts that I detail need not be known—it is enough to say that I am perfectly sure of their correctness. I will not stop to consider with what relish those interested will see their affairs put in print—I merely know that it is an instructive and interesting history, and I set it out as a pattern life.

In 1865, a young Tennessean, after an honorable and arduous service of over four years, in which he was always in the front, brave and uncomplaining, with his parole in his pocket, came out of the Confederate ranks, and returned to Dandridge, with less than $100 in money, and no property. In 1870 he married a charming and intelligent Tennessee girl, and then reckoned his wealth at about $75,000. Last year his net income for the year was $190,000 and his fortune is now about $1,500,000. He is just 36 years of age, in perfect health and is just entering the prime of life. And now to the details:

The other night I was introduced to Mr. John H. Inman—a youngish looking man, with a ruddy complexion, high, broad and unruffled forehead, finely cut features, a mouth in which decision and kindness were singularly mixed, and a head very much like Mr. Sam Inman. The first glance betrayed the perfectly well bred man, quiet, attentive and winning—but the suggestion that held me was one of great reserve power—the hint that beneath that untroubled and decorous face, there was a forceful and earnest brain that had done notable things, which led me to push an investigation, so to speak, when shortly afterwards I fell in with one who knew the points in Mr. Inman's life.

The Inmans are of English stock, though American born for two generations. S. W. Inman, W. H. Inman and Walker P. Inman were there brothers born in Alabama. They started life in humble circumstances, but soon managed to get a competence. The brothers were very much devoted to each other, and cast their fortunes together. They established a mercantile business in Dandridge, Tennessee, to which banking was shortly added, and out of which comfortable fortunes were made. Mr. S. W. Inman married a miss Martin, a lady of unusual strength of character and excellence, and of this union came Samuel H. Jon H. and Hugh T. Inman. Of these Samuel M. and Hugh T. are well known here as the heads of two of the most prominent Southern firms. The war had broken the fortunes of their father, and the three young men were left literally without anything. General Alfred Austell, of this city, and Mr. W. H. Inman, one of the original brothers, had opened in New York a cotton commission business. Young John Inman reasoning that to "make money one must go where money is," and being anxious for an opportunity to "beard the lion in his den," applied for a clerkship in the firm of Austell & Inman. His offer was accepted and he went out into the world to make his fortune. He was then 20 years old, just out of the Confederate army, an East Tennessee boy, with a fair education and with less tan $100 as his entire possession. The firm then had a working capital of $30,000, was doing a small business, and struggling hard against Northern competition. The young clerk put his whole soul into the business, and made it his study day and night, soon mastered all its details, and built up a most extensive Southern connection, running through every cotton State. He had not been in New York quite two years when his capacity for business, and his sagacity and devotion became so marked and notable that he was offered an interest in one of the old and rich wholesale dry goods houses of the city. He felt, however, a deep sense of gratitude to General Austell and Mr. W. H. Inman who had given him the chance to make a start, and declined an offer that would take him away from them. They properly appreciated his worth, however, and tendered him a third interest in their business, which he accepted. The firm then became Austell, Inman & Co., and the working capital was increased to $100,000. Although then under twenty-four years of age, he gave entire direction to the business and it began to grow with great rapidity. In 1869, General Austell, owing to the increase in his private business, sold his interest, and the firm of Inman, Swann & Co. was established—consisting of John H Inman, W. H. Inman and James Swann—the latter being also a young Tennessean. By this time the business was immense, and the firm soon went into the very first rank in New York. In 1870 young Inman, then twenty-five years of age, finding that he had left his heart in the mountains of East Tennessee, left New York for a vacation and returned with a Miss Coffin, a beautiful and lovely girl, as his bride. Coming of an old and steadfast family, her ancestors having landed at Plymouth Rock, she has been a worthy partner of his success.

When Mr. Inman married he was worth about $75,000—every dollar of which he had coined out of his own brains and energy—a pretty good accumulation for the country youngster that had left his Tennessee home penniless five years before. From this time forward he has grown rich rapidly. In the ten years between then and now he has laid aside very much over $1,000,000—averaging over $100,000 a year. In that time he has spent and given away over a quarter of a million dollars. Last year his net income was $190,000, and for the next year it promises to go heavily over $200,000. As he is just thirty-six years of age, it can be readily seen that when he has passed fifty he will be one of the richest men in the country. The business of the firm of Inman, Swann & Co., aggregated over $10,000,000 last year, and grows heavily and continually. Last year it handled an enormous quantity of cotton and the profit of the business in all its departments ran from $350,000 to $400,000. The working capital is $1,000,000 cash, and the members of the firm are worth nearly $3,000,000. It stands among the first cotton firms in the world. I doubt if there is a firm anywhere that does so large a cotton commission business. Mr. Inman, who has been for the past twelve years the managing head of the firm, is perhaps the leading authority in cotton circles in New York, and on 'change his word is standard—a smart march from the ragged rebel boy that came to a ruined Tennessee home, at the close of the war.

Outside of the enormous business of Inman, Swann & Co., Mr. Inman has a number of private enterprises. Among others he is engaged in the guano and fertilizer trade, the manufacture of which is now a great standard industry, some idea of the magnitude of which may be gathered from the fact that he had $525,000 of his individual cash capital invested in it last season. From one factory he took 10,000 tons—from another 5,000, and so on through. The business being so satisfactory, he will the coming season have $600,000 in the same trade, controlling over 25,000 tons, chiefly on commission. With all this he has everything so systematized and moves with such promptness and decision that he spends from four to six months of each year with his family at the seaside or some resort. It is a cardinal part of his creed never to speculate or to take any speculative risk. In the papers of his firm there are the strongest articles against speculation either as a firm, or by either of the members as individuals. The profits, therefore, though immense, are perfectly legitimate, and come certain and steadily. Mr. Inman lives easily and comfortably, and having culture and taste, finds that his wealth, instead of palling, only opens ever-fresh vistas of enjoyment. He devotes a large sum annually to charity and philanthropy. The handsome donation of his firm to the flood children, the largest ever made by any single firm, will be remembered. In a quieter way he has done much more—as, for instance, he has given over $2,000 individually to the First Presbyterian church of this city. In short, he presents the interesting spectacle of a man of fine instincts, excellent health, and felicitous relations, who has made a fortune while he is young enough to enjoy it to the fullest—and has so ordered his habits that he has not dulled his impulses, chilled the genial currents of his soul or hardened his heart in the struggle with the world. For the next ten years his income should average $250,000 a year, and from that time forward will be fully half a million a year, if he remains in business. What a life of usefulness and happiness is ahead of this man! With a happy Christian home, a loving wife and affectionate children, a heart still fresh and a nature yet unwarped—with a clear head, and a current of strong old Presbyterian blood coursing through his veins—truly his lines are cast in pleasant places.

What an exemplar is here for our young men! What a brilliant promise to draw them away from the arid ways of politics and the hardly less arid ways of professional life! Just look at the chapters in this one man's history. At twenty out of the dust and heat of battle, penniless and alone; at twenty-five worth $75,000, happily married, and at the head of a prosperous house; at thirty-six worth a million and a half, in good health and heart, and with a net income of over $200,000 a year! Follow the probabilities. At forty-six worth five million dollars and possessed of an income of over half a million a year, and just in the prime of a well-ordered life. How this example should draw its followers! How completely it should teach that in the wrangling of public life and the pretentious ways of the professions there is not all the honor or usefulness. Ah! but it is impossible to attain such dizzy heights as this? To be sure, there will be few who can hope for such success—but nothing is surer than that a young man who starts with clean habits, a clear head and a faithful soul, and works earnestly and devotedly can get far enough along this road to come into the sunshine, while yet the flowers on the wayside are wet with dew and the air of the morning embalms the earth.

As for me, I should be charged with irreverence if I wrote down how many politicians, in my opinion, this one young merchant is worth. The mere computation gives me some hint of the severe contempt with which solid men of business look out from their world upon the babbling orators who declare that paralysis or prosperity waits alternately upon the victory or defeat of a faction of salary mongers. I should like to strike a balance between the lives of John Inman, merchant, and some of our eminent latter day statesmen, when both are dead, and see which had done the most and better work. Then we should see how much speches counted against deeds—prophecy against performance — boasting against fulfillment. To drop into metaphor, we may say that the farmer and mechanic create the blood which enriches the body corporate—the merchant, stationed in the heart, supplies the vital force that sends it coursing through the veins—the professional man tempers the flow, gauges its current and defines limitations—while the politicians, camped along its channels, fatten on its exhalations and put the whole body in a fever by swearing that the veinous is superior to the arterial blood, or vice-versa—not hesitating to spill either to disprove the excellence of the other.

EXTENSIVE FORGERIES.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 23.—A. J. Tullis, a lawyer, and Jacob Vine, who were indicted by the grand jury for forgery, have been arrested, and Cornelius McGoldrick, an associate, will also be arrested to-day. The forgeries with which they are charged are of a startling character, being deeds to large quantities of land owned by an eccentric millionaire, Jeremiah Tullis, who died two years ago. It is said some ten thousand acres of land in Iowa, in the vicinity of Fort Dodge, have been fraudulently conveyed to innocent parties, who are now occupying the property. Other lands in Illinois, Missouri and Tennessee have been similarly disposed of. The method was to make a deed from Tullis to McGoldrick, dated a year or two before Tullis' death. Then McGoldrick would deed it to another of the party, and then it would be sold to an innocent victim.

Charles S. Fisher, whose examination before United States Commissioner Hooper on the charge of attempting fraud on the ballot box at the October election, began last week, was this evening held to answer before the grand jury. Bail was fixed at $2 500 and was given.

An English girl has made the discovery that no man will stare long at a woman who does nos stare back.

A Suggestive Legend.

There is a terrible legend of Crim-Tartary concerning a very massive and imposing edifice, which is also very ancient. It is so vast and impressive that travelers are profoundly affected, especially those who come from countries where a certain number of persons are annually destroyed by burning theaters and falling buildings. One such traveler was gazing with admiration upon the edifice, in company with his majesty, the king of the country, and he could not restrain himself from saying:

"O king, what is the secret of the wonderful strength of this building, that it has neither tumbled down nor been burned up."

But his majesty, the king of the country was coy, and forebore to answer. Being pressed more closely, however, at length he answered:

"O stranger, its strength is a secret of the state."

The stranger was not dismayed, and, after much entreaty, his pertinacity overcame the reluctance of the king, who finally said with solemnity:

"O stranger, when my ancestor began to build this temple it was laid upon insecure foundations. Thereupon he sent for another builder, and said to him: 'The present corner-stone will be raised, and the present builder placed under it alive, and upon the stone laid upon the body you will proceed to erect the wall. Should it be weak or insufficient it will be taken down; the corner-stone again raised, you will be placed under it alive, the stone will be again laid, and the building proceed once more.' My ancestor said nothing further; and you now know, O stranger, the secret of these massive walls, and why this building does not tumble down."

The stranger, says the Crim-Tartar legend, went his way much meditating the marvelous government which was able to prevent flimsy building.—*Harper's Magazine.*

PASSING SMILES.

"HAVE you been on a bust lately?" said the shoulder-brace to the corset.

"My day's work's big gun," as the foundry man said, when he commenced to cast a cannon.

HUSBAND—"Mary, my love, this apple dumpling is not half done." Wife—"Well, finish it, then, my dear."

ONE hair in the hash will cost more hard feelings than seven mottoes on the walls can overcome.—*Alta California.*

"A MAN recently died in New Orleans from eating matches," says the Washington *Capital*. We presume eating matches may be as fatal as starving or walking matches.

KANSAS reports a big corn crop, three million and a half of acres growing in that state, and only a million of inhabitants. Three and a half corns to each person. Big feat.

"I HAVE three children who are the very image of myself." "I pity the youngest," replied his interlocuter. "Why?" "Because he is the one who will have to resemble you the longest."

SEVERAL saleslaties write to the *Herald* that they feel insulted when they are called shop girls. Possibly it would be well to compromise this matter—to give them, for instance, truly legitimate title "counter jumper."—*Elmira Free Press.*

PATTI boxed the carpenter work of her new home in Wales, and as a consequence she had eight rooms torn to pieces two or three times over, and now she has a lawsuit with the carpenter. But she has more closets than house, and is happy.

THE Baroness Burdett-Coutts has had over forty proposals of marriage. If she'd accepted the first one she wouldn't have had the other thirty-nine to brag of, but she wouldn't have died an old maid. D'ye mind that, girls.—*Boston Post.*

"IN what condition was the patriarch Job at the end of his life?" asked a Brooklyn Sunday-school teacher of a quiet looking boy at the foot of the class. "Dead," calmly replied the quiet looking boy. From this answer no appeal was taken.

ARTEMUS WARD once told us that the funniest story he ever heard was about an inebriated reporter, who leaned over the railing of the reporters' gallery in the English House of Lords and inquired: "Will shum noble 'ord plea shing comic shong?"

THE trouble about taking a medicine warranted to cure all diseases is that it may not know exactly what is wanted of it, and in that case it will go feeling around in the system trying to cure you of some disease that you have not got.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

A KANSAS CITY reporter records the fact that the defeated candidate "took his way to the train, wrapped in gloom and new store clothes. The gloom was an elegant fit, but the store clothes were too short in the legs and very baggy about the shoulders."

SHE was a charming girl, and her method of explaining what she had heard at the scientific meeting was irresistible. Discoursing upon the photophone, she said, lucidly, "You see by means of a lens they condense a ray of space——" The rest of her remark was lost in the laughter of the company.

LAST week a Bible agent sat down on a farmer's table up in Scott County, played euchre with the old man and won a yoke of four-year-old steers from him, and then made him buy eight dozen Bibles and sixteen pounds of tracts to redeem his steers.—*Burlington Hawk-eye.*

THE most insulting sort of impudence is tolerated at seaside resorts. "Have you taken a bath this morning?" is a question that may be asked of a lady at such a place, and it is rarely ever resented. The same question in town would sever friendship and cause somebody to get hurt.

FASHIONABLE Galveston lady at a social gathering remarks jestingly to Gillooly: "I wonder how much I would bring if I was put up at auction and sold to the highest bidder?" "Just about $3,000." "Why, my jewelry alone is worth that." "Yes, that's what I put it down at in my estimate."—*Galveston News.*

IN one of the census book filled in the County Clerk's office, the census enumerator, by some accident, put down the name of one individual turned around, that is, the given name where the surname should be. Instead of rewritting the name, he wrote above it an explanatory note, "turned around itself."—*Kingstown Freeman.*

"WHY," some writer asks, "is a brilliant man less brilliant with his wife than with any one else?" Well, we suppose she asks him for money oftener than any one else. You take to borrowing money regularly and constantly of your dearest and most brilliant friend, and see what will become of his brilliancy in your presence.

As a sample of the past and present in railroading the following shows how much more perfect is the system in 1880 than that of 1866: In the latter year it took a passenger five days to go from New Orleans to New York, making nine changes, and many of these changes necessitated a long walk from depot to depot. In 1869 it took four days, with two or three changes; in 1873 three and a half days, one change; in 1878 three days, one change, and now, in 1880, you can go in sixty hours and forty-five minutes, one change. Quite a difference in time, not to mention the difference in comfort also.

IT is customary to mine coal so closely as to leave pillars of insufficient size and strength to support the earth which is left on top. The people of the plains, near Wilksbarre, are greatly distressed by the caving in of the earth beneath them from this cause. The fall goes on piecemeal, with a succession of petty earthquakes. These wreck houses and barns, and produce general alarm among the residents, who cannot tell at what moment any house may be tipped over and demolished.

PATENTS

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apr4'77—tf GEO. BROWN.

P. M. WILLIAMS,

WHOLESALE

Produce and Commission Merchant,

DEALERS IN

Wheat, Corn, Oats, Hay, Flour, Bacon, Dried Fruit, &c.

CASH ADVANCED ON PRODUCE IN STORE.

Warehouse: Old Virginia Depot, on Railroad Track.

KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE.

may 26 '79—tf

J. W. GAUT & SON,

Wholesale Produce and Commission Merchant,

NO. 203 GAY ST., KNOXVILLE, TENN.

Receives Consignments of all kinds of Produce, and Buys

WHEAT, CORN, OATS, RYE, HAY, BACON, LARD, FLOUR,

DRIED FRUIT, FEATHERS, &c.,

For which the highest market price is paid. When desired, liberal advances made on consignments. Charges liberal and satisfaction guaranteed. may30'79—tf