

THE COMER

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SALUTATORY.

We make our politest bow and salute the people. We have no axe to grind but theirs, and shall lay it at the root of the tree.

In politics, we are democratic; in religion, we are orthodox. We are for the encouragement of labor, the development of our natural resources, and a pure and honest administration of government, both state and national. We are for pure men in high places; we are for the gallows and penitentiary for criminals; we are for heaven for future reward, and hell for punishment.

Bate for Governor.

Two years ago the Democracy of Tennessee in convention assembled, after due deliberation, made a platform and published it to the world. They placed their standard in the hands of the gallant BATE, and galloped before it to triumphant victory. As Governor of the State, we believe in a faithful, honest and energetic man who elevated him to the office. Therefore we think it just and right that the party demand their appreciation of him as a statesman, by holding a ticket with BATE for '84.

Harmar.

Times tireless flight has brought us to the eve of another political campaign. The two great parties are marshalling their hosts and preparing for the bloodless battle. The field will be from sea to sea, and the struggle will be for the control of government, state and national. The Republicans with the miraculous bloody-shirt afloat and marching to the music of government patronage, are already pushing to the front, while the Democracy quarrel around their campfires. Unity of action has held the Republican party in power for twenty years. Its conspicuous absence has kept the Democracy out. If we fight, let us fight our foes; division is sure defeat, but in union there is strength. The people want a change of administration; the country needs it; if safety demands it. Let personal animosities be forgot, and personal differences be yielded, and let the will of the majority be obeyed; let harmony prevail, and Democracy will triumph in '84.

Is it True?

The Knoxville Tribune is authority for the statement that Judge S. J. Kirkpatrick, of Jonesboro, is the Moristown Gazette's Democrat who is to run independent, and with the aid and support of the Republicans, defeat Governor Bate should he be re-nominated. We have no authority from Mr. Kirkpatrick to make a denial, but we believe the use of his name in this connection is altogether unwarranted. Mr. Kirkpatrick, who is a lawyer of fine ability and of still greater abilities, has been a good and con-

tributor to the cause of Democracy. And so your ignorance and our folly make up the complement:

"Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise."

Look here, friend, we want peace, but fool with us much, we'll toss you up on the tail of THE COMER, carry you out into boundless space and let you drop. There shall be a "wheapin' and whalin' and a smashin' of teeth."

EAST TENNESSEE.

No section of country East of the Rocky mountains, within the Union, can present as many and strong inducements for settlement to industrious and thrifty seekers of new homes, and to capitalists looking out for profitable investments in manufacturing and the various branches of agriculture, as East Tennessee. Fertile soil, natural drainage, pure living water thickly distributed in springs, creeks, rivulets and rivers; forests of timber of many varieties and excellent quality; scienite granites equal to the monumental granites of Egypt, finest marbles of every shade of color, and in unlimited quantities, inexhaustible coal fields, undeveloped treasures of gold, silver, copper and other precious metals, mountains of iron of every kind, including the richest magnetic ores in the world, a strictly temperate climate varied and modified, its altitudes reaching all the way up from six hundred to sixty-three hundred feet, unpoluted with malaria and full of all the elements of life and health, and a scenery which, presenting new and striking features from every new point of view, attracts and fascinates the beholder with infinitely varying landscapes, whose elements of picturesque boldness, beauty and magnificence harmoniously blended, impress his soul with more exalted ideas and enlarge his appreciation of the attributes of the Divine Artist. These characteristics of East Tennessee make a sum total of natural attractions rarely found in combination in any region of the earth. And added to these is our central position with reference to sister states and the great and rapidly increasing facilities we enjoy for cheap, safe and speedy travel and transportation north, south, east and west. From East Tennessee, a large number of the great centres of population and traffic in the United States can be reached in a shorter time than from any other section.

The lands are fertile and cheap. Manufactories can be erected and run for less money, and will therefore yield better profits than anywhere on the continent. Pig iron can be made at least five dollars per ton cheaper than in Pennsylvania, and East Tennessee alone could make enough of it if she had the furnaces, to supply the world for a thousand years.

Leather is tanned here cheaper than anywhere north or west. Our forests are yet covered with almost every kind of timber, and water power abounds almost everywhere. It is not only the best country in the world for the safe and profitable investment of money and labor, but it is most desirable to live in. Only the scarcely perceptible trend of the earthquake is ever felt

Tilden and the Democracy.

Nothing was ever plainer in our politics, than that the hope of democratic success in the coming campaign rests mainly with Samuel J. Tilden. We do not know that Mr. Tilden will accept the nomination. We believe he will. The pressure from all sections of the country and all classes of the party has become so strong that Mr. Dana, of the New York Sun, Mr. Tilden's best friend, who has stubbornly opposed any discussion of Mr. Tilden's name, has yielded and now advocates his nomination. We believe Mr. Tilden will also yield. If he does he will be the next president as sure as he lives.

He carried New York, New Jersey, Indiana and Connecticut eight years ago. New York, Indiana and Connecticut were lost to the democracy in the campaign of 1880, and Tilden's majority in New Jersey was cut down 10,000 votes. Tilden can recapture these states. He is stronger now than he was in 1876, and could make a more aggressive and brilliant campaign.

The situation may be summed up. Mr. Tilden will give the party confidence and enthusiasm. He will wield its factions into an army standing shoulder to shoulder. He will subordinate the tariff issue on which the party is divided, to the issue of reform on which they are united. He is invincible in those particular states in which the fighting must be done. In address, sagacity, prestige and resources he stands head and shoulders above any man in the party. In his person only can the crime of that year, confessed and condoned, be expiated. Victory is assured with him. It is exceedingly doubtful without him. For these reasons we favor his nomination.—Atlanta Constitution.

RICHMOND, VA., MARCH 3.—Mr. John S. Wise was in the city to-day. He has been made heartily sick of his kitchen speech. The Mahonites are mad about it, and some of Mr. Wise's rivals within the party are rejoicing over his suicide. There is only one way in which Mr. Wise can ingratiate himself with his offended and disgruntled colored members and that is by giving a grand soiree to which colored men and their wives shall be invited, and it must take place not in the kitchen but in his parlors.

Mr. Wise Revises His Unwise Remarks.

Mr. John S. Wise reappeared before the Danville investigating committee to "revise" his testimony in regard to his practice of compelling colored members of the Virginia Legislature having political questions to discuss with him to enter his house by the kitchen instead of the front door. He assumed that the official reporter's notes were incorrect, and changed his testimony so as to make it refer to a particular instance and a single colored individual, instead of to his whole past experience and to all the colored members of the Legislature. But it is difficult to see how this mends the matter. The principle is the same, whether he closes his front door and parlor to a single colored legislator or a dozen. Colored readjusters are bound to resent the new assertion that they may not talk politics with their Congressman-at-large anywhere.

MR. McCARTY AND SIR LUCIUS.

Mr. McCarty Promptly Replies to Mr. Wise's Paper Bullet.

RICHMOND, VA., MARCH 6.—Mr. Page McCarty this afternoon publishes the following letter in reply to that of Congressman John S. Wise.

"There is a card in the Whig of yesterday morning from Mr. John Wise, the object of which seems to be an explanation of why he did not challenge me in answer to an article charging him with being a suborned witness against his State, and the alleged reason is that he has given up dueling. If he had rested his case with that statement there might have been a claim to dignity in his plea, but when he calls me Sir Lucius O'Trigger, I must say that the comparison could have no other foundation than his own likeness to Bob Acres, whose reform as a duelist only occurred in the face of an adversary whom his excited fancy exaggerated, just as Mr. Wise does me. Mr. Wise has mistaken ridicule for what he is pleased to term abuse, for I certainly treated his exploits as a stump speaker on the witness stand only in the light of the facts, referring rather to his intention than to any harm that his hearsay testimony could do. Innocuous by its overzeal against his State, and satirized by his doubtful position in a contested seat in Congress, perhaps he will further signalize his reform by treating the country to the particulars of his contest with Mr. Massey, in which, during the taking of the evidence, this suddenly-reformed hero of thirteen duels on paper slapped the face of a gray-haired preacher. This would be a good piece of testimony—after he changed the record—to put up the bloody-shirt issue, and, artistically ground out by the committee, might set the precedent for introducing the blood-curdling picture he has drawn of me. As to his paying profession, this is the first that has been heard of it; and when he makes money the standard of respectability, people will naturally inquire if it come by work. The people who know us both may judge of the comparative civilization of the two men, and any others who are interested in Mr. Wise's literary compositions are welcome to his autobiography and his interesting portrait of himself, which may do for a family picture to hang in the kitchen where he receives colored statesmen. Mr. Wise states that I would be glad to get an opportunity for some gentleman to kill me. When I reach that point I should certainly not apply to Mr. Wise, and for two reasons. First, his unsupported testimony, which he himself does not believe, is insufficient to establish him as a gentleman; second, the hero of thirteen bloodless paper duels is not the person whom one would naturally seek to do the job. Mr. Wise's testimony is good only against himself as an undeniable proof that he is a ridiculous little poltroon and an ass, who, not being able to wear the lion's skin, is fit for just what he is, the trick mule in Sherman's Danville circus."

Indiana for McDonald and Blaine.

The Cincinnati Enquirer has been polling the Indiana voters.

A PEN PICTURE.

Extract from a Lecture by Hon. N. G. Taylor, on "THE NORTH AND SOUTH."

I would not if I could—I could not if I would, recall the awful scenes of that tremendous conflict—of four years of death's carnival—when the white-pinioned Angel of peace

floats off to her home in the skies. Memory can recall some of the horrors of that war—but language is too barren to express them—colors are too dim to depict them, and sculpture too lifeless to represent them. War is bad; bad enough when it is with a foreign foe in a foreign land. It is far worse, with a foreign invader in our fortified harbors and cities, and along our frontiers, but the superlative of war's unutterable terribleness is only experienced (it never can be told) when in volcanic thunders and earthquake throes, it belches its floods of living fire, and hurls its torrents of burning death into our very homes, from the yawning craters of civil strife. Yet we have been told that civil war is the glorious remedy for civil wrongs.

War a remedy! a hollow voice from the tongueless caverns of 1,000,000 new-made, bloody graves echoes in sepulchral eloquence, "What wrong is righted?"

Glorious! Ay! like the gloriousness of Erostratus, damned to everlasting fame. But war is grand! sublime! thrillingly, transcendently grand and sublime, it is so indeed, but only in preface, the sequel, oh! the dreadful sequel! When all are buoyant with life and hope, when manly-courage and high-born chivalry, on prancing chargers, ride proudly in the front, with shimmering epaulets of gold, and bright swords gleaming, when rifles glitter under banners of silk, when unstained bayonets at uniform angles, reflect thousands of suns, when the thrill life screams, and the kettle-drum times the heavy tramp, tramp of the shining battalions, as the infantry deploy into line, when double-shotted batteries unlimber on the frowning edge of battle, when snowy plumes are nodding above a flashing sea of swords and sabres, and a sense of impending conflict gives eagerness to the eye and tremor to the frame of ten-thousand cavalry hovering on the flanks and rear, awaiting the bugle signal for the charge, in that awful moment that anticipates the first explosion of battle, then war is grandly supremely sublime.

So when nature marshals her squadrons for battle on high. Rank on rank the gathering mists expand and spread themselves along the firmament. Peak on peak and crag above crag, stupendous, mountains of condensing vapors in silent, solemn awfulness, heave up their murky masses to the zenith, and from their burnished summits reflect in golden arcs the splendors of the sun, while in their night-curtained vaults the unseen spirit of the air groom the steeds of the storm, and harness their thunder-clad necks to the chariot of the wind. Upward and onward in sullen majesty flanked with mists and heralded by the darkness of night

who had fallen of And in the above expression which has been told that France had agreed to close a long and vicious warfare.

The Pyrenees had stood those countries long before Spaniard tended the ridge of the Vinsocid hills below.

No longer were the mountain to prevent course between two nations if ever, had tasted peace and freedom.

Twenty years ago the armies were stretched from the Blue and the other

Our own nation, day, the silent contest, and

At last, among of the busy m

No lo among both de

Justice heritage will only bury them heart.

The men who in our country amount to the operation of every man's child in f

We must work or we roll. Young man, you must work, or "Go West". We have too many, we have drones, too many, we want workers.

Deadheads, bless your soul, country is overstocked with them all other kinds of scrub cattle, we have too many cabins for houses and pens for barns.

Too much credit and not enough pay-as-you-go.

Let the Pyrenees be no more. Industry will then silver-line the way.

From Cumberland's blue hills to the peaks of Unaka.

A Railroad Office Robbed of \$27,000.

CHICAGO, March 7.—The fact has been made public that on last day afternoon the Paymaster of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad in this city was \$27,000. At 1 o'clock mentioned Paymaster left his office the p