CLARKSVILLE WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

VOL. 52--NO. 2. CLARKSVILLE, TENN., SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1884. WHOLE NO. 2,534.

J. F. WOOD,

55 Franklin Street,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Avery Plows, Meikle Plows,

HARDWARE,

TINWARE and STOVES, GLASS and QUEENSWARE.

Roofing And Guttering

Promptly Done, at Lowest Prices.

Will You Stop a Moment

In your perambulating pedestrian excursions! Go not so fast Remember you meet with many heterogeneous conglomerations of unforseen difficulties in your journey through life, and to save trouble when in need of

Boots, Shoes, Hats, Shirts, Neckwear, Underwear, &c.,

Go where you will find the largest stock, and

BOWLING & WILLSON'S

Is the place.

All the late styles in Soft and Stiff Hats.

Large stock gents' high and low Shoes of the best makes.

The largest stock of ladies', misses' and children's fine Shoes and Slippers, greater variety than we have ever had before.

Ladies' fine Shoes a specialty.

Old ladies', men's and boys' Shoes, high and low cut.

And don't forget the "Rambler" Shirt never tears down the back. Nothing equals it for $1.

An elegant line of gent's Hosiery, Underwear and neckwear. Remember the place.

BOWLING & WILLSON.

DRUGS! DRUGS!

S. B. STEWART,

29 Franklin Street,

(Stand formerly occupied by McCauley & Co.)

Has on hand a complete stock of

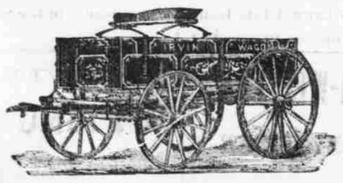
Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Shoulder Braces, Trusses, Sponges, Brushes, Chamois Skins, Perfumery, Fine Soaps, &c.

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, 1884—tf

The Clarksville Wagon Co.

Reduces its Prices.



We have on hand a large stock of superior Wagons of all the various sizes, and made of the very best materials, which we now offer at a reduction of $10.00 to $15 00 per Wagon, according to size, below our previous prices. The TIMBER used in our Wagons has been seasoning under our sheds from 3 to 5 years and is of the very best.

Every Wagon Warranted.

All who need Wagons would do well to see and price our stock before buying.

JOS. ELLIOTT, Manager.

March 9, 1883.

BLANK BOOKS

Of Every Description

Made to Order at this Office.

Elections and Hot Weather

Both tend to warm up the blood, and it is easier to prevent than cure sunstrokes. So to avoid danger while candidates are pulling you around under the gaze of old sol, you had better call

At Stratton's SHOE Store!

And provide yourself with

Straw Hats, Summer Shoes,

And Thin Underware

While they are being closed out at the following low prices:

A small line of men's low cut Shoes, former price $5.00 reduced to $3.50

A small line of men's low cut Shoes former prices $1.25 and 1.50 reduced to 75c.

A small line of children's Kid Strap Slippers, former price $1.50, reduced to 50c.

A big cut on men's and boy's STRAW HATS to close; also Men's Gauze Shirts and Drawers; Men's Drilled Drawers, both bleached and unbleached.

We can show you a choice lot of men's and boy's colored shirts; also the best Unlaundried Shirt in Clarksville for $1. A full line of ladies', mens', boy's and misse's SHOES at close figures. Respectfully,

M. A. STRATTON.

Ladies Go See New Goods

—AT—

R. S. BROADDUS, AGENT.

Beautiful Summer Silks from 50c to $1, Lyons Black Silks from $1 to 3, beautiful novelties in Silk and Wool Dress Goods, Otomans, Challies, Pongus, Nuns Veiling, beautiful brocaded and plain Satin 50c, elegant white India Linen Robes with trimming complete, from $6 to 10. Just received another lot of those beautiful plaid Gingham. Call early or you may miss the prettiest. 5.000 yds. beautiful Union Lawns 5 to 7 1-2c, handsome figured Lawns with solid colors to match, only 15c. The prettiest and cheapest White Dress Goods, Swiss Embroideries, Laces, in the city. Our second purchase of these goods has arrived and are selling well. The largest stock of Hamburgs at low prices, splendid stock of Lace Curtains at low prices. The finest and most stylish stock of Ready-Made Clothing ever offered by me at exceedingly low prices. I sell a good suit for $5, a splendid all-wool suit for $10, the best all-wool blue flannel suits for $12 and the best French Worsted, tailor made, suits for $25. These are bargains that only need to be seen to be appreciated.

☞I aso have a nice stock of Piece Goods, and will have suits made at home and guarantee a fit, and sell them at from $5 to $10 cheaper than you can send off and buy them. So don't do that any more; it's wrong. Keep your money at home and patronize home industry. Our tailors have to live as well as you; see that you help them.☜

The best $1 Shirt in town that wont tear down the back.

KINCANNON, SON & CO.,

HAVE NOW IN STOCK, AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Axes, Anvils, Augers, Andirons, Clocks, Curry Combs, Collars, Chains, Churns, Cages, Chamber Sets, Baskets, Buckets, Belting, Bar Fixtures, Grates, Grain Drills, Grind Stones, Guns, Hatchets, Hollowware, Hoes, Hames, Iron, Lamps, Locks, Lanterns, Leather, Pumps, Planes, Plows, Stoves, Shovels, Saws, Queensware, Spades, Tinware, Wagons, Wagon Material, Wheelbarrows, Wrenches, etc., etc.

AND MANY OTHER USEFUL ARTICLES, AT

Prices as Low as the Lowest.

TIN AND SHEET IRON WORK,

GUTTERING AND ROOFING,

Promptly Attended to.

Respectfully,

KINGANNON, SON & CO.

Oct. 6, 1883.

Sewanee Planing Mill

—o—

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.

JOB WORK and BOOK-BINDING

Of Every Description Done in First-class Style, at Moderate Price, at the

CHRONICLE OFFICE.

Magistrate's Blanks for Sale at this office.

A GREAT

WANT MET

THE MOSCHOCOWITZ

Model

WAIST LINING

Take Bust Measure as per above cut and send us your order. These Linings are the best French selicia. It embraces the best of all systems of dress cutting; it provides against misfits. Send us your order and be happy.

We have just received our

Fifth Order!

—OF—

SPRING

Dress Goods.

Some new novelties in wool stripe and plain to match that will make charming suits. We also have a new lot of

BLACK SILKS,

at very low price. Can sell you a good black all Silk at 75c. to $3 50 per yard, and guarantee our prices on silks to be as low as same quality can be had in New York. Good stock

Velvets, Colored Silks, Satins, Brocade Silks Pongee and Summer Solks,

And the largest stock of

Cheap Dress Goods

in the city. Can sell you a good wool dress at 15c per yard. Ladies, if you wish a black dress of any kind, from 15c per yard to $3 50 we can please you, as we have had unprecedented sales on dress goods so far this season, hence we conclude our prices must be right and that we have the largest stock in the city.

Every lady that has seen our otock of Laces, Hamburgs, all-over Embroideries and White Goods, will bear us out in the statement, that we have the largest and lovliest stock ever shown in this city. Our stock of Ladies Handkerchiefs, Hose, Collars, Gloves, (silk and kid) Fans, Parasols, Silk Umbrellas, Ruching, Corsets, Gauze Vests, is full, handsome lovely. Don't forget that we keep a choice line of Carpets, Oil-cloths, Mattings, Lace Curtains and Cornice.

Gentlemen, we keep a full line of Shirts, laundried and unlaundried, gauze, check muslin, balbrigan and lysle Undershirts, Collars, Cuffs, Ties, Drawers. There is no need of your sending off to buy the above goods or suitings, we can give you as good goods, save you express charges and thank you for your patronage. Give your home merchants a chance. Come and pay us the cash as you have to do on C. O. D. goods you order, and we will meet the price if it takes our breath to do it, but don't ask us to sell you as cheap on two or six months as you can buy in New York for cash, and we pay charges.

Keep your money at home. Come and see; we can make you feel all O. K.

COULTER BROS

"THAT BUGLE-CALL."

MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

He was a stern and proud old man,
With a courtly air and grace,
And it was his boast that he never forgot
A once-known name or face.

A soldier every inch of him,
And he had a goodly store
Of stories of "When I was a serving, sir,
With Scott, in the Mexican war."

A popular dinner-out was he,
And once, as it befell,
Old comrades carried him off to dine
In state at the town's hotel.

The dinner was good, and the wine was good;
His stories raised a shout;
When suddenly, under the balcony,
A bugle-call rang out.

Once, twice, and thrice on the evening air
Its soul-thrilling notes were bourne,
And the Major asked, with a frowning face,
"Who's tooting that old stage-horn?"

"What stage leaves here at this time of night?"
Then a comrade sadly said:
"Why, Major! it's old Buck Blowaway,
The fellow we thought was dead!"

No light came into the Major's face;
He tried to raise a smile,
As he said—with his usual courtly grace—
"I—don't recall his style!"

A murmur rose from the crowd outside;
Said the comrade then, "Oh—well!
That's the very 'To Boot and Saddle' he played
The day Cerro Gordo fell!"

The Major sprang to the balcony,
The crowd gave a mighty shout;
The fire of youth was in his eye,
And his words rolled grandly out.

"My friends! when I heard that bugle-call,
After all these many years,
It waked an echo of memory,
Which thrilled my old heart! [Cheers.]

"Afar in the pathless wilderness,
Where the weary traveler steers
His way by the stars, had I heard that note,
'Twould have waked that echo! [Cheers.]

"It has rung as we marched to victory,
It has raised us above all fears;
It has never sounded 'Retreat,' my friends—
Old buck couldn't learn that! [Cheers.]

"Not another man in the world could call
To these dry old eyes the tears
As old Buck has done with his bugle-blast!"
[Tremendous, deafening cheers!]

KISS BEHIND THE DOOR

There was trouble in young farmer Periwinkle's kitchen, at least there was every evidence of trouble, for it was dine o'clock by the large, old-fashioned clock that stood in one corner, the breakfast dishes still stood unwashed on the well kept table, and the white foam of the unstrained milk was visible over the top of the shining bucket, and Jenny Periwinkle, young farmer Periwinkle's pretty wife and mistress of this pleasant home, was seated in a low chair, sobbing as though her heart would break. What was the trouble? you ask. Well, it was this:

A new carpet had arrived at the Periwinkle homestead a few days before—a carpet bought with Jenny's own earnings. For though the owner of a good farm, in an evil hour Joe Periwinkle had been induced to add more to his already broad acres, and so when pretty, ambitious little Jenny had come to be mistress of his home and heart, she found that debt, like a black cloud, hung over the otherwise lovely home. The home, though very comfortable, lacked a great many things indispensible to one like Jenny, and among them was a sitting-room carpet. Jenny had determined that her own earnings should buy the needed article; so every egg was saved, young chickens carefully guarded from hawks and other enemies, the gilt edged butter that was Jenny's pride was sent to market just at the right time. The result of all this was a new carpet, which suited even fastidious Jenny, had arrived a few days before and was now ready to be stretched over floor of the bare sitting room. A letter had also arrived a few days before from Jenny's city cousins, saying that they would be at her house on the 20th of June, and it was now the 18th. There was a great many things to be done before their arrival, for our little housekeeper was anxious that everything should be in perfect order when the fashionable cousins should come to make her a visit.

Jenny had thought a great deal about her new carpet, and a great many pretty articles which only a tasteful woman's fingers know how to fashion was locked up in drawers and hid in various places, only waiting for the new carpet to be put down, to be brought out to adorn the pleasant sitting room. As I said before, there were a great many things to be done, as every housekeeper knows, when company is expected. Beside the arrangement of the sitting room, there were many duties to perform, many dainty dishes to be prepared, and raspberries were ripe, and canning to be done. Also, her bed of phlox and pansies were needing weeding sadly; and to cap the climax, the girl who had helped her had suddenly been called to the bedside of a sick mother the day before, and at this time of the year help was very scarce. So that morning at the breakfast table Jenny had said in her sweetest manner:

"Joe, cannot you take John (John was the hired man), and put down the carpet for me? I have so much to do that it makes me tired to think of it."

Joe laid down his fork and looked up in astonishment. Never in all his life had he heard his mother ask such a thing of his father. Joe was fond of his wife, and very proud of her too. The artistic arrangement of his home did not pass unnoticed by him, and that his wife tried every way to make him a pleasant home, he was thankful for, but still like many another good man, he thought the house a secondary consideration, forgetting that to her who managed it, it was of the utmost importance. So arising hastily, he said:

"Jenny, you certainly do not know the amount of work I have on hand."

"Why, Joe," Jenny replied, "I thought all the neighbors were praising your crops, and saying yours were the best in the neighborhood."

"Well," replied Joe, "the way to keep them that way is to work them well."

"But Joe," persisted Jenny, "it would not take you more than an hour, and the cousins will soon be here; and to tell the truth, I do not feel physically strong enough to stretch the carpet as it should be."

"As far as the cousins are concerned," said Joe, "I think they can do without the carpet; and as for your putting it down, why, of course, I did not expect you to do it. Just wait until a rainy day and I will have it put down all right."

So saying, he walked out, where he was joined by John, and soon forgot all about the carpet.

Poor Jenny! She had thought about it all the time she had been milking the soft-eyed Jersey cow, which in the absence of her servant, she had to milk. And now she had broken down completely, and was having a good cry. A rainy day, indeed! How little men understood such things. Some very naughty thoughts about men in general, and one man in particular, flashed through her mind, when she was aroused by John's small, black son, who wanted a bucket to carry some water to the field. The bucket was given to him, and Jenny went on back to her work, ashamed that she had allowed herself to be so overcome.

On returning to the field, the small boy said:

"Masso Joe, I spects you had better go to the house, kase sumfins wrong. Miss Jenny is jest a cryin'!"

Joe stopped, astonished. What could be the matter with Jenny? Could it be possible that she was silly enough to cry about that carpet? Joe thought a moment.

"Well, I suppose she is anxious to have everything all right when her cousins come. If my cousin William was to come up from his well-kept Mississippi plantation would I want him to find my farm all out of order? Of course not."

Suddenly a smile broke out all over his face, and he started for the house.

"I wonder what's the matter with the boss?" said John. "I reckon I'll step over the fence and chat Mary Jane," which he accordingly did.

Upon entering the house, Joe pretended to take no notice of Jenny's tear-stained face, but bustling round as though hunting for something, he said:

"Jenny, I am in an awful hurry this morning, and need some seed corn from Uncle Jim's. As you haven't much to do, can't you drive over there and bring me back a peck?"

Just then he pretended to notice her face, and said, "Why, little girl, you are looking pale this morning; I am afraid you have been worrying too much; a drive will do you good." So saying he walked out to harness the horse.

Poor Jenny! she had not spoken once; indeed, she felt too angry to speak. Nothing to do, indeed! after all she said to him about the work there was to be done. Then with womanly consistency she said, "Well, I will go; I don't care whether the carpet is put down or not." So, putting on her hat, she drove off without even a glance at Joe, who, laughing to himself, thought, "She will look different from that when she comes back."

Now John was called from his chat with his neighbor, and the carpet was put down in a jiffy. The pretty curtins which Joe knew were to screen the sitting room windows were put up, and everything put in order. John was instructed to weed the phlox and pansy beds, and then gather the raspberries; while Joe rode to the village and bought a comfortable rocker and some other things that he knew were wanted. Had no more than got things arranged when he heard the rumble of wheels, and posting himself at the window he watched the path that led up to the house.

In the meantime Jenny had gone on her errand and would have enjoyed herself extremely, if it had not been for the work which she knew ought to be done. It was a lovely day; the birds sang gayly as she drove along and everything seemed to be enjoying the lovely summer day. As she drove in sight of home she could not help thinking how peacable and picturesque looked her home with its moss covered roof, wide porches, and rose-embowered windows. As she drove up to the gate she wondered where Joe could be. Just then she caught singht of the flower beds, and exclaimed, "O, the hens have been scratching among my flowers, and spoiled them, I suppose." She hastened to the supposed scene of desolation; but no, there were all her flowers, only the weeds had disappeared. Some of the phlox had opened, and some choice pansies which she had watched for weeks had opened and smiled brightly at her as she passed into the house. "O," she thought, "how my cousins will admire my home—that is the exterior." Joe could not help laughing when he saw her hastening to the flower beds, and when he heard her entering the house he slipped behind the door. As Jenny paused on the threshold of her room, an exclamation of surprise escaped her lips. Who could have done it? Could it be possible that she had misjudged Joe so terribly? She ventured in and sat down in the new rocker, and surveyed the room. "How did he know how well just what I wanted?" she exclaimed aloud. Jenny made a rush for the door, and—well, you have heard this advice to married people, "kiss behind the door," and Jennie carried it out to the letter. Who could have helped it? Could you?

THAT honorable representative of the old Whig party, Col. Sam. P. Ivins, of Athens, thus comments in the Post on Judge Reid's claim that Radicalism is the legitimate heir and successor of the party of the immortal Clay:

"We assure Judge Reid and others who think as he does that we have too much reverence for the old Whig party to admit for a moment that the Republican organization of this day and generation is the legitimate offspring of the former, inheriting its virtues, integrity and patriotism. Judge Reid's appeals to old line Whigs are impressive, but will hardly reach the coveted result. The editor of this paper is old enough to remember the birth, life and death of the old Whig party. It was a grand organization, and numbered among its membership some of the greatest and purest statesmen the world ever produced. There were giants in those days. But Rome has lost her breed of noble bloods, and pigmies and dwarfs strut and fret in robes borrowed from the illustrious past, claiming merit and promotion because of the deeds and services of those no longer on earth.

The Good Work at Chicago.

New York World.

Many months ago the World repudiated the assertion that, excepting a few cranks, there was any vestige of free-trade sentiment in the Democratic party, and condemned the folly and insincerity of those politicians who, for personal objects, sought to raise a bogus free-trade agitation under the mask of revenue reform.

The ablest Democratic body assembled for years has now made clear the position of the party as the unyielding champion of revenue reform, the advocate of honest expenditures, honest taxation and just protection, through a tariff, for American industry and labor. It has corrected the oversight of 1876 and the blunder of 1880. It has swept away every vestige of free-trade from the Democratic party. It has repudiated the folly of the Congressional fiasco. It has justified the opposition of the World to the tariff agitation, and has restored the confidence of business men in Democratic principles. It has done all in its power to deserve success, and by its judicious action on the tariff question has accomplished much towards securing a victory for its excellent candidates.

A little child becoming wearied with the quarreling of two younger children over a glass of milk, exclaimed: "What's the use of fighting forever over that milk? There's a whole cowful out in the barn."

SODA biscuit should never be worked. Mix as quickly as possible, mold into form and put in a hot oven. If worked they will be heavy.

Personal Politics.

Nashville American.

The Cincinnati Commercial Gazette says:

"Mr. Blaine has been censured by Democratic and Independent journals for not turning aside to discuss the personal charges made against him, in his letter of acceptance. There are very ugly charges of immorality made against Gov. Cleveland, which have come to light through Democratic and Independent sources. Will he venture to discuss, or even allude, to them, in his letter of acceptance?"

The editor, we fear designedly, fails to observe the wide distinction between charges against a man's personal character and charges against his official conduct.

A dirty little sheet in Buffalo has constructed a scandalous story directed against Gov. Cleveland too indecent for publication in any respectable journal. This story, bearing on its face its own reputation is of a purely personal kind; it relates to no official act. Had there been any truth in it, it would have been out before; but it is evidently manufactured for mere campaign purposes. There are stories affecting only Mr. Blaine's personal character to which the barest reference has been made. No Democratic paper has so far lost its self-respect as to give currency to these malignant rumors, and it is to the credit of our party that this is so; but if it is the purpose of the Republican press to force the fighting on this line, no doubt ample material can be found to make it interesting if not profitable.

The charges made openly and formally against James G. Blaine, the charges which the Cincinnati Commercial in 1876 used to prevent Blaine's nomination, which again, in 1880, shut him out, and which in 1884 have caused a revolt against him in his own party, are of a character altogethr different, and it is these charges which the Commercial Gazette now thinks are offset by the irresponsible charges trumped up in Buffalo against the private character of Mr. Cleveland.

The charges to which we refer are surported by ample specifications. They have not been answered; they can not be answered, for they rest on letters written by Mr. Blaine himself.

The first charge is, that at the spring session of Congress, 1869, a bill to renue the land-grant of the Little Rock and Fort Smith road, of Arkansas, was before the House; its defeat was imminent. Speaker Blaine sent a message to Gen. Logan to make a certain point of order, which would save the bill; the point was made and sustained by the Speaker, and the bill saved. Blaine wrote at once to the promoters of the enterprise, reciting his services, demanding compensation; after some negotiations he received as his reward some of the bonds of the road and a percentage on the sale of others.

The second charge is that Mr. Blaine asserted afterward on the floor of Congress, in order to cover up these transactions, that the road derived "its life franchise and value wholly from the State and not from Congress," but an investigation showed the road derived the value on which these bonds were based on the act which, as recited, Mr. Blaine saved by his official action. He asserted that "the bonds were bought by him at precisely the same rate paid by others," whereas the evidence clearly showed they came to him at his commission and as his reward for services rendered as Speaker of the House.

The third charge is that Mr. Blaine, in 1870, made an offer, as Ward now plnes; Connelly died two years ago In Switzerland, a fugitive from justice; Peter B. Sweeney alone survives. When Tweed died a judgment for $6,000,000 was hanging over his head. Sweeney has now outlived the time prescribed in the statute of limitations, and is, it is said coming home to New York to spend the remainder of his days.

An Old Man's Plaint.

Bill Arp.

Most everybody is dead. That is, all the old folks. There are mighty few left of the old stock that used to move around so lively and take the lead in business and public affairs. Some of us are getting lonesome now. The ranks keep filling up, but we don't know the new recruits. Old Father Time is a conscript officer and he won't take any substitutes nor give anybody a bomb-proof place. There are no quartermasters nor commissaries nor potash getters in this war, but it is fight, fight, fight all the time. Fight as they did at Thermopylæ where there was only 300 against 1,000,000 and there was no possible escape. Sooner or later all of us have got to go. We can't desert nor dodge nor play sick nor shoot a finger off, and there are no furloughs and no pensions and no discharge. There is not even a promotion for good conduct or noble daring. There is nothing but to do and die. Well it's all right I know or it wouldn't have been so, but it grieves me to hear the bell tolling all about and to see the old stock passing away.

In his speech at Lawrenceburg Maj. W. J. Sykes placed the iron ore of Lawrence county at 187,264,000 tons. This is perhaps considerably less than the real amount, but even this would yield 93,632,000 tons of pig iron. Its value at $15 per ton which it would readily bring, as it is made of such valuable ore, making a total valuation of $1,405,230,000—a prodigious sum. It is not strange that Lawrence county should be opposed to letting in coal, iron ore and timber free and levying high duties on all liger articles.—*Paducah Citizen.*

Only Two Declinations.

The fact is recalled that Tilden is not the only man who declined a Presidental nomination. He must share this honor with Daniel S. Dickinson of New York, who declined the nomination at the National Democratic Convention at Baltimore in 1852. Mr. Dickinson was a delegate to the convention in the interest of Gen Cass, and after the nomination of the latter was deemed impossible, Dickinson's name was substituted, but he declined the honor in an eloquent speech. Franklin Pierce was then substituted and nominated on the forty-ninth ballot.

A pound of raisins is an excellent addition to a bread-pudding. The bread should be first toasted and then finely grated.

To Toy Gently With Fortune is Nice.

To toy with Fortune, if at not too great a risk, is one of the pleasantest of pastimes. The wild gambling in stocks on Wall street brings to the speculator not near as healthy an exercise as the investment in the drawings of the Louisiana State Lottery, at New Orleans, La., of $5 for a whole or proportionately for fractional parts. The 171st Grand Monthly Drawing will occur on Tuesday, August 12th, and any information can be had on application to M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La.

Origin of the "Society of Tammany."

Cincinnati Letter.

In 1789 was organized the "Society of Tammany or Columbian Order," and the men who stood sponsor for it were Aaron Burr and the other ardent Republicans of whom Jefferson was the head, and who opposed the plots of the Federals to pervert the new republic into a limited monarchy. These latter had already founded their aristocratic society of the "Cincinnati," and to this the new Tammany Society was an offset.

It was named Tammany after the well-known and talented chief who had federated the thirteen Indian tribes of the State of New York under one government; and on this basis Tammany's organization was made to consist of a council of thirteen sachems, the number of original States as well as of the New York tribes.

Tammany is and always has been a secret society as much as the Masons, having its grips, signs, passwords, and other mysterious tokens. It is a benevolent society for mutual assistance, and was organized under the charity society act of the State of New York.

The organization of the Tammany Society is made up of over 1,100 members, representing twenty-four assembly districts, and has one member for every 100 Democratic votes cast in the several districts. The Society thus stands fairly for the Democratic vote of the city. Its executing business is transacted by a committee of organization, which consists of sixteen members from each district. Each district, moreover, has a leader, self-constituted, or recognized by tacit consent, and these leaders are the real manager of Tammany, and responsible to it for affairs in their respective districts.

John Kelly is not, as is generally supposed, the nominal chief of Tammany; he is merely the actual chief, and is numbered among the thirteen subordinate sachems. He is looked upon by his followers with a respect and admiration akin to reverence; and I doubt if such a feeling could be inspired in so many men by anything short of sterling qualities.

In appearance John Kelly is not unlike Gen. Grant. Like Grant he has a square face, a square chin, a square broad head, square shoulders, and he crops close his hair and beard like Grant, and turns gray like Grant, and he speaks in a slow voice like Grant. I hear that Grant and Kelly have been mistaken for one another upon the street.

The present grand sachem is Charles H. Haswell, now in his 83d year—a famous civil engineer, who, fifty years ago, was chief engineer of the United States navy under Jackson. He is still very vigorous, presides with dignity, and looks marvelously like an old Indian strayed from his native wigwam.

The most difficult office in Tammany is that of Wiskinskinsaw (sometimes irreverently called Winkey-skin.") John D. Newman holds the office and has held it for a quarter of a century, to the terror of financial delinquents and dead-beats. His duties include the collection of political assessments, as well as the receipt of dues and other regular tribute; and when he shoulders his tomahawk and strikes the trail of a member who is in arrears there is sure to be fun, except for the fugitive.

Of the "Big Four" who constituted the old Tammany ring—Tweed, Sweeny, Connelly, and John Watson,—only one is now living. Watson was killed by being thrown out of a sleigh in Harlem lane in 1871; Tweed died in Ludlow Street jail, in the luxurious cell where his own letters show, to Mr. Warren Fisher, a railroad officer, to sell him one-half of one twenty-fourth interest in the Northern Pacific road immediately after Jay Cooke had perfected his contract. Blaine said he came into possession of this interest by "a strange revolution of circumstances." The interest would represent, so said Mr. Blaine, $425,000, and nearly 376,000 acres of land. "The chance was a very rare one," wrote Mr. Blaine; he could not touch it, and he offered it to Mr. Fisher for $25,000. Fisher agreed to take it, paid the money, but the stock was never delivered, and the money was returned to Fisher. It was clearly shown that the value of this interest was altered by legislation and dependent entirely on it. Mr. Blaine first denied he had had any transactions with the road, and then shifted his defense to another ground, claiming that he derived no pecuniary interest in a transfer which had not been completed.

The fourth charge, is that under false promises, under promises which he did not intend to fulfill, and which he did not fulfill, he obtained letters from Mr. Mulligan implicating him in many questionable transactions. Of these letters Mr. Mulligan was the legal custodian, and all threats and pleading had been used with him in vain.

Now these charges cannot be lightly put aside; these letters are not open to two constructions. The charge is that Blaine sold his official influence for bonds and money, for pecuniary considerations; that he betrayed his constituents and violated his public trust; that he voted, and in other ways aided, to build up the wealth of corporations at the expense of the people. These are not personal charges they are official charges; charges involving his official conduct, as serious as any ever brought against a public officer.

If they can be answered now, and we submit that the people will not be diverted from them by anonymous slanders against the personal character of the Democratic nominee.

THE cholera panic in France recalls an incident of the elder Dumas in 1832. His servant rushed into his room one day crying, "The cholera is in Paris! A man fell dead with it in the Rue Chauchat!" Dumas laughed, incredulous. "But it is perfectly true, Monsieur!" said the scared domestic; "he is lying stark and stiff and as black as a negro, though they have rubbed him for more than an hour." "Humph! Perhaps they have rubbed him with a blacking brush," retorted Dumas, carelessly; but within a week he had the cholera himself, severely, and would probably have died had not the servant given him an overdose of ether by mistake. She gave him a glassful of ether with a few drops of water, instead of the prescribed glassful of water with a few drops of ether. Dumas swallowed it, lay unconscious for two hours, and then awoke convalescent.

The Campaign of Slander.

New York World.

The campaign of slander against Gov. Cleveland has about spent itself. At least 100 lies have been put in circulation touching the bills that he has signed or refused to sign as Chief Executive of New York. It has taken sometime to produce the records, but the liars are on the retreat. The assault upon the Governor's private character, made by a few disreputable and sensational newspapers, is based upon a scandal that was exploded two years ago. The reaction is now setting in, and Grover Cleveland will grow and increase from this day until the 4th of November.