CLARKSVILLE WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

VOL. 50--NO. 3. CLARKSVILLE, TENN., SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1882. WHOLE NO. 2,432.

OILS! OILS!

For all Kinds of Machinery.

Black Lubricating,
Golden Machine,
Fine Engine,
Lard.

For Sale at Wholesale and Retail by

OWEN & MOORE.

DRUGS! DRUGS!

S. B. STEWART,

29 Franklin Street,

(Stand formerly occupied by McCauley & Co.)

Has on hand a complete stock of

Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Shoulder Braces, Trusses, Sponges, Brushes, Chamois Skins, Perfumery, Fine Soaps, &c.

Special attention will be given to the Compounding of Medicines, and a careful and competent Prescriptionist will be in attendance at all hours. S. B. STEWART.

March 18, 1882—tf

GRANGE Warehouse Association,

CLARKSVILLE, TENN.,

Commission Merchants

For the Inspection and Sale of

LEAF TOBACCO.

T. HERNDON Supt'. and Salesman.

W. H. TURNLEY, Soliciting Agent.

Cash advanced on Tobacco in store, or in the hands of responsible farmers and dealers. All Tobacco insured while in store at the expense of owner, except where there is no advance, and then without written orders not to insure.

DIRECTORS.

W. F. TAYLOR, Todd Co., Ky., Pres. W. W. GILL, Logan Co., Ky., Vice-Pres.
T. M. ATKINS, Montgomery Co., Tenn., Sec'y. T. M. BARKER, Christian Co., Ky
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GEO. W. JESSUP, Todd Co., Ky. R. W. USSERY, Montgomery Co., Tenn.
T. F. NORTHINGTON, Montgomery Co., Ten. R. Y. JOHNSON, Montgomery Co., Tenn.
JO. D. CLARDY, Stewart Co., Tenn. JOHN DUNN, Robertson Co., Tenn.

Blue Front Shoe Store.

Bowling & Willson sold them to me.

They make to measure and do all kinds of Repairing. The best Material used and skilled workmen employed.

AT COST

To Make Room for New Goods.

A Nice Line of Men's Stiff Hats,

Boys' and Men's Straw Hats,

Men's Low Shoes,
Youths' High Button and Low Shoes,
Ladies', Misses and Children's Newport Ties, Cloth Shoes, Kid Shoes & Slippers.

Call and examine Goods on our BARGAIN COUNTER. We will positively sell the Goods at Cost or Less.

JUST RECEIVED!

25 Dozen of the celebrated "Rambler," the Patent Shirt that never tears down the back. The best thing on the market for One Dollar.

Respectfully,

BOWLING & WILLSON,

17 FRANKLIN STREET.

Sewanee Planing Mill

G. B. WILSON & CO.,

Manufacturers of

SASH, DOORS, BLINDS,

And Dealers in

Builders' Material of Every Description.

PRICES AS LOW AS THE LOWEST.

Cor. Spring and Commerce Sts., - - Clarksville, Tenn.

Jan. 1, 1880-tf.

Magistrates' Blanks for Sale at this office.

V. L. WILLIAMS,

THE SHOEMAN,

Is now offering great

BARGAINS

in Children's, Misses' and Ladies' Slippers, Summer Hats, etc. His stock is now complete in all its appointments. When you visit Clarksville call on him and buy Good Goods at Low Down Prices. Shoes and Boots made to order. Repairing neatly done on short notice.

V. L. Williams,

25 Franklin St., Clarksville.

C. L. LOCKERT. J. B. REYNOLDS.

Lockert & Reynolds,

DRUGGISTS,

Franklin Street, Opposite Fox & Smith's.

—:o:—

To our Friends: Having succeeded Mr. J. F. Warfield in the drug business, we ask of you a share of your patronage.

Respectfully, LOCKERT & REYNOLDS.

March 1, 1882.

FOR SALE.

The Old Home of Hon. G. A. Henry,

comprising seven acres in the heart of the city, on which is situated a splendid Mansion. The extensive grounds embrace a beautiful grove of forrest trees, a large garden and vineyard. Also the property known as the

SOUTHERN HOTEL!

and numerous TOWN LOTS, *improved* and *unimproved*, in the city of Clarksville. This property is to be sold for *partition*.

For terms and general information respecting it, apply to

THOS. F. HENRY, and
PATRICK HENRY,

June 17, 1882-3m

J. C. KENDRICK. JOHN H. PETTUS. GEO. S. IRWIN.

Kendrick, Pettus & Co.,

Tobacco Salesmen,

—AND—

General Commission Merchants,

CENTRAL WAREHOUSE,

Cor. Main and Front Streets, - Clarksville, Tenn.

Just Below the New Tobacco Exchange.

—:o:—

All Tobacco in our warehouse in Clarksville, on which advances have been made, will be insured at owners' expense until sold; and all Tobacco received by us at our warehouse in Clarksville, upon which there is no advance, will be insured at owners' expense, unless we have written instructions not to insure; and after being sold, all Tobacco will be held at the risk of the buyer. nov5-tf

FEED. FEED. FEED.

—:o:—

KEESEE & NORTHINGTON

Have a full stock of Feed, such as

Pure Timothy Hay,
Clover and Timothy Mixed,
Millet, Oats,
Corn, Shelled and in Shuck,

COTTON SEED MEAL,

RICH BRAN.

All of which they are selling at bottom prices.

G. N. BYERS,

AGENT,

Represents the Following Reliable Companies.

FOR FIRE INSURANCE:

	REPORT JAN. 1, 1882	
FIRE ASSOCIATION, of Phila.,	Assets, $	4,219,046
GERMAN-AMERICAN, of N. Y.,	"	3,452,572
QUEEN, of Liverpool & Lond.	Assets in U. S.	1,674,935
NORTH BRITISH and MERCANTILE, of London and Edinburgh,	"	2,040,823
PHOENIX, of London, -	"	782,617
WESTERN, of Toronto, Canada, -		903,950

IN LIFE INSURANCE:

MUTUAL LIFE, of New York.	Assets,	$94,702,957
Surplus over all liabilities, - -		12,000,000

Rates 15 per cent. cheaper than any other regular life insurance company.

Office: Franklin street, over Singer Sewing Machine Agency.

DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC.

A combination of Protoxide of Iron, Peruvian Bark and Phosphorus in a palatable form. The only preparation of iron that will not blacken the teeth.

GENTLEMEN: I have used your IRON TONIC in my practice, and in an experience of 25 years in medicine, have never found anything to give the results that your IRON TONIC does. In many cases of Nervous Prostration, Female Diseases, Dyspepsia and an impoverished condition of the blood, this peerless remedy, has in my hands, made some wonderful cures. Cases that have baffled the most eminent physicians, have yielded to this incomparable remedy. I prescribe it in preference to any iron preparation made. In fact, such a compound as DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC is a necessity in my practice. DR. SCOTT SAMUELS, 3104 Wash. Av., *St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 26, 1881.*

It gives color to the blood, natural healthful tone to the digestive organs & nervous system, making it applicable to General Debility, Loss of Appetite, & Prostration of Vital Powers.

IRON TONIC.

Manufactured by THE DR. HARTER MEDICINE CO., 213 N. Main St., St. Louis, Mo.

TO MISS STELLA WYLY, OF WAVERLY.

A Floral Tribute in Verse.

VOTRE AMI.

Some lines on many a garden flower,
And wild flowers, too, I send.
Trifles like these, assume a power
To please, when offered by a friend.

They are God's best gifts, the beautiful flowers;
In them, we can tell our thoughts and cares,
"Each blossom that blossoms in our garden bowers,
On its leaves a mystic language bears."

In every clime, in every age
Mankind have felt their pleasing sway,
And lines to them still deck the page
Of many a book of modern day.

If hopes and fervent wishes could
Control the future's mystic veil,
There's not a flower, nor plant, but should
Have virtues such as you'd reveal.

Like the "sweet rose," you charm the view,
Like "Honeysuckle" cheer the heart.
Your friends should be like "Joy," true,
And "Everlasting," where thou art.

As the "bright flower," which poets say
Turns on its stem, the sun to greet,
Should you, wher'er your path might stray,
Continued joy and sunshine meet.

But, should misfortune dim your road,
May you be like that "lovely flower,"
Which, crushed beneath, a heavy load,
Breathes secret sweets of balmy power.

And, as through sunshine you may go,
Or bow beneath affliction's night,
May He, who bids the "Lily" grow,
Direct and guide your course aright.

THE BETTER SOLDIER.

[The following article is taken from the first number of the second volume of "Our Continent," a recently started magazine edited by Judge Tourgee, author of "A Fool's Errand," &c. We give it as a rare specimen of candor in a Northern man and a Republican in giving a dispassionate estimate of the relative fighting qualities of the Northern and Southern soldier respectively. Such generous appreciation of an antagonist's merits go further than anything else to promote a cordial understanding between men who are no longer antagonists but comrades.]

General Doubleday's recent volume has revived the discussion of the comparative merits of the Northern and Southern volunteer soldiery.

No unprejudiced person can deny that in the war between the States the Confederate soldier was worth more, man for man, than the Federal volunteer. In proof of this need only be instanced the fact that the Army of Northern Virginia, though constantly overmatched in numbers and having an adversary lavishly supplied with material, though twice checked in its purposes was never defeated until the siege of Petersburg had depleted its ranks and the near approach of Sherman had increased the disproportion of numbers to a limit that left no hope of success. On the other hand this overmatched army had administered at least three crushing and overwhelming defeats upon its adversary.

It is not enough to say that the Confederacy had the advantage of being on the defensive; nor is it strictly true. The offensive-defensive is in its risks, advantages and disadvantages, little if any different from an offensive campaign. This is the strategy Lee adopted. He pressed the fighting. All his blows that were successful were delivered in the aggressive. He was twice checked, but in neither case did our Generals dare pursue the stricken enemy.

Neither can a difference in the capacities of the respective commanders account for it, though, as we shall see hereafter, the constitutional hesitancy of McClellan very greatly enhanced the real disadvantage under which the Federal forces acted. But after all this has been weighed, the fact still remains apparent that the southern soldiery were, man for man, more effective in that conflict than the Northern volunteer.

Not a little of this greater effectiveness of the Southern soldier was no doubt due to the relation which existed between the rank and file and their immediate superiors. It was a mere extention of the relation under which they had grown up. The leaders in the field were only the leaders at home under a new name. The aristocracy of the South furnished from the outset a most admirable corps of line and staff officers. They were just near enough their men to permit familiarity and receive respect and far enough from them to prevent insubordination. Coming from the same vicinage every man knew his officer. The commissioned upstart was far more rare in the Confederate army than in our own. Even where the officer was not personally known to his men, he represented a class whom they were accustomed to follow. His right to lead was as instinctive as their willingness to follow.

Another thing that made in favor of the Southern soldiers' effectiveness was the superiority of their discipline. No doubt many of our officers will demur to this proposition. It has been the fashion among both officers and men of the North to sneer at the discipline of the Confederate army. It is true that in non-essentials we very greatly excelled them. To the very last the drill of most of the Southern regiments was slack, dribbling and uneven. They neither marched, wheeled nor handled their arms with the smartness, precision and regularity which characterized our troops. In the sense in which our generals used the term they were "new recruits" till the end of the war. There never was an hour that we could not beat them on dress parade and review even with half their numbers. In the essentials of discipline, however, they far excelled us. For neglect of duty their men were punished and punished speedily and severely. Strangely enough they did not (so far as the writer has learned) whip at all, though the whipping-post stood in the shadow of every court house in the Confederacy, while our army was preparing for the battle of Bull Run by the degrading spectacle of the whipping of two deserters from their regular brigade.

So far as possible the Confederate officers allowed their men to take their own course, thereby preserving their individuality and securing all the more readily their obedience in matters of real importance. Besides that, the Southern soldier was not so important a political integer as his Northern compeer. If punishment was necessary, it was meted out to him without fear of future consequences to the officer. Of the officers this was not true. During the whole war there were very few if any instances in which a commissioned officer of the Confederate army was punished with any greater severity than by being cashiered or degraded to the ranks; while in our army, imprisonment, the ball and chain, shaving the head, drumming through the camp, and other nondescript punishments tended to degrade the ranks of the subaltern who was only distinguished from his men by the commission which he held. In trivialities, the Southern soldier was generally a slouch with impunity; but when it came to a real neglect of duty, straggling, pillaging, cowardice and desertion, the terror of swift and terrible punishment was ever before his eyes. "What is that?" the writer once asked a Confederate prisoner as we looked down upon the camp of his division and saw a body of troops paraded and from the centre shoot up a puff of white smoke. "Wal," was the cool reply, "I reckon it's ole Bragg astartin' a new graveyard; t'other must be nigh about full." Bragg was not a very successful general. He seemed to lack all power of adaption to circumstances. But it was the army thus trained to obedience that, under Gen. Joe Johnston, made the wonderful backward movement from Resaca to Atlanta—a movement not equalled in brilliancy, completeness and difficulty by any other upon either side during the war, unless it be the death-grapple around Petersburg.

It is also true that the Southern soldier had no little advantage at the beginning in the fact that his home life had been much more primitive, nearer to that of the camp, than the Northern men of that generation had generally experienced. Corn bread, bacon beaten biscuits and coffee had been the staple of his food. Nearly all of them too, at one time or another, had been accustomed to prepare this simple but nutritious fare. They had been accustomed to travel on foot or horseback over country and limit their needs to the capacity of the saddle-bags. They were therefore less inclined to overload themselves and better able to subsist on and prepare their rations. These facts did much to render possible that facility of movement on which their early successes so much depended.

The chief difference between the Northern and the Southern soldier has been almost overlooked by those who have written on the subject. The Southern soldier had absolute confidence, not only in his officer and leaders, but in himself and his fellow. The boast that one Southern man could whip five yankees, though it did not prove itself a fact, was unquestionably equivalent to a duplication of the Southern army. The Southern soldier believed most devoutly in the martial superiority of the Southron and it gave him a confidence in the outcome of the struggle which greatly enchanced his prowess. The Southern leaders, to a man almost, were impressed with the same belief. The idea of Southern impetuosity, daring and recklessness, repeated year after year with a boastful exaggeration attending each repetition, had become an unconscious part of every Southern man's unconscious cerebration. The leaders believed that if they could press the fight and overpower the North at the outset, they would win. To do this they relied on the native daring and impetuosity of their men. Their first step, therefore, was to transform a professedly defensive into an offensive war. This was the very means of all others likely to make such troops effective. To require miracles of them was to presuppose marvelous power in them. The campaigns of Jackson were Napoleon in Italy over again. With new troops drawn from a people puffed up with military vanity and overflowing with confidence in themselves, he rushed from point to point, from one marvelous success to another, giving no time for consideration or apprehension on the part of his soldiery. By constant employment and repeated victories he transformed them into veterans before they had fairly learned the movements from line into column and their reversals. The Southern soldier, the Southern leader, the Southern subordinate, the Southern war policy and the antecedent Southern life, were all in exquisite harmony. The Confederacy lacked perfectness of detail—the machinery of organization and the machine soldier; but it had, what was of infinitely greater value, an absolute fitness and proportion of its different elements and an abiding confidence in its superiority over its adversary.

But this was only half the advantage derived from this belief. The Northern soldier and the Northern leader believed it also. To the Northern mind the Southerner was a being especially delighting in blood and war. The superiority of the Southern volunteer forces was at the outset conceded directly or indirectly by all.

The North openly and professedly put its hope of success first of all in the regular army and after that in its preponderance in numbers, mechanical skill and material resources. The Northern leader as a rule looked with perfect contempt on the untrained volunteer. He dwelt forever on the fact that the Southern soldier was trained to arms and horsemanship from his boyhood. He assumed the aggressive at first simply because it was a political necessity. The first Bull Run campaign was made against the protest of the actual commander of our forces. The only hope our officers had of success lay in the fact that we had the "regulars" and thought we outnumbered the enemy very considerably.

As for the soldiery, the general feeling was that while they were physically a match, man for man, for their adversaries, the latter had previously led a sort of a semi-civilized life of which fighting had been a main element and that they would naturally have the advantage on their side at the outset. The soldiers, like the leaders of the Northern armies, relied on time, numbers, drill and equipment to overcome the tacitly-admitted personal ascendance of the Southern soldiers.

It is true there was an abundance of boasting. The press and the stump orators and sometimes the soldiers themselves ridiculed the claim of the Southern man to individual superiority as the clamor of the cowardly braggadocio. It was the whistling of the boy who passes the graveyard at night—the louder it grew the less sincerity there was in it. The congressmen and camp followers who went in the wake of our army to the first Bull Run put their confidence in the little band of regular troops and the greater effectiveness, as they deemed it, of our artillery.

As ample proof of this state of mind it is necessary only to recall the abject terror that was produced throughout all the land by what was known as the "Black Horse Cavalry"—a legion by no means formidable in numbers nor remarkable for actual feats of arms. During the first year of the Confederacy's existence, however, the bare name of this death's-head-and-bloody-bones corps was worth more to her cause than ten thousand of the best trained soldiery on earth could have been. The Southern soldier went into battle confident of his own prowess and despising his foe. The Northern soldier entered the conflict determined to do his best, not shrinking from his duty, but overestimating his adversary and underestimating himself.

This disparity of spirit—not of soldierly qualities—was greatly enhanced by the issue of the first general engagement and the accession of the over-cautious McClellan to the command, with his confidence in pipe-clay and dress parade and his overwhelming dread of General Lee and Southern impetuosity. The secret of Grant's success lay in the fact that he did not believe in these. He considered the Northern volunteer as fully a match for his Southern adversary and did not hesitate to attack whenever he believed himself to have the advantage in numbers or position. He appreciated the fact that the quickest way to make a recruit a veteran was to let him share the sweets of victory. To this, more than all other qualities, his success was due. Instead of opposing the enemy with "time and tactics," he threw his columns against them and taught his men their tactics under fire.

Had the North entered upon the conflict with that appreciation of its own fighting capacity, with that confidence in the soldierly qualities of its citizens which the war gave, the struggle would have been of short duration. On the other hand, if the Southern soldier had appreciated at the outset the qualities of the Northern volunteer as he did when the war ended, that self-confidence which was the chief element of his superiority would have vanished and the magnificent record he has made would never have been written.

These conditions can never be paralleled again. They do not inhere in the people of either section. They were purely temporary and fortuitous. The South had no real advantage in the familiarity of its people with firearms. It is doubtful even if as large a proportion of their armies as of our Northern regiments were accustomed to arms of precision. So too their horsemanship was a thing more fanciful than real, at least in its results. It was the confidence the Southern soldier had in himself as his leader, and the lack of confidence in himself and an overestimate of his adversary on the part of the Northern soldier that made the chief difference.

In a future war between the sections all these conditions would be reversed, and from the outset the advantage in confidence and spirit would be with the Northern army. The magic of the old boast has been broken and the memory of defeat would weigh the Southern soldier down with apprehension of disaster just as it did the Northern volunteer at the outbreak of the civil war.

In the actual soldierly qualities of the people of the two sections there is probably but little difference. All the talk about the impetuosity, reckless daring and joy of battle which is said to characterize the South in contrast with the North is mere twaddle. The charge at Mission Ridge, when the army of Grant outran his orders and went to the summit instead of entrenching at the foot of the slope, was the great miracle of impetuosity of the whole war. On the other hand, the claim of greater staunchness—of stubborn bull-dog grip—on the part of the North is equally nonsense. Petersburg is an eternal monument of the power of the South to stand punishment. The man who could boast of the superior staying power of the North with the facts of that marvelous defense before him exceeds in assurance the traditional government mule. The truth would seem to be that in mere soldiery qualities the men of the two sections are very fairly balanced. Each has certain advantages which are counterbalanced by certain deficiencies. The South has a better general preparation for camp life while the North has more ingenuity and is better able to supply deficiencies of equipment and the like. The North has more intelligence but the South has more homogeneity. The Southern soldier can subsist on less and the Northern volunteer will more intelligently husband his resources and secure himself against disease. In short, we believe that the excellencies and defects of a suddenly recruited army drawn from each section for service against a common enemy are so evenly balanced that no unprejudiced observer could find ground on which to base an intelligent preference.

A UNION VETERAN.

COL. JAMES E. BAILEY.

Editor Review.

It is the habit of third and fourth rate newspapers, in the heat of political discussion and the excitement of partisan feeling engendered by an angry and rankerous campaign to entertain reckless charges, and too often to publish them, without reflection. But the Nashville American and the Louisville Courier-Journal occupy positions too prominent and distinguished in the country to descend to the slums of political virtuperation, and therefore we presume that they have not made the above grave and serious charges, even on the authority of a Columbia correspondent, without having some grounds upon which to base them. Will either of these eminent public journals or their Columbia correspondent be so kind as to furnish their readers with the grounds upon which they base their charges? Passing for the occasion the modesty evinced by the Courier-Journal in undertaking to dictate to Tennessee Democrats the course they should pursue in the coming gubernatorial campaign, with the remark that Tennessee Democrats propose to pursue the course dictated by their best judgment and what they themselves conceive to be for the best interests of their State and their party, we are yet ready to admit that the Courier-Journal, like every other newspaper, has a perfect right to entertain and express its opinions on Tennessee politics, and admitting further that coming from such a highly respectable source they should be respectfully received and considered, yet when that paper steps out of the province of respectable and decent journalism to make a personal attack on ex-Senator Bailey, his friends in Tennessee have a right to demand to be presented with the evidences by which it proposes to sustain the attack, and if they are not produced the attack of course recoils upon the head of him who makes it. We ask to be informed upon what ground the editor bases his charge that "if the bolters put a ticket in the field they cannot hope to get a tithe of the Democratic vote, and their object can only be the election of Hawkins." Now here is a distinct charge that "the bolters," and of course Col. Bailey is one of them, have for their object, in refusing to endorse a platform subversive of every Democratic precedent and principle in Tennessee, and absolutely ruinous to the best interests of her citizens for all time to come, an intention to elect Hawkins. We beg leave to assure the Journal that we have no such object, that we regret as deeply as anyone can the necessity for pursuing such a course, that we cannot forsake time-honored Democratic principles and, that under our solemn convictions of duty, we cannot conscientiously support a platform which places the gallant old volunteer State of Tennessee in the advanced column of repudiation. And we cannot agree with our distinguished contemporary when he asserts that the acceptance of a fair and voluntary proposition from the creditors of the State submitted with a reduction to cover war interest and other equities involves the State in the crime of partial repudiation. It is a settlement alike honorable to the State and acceptable to the bondholders, and therefore there is not the slightest taint of repudiation in it. But the most exceptionable part of this article is the insinuation made by the "Columbia correspondent," and published by the Courier-Journal with an equivocal and unmanly qualification. "If our correspondent is wrong in his surmise, we shall be glad to hear of it." That is to say, we make the charge, publish a libel to the world against a distinguished citizen of Tennessee, and an ex-United States Senator, but will be glad to "hear of it," if we are wrong in making it! And what is this charge? Let the editor speak for himself. "A correspondent writing to us from Columbia, tells us that ex-Senator Bailey, of Clarksville, is the real cat in the meal tub, and that his idea is to secure a half dozen independent Democrats in the next Legislature who may unite with the Republicans to return him to the seat in the United States Senate which he lost two years ago. There is nothing in the character and antecedents of Col. Bailey to contradict the plausibility of this story, although, to achieve success, he would have to displace his old friend and patron, Gov. Harris." We should like *en passant* to be informed when Gov. Harris became Col. Bailey's patron? He is the peer of Gov. Harris or even of the distinguished editor of the Courier-Journal, (however exalted may be the compliment in the conception of the latter gentleman) not only in ability, but personal integrity is unsurpassed by any modern politician. The seat in the Senate which "he lost two years ago," was lost by his manly devotion to principle and his self sacrificing patriotism, for he told the writer before he entered on the memorable canvass to save the honor of the State, that he expected it would beat him for the United States Senate, but said he could not hesitate between his own personal individual ambition and the duty he owed to his State and party. And no sane man doubts that if he had played mum, or pandered to the mistakes and prejudices of a large wing of the Democratic party, he would have certainly been returned to the United States Senate. A degree of patriotic, self sacrifice, and devotion to principle that might well be commended even to his *patron*, Gov. Harris.

His course in connection with this State debt question has been so candid and manly as to win for him the respect of even the most fair-minded of his political adversaries. No man has labored more faithfully to prevent a departure of the Tennessee Democracy from the line of precedent both State and national; and no man strove harder to prevent the unhappy breach in the Democratic convention than Col. Bailey. He stood at his post "in the eminent deadly breach" as a delegate from Montgomery county, and his spotless white plume waved at the front in the thickest of the fight to harmonize *on principle*, and save the party and the State from the stain of repudiation. And the manhood of Tennessee, even if they differ with him, honor him for it. His voice on the duty and obligation of Tennessee to meet her plighted engagements with her creditors "gives forth no uncertain sound." It has been heard from Carter to Shelby ringing out clear and distinct for State credit. Rising young Democrats of Tennessee, and not old fogies and fossil politicians, will never cease, whatever their opinions may be on the State debt question, to honor Col. Bailey for his manliness and frankness in dealing with public questions. Tennesseans, since the days of Old Hickory, love an honest, open, brave and outspoken statesmen like Bailey and Senator Howel E. Jackson. We have too few of such politicians, and too many men that will for the sake of expediency or temporary party success, sacrifice their own honest convictions like Senator Harris, because "*the people*" are the other way. It is to such men that the people look as the leaders and expounders of great principles, and they will have a sovereign and wholesome contempt in the long run, for that class of time serving statesmen who are always in the rear and always setting their sails to catch the popular breeze. If not appreciated in their day and generation, they can afford to await the verdict of enlightened public opinion of impartial history.

A NASHVILLE correspondent of the New York Times reports a spicy interview between Senator Harris and Gen. John H. Savage, as follows:

The next Legislature will also choose a United States Senator to succeed Isham G. Harris, and it is not improbable that they will elect a Republican, certainly not a Democrat like Colyar, Harris or Bate. Isham G. Harris, now the mainstay of the readjuster Democrats, is a politician of much sagacity and a stump speaker of great force and power. His political fortunes are all staked on the election of Bate, and he intends to make a thorough canvass of the State. After the nomination of Bate, Harris sent for Savage, the leader in brains and audacity of the repudiators. They have been at enmity for years, but as harmony was the watchword, it was thought desirable to patch up a peace. Harris asked Savage if he was pleased with the nomination and platform. Savage said neither was just what he desired, but he would support them. "And can I count on your support as a candidate for re-election to the Senate?" asked Harris. "I'll be——if you can," said Savage bluntly: "I intend to speak in every county in the State against you. You have done little good for Tennessee during your stay in Washington, and I would advise you to retire to your Texas farm and allow a better man to be chosen as your successor." Savage will himself be a candidate, and, while it is not probable he can be elected, he can secure enough pledges to prevent the re-election of Senator Harris, and this much he will do. From this review of the situation it will be seen that the canvass now opened promises to be one of very much more than ordinary interest.

Enjoy Health and be Happy.

For depression of spirits, general debility and ill-health, also a certain strengthener of every part of the system, nothing equals Brown's Iron Bitters.

Mr. Walter McPherson, Springfield, Mass., writes: "I have been peculiarly unfortunate in life. My guardian robbed me of the fortune left me by my father, and at the age of 21 I found myself poor in purse and poor in health. I married a young girl whose health soon broke down from overwork and household cares. Our six children gave her great trouble, and were very puny and sickly. My doctor bills were larger than grocery and dry-goods bills together. Last year I brought home a bottle of Brown's Iron Bitters for my wife. She used it and gave it to the children—I also used it myself. Never did I imagine such a miraculous change from ill-health to perfect health possible."

CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

The Baptist Church.—Rev. A. D. Sears.—Death and Obsequies of the Venerable Joshua Brown.—New Providence Church.

Baptist Reflector.

Endeared by a thousand memories to Clarksville, the beautiful city on the Cumberland, I have thought it in place to make hasty mention of some of the things that impressed me during a late trip and a day's sojourn.

The city-like appearance of the private and public buildings, indicates the taste, enterprise and judgment of its inhabitants. If the extrinsic merits of Clarksville, by which I mean its environments, its railroads, turnpikes, and agricultural advantages, were equal to its intrinsic merits—by which I mean, its business men, its beautiful and cultivated women, its fine schools and magnificent churches, its capacious well appointed business houses, its ice, gas and water works, besides other things worthy of mention; if the former we say were equal to the latter, surely the future of Clarksville would be upward and onward.

I have always regarded the society of Clarksville, whether viewed from a social, moral, religious or intellectual standpoint as second to none in Tennessee, and I am glad to find in it now much of the social grandeur which so distinguished it in ante-bellum days. From 1847 to 1854, I lived and labored in this city. I aided in teaching her girls and her boys. I worked in her schools—her Sunday schools, her churches and several of her benevolent orders. I speak heartily in her praise, for such I claim to be my right.

Among the objects of my late visit the Baptist church, of which I was an humble member, interested me much. Our venerable and beloved brother Sears is the pastor, and never did one more deserve the affectionate co-operation of his membership, which I am glad to know he so cordially receives. Such a church and such a pastor cannot but be in a prosperous condition. The Lord sets his seal of approval upon such labors. I regard the Baptist church in Clarksville, in many respects a model church; and Dr. Sears as one of the best pastors I have ever known. Although by reason of strength he is now about ending his four score, still the Lord is enabling him to labor and giving him strength according to his day.

This day, while sitting for an hour under the hospitable roof of brother and sister Sears, recounting with them the labors and pleasant memories of the past, for I sat many years under his ministry, we were startled by the hasty entrance of brother Wm. Ely, bearing in his hand a telegram from Lebanon, Ohio, giving the sad news of the death of our venerable and long-loved brother, Joshua Brown, the oldest member of the Baptist church in Clarksville. When I joined the church here in 1847, brother and sister Brown were towers of strength. They extended me true christian friendship, and in all the church work, encouraged me on in the divine life. The friendship and affection formed then have lasted through life and now as the sun goes down in a cloudless sky, we can only feel while standing and gazing as the light shall fade, another one of our best life-long friends and brother is gone! Brother Brown was an humble, sincere, devoted christian, wholy incapable of intentional wrong and leaves behind a more than ordinary life time of proof to the sincerity of his faith.

His remains, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Eva, arrived on the 8.30 train, Wednesday morning and were conveyed to the residence of brother Ely. Here many were permitted to look upon the face and form of brother Brown for the last time. The features were natural and no evidence of decomposition had appeared. At 10 o'clock under the escort of Mresonry the body was conveyed to the Baptist church, of which he had been a member 67 years, and the Knights Templar performed the funeral services, conducted by his pastor, Dr. A. D. Sears. The choir sang:

'Beyond the smiling and the weeping;'

and 'Asleep in Jesus.'

Dr. Sears selected Job 7, 16: "I would not live always" as the foundation of some touching remarks. He briefly reviewed brother Brown's long and beautiful life and the just tribute paid to the memory of this man of God found a hearty response in the hearts of those who had known him longest and best. The Sir Knights closed the services and all that is mortal of brother Brown was committed to the tomb, there to remain under the sentinelship of angels till the great and notable day.

Some three miles below Clarksville is spread, for more than a mile along the road and river, the village of New Providence, whose destiny, owing to the friction of railroads and the abrasions of commerce, has not been upward of late years. In it, however, survives a Baptist church, with some excellent members and at the present time, with an encouraging outlook.

Our talented and accomplished young brothern, W. H. Ryals, of Virginia, is the pastor and his labors are not only gratifying, but in the highest degree acceptable to the church and community, clearly pointing to him as one of our coming men. Having but little taste and less capacity for theological tournaments, logomachic tilts—and adverse criticism, all of which may be well enough in their places, I shall esteem it a priviledge and a duty to leave these matters to the clergy, proper, and from the road side and the hedges; from the floors of the Associations I may visit, and the churches I may attend, I shall take pleasure in giving to your readers, during my vacation, such things as may seem good.

Before closing allow me to say, I am the guest of my brother-in-law, Mr. J. J. Garrott, whose opinion of the crops, I esteem worthy of credit. The harvesting of wheat which is now in progress, will, he thinks, reveal the fact of less yield per acre than some think—will not average above twelve and a half bushels per acre.

The tobacco crop is a fair average and well advanced. Corn looks well and is well cultivated. Winter oats splendid and destined to become a popular crop. The whole line of garden vegetables good. Farmers hopeful and happy. Of course we teachers rejoice with them, knowing that full crops may bring full schools.

J. W. RUST.

How a man can vote for Bate and at the same time work against his platform is a difficult problem. It is hard to separate the two. Bate is the platform, and the platform is Bate—one in two and two in one. Every Democrat has a high personal regard for Mr. Bate, and would like to vote for him, but he has unhappily placed an impassable gulf between himself and many of his friends. That gulf is his political position. If you cannot support the platform, don't try to support the candidate on it. As a certain party has said, it is like a man claiming to be a christian and at the same time denying the Bible.—*Dresden Democrat.*