CLARKSVILLE WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

VOL. 47--NO. 36. CLARKSVILLE, TENN., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1880. WHOLE NO. 2,309.

Owen & Moore,

Druggists and Booksellers.

Clarksville, Tenn.

Constantly on hand a full supply of

School Books,	Pure Drugs,
Miscellaneous Books,	Patent Medicines,
Sunday School Books,	Dye-Stuffs, Paints,
Writing Paper,	Oils, Varnishes, Teas,
Envelopes, Pens,	Spices, Perfumery,
Pencils, Slates, Inks,	Toilet Articles,
Copy Books,	Cigars
Blank Books,	and Tobacco,
And everything pertaining to Office Stationery.	Pure Wines and Liquors for Medicinal Purposes.

Our Entire Stock is Fresh.

CALL AND EXAMINE.

L. GAUCHAT,

57 Franklin Street, Clarksville, Tenn.

Has just received a large variety of

French AND American Clocks,

Which he is selling at lowest prices.

Particular attention paid to repairing fine Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Fancy Goods in the most perfect manner. All work warranted.
Nov. 22, 1879-tf

S. B. STEWART,

DEALER IN

Drugs and Medicines,

Paints, Oils, Toilet Articles,

Stationery, School Books, Etc.

(Stand formerly occupied by McCauley & Co.)

Clarksville, Tenn.

I cordially invite my friends and former patrons to come and examine stock and prices.
August 10, 1878—tf

J. F. WARFIELD,

PROPRIETOR OF

The Peoples Drug Store!

(OPPOSITE FOX & SMITH'S)

Franklin Street, - Clarksville, Tennessee,

Keep constantly on hand a full supply of

Pure Drugs, Stationery, Fancy & Toilet Articles,

Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Paint Brushes, School Supplies, etc.
I will be on hand at all hours, both day and night, where I will fill prescriptions with accuracy and skill. Respectfully,
January 1, 1880-tf J. F. WARFIELD.

ALL HAIL, IN TRIUMPH ADVANCING!

W. H. Tandy's HEADQUARTERS

—FOR—

Drugs, Notions, Garden Seeds, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Black Draught, Keno Liniment.

1852. 1879.

NEW GOODS

—:o:—

BLOCH BROS.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS

NOS. 11 AND 13 FRANKLIN STREET.

Clarksville, - - - Tennessee,

Would inform the public that they are daily receiving new goods, adapted for Christmas presents such as Ladies' Embroidered Sets, Silk Handkerchiefs, Cloaks, Dolmans, etc., at popular prices.

Our stock of Carpets, Oil Cloths, Rugs, etc., is very large and inviting.

In Boots and Shoes we are prepared to show an elegant assortment.

In Jeans and all kinds of stapele Dry Goods, we have an unusually full stock.

Our assortment of Men's and Boys' Clothing, Furnishing Goods, Hats, etc., cannot be surpassed.

In addition to this we would say that goods have advanced very considerably since we made our purchases, and those wishing to avail themselves of old prices, had better come at once before the supply is exhausted.

Respectfully,

BLOCH BROS.

Dec. 20, 1879.

All kinds of LEGAL BLANKS printed and kept for sale at this office.

A BIG BOOM

In the interest of the wearer of

Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Notions, etc.

The very best goods, the very nicest fits, the very latest styles, and the very lowest prices, all to be found at

V. L. WILLIAMS,

the Shoe man, No. 25 Franklin St.,

Clarksville, Tenn.

KINCANNON, WOOD & CO.

Franklin Street, - - Clarksville, Tenn.

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

HARDWARE, CUTLERY, Mechanics' TOOLS, WAGON WOOD, Etc., Etc.

Stoves, Tin and Sheet-Ironware,

House-Furnishing Goods,

China, Glass and Queensware.

We are fully prepared to furnish all kinds of goods in our line as cheap as the cheapest, consisting of French, China, White Granite and C. C. Ware in every variety.

COOK STOVES,
HEATING STOVES,
PLAIN AND ENAMELED GRATES,
WALLACE PATENT GRATE,
IRON MANTELS, ETC.
SOLID SILVER WARE,
PLATED WARE,
BOHEMIAN GLASS,
CROCKERY, ETC.

Also Chimnry Tops, Patent Flues, Drain Tile and Fire Brick. We are prepared to do Tin and Slate Roofing, Galvanized Iron Work, Guttering, etc., at bottom prices. We have many useful articles in the House-Furnishing line. Please call and see for yourselves.

Kincannon, Wood & Co.

N. B.—If you want to go to house-keeping we can fix you.
January 11, 1879—tf

CHRISTMAS!

GO TO THE

TRADE PALACE.

Great Attractions

FOR

Christmas and New Year!

—:o:—

Prices of Goods as Low as Ever,

And No Advance.

I respectfully call the attention of all CLOSE CASH BUYERS to my immense stock of

Dry Goods, Clothing, Carpets,

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS,

NOTIONS, GENTS' FURNISHING, GOODS, ETC.,

Which I propose to sell as cheap as ever, and ask no advance on any goods, although they have advanced over 20 per cent. in the last few weeks. I believe I have the advantage of a good many other merchants, as I bought very heavy before the big rise in goods, consequently will and can sell cheaper than a great many others. I have in stock now 1,000 yards of Brown Cotton; 2,000 yards of Bleached Cotton; 1,000 yards of Brown and Bleached Drilling; 1,000 yards Sea Island Cotton; 500 pieces of Choice Prints; 100 pieces of Jeans, also a fine and large assortment in all kinds of Dress Goods, with Trimmings to match. A large stock of Ladies' Cloaks, which will be sold regardless of cost. You will also find in my store, the largest stock of

READYMADE CLOTHING!

In the city, consiting of 200 suits for men; 100 suits for youths; 50 suits for boys, and 300 Overcoats for men, youths and boys, which must be sold to close out. A very large stock of Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Trunks, Valises, and a great many articles too numerous to mention.

I have the best assorted stock of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Hose in the city, and ladies have often expressed themselves, that Lieber's is the place to buy Hosiery. My stock of

Silk Handkerchiefs and Ladies' Neck-Ties

Must be seen to be appreciated. They were all bought before the big rise in goods, and are now on exhibition for the approaching Holidays.

I extend a cordial invitation to everybody to call and examine my stock of goods, before buying elsewhere, and I am satisfied that I will sell goods chaper than any other house in the city.

Elannels, Blankets, Water-Proofs and all heavy goods marked down, and will be sold cheaper than they can be bought elsewhere today.

My motto is "Quick Sales and Small Profits," and I will not be under sold by anybody. It is therefore to everybody's interest to come to Lieber's Trade Palace, and buy cheap goods, good goods and lots of goods for a little money.

Thanking my friends and customers for their very liberal patronage in the past, and hoping a continuance of the same in the future, and wishing all, rich and poor, old and young, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, I am Respectfully,

Philip Lieber.

dec 20-tf

Franklin Bank,

FRANKLIN STEEET,

CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

STOCKHOLDERS.

Virgil A. Garnett,	Stephen Pettus
Mrs. T. F. Pettus,	H. J. Wilder,
J. M. Anderson,	W. H. Green,
Alf. Darnall,	D. Kincannon.
W. T. McReynolds.	J. G. Joseph.
Geo. Snadon.	

P. C. HAMBAUGH, President.
R. D. MOSELEY, Vice-Pres't
W. S. POINDEXTER, Cashier.

☞ *Prompt Attention to Collections.*
Nov. 24, 1877-tf

HILL ON GRANT.

At a period quite recent, when the world was called upon to believe in the existence of a Grant boom in the South, Senator Hill of Georgia was one of the Southern politicians who was represented to be in favor of the third term and the man on horseback. Though the illusion of the Southern Grant boom is now completely dispelled, some extracts from Mr. Hill's letter on the subject will be found instructive. We give the extracts as we find them in the New York World:

Senator Ben Hill has written to a gentleman in Brattleboro, Vt., who furnished it to the Reformer, a letter under date of January 26, 1880: The Senator had been asked by his correspondent, "Do you, as some people claim, favor Gen. Grant for President, and has he any following among the Southern Democrats? and in case of his nomination by the Republicans, do you think he could carrry a single Southern State?" To which the Senator answers, "I do not favor Gen. Grant's election to the Presidency under any contingency that I can now imagine. Gen. Grant has some following in the South, among those who say they are Democrats, but if he is nominated by the Republican party he could not carry a single Southern State. There are a few men in the South who are still unfriendly to the Union. Having failed to dissolve that Union by secession, they now hope to see a worse result, practically, accomplished through the opposite extreme of centralism and despotism. They believe this result can be reached more certainly and speedily through the third election of Gen. Grant than by any other means. An illustration of this class is furnished in Gen. Tombs, of my own State, who sent a congratulatory message to Gen. Grant at Chicago ending with the expression "Death to the Union." But this class are very few, and they are all intense original secessionists.

There are also a few men at the South who, while not unfriendly to the Union, have utterly despaired of the preservation of the Union under our constitutional system; who believe its subversion in principle has already been accomplished and its subversion in form is only a question of time, and they believe this inevitable result can be reached more easily and with less shock through Gen. Grant than through any other man. I doubt whether both of these classes combined number one hundred men in Georgia, but they are men of intelligence and they entertain with favor the idea of electing Grant nominally for a third term and really for life.

There is a third class in the South who believe Gen. Grant will be elected by the Northern people anyhow; who know his partiality for his friends, and who expect by announcing themselves as his foremost friends in the South to command the offices which will then be in his gift. These last are more numerous and more noisy and less intelligent than the first two classes mentioned above, but they are too weak in every sense to authorize any chance of giving the electoral vote of any Southern State to Gen. Grant.

Nearly all the Southern people have a kindly feeling for General Grant. He is stronger at the South than any other Republican. Our people will never forget his manly and magnanimous conduct toward them at the close of the war. If he had manifested the same magnanimity in his administration of the government he would have become an idol with the Southern people. But his seeming disregard or ignorance of constitution obligations; his use of the army to sustain the carpet-bag plunderers; his encouragement of the Returning Board frauds both in State and Federal elections, and his unexpected subserviency to bad men who filled the world with scandals during his administration, have fully convinced our people that Gen. Grant was not equal to his grand opportunities and ought not again to be trusted with power, however personally honest and kind he may be.

In conclusion Senator Hill remarks: "We of the South present no names for Presidential honors. I believe the very best thing which could happen would be an administration of the Government by a wise Southern statesman, for it would be the pride and pleasure of such a statesman to so administer our national affairs as to banish from the minds of the Northern people the last vestige of distrust and apprehension of Southern national fidelity growing out of past sectional controversies. But we are aware that the sectional temper of the North is not in condition to reason calmly on this subject and would not brook such a suggestion. Therefore no thoughtful man in the South is even expecting such honors. All that we expect or ask is that Northern statesmen shall be presented who will do equal justice to all sections, and whose lives show that they do not regard the abuse and calumny of any section as the test of loyalty to the Union. There are many such statesmen in every State of the North, in both parties; but not one such is even spoken of for the Republican nomination. I can name men in New England—even in Massachusetts—who would administer the Government in a spirit worthy of Washington, and either one of whom the Southern people would rejoice in aiding to elevate to that high position.

After all, such men must ultimately be chosen, or the people will lose the right to choose at all. The people must end the triumphs of fraud, or fraud will end the liberties of the people and that, too, at no distant day."

An affable Manner.

Much of the happiness of life depends on our outward demeanor. We have all experienced the charm of gentle and courteous conduct; we have all been drawn irresistibly to those who are obliging, affable, and sympathetic in their demeanor. The friendly grasp, the warm welcome, the cheery tone, the encouraging word, the respectful manner, bear no small share in creating the joy of life; while the austere tone, the stern rebuke, the sharp and acid remark, the cold and indifferent manner, the curt and disrespectful air, the supercilious and scornful bearing, are responsible for more of human distress, despair and woe, than their transient nature might seem to warrant.

R. J. BURDETTE, THE HAWKEYE MAN.

Gives an Account of His Visit to Clarksville.

Only a day or two ago, and the hillsides about Clarksville, Tenn., were laughing with opening violets that kissed the sunshine and lent their fragrance to the air. And today, when I got off the train and fell into the hands of more colored hack drivers than there are houses in the city, six inches of snow cover everything. There is as much snow here, in the sunny South, as I left in New Hampshire less than a month ago.

Clarksville. Why, Burlington ought to know something about this bright, busy little city. I met here Major Henry, "the eagle orator of Tennessee," an uncle of our Dr. Henry of Burlington. Years ago the Major visited Burlington, during the life-time of the old doctor, his brother, and he speaks to me warmly about Starr, and Fitz Henry Warren, and other Burlingtonians whom he met. Then I have a pleasant interview with Captain A. B. Maxey, who represents the Hawkeye down here, and is our sole subscriber in Clarksville. The captain won and wore his title in the Confederate service, but all the same he renews his subscription to the best paper in America, and he couldn't keep the bridge without it. It is very homelike in Gen. Quarles' office, where the Hawkeye establishes its office and receives its friends. The General, you will remember, was Andrew Johnson's powerful competitor for United States Senator, in the last race the ex-President ran. I meet no end of gentlemen with military titles, and they were all, of course, Confederate titles. I am introduced to a tall soldierly Major, who hands me his left arm. "The other," General Quarles explains, "was lost fighting against the best government on the earth." And by and bye the "management" comes in, Rhodes and Burney and Goodpasture, splendid young fellows, lawyers, all of them, and I find I am to attend the leap-year party to-night, and lecture the next night, and spend the Sabbath in Clarksville. The program suits me as thoroughly as the people charm me, and I begin to like Clarksville amazingly well. Been here only six hours and nobody shot.

TAKING IN THE TOWN.

In the afternoon I drove out with a select party of Ku-Klux, with whom I had just dined, and we view the city from the usual pleasant, charitable, post-prandial standpoint. A town always looks better after dinner. Foolish indeed is the committee that takes the man out to "see the town" before dinner. (And frequently after dinner, also.) In the door-yards the magnolia trees, with their great, glossy leaves, attract my attention. We drive by the handsome Presbyterian church, erected at a cost of $45,000, and the Episcopal, an imposing edifice of stone, costing about $40,000. Here is the high school, there the Southwestern Presbyterian University, J. N. Waddel Chancellor, and here is the city school for colored children, a commodious brick building, two stories, and cruciform in shape. "We shoot 'em, you know," remarks the mildest Ku-klux, "but we build them good school houses all the same." And here we pass the Clarksville Female Academy. Quite an intellectual city, you see.

And of course we drive out past the cemetery, beautifully located, and dotted with monuments of marble and granite. Here sleeps Cave Johnson, Postmaster General under President Polk, and here, too, rests the first Governor of Tennessee, Blount. Descendants of these families still live in Clarksville. Clarksville has always maintained a marked political ascendency in this district. It has now one United States Senator (Bailey), one member of Congress and the Circuit and Criminal Judges, and it has a right to feel proud of the title of "the Athens of Tennessee" that is accorded it by common consent. Montgomery county, of which it is the capital, has a noble financial record, and has always declared itself in unmistakable terms and decided majorities, in favor of paying the State debt, dollar for dollar. We admire the new Court House, which cost $100,000, and we look up at the stand-pipe, 102 feet high, that gives the pressure to the water supply of the city. We drive past immense tobacco warehouses, for tobacco is a staple here; this is the home of the Tobacco Leaf. The staple sales last year in this city amounted to 25,000 hogsheads. In the evening I have an opportunity of seeing the new Tobacco Exchange, an elegant building, elaborately designed and elegantly finished. The leap-year party dedicates the building with more grace and loveliness than will ever crowd into it during business hours. Here we pass the Gracey House, Shelby, Hart & Co., said to be the largest tobacco warehouse in the South.

THE FOOTPRINTS OF WAR.

Here we look at the homes of Col. Robb and Col. Forbes; beautiful homes; and as we stand looking at them to-day, the snows of the northland lie around them in shadeless purity, and the southern sunshine glitters upon the snow and kisses it into beauty, as though the shadows of the war cloud had never drifted over this scene of peaceful loveliness. But the dun clouds have hovered over these homes and shut out the sunlight, and the red bolts that shot from them filled two graves and quenched the fires upon the hearthstones, and the Confederate Colonels slept under the stars and bars that now wave over no foot of land under the sun.

As we ride along, the boys tell me that Major Henry once ran for Governor of Tennessee against Andrew Johnson, on the Whig ticket. "After Tyler's treason to the party," said one of the boys, "all the Whigs in Montgomery named their dogs Tyler."

TWO FAMOUS COMPANIES.

We have an excellent view of the country from one or two points in the drive. Grandly the Cumberland river sweeps around it, and the hills are crowded with elegant country homes. Here is the camping ground of the famous Memphis crack military companies, the "Chickasaw Guards," who won the grand prize at St. Louis, and the "Bluff City Grays." They came out here and camped during the yellow fever siege, and they had plenty of leisure to perfect themselves in the manual and the school of the company. But when I looked at the pleasant camping ground, I thought of the other soldiers who remained in Memphis, soldiers who were ununiformed and untitled, who fought the terrible destroyer, as bravely and hopelessly, until the white frost laid its chilly hand upon the spectre of the fever, and raised the awful siege. Ah, there are heroes who never wore a decoration nor won a title.

HERE HE IS.

By the way, I am one of them. I never thought of it before, but it occurs to me, now that I think of it, that I am. I never won a decoration or a title. I don't mind the decoration, but it seems to me I ought to have the title. The Bureau seems to have neglected me in this matter. Mrs. Livermore is justly heralded on the circulars, as the "Queen of the Platform;" Helen Potter is universally billed and accorded the proud, pleasing and alliterative "Peerless pearl of the platform," and I believe, if I live till next season, that I will be called on the circulars the "Radiat oyster of the rostrum." I will speak to the Bureau about it.

GOOD-BYE.

But even these days in Clarksville cannot last forever, pleasant as they are, and so with many good-byes and hearty hand-shakings, and with the pleasantest memories of the charming, hospitable, warm-hearted people I have met here, I regretfully turn my face toward the Ohio river, and long after Clarksville has faded out of my sight, the faces of my friends seem still to shine about me, and I can hear again in tender cadences the voices of Forbes and Jackson singing for me the "Switzer's Song of Home," until sleep and the porter come hand in hand, one asking for nothing but an easy conscience, and the other sighing for a quarter, and I dream of Clarksville. R. J. B.

The Duty of Newspapers.

The Evansville Tribune contains the following sensible remarks about a subject that some of our readers will, no doubt, appreciate:

Some people seem to think that newspapers should arrogate to themselves powers and prerogatives like the Courts and Grand Juries, and arraign everyone whom they (some people) think are violating the unwritten statutes of society, social or political. They take various methods of manifesting this opinion, some in a suggestive and gentlemanly style, and some in sarcastic, ungentlemanly, and even sometimes in a manner that to one not knowing the facts, would lead him to think that the newspaper mentor or censor was monarch of the field of journalism. One of the first wheedles up insinuatingly, thrusts his arm through that of an editor, and after putting on enough "taffy" to stick like wax, about his "pluck" wants us to display some of it in "going for" a county or city officer, but when he sees his own name written as an introductory to a memorandum, he hastily explains: "Oh, I don't want my name mixed up with it. Go for it yourself." In vain we urge that his name must be used to authenticate alleged facts; that we must have a responsible source to rely on for the truth of alleged facts. Oh no! He'd rather we wouldn't "go" than figure as stroker to a train of such thought. "He thought that was the duty of newspapers; to take the responsibility," though they take no oath of office, and unlike lawyers, do not enjoy immunity for what they may say to their juries, nor, like judges, in a position to compel respect for their decrees. When reminded of this, our taffiated adviser said: "I wish I had a newspaper. I'd show them its power," and he felt insulted at the retort: "If you are afraid to have your name figure in a single case, how could you muster pluck enough to expose and attack thousands?" He gruffly answered that it wasn't his business, but if it were he would do it. Now, what is a newspaper's business? It is to "pitch into" anything and everything anyone may suggest, without first ascertaining whether there is adequate cause? The Tribune, at the outset, promised to appland the right and expose the wrong, and all it asks is to have the evidence of wrong before doing any very vigorous pitching. While we are not unmindful that the duty of an editor is to a great extent sacred, he owes the public no more displays of pluck than any other citizen does, but simply has a better means of display, and those who want him to "pitch in" where they are more interested than the public is, should at least share the responsibility with him.

Foreign Tobacco Purchasers.

St. Louis Republican.

The members of the Nashville, Tenn., tobacco Board of Trade and others interested in the trade in leaf tobacco have prepared a memorial to Congress on the subject of the "regie" method of purchasing tobacco in France, Spain, Italy, and Austria. The subject is an interesting one to all concerned in the cultivation of and trade in leaf tobacco in this country, and the Nashville memorial presents it in a very forcible light. France imports about $6,000,000 leaf tobacco annually, and derives from it a revenue of $40,000,000—more than six times its cost. Spain, Austria, and Italy, it is said, import similar amounts, and derive from them similar revenues. But the purchases of tobacco for these countries are made exclusively by agents acting for the government "regie," and these purchases are made in such a manner as to "result in great detriment and injury to the thousands engaged in the produce of this great staple in thirteen different states of this Union, and the immense numbers interested as dealers in the same." This is the result of the "regie" system. It is a close monoply which excludes competition.

Not only are we prohibited to export tobacco to these countries, but, as the Nashville memorial says, the "regie" agents make their purchases of 100,000,000 pound a year in such a way as "to lower the value of the tobacco bought for these governments and the entire stock and products of this country, and to place it in the power of two or three men to fix the price of tobacco in all the markets of the world." The British government levies an import duty of 85 cents a pound on tobacco, and derives from it a large revenue; but Great Britain is an open market into which any person, native or foreigner, may import; hence we are not deprived of that healthy competition so much to be desired in the sale of this and all other products of the country. The memorialists do not complain of the excessive tax which the European governments levy on our tobacco imports, but they ask that these taxes be levied so as not to be injurious to tobacco growers and dealers in this country. No other product of the United States is similarly discriminated against, and the memorial asks Congress to make measures to secure an opening of the markets of France, Italy, Austria and Spain to our citizens.

The proposition is a most reasonable one, and it ought to receive the support of the Senators and Representatives of Missouri and every other tobacco-growing State in the Union.

THE American Chemist says that a Western farmer discovered, many years ago, that wood could be made to last longer than iron in the ground. Time and weather, he says, seem to have no effect on it. The posts can be prepared for less than two cents apiece. This is the recipe: Take boiled linseed oil and stir in it pulverized charcoal to the consistency of paint. Put a coat of this over the timber, and, he adds, there is not a man who will live to see it rot.

IT is difficult to understand why a wife never asks her husband "if the doors are all locked" until after he is snugly covered up in bed.

"COUNTRYMAN" TO COL. SAVAGE.

Some Good Common Sense Advice Mingled with a Few Words of Condolement.

Nashville American.

Lawyer Savage—Dear Sir: I see from some of "our papers" that you are on your way to win that "Torbet issue" case; that you told Dick Bullock in Washington, and he wrote it to the Franklin papers, that you had the "dead wood" on the "new issue" boys, in the new proof you had taken. I was so glad to see you so hopeful. We must win that suit. It will help our party. If we can repudiate those notes, it will be a step in the right direction; it will accustom and reconcidle the people to repudiation and open the way for a general repudiation. Besides our folks in the Legislature told the people that if the case was re-opened, and we had a fair chance at it, we *could* win it, and we appropriated for *them* the sum of $5,000) for that purpose. Now, if we lose it, it may hurt us. Some selfish people may want back that money, and some stingy ones may begin to croak about being out of pocket—after the case is lost—just $5,000, and some may doubt the wisdom and foresight of our folks. It looks to me like we ought to win that case on the merits. When the people down South were disfranchised, the Yankees amended the Constitution, and said "that no debt created in aid of the rebellion should be paid." You see, if the rebels had had no money or credit of any kind, it would have been impossible for them to fight the Government, just to save their "niggers" and other property, and you ought to take the position, and dwell on it, that this money was used in buying shoes for Tennessee rebels to march in against the Yankees; that it bought them bread to stay their stomachs on the march, and otherwise encouraged and cheered on these fellows in the war. But I think you ought to object to these rebels sitting on the jury—they will be kinder interested, you know; sorter have a fellow-feeling for the blasted stuff that helped them fight the Yankees. If possible, you ought to demand a jury of colored men; *they* certainly won't have any leaning towards it, as it was one of the agents in delaying the day of emancipation. If you get a jury of this complexion, just 'spread yourself' and "set down" on the rebellious, traitorous, unconstitutional stuff.

I understand you are to be assisted by Mr. Jerry Black, of Pennsylvania. You ought to encourage him in every way, brag on his speech, help him write it, if necessary, give him all the "dots," get authorities for him, and pour "ginger" in his glass while he is talking. He must be a right pert young man, as I am informed, the "new issue" fellows have a letter from him, saying that he could win *their* side of the case if *they* would employ him. And now he is going to help win our side. A lawyer that can win both sides of the same lawsuit must have outcome in him. If the charge is made on him that he once said that he could win the other side, let him tell the jury that he has undergone a "modification of conscience." This will create a sensation among the jurors, especially if their acquaintance with lawyers is limited.

But I am so glad you are going to win. I knew you had confidence in winning when you turned over to the Governor that sixty dollars *you* had in "Torbet issue," at the time you was appointed State lawyer. *That* gave me great faith in the financial result. Go it, old boy; you have made us all happy. Send a telegram, pre-paid, when the suit is decided. I am going to burst a punkin. COUNTRYMAN.

P. S—Sine writing the above I hear you have lost that "Torbet issue" case. Gosh! How did it happen? Was the Judge corrupt, or was the jury not a part of the "people?" I knew it. Told you so once before, don't you remember? I am afraid they put a jury on you who were Southern sympathizers. Why didn't you find out how the jury stood before you took sides? You might have reduced the verdict telling them that "if they wanted to pay half or nothing" you was with them. If you had not given up that $60 to the State it would be good now, don't you recon so? Was it one of the "few things" saved from the general destruction of war? If the State does not ask too much for it, I believe you ought to buy it back and present it to the Historical Society on the occasion of the centennial, to help pay for the Jackson statue. As that $60 *cost* the State $5,000, it's worth as much as the Jackson statue, and Mr. Mills might be willing to swap for it.

Is there any chance of reversing the case in a higher court? You know you told the Legislature that you intended to win that case if you had to "follow it to the Highest Court of Heaven." Hadn't you better let Wilson or Mr. Black go there to argue it? We want you for Governor, and I doubt whether they would let you speak in that Court, without being naturalized. And it wouldn't suit you to live there—you would not be satisfied.

If the people decide to pay the bondholder nothing because he paid a few cents less than par for his bonds, what would be a fair deduction from the fees to "State lawyers" when they ask $5,000 for *saving* the State $60 in "new issue?" Don't answer too suddenly—take your time and think about it. Do you think it would be safe to leave the constitutionality of the State debt to a jury? Yours, consolingly,

COUNTRYMAN.

The Issue of 1880.

New York Star.

The issue, broadly stated, is Hayes-Grantism on the one side, Jeffersonian Democracy on the other. There is no neutral ground, and there can be no compromise. It is reform or ante-reform. It is a restoration of the old principles and the old practices which made us great in the eyes of the world, or it is a continuation of those new principles and practices which have made us disreputable at home and infamous abroad. The choice is with the people. The fight is not yet narrowed to individuals, and the personal booms may, when the smoke clears away, bring us some unheard-of men to the front; but principles are immutable; no matter for the men, the principles remain, and it is not, we repeat, too early in the conflict to commerce a view of the situation and clear decks for the fight.

A farmer should always think in advance of his work. The whole plan must be laid out in the head, before the hands are put to it. There is time yet left for thinking over what should be done in the next two or three busy months.

WOMEN are the poetry of the world in the same sense as the stars are the poetry of heaven. Clear, light giving, harmonious, they are the terrestrial planets that rule the destinies of mankind.

THE Detroit Free Press believes that 60 days hence, if the price of paper keeps up, readers all over the country will be asked to help share the increased expense of the publishers.

What Others Say About Us.

A traveling correspondent of the Louisville Post and News, writing from Tennessee, says:

The State debt seems to agitate the minds of the people very much. They don't know what to do with it. The best thing that could be done would be to pay it. But can they? Some talk about repudiation. This is not done because they are not honest, but because a great portion of the debt is fradulent, as it is said. Rather than pay the dishonest portion, they say repudiate all. A great many, and especially those outside of Tennessee, thought, because the proposition to compromise at fifty cents with four per cent. interest was defeated at the polls, the sentiment of the State was for repudiation. I will say here to-day that thousands of men did not know how to vote. They did not know what to do. The scrupulous ones, rather than do wrong, simply kept away from the polls. The election last August on that compromise was no fair test of the people's sentiments. A great many did not vote, too, because they believed that a large portion of the debt could be made out of the railroads. Everybody knows how the people in the rural districts hate the railroads, and they were willing to see them pay that fifteen million dollars which was said could be made out of them. Now this feeling is wrong. If the railroads have paid all they owe, even if they did pay the State in depreciated bonds, it was its own paper. Every man ought not to hesitate to take his own paper. Just the same with the State, I think. And furthermore, even if the people should have voted the compromise, it could never have been forced unless the bondholders were willing. One party, who is in debt, can't say to the one he owes, "I will compromise with you at fifty cents on the dollar, and you must take it." This is compulsion where there is no law for compulsion in such cases. I have no pet scheme to settle the debt, but write what I conceive to be the right and wrong side of the matter. I devoutly hope that it will be settled with the honor of both parties not smirched.

A House of Ice.

N. Y. World.

A house of ice, similar to that which was built in the Empress Anne's reign, is about to be constructed in the Zoological Garden at Moscow. The managers of that establishment have found among the archives some valuable details as to the mode of building which was adopted on the former occasion, and they will be adhered to in the present instance. The edifice was raised between the admiralty and the winter palace, at St. Petersburg, in 1840, and was formed throughout—walls, roof, windows, decorations, alike,—of ice. The blocks were cut in square shape and their surfaces sprinkled with water, which, when the cubes were placed in juxtaposition, froze in the interstices and bound the whole into one compact and solid mass. At the entrance of the structure was a large gallery filled with statues. The pilasters on the exterior were fashioned to imitate green marble. The anterior chamber possessed four windows, and the other rooms five each, while on the cills stood vases filled with flowers made of ice, shrub-like plants covered with birds of the same material standing at the corners. Clock cases, chairs, tables, wardrobes utensils, candelabras, beds, were all of ice.

Wedded Love—A True Incident.

New Orleans Picayune.

"Make the bed easy, Mr. B.," said old Uncle Abe to the undertaker, who was preparing the coffin for his aged wife. "Make the bed soft and easy, for her old bones are tender and soft, and a hard bed will hurt them." He forgot for a moment—that old, gray-haired man—that she was dead; that the old bones had done aching forever. Sixty-four years she had walked by his side, a true and loving wife. Sixty-four years! Just think of it in this age of divorce. Sixty-four years had they dwelt under the same sorrows of life; together mourned over the coffin of their first-born; together rejoiced in the prosperity of their sons and daughters, and now she has left him alone. No wonder he forgot. Her loving hands had so long cared for him, for he had been the feebler of the two. "Until death do us part," said the marriage service that had united them so many years ago. Death had parted them, but the love still survived. Tenderly had he cared for her all these years, and now tenderly did he watch the making of the last bed of this still loved wife. He had bravely breasted the storm of life with her by his side, but now that she was gone he could not live, and in a few days they laid him by her side.

Hanged, But Not Dead.

A woman in Scotland lived thirty years after she was hung for the murder of her child, born while her husband was serving a term in prison. The British Medical Journal tells about it:

After she became unconscious, the Sheriff, thinking she was dead, gave the body to her friends, who took it home in a wagon. They stopped at a wayside tavern to drink, and suddenly the lid of the coffin moved. They took it off, and she sat up. Everybody ran away, thinking it a ghost but one man who insisted on bleeding her. The next day she was well enough to walk. The Scotch law exculpates the convict after the judgment of the court is executed, and they couldn't legally hang her again. It also absolved her from her marriage, and her husband had to marry her again when he got out of prison.

Mules for England.

St. Louis Republican.

Two English gentlemen, Commissary Milne, of the Commissariat Department, and Veterinary Surgeon Glover, of the Royal artillery, are stopping at the Lindell. These officials are here under the direction of the British War Office to superintend the purchase of mules for the English Government, to be used in the transport service of the British army. The Government has made a contract with Bell & Sons, of London, and their agent in this country is Mr. Eastman, of New York. Mr. Milne stated to a Republican reporter that the purchase in this country of mules for the British transport service was but an experiment. They sent on from here to New York yesterday 126 mules for shipment to London. About 400 mules were purchased in this country for the Zulu war. The mules required for the service must not exceed fifteen hands 2 inches in height, nor be under fifteen hands. A few of the lower standard will be taken as pack-animals.

MISS STEVENS, a young American lady, has taken the highest diploma for porcelain painting in London, and has orders from the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught. Her representation of American autumn foliage is said to be especially beautiful and effective.