

Daily Tobacco Leaf-Chronicle.

VOL. 4. NO. 9

CLARKSVILLE, TENN., MONDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 19, 1892.

FIFTEEN CENTS A WEEK

THE HOPKINS



Is something new in Hats; beautiful shapes and nice goods. Call at

DALY, PEARCE & GREEN'S

and see the largest and best stock of Hats ever brought to Clarksville. We also have the

Knox & Stetson Makes

Ladies, don't forget to call and see our "PERFECTION" SHOES. New lot just arrived. Something nice.

DALY, PEARCE & GREEN



HOSIERY DEPARTMENT

Fall stocks of Ladies', Misses and Children's

HOSE

In the Celebrated

Hermesdorf :: Black,

Also OPERA shades in Silk and Lisle,

Are now ready for inspection at

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R. W. ROACH

95 Franklin Street,

HAS JUST RECEIVED

New Dress Goods,

New Table Linens,

Towels, Napkins, Etc.

HOSIERY AND UNDERWEAR.

Also Thompson's Glove-Fitting Corsets, Jouvin's celebrated Genuine French Kid Gloves, which we will sell very cheap. Call and see them.

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For Sale, at the Settle Brickyard, in any quantity desired, BUILDING BRICK, PAVEMENT BRICK, PRESSED BRICK

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Manufacturers of and Dealers in—

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Coulter & Ledbetter,

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—MANUFACTURERS OF—

Sash, Doors, Blinds, Flooring

A large stock Cypress Shingles on hand.

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Plans and Specifications furnished and Estimates made

ORDERS SOLICITED.

SAILOR'S REST

A Great Outpouring of Patriotic People

Hear the Principles of True Democracy Discussed.

Hon. Jas. M. Head Speaks Before Dinner is Spread.

Hon. Benton McMillin Annihilates Republican Misrule

And Makes a Great Speech for Good Government.

The Force Bill Killed By Hon. Jas. D. Richardson.

A Red Letter Day for Montgomery County Democracy.

One Thousand People Gather at Sailor's Rest and Hear Speakers of National Reputation.

BONFIRES BURNING BRIGHTLY.

The barbecue and public speaking at Sailor's Rest Saturday was well attended from the city. The Hon. Jas. M. Head, of Nashville, arrived in the city Friday night and stayed at the Arlington. It was the program for Mr. McMillin and Mr. Richardson to come down on the 7:25 train Saturday morning. These gentlemen missed connection at Guthrie, however, and arrangements were made to have them sent from there to Sailor's Rest by special train. This was accomplished without much delay and the speakers reached the grounds shortly after 12 o'clock.

The crowd from Clarksville was a representative one. Among the number were the following: Col. John F. House, Judge C. W. Tyler, S. A. Caldwell, Judge A. H. Munford, Dr. T. H. Marable, Dr. W. A. Shelby, Julien Gracey, Capt. Matt Gracey, Capt. Thos. Herndon and others.

AT THE GROUNDS.

A large crowd, estimated anywhere from 600 to 1,000 people, was present. Ample arrangements had been made for the accommodation of a large number of people. The site was as perfect as heart could wish. There was also enough well seasoned and well cooked barbecue to feed the immense throng and have several carcasses left. If there was any one on the ground who was not satisfied he kept it to himself.

MR. HEAD'S SPEECH.

Mr. Head spoke in the forenoon. It was a scholarly presentation of the great cardinal principles of Democracy. His language was faultless, and his thought profound. He confined himself mainly to State issues. He did not propose to abuse people who differed from him, but on the other hand gave them the credit of having honest convictions. "There is room," said he, "for but two political parties. The Democratic and Republican parties represent all the great principles of government—the good and the bad—and when any other party arises its inevitable effect is not to supplant, but to injure one of the old parties. People have been in the habit of saying that there is no difference between the Democratic and Republican parties. There are differences. The Democrats believe in a tariff for revenue; the Republicans believe in a protective tariff. The one believes in the needful limitation of the Federal power, the other in a centralized government. There are indeed vast differences."

He stood squarely upon the national Democratic platform in regard to the silver question. He spoke forcibly and earnestly of the labor troubles, and showed a familiarity with the questions involved. He struck the pension bureau some telling blows that made those clay hills, with ribs of iron, resound again and again. He showed it to be the greatest fraud ever perpetrated on a free people.

The speaker next addressed himself to the record of J. B. Weaver at Pulaski during the year 1864. This is where the People's party candidate for president made his record for stealing money. The State and national papers have published the record as given by Mr. Abernathy, the clerk of the Giles County court. Mr. Head read several affidavits from people of Pulaski showing that money had been extorted from them by this same man who comes South to ask for votes. Mr. Weaver denied all of the allegations made against him, and said he never received a cent, but Mr. Abernathy holds a receipt for the amount taken from him and Mr. Head produced a photographic copy of the same, which read as follows:

PULASKI, TENN., Jan. 30, 1864. Received of Chas. C. Abernathy two hundred and fifty dollars, amount due on above order. [Signed] J. B. WEAVER, Col. Commanding Post.

Mr. Head's speech throughout was a masterly arraignment of the Republican and Third parties, and a forceful argument for straight Democracy. He is a good speaker and will do much good for the Democratic cause wherever he may go. He talked about two hours and held the attention of his audience well. After dinner was over and the old time pipe of peace had been smoked, Judge Tyler stepped upon the stand and introduced the first speaker of the evening.

HON. BENTON McMILLIN.

The speaker began by saying: "Of all the sciences to which man can turn his attention, that of free government is the most important. Democracy believes in that form of government which grants to every person life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. The party had its faith written by the great author of the declaration of independence. Its principles are sound. Every man has a consciousness of the fact that they are good and true. The Republicans hold to the faith of Alex. Hamilton. They believe in having two classes in a nation—the rich and the poor—a monied aristocracy and a beggarly class of plebeians. They want to check the impudence (?) of the populace. When a man becomes once a senator, let him always be a senator. We, the Democratic party, believe that the people without respect to rank ought to do what should be done. We believe in making every man equal to his fellowman. We must hold and cherish this sentiment. We must keep the faith. I defy any man, living or dead, to point to any act placed upon the statutes of our country by Democrats that is detrimental to the interests of the people. (Cheers.) No wrongful act ever has been passed by the Democratic party.

"There is a great deal of discussion as to how much men ought to be taxed. Every man, woman and child in the United States pays seven or eight dollars per year to the general government by means of tariff taxation, still you make no loud complaints. If this was a direct tax imposed by your State you would rise up in arms and resist it. A man will pay two dollars indirect taxation before he would pay one of direct taxation. Why say the only question is the money question? Why say the question of taxation is of no importance? Why censure your representatives in congress when they have done all they could for you?"

Here the speaker branched off on a brilliant eulogium of Congressman Washington and of his predecessor, Col. John F. House. "When any man," continued the speaker, "says the Democratic party is the author of your woes, in scriptural language, he is a liar and the truth is not in him. (Cheers.) There was a time when I could not utter a harsh word, but now when I think of the villainous Republican party, I am led to exclaim, 'where is the cousin man?' The Republican tariff taxation is a mammoth imposition. The duty is greater on the necessities of life than on the luxuries. The duty on wool is 125 per cent., while that on champagne is less than 60 per cent. The wool will keep you warm in winter and clothe you the year round. The champagne won't even make you well if you are sick, but it will make you feel like you don't care a continental whether you are sick or well. The Republican party must fix the duty thus to keep themselves in power. They can't live without campaign money, and they can't get campaign money without fostering the interests of the money men. Honest John Wanamaker carried \$400,000 to New York at one time for the campaign, to my certain knowledge. He was also running a Sunday-school in Philadelphia, buying votes in Indiana and selling religious tracts in Illinois at one time. He is the most versatile and diversified hypocrite in the universe. [Applause.] The assertion that higher duty makes higher wages is an infamous falsehood. Home-Steak is an invincible argument to stamp the assertion as a fraud upon the people."

Here the speaker gave some interesting statistics on the cost of production, and the increase that was made in duty upon the necessities of life. He spoke briefly of the repeal of the sugar tax, and said the Republicans were the oldest enemies in the can-brake. He believed in fighting all along the line. He was opposed to the single shot policy adopted by the present congress in dealing with the tariff question, but submitted to the majority of the Democrats. They had done all men could do. He read a few extracts from Winstead's speech, and said that the only difference between him and Annanias, was that Annanias lied because he wanted to keep some of his property back, and Winstead lied because he didn't know any better. The only fault in the speech was that there is no truth in it. The speaker then showed the fallacy of the four planks of the People's party's platform: 1st. Purchase and control of railroads. 2d. Telegraph lines. 3d. Land loan scheme, and 4th, the sub-treasury. He handled each one without gloves and said they were "centralization run mad."

"Democracy is as bold as all the lions that ever left their lairs. It has nothing to conceal and nothing to fear. The leopard cannot change his spots, and Democracy will not change its creed. [Applause.] We are going to win from Beersheba to Dan, from Cleveland to Dunbar. We are asked: 'What has the Democratic party done for the people?' and the same ones answer 'Nothing.' A greater calumny was never heaped upon a people. The Democrats made the United States three times larger than it was when Jefferson took charge. They prevented the search of American vessels upon the high seas. Under Cleveland's administration they recovered 100,000,000 acres of the public domain that was given away by the Republicans. We have had the world, the flesh, and the devil to fight against, and it is astonishing that we have done as much as we have. We must all get back together. Our father's fought together. Then let us get back again and be brothers once more. Our party began with the revolution, and continues to go on. It was not born to die while man is free. There is that within the Democratic heart that will never die."

Mr. McMillin made a broad, able speech, that brought cheer after cheer from the eager crowd. He did much good by his earnest presentation of the Democratic faith. It was nearly 4 o'clock when he finished, and

HON. JAS. D. RICHARDSON Took the stand. He said it was late and he would not trespass on the patience of the crowd, and would only say a few words. He directed his darts almost solely at pensions and the force bill. "We pay more money in pensions," said he, "than all the autocratic and monarchical governments of the world. Russia has a standing army of millions, and we have an army of 25,000, yet we pay eight times more money in pensions than Russia does. This is the state of affairs begotten by a Republican pension bureau. You want to leave the Democratic party? Where will you go? To the author of your troubles, the Republican party? It seems so. He who is not for us is against us. If the Democratic party has done nothing else for thirty years, it ought to receive the plaudits of all free men for preventing the passage of that infamous, malignant, and turpitudinous measure known as the force bill. It is a measure that menaces the liberty of the South. Its name is a stench in the nostrils of all good men. Armed men at the ballot box, and perhaps negroes themselves, Federal supervisors, and returning boards, all of this reeks with the essence of corruption and tyranny. If this bill is once passed there will never again be a free election in our country. Stand by the Democratic party and prevent these direful calamities."

Mr. Richardson is a fine speaker, and it was regretted that his time was limited. The meeting at Sailor's Rest was no doubt productive of great good. It was a great day for Democracy, and one long to be remembered.

There has been a continued tendency to bowel disease here this season, says G. W. Shively, druggist, Wickliffe, Ky. "and an unusual demand for Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. I have sold four bottles of it this morning. Some remarkable cures have been effected by it and in all cases it has proved successful." For sale by Owen & Moore, Druggists.

Bruce L. Rice has accepted the agency here for the United States Building & Loan Association, of Louisville, authorized capital \$50,000,000. He can be found at the office of Leach & Savage, and those who wish stock will do well to see him. jul22ndtt

Do not punish your children with bitter, nauseous mixtures when you can get "C. C. Certain Chilli Cure" on a guarantee. Any child will take it. Sold by Owen & Moore.

TAKES THE PALM.

What Visitors Think of Franklin's Hospitality.

An Interesting Letter of Events Connected With the Reunion Held in Williamson County.

To the Tobacco Leaf-Chronicle.

"See Naples and die," is an old and apt Neapolitan boast, illustrating the unrivaled grandeur and beauty of its situation and surroundings. We exclaim, "See Franklin and Williamson county; hold communion with their generous, open-hearted people, and if death should come you will be better prepared to meet the God who made that beautiful country and peopled it with such noble men and lovely women!"

We went, we saw, we were conquered. How could it have been otherwise? The royal reception at the depot, the hearty handshakes from old comrades dear, the soul-stirring music, the bright smiles of lovely sympathetic women made children of us all, as witness the glistening tear the old boys tried so hard to hide. Falling into line and keeping step to that grand old air that never fails to quicken the heartbeat of an old Confederate soldier, we marched through the streets of the little town to the court-house. Flags, bunting, streamers on all sides. "Welcome, welcome!" met us everywhere; it beamed from the eyes of men, women and children; the air was laden with it; the zephyrs whirled it in our ears as they stole softly by. Why is it that the boys now and then doff their hats? It is the involuntary tribute paid to that emblem which we followed so long and loved so dearly.

Arrived at the court-house a heartfelt address of welcome from Major Ewing and Col. Cowan, and a stirring response from Col. John M. Taylor, and we gave way to the sons of Confederate veterans, who wished to perfect their State organization. God bless the boys! They are imbued with the same spirit that animated their fathers. Tennessee will never want for defenders so long as she claims such as these as citizens.

We next turned our steps toward the famous old battle ground, where 1,700 as gallant men as ever trod upon the field of battle gave their lives to their country's cause. Perhaps no battle-ground in all our Southland is so little changed and can be so easily recognized. The pike leading in from Columbia was the center of the bloody scene. Along the pike it is comparatively level, but on either side there is a considerable depression. On the left two or three houses have been built on ground that was once dotted with our dead, but this does not materially change the general features of the landscape. A hedge on the left marks the line of Federal works captured and held by Strahl's brigade. On the right, between the old gin house and the pike, Battle Ground Academy has been erected across the line of Federal works assaulted by Cleburne's and Walthall's divisions. The old gin house has been torn down, but its outlines are clearly defined, and a monument marking the spot is now in course of erection. Our thoughtful friends, assisted by Capt. Roberts, have marked the position of each division and brigade, and the spots where our commanders fell. Between Battle Ground Academy and the pike is the spot where old Pat Cleburne gave his last command. Just beyond the pike and inside the Federal works is where the gallant Strahl breathed his last. Still further to the left the heroic Carter gave up his young life. Then sweeping with our gaze the line of works, invoking visions of the past, we see the ground literally covered with the bodies of unknown but equally heroic men, who gave their lives to their country and their God. Step lightly, boys, it is holy ground.

As to our own little squad, here near where Strahl fell, one of us lost an arm. Over there near the old gin house another leaped the Federal works and was made a prisoner and still another received an almost mortal wound. Who can fathom our emotions, who sound the depth of feeling invoked when the thousand streams of memory were turned loose by the sight before us? Turning sadly from the sacred ground we went to the homes assigned us, and after partaking of the good things prepared by our hospitable hosts, we again assembled at the court-house and after a pleasant and profitable business meeting were turned loose to prepare ourselves for the treat in store. When the shades of evening close again we are assembled at the court-house. The vision before us is different from that of a few hours ago. Bronzed faces and grizzled beard are not the rule, but the exception the bright eyes, soft cheeks and cherry lips of youth and beauty have

supplanted them. An entertainment has been prepared for us by the young folks of Franklin and Nashville. That it was unique and enjoyable throughout was well attested by the rapt attention and at times the hearty applause.

"Tenting on the old camp ground" grows sweeter and dearer to us as the years roll by. "Coming through the rye," that sweetest lay of old Scotia's well beloved band was rendered by a voice as full, sweet and musical as that of a seraph. The hush that fell upon us, the drops of pearl that ran down the cheeks of the old soldiers boys when a rich, mellow young voice recites Father Ryan's immortal verses, as we had never heard them rendered, before was proof sufficient of our appreciation and of the love we bore the author of his subject. The concert over, we repair to the rooms below to regale ourselves with the tempting viands spread in such profusion before us by the good ladies of Franklin. Then to bed and to sleep and as we sleep to dream of what we have seen and heard and of the memories that have been invoked, bright eyes and sweet young voices are strangely commingled with the roar of battle and clash of arms. Morning comes, our eyes open, the glorious rays of the sun are pouring in at the window. God has blessed us with another perfect day. Our ablutions made, our clothes donned, our fast broken and we are again on the public square. The scene is a lively one, bugles, carriages, horses and bicycles moving here and there and all decorated with flags and bunting. The procession is soon formed, headed by a band, followed by an elaborately decorated float containing sixteen young ladies, bearing the banners of the various Southern States, the Indian Territory and the District of Columbia. Next was a similarly decorated float containing thirty sweet little girls bearing the banners of the various Bivouacs of the State. Little Pattie DeGraffenreid and petite Genevieve Casey, two as winsome we things as ever delighted a parent's heart, bore aloft the banners of Forbes No. 2 and Alf. Robb No. 8, Sons of Veterans. We paid our respects in a body to little Pattie, and as knights of old, vowed eternal fealty. Frank Beaumont pledged the lives and fortunes of Alf. Robb No. 3 to sweet Genevieve. Next to this float came perhaps a dozen young ladies and gentlemen on horse-back. Next came the old Veterans the Sons of Veterans, school children and the bicycle brigade in the order named. The procession headed towards McGavock's grove, then which a lovelier spot mortal eye never beheld, one hundred acres of gently rolling grass land through which ripples a pearly brook, and dotted here and there with massive oak and beech trees that were old when the red man made this his hunting ground. Here was the climax of the magnificent hospitality that had been so continuously showered upon us. Gathered here were ten thousand of us noble, cultured, hospitable people as can be found on God's footstool. We assembled around the speakers' stand and listened to some soul-stirring addresses. Young Wall captures the hearts of the old Veterans and all are happy. The speaking over, dinner is announced. Can this vast host be fed? Yes, and seemingly ten thousand more, judging from what is left. After dinner we mix and mingle with the throng, meet old friends and make new ones. Some of us wander to the McGavock cemetery, where lie the remains of our brave comrades who fell here 26 years ago. It is a lovely spot, a fit resting place for heroes such as they. Pushing still further on we stand upon the great gallery of the McGavock mansion and pay our respects to the grand old man through whose munificence the grounds were obtained, and the bones of our brothers in arms laid at rest. It is getting late, the hour approaches when we must bid good-bye to the noble-hearted men and women of Franklin and Williamson county. Good-bye to the old comrades whom we so well love to greet, we may never meet again, but God bless them, one and all, is the prayer that comes bubbling up from the fulness of our hearts. We love Clarksville and Montgomery county, they are our people, we are theirs; we have never called on them that they have not responded two-fold. We have the proud satisfaction of having inaugurated these reunions. Our people came nobly, generously to our aid, their praise was on every tongue. Nashville, Shelbyville and Winchester followed and did their parts well, but be believe that they will, with one accord, join with us in laying the palm at the feet of that little gem of a city that lies nestled in the bosom of grand old Williamson county.

BUTLER LOYD, T. H. SMITH, C. H. BAILEY, T. J. MUNFORD, T. D. LOCKETT, R. L. COBB, J. H. NEBLETT, JAS. WELLS, B. A. HASKINS, W. H. FRYE, FRANK S. BEAUMONT, Pres't Alf Robb Bivouac B. C. V.