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JOHN P. BUCHANAN made a good speech here last Friday to a good audience. He strikes square from the shoulder.—The Morristown Laborer.

THE agricultural fairs are still affording politicians an opportunity to tickle the grangers' ears and pull out their button-holes.—New York World.

ALTHOUGH Dr. Kelley is still at large we hear that his depredations, whether in Democratic or Republican fields, are not at all serious.—Shelbyville Gazette.

MR. BRECKINRIDGE is making a thorough and spirited canvass in the Second Arkansas district and the Democrats claim that he will be elected. He should be.

WHERE is Baxter? The force bill does not have been too much for the cabbage-pot statesman, judging from the length of time it has kept him sick.—Marshall Gazette.

THE Supreme Court at Knoxville has decided that the circuit and criminal judges may supervise bills of cost sent up from magistrates courts in criminal cases.

THE Memphis Avalanche is editorially concerned in the question as to whether or not deaf mutes should intermarry. By all means give them a hearing and let them have their say.—Sheffield Enterprise.

THERE is a smile a yard wide visible 10 feet away when the Democrats see the Prohibitionists bucking their heads against Marshall County's big, solid, rock-wall Democratic majority.—Marshall Gazette.

THE returning board in the Tenth district have agreed to recommend to the Congressional Convention that it abide by the old rules and proceed with the balloting. A very wise conclusion and the play will therefore again be put on the stage next Monday.

SECRETARY WINDOM is still paying out interest on bonds before the interest is due. The Government seems to be run in the interest of the speculators, and the people have to pay heavy taxes to enable holders of Government bonds to be paid before they are due.—Nashville Herald.

It is reported that when Buck Kilgore kicked open the door Speaker Reed retired to his private room and made the air blue with profanity. He ought to have loosened his silk belly-band and invited Kilgore to kick him a few. It might have soothed his agitated feelings.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

HEAVY shipments of pig-iron are being made to the West daily from Birmingham. Reed may rant and act the tyrant in Congress, but he can not stifle the economic forces that are at work at present developing the vast resources of the South. The march of progress has begun and all the Reeds on earth can not stop it.—Memphis Appeal.

DR. KELLEY is an adept politician—a sort of patent-adjustable machine. He baits his hook for white men and colored men, for Democrats and Republicans, for the farmer, the lawyer, the doctor, the mechanic, the banker, the merchant, the teetotaler, the drunkard, the free-trader, and the protectionist. Such a distinguished acrobat ought not to complain at a man for trying to ride two horses, even if they are going in different directions.—Bristol Courier.

BILL ARP ON POLITICS.

Remarks Addressed to Everybody in General and the Alliance in Particular.

Bill Arp has written an interesting letter on Georgia politics. He says:

"Was there ever such a political muss in Georgia? Gordon, and Norwood, and Peck, and Livingston all fussing, and ex-Gov. Smith and Judge Hines, in the bushes with their coats off. Gordon says Norwood is a demagogue and uses language on Livingston. Of course they had to bring poor Tom Lyon into it as a side show. But Tom can stand it. Norwood says he does not like the word demagogue, and he challenges Gordon for a talk. They all seem to be friends to the farmer, and are almost ready to die for him. This sudden and extraordinary love for the poor farmers is very pathetic, and I wish there were four or five Senators to elect. Such devotion deserves to be rewarded. To a man up in a tree the whole thing looks peculiar, and somehow reminds us of the soldier who got scared early and wanted to go home. So, while the minnie-balls were singing and whistling all around him, he was found behind a tree with his arms outstretched, and was waving them up and down vigorously. 'What are you doing, Jake,' said a comrade. 'I want to go home,' said he, 'and I'm waving for a furlough.' He wanted to get shot in the hand. There is many an office-seeker, many a political soldier, waving for a furlough now.

"What is all this racket about, anyhow? Who started it? Who told the farmers that they were oppressed, and mistreated, and imposed upon by all the rest of mankind? General Gordon says that he has been sympathizing with them for seventeen years, and Mr. Norwood has been troubled about them all his life. Governor Smith is awful sorry for them. Livingston has wept in great anguish for them.

"Well, it must be a bad, sad case, but to save my life I can't cry a bit. I wish that I could. When I see folks weeping all around me, and I can't shed a tear, it makes me suspect my own heart. I'm afraid I've got calloused in my old age. I farmed as hard as I could for eleven years, and never found out that I was oppressed. I worked in the field with my boys. We planted, and plowed, and hoed, and mowed grass, and raised horses and cattle, and sold our produce for a good price.

"Our corn always brought 50 cents a bushel at the crib, and our hay \$20 a ton, and nobody ever came and told me I was imposed upon, and I was such a fool I never found it out. Joe Bradley had been farming right close by me for twenty years and hasn't found it out yet. He must be an awful fool. Joe used to bring his cotton to gin before I got up and I asked him one day how he managed to make so much cotton, and corn, and wheat, and oats, and raise so many fat hogs, and send his daughter to town to school, and buy a piano, and all that. Joe smiled and said: 'Well, you must know that if I don't see the sun rise in the morning I have the headache all day, and as my house is down in a hollow, I have to go to the corn field or cotton patch to see the sun rise.' I'll bet \$10 that Joe don't belong to the Alliance.

He hasn't got time. When a rainy day comes you will find him in his workshop making a plow stock, or mending his harness, or cleaning out his stables. He saves every spadeful of barn-yard manure and puts it on his land. I had one tenant who worked hard and prospered. I had two others who were always behind. They had a power of business at the mill, or at town, or at some meeting-house, and when the creek was muddy they were just obliged to go seining. Their crops were always in the grass, and they are in the grass yet, I reckon. They belong to the Alliance, and are waiting for something to turn up. This is plain talk, but it is true talk. The greatest enemy the farmer has got is his own indolence. No man succeeds in anything who does not work diligently. If a man would work as hard on his farm as Reub Satterfield does in his store, he would prosper. Mr. Satterfield is a good merchant. He is in his store before I get up. His dinner is sent to him on busy days. After supper he goes back to his store and works on his books. He is never idle, and is making money. It is the same way with all trades and professions. It is very nice and pleasant to sit about and talk and read the news, but the lawyers in this town who get most of the business are rarely seen on the streets, and they entertain no loafers. Diligence, diligence is the secret of success, and diligence ought to be the secret pass-word of the Alliance.

"I wish I knew exactly who it is that is oppressing the poor farmer. I think I would get a big stick and go for him. I wish I knew the distress that hangs like a mill-stone over my friends Gus Betes, and Tom Lyon, and old man Burge, and C. M. Jones, and Conner, and Tumlin, and John Brown, and a host of other big farmers in the county. They have all got rich enough to leave home when they please, and send their children off to college, but still they are not happy. They seem to think we have been doing something against them, but I declare upon my honor I haven't. They say they want a warehouse and a loan from the Government, so they can hold their cotton and force the manufacturers to pay 15 cents a pound for it. Just so—the great West wants warehouses for their grain, so as to make us pay \$2 a bushel for wheat and \$1 for corn. If this thing all happens, what is to become of me? I won't have more than a shirt and a half all the year round, and my wife will wear her eyes out patching under-garments; Carl and Jessie won't have but one biscuit each, and nothing but taters to carry to school. What will become of the shoe-maker, and the black-smith, and the carpenter, and the brick-mason, and the day-laborer? What will become of all the poor folks, and the negroes, and the cotton-pickers? I have before me the tables of the last census, and find that there are 4,250,000 farmers and planters in the United States, and there are 13,000,000 laborers—toilers—working people who are not farmers. There are over 3,000,000 laborers on the farms who work for wages. What will they say to flour at \$5 a hundred? There are over 1,000,000 mechanics, nearly as many railroad operators, and half as many milliners and factory employes, women and children. What is to become of them if the farmers get up a corner on the necessities of life? One of England's great

est statesmen was Richard Cobden, whose powerful speeches abolished the duty on grain, and the inscription on his monument is:

"He gave the poor cheap bread."

I tell you, my farming friends, this thing will not do. You have gone far beyond reason in your demands. Demagogues have led you astray—I say it considerably—demagogues have led you far away from the original purposes of your order. Don't you know that you will never live to see your cotton in a Government warehouse? Don't you know that you will never see a dollar of that \$64,000,000 that your leaders say is coming right away from England to advance on your cotton? Don't you know that all these promises are a delusion and a snare and will fade into a mist after the election is over? I do confess to some grief and mortification over the credulity of my farming friends. I feel but little interest in politics. My politics is for the South to go on prospering as she has done since the war. The farmer, the laborer, the mechanic, the merchant—every class has prospered. Diligence in business and a contented disposition will make us all happy. There are no people on earth that have as much to be thankful for as we have. I feel like I am alone in these views, for I know that the press is against me and most of the people, but I feel better for having had my say, whether it pleases any one or not. I see politicians dancing and prancing around the Alliance and talking big about corn and cotton who don't know the difference between a bull-tongue and a twister. Heard of one the other day who said that there would be a very short crop of cotton, for he had noticed that the red blossoms were all falling off. He said that just as soon as a poor farmer had anything to sell the prices went down. Cotton was down and fodder had dropped from \$2 a hundred to \$1, and sweet potatoes had already gone down to 60 cents a bushel, and in two months from now corn would fall 25 or 50 per cent. We must have a big warehouse, said he, and store the produce and keep it until the speculators and monopolists are whipped out. Maybe that man wants to be a friend to the farmer, but he don't know how. He knows nothing of the laws of supply and demand. During the tabernacle meeting I had to pay 25 cents for chickens that hadn't done suking. Before that they were plenty at 15 cents. The Methodist preachers did that, but they didn't mean to, and I'm not complaining. I'll do anything for a preacher.

MAKING the race for Governor in Tennessee on the Republican ticket must be an unhealthy piece of business. It was some time after Sam Hawkins' nomination before he was able to get on the stump, and many of his appointments had to go unfilled because of his bad health. The same malady, it seems, has possession of Baxter. His health has greatly given down since his nomination. We are not surprised at this, for the thoughts of going before the people on such a platform as he is compelled to stand is sufficient to make the best of them a "little under the weather."—Huntingdon Democrat.

LET the croakers then go to the rear and good Democrats come to the front, for they are needed there, and there is work ahead for them. Let the watch word be, stand by the nominees.—Clarksville Democrat.

BRIEF STATE NEWS.

A chamber of commerce has been organized at Bristol.

There are now about sixteen labor unions in Nashville.

Track laying on the new railroad to the ore banks near Iron City is about completed.

A disastrous fire visited Clarksville Saturday, destroying property to the amount of \$200,000.

Warren Smith, of Hardin County, has been nominated for the State senate by the Republicans.

The Bank of Madison at Jackson made an assignment Saturday; liabilities, \$210,000; assets, \$230,000. Payment will be made in full.

There is some talk of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company building a branch road from Paris via Crossland and Mayfield, Ky., to Cairo, Ill.

The Big Hatchie River is all over the contiguous lowlands, and it is claimed by river men having logs, stave-timber, shingles, etc., in the bottoms that their loss will be great from the excessive overflow.

John Drake and John Perkins, the two young men who escaped from the McMinnville jail one day last week, were arrested Saturday in White County by W. L. Steakley, ex-sheriff of McMinn County, and were returned to jail at the above place.

Chang Wing, proprietor of a wash-house at Chattanooga, has departed for parts unknown. It is stated that he followed a white widow who lived near his laundry. His brother says he went to meet the woman, marry her, and carry her to China.

Sunday morning the passenger train on the Western and Atlantic Railroad jumped the track at McIvers Station. The engine, mail-car, and baggage-car were wrecked. Fireman Richard McLain was instantly killed and the engineer was badly hurt.

A collision occurred on the Belt Line at Chattanooga Saturday between a freight train on that line and an engine on the East Tennessee, Virginia, and Georgia Railroad. Fireman Gibson, of the Belt Line engine, received injuries and was so badly scalded that he will probably die.

No county in the State has suffered more from barn-burners than has Sumner, says a Gallatin dispatch. Friday night the mammoth barn of the large stock-farm at Hazel Path, the home of Horatio Berry, near Hendersonville, was burned to the ground with its entire contents. The loss is estimated at \$13,000; only a slight insurance.

A woman entered the house of a man named Tanner, residing in Northcut's Cove, in Grundy County, on Wednesday of last week and discharged one barrel of a shotgun into the breast of Mrs. Tanner, killing her instantly. The other barrel she fired at Tanner's daughter, inflicting serious and probably fatal wounds. No particulars can be ascertained.

Active work was resumed on the Mussel Shoals Canal on the Tennessee River last week. The recent appropriation of \$475,000 is sufficient to complete the Mussel Shoals Canal and to open Culbert Shoals below Florence, Ala., to navigation the year round to the largest river steamers. Twenty-five thousand dollars of the appropriation will be used in clearing out the mouth of the Tennessee River.