THE MORRISTOWN GAZETTE.

TERMS—$2 00 PER ANNUM.] BY JOHN E. HELMS. [INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME 9. MORRISTOWN, TENN., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 17, 1875. NUMBER 2.

New Advertisements.

JAMES P. EVANS,
Attorney at Law,
MORRISTOWN, TENN.
Will practice in all the courts of East Tennessee, where the FEE will justify. Prompt attention will be given to collections.

A. H. PETTIBONE,
Attorney at Law,
GREENEVILLE, TENN.
Will practice in the courts of the First Judicial Circuit and the Supreme Court at Knoxville. Will also give prompt attention to the collection of all kinds of claims and debts.

WM. G. TAYLOR,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Morristown, Tenn.,
WILL practice in the Courts of Hamblen, and the adjoining counties. apr15 n6—1y.

S. D. J. LEWIS A. G. JACKSON. JOHN A. RHEA.
Lewis, Jackson & Rhea,
Manufacturers of and Dealers in
BOOTS, SHOES,
Hats, Caps, Trunks, Umbrellas,
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,
Ladies' Hats, Etc., Etc.
No. 52 Gay St., Knoxville, Tenn.
Nov. 19 n38—1y.

W. M. WILMETH,
MAIN STREET, MORRISTOWN, TENN.
Has now on hand a complete stock of
Family Groceries,
To which he has recently added a full line of
BOOTS AND SHOES,
Which he offers cheap for Cash.
He will pay the highest market price for all kinds of country produce.
Provisions and Eatables of every description kept on hand at all times. [je19-1y.

DENTISTRY. DENTISTRY.
THOS. J. SPECK, D. D. S.
OFFICES:
Rogersville, Tenn., from 1st to 15th of each month.
Morristown, from 15th to last of each month.
TERMS—Cash or its equivalent

W. W. LANGHORNE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
—AND—
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
Newport, Tenn.,
PRACTICES in the various Courts of East Tennessee, and in the Supreme Court at Knoxville. Dec 30, 1874—1y

WILL. S. DICKSON,
Attorney at Law,
MORRISTOWN, TENN.
WILL Practice in the Courts of upper East Tennessee. Prompt and special attention given to collections.
REFERENCES BY PERMISSION—Robt McFarland, R. M. Barton, sr., D. Morris, Wm. Fulton, R. J. Ridwell, Earnest & Briscoe, Fence & Lyle, Dr. G. T. Magee, Morristown, Tenn.; J. A. Rayl, Knoxville, Tenn.; Wm. H. Moffett, New Market, Tenn.; H. Baker, Greenville, Tenn.; Davis & McFarland, Bristol, Tenn. mar23-1y.

L. C. SHEPARD,

UNDERTAKER,
Knoxville, Tenn.
EVERY DESCRIPTION OF Metallic Caskets and Cases, Wood Caskets and Coffins of every Grade and price ready for use. Orders by Telegraph will receive personal and prompt attention. Terms satisfactory. nad.

J. H. WALLEY,
AGENT FOR
F. HOCKENJOS,
TOBACCO, CIGARS, SNUFF,
All Kinds of Pipes and Smokers Articles,
AT WALLEY'S OLD STAND, Gay Street. All the former patrons of the old and favorite stand are invited to call, and new customers will find it to their interest to give us a trial. mar 11 n1 tf.

Wilson, Burns & Co.,
WHOLESALE
Grocers and Commission Merchants,
30 South Howard Street, corner of Lombard,
BALTIMORE.
WE Keep constantly on hand a large and well assorted stock of Groceries, suitable for the Southern and Western trade. We solicit consignments of Country Produce, such as Cotton, Feathers, Ginseng, Beeswax, Wool, Dried Fruit, Fur Skins, etc. Our facilities for doing business are such as to warrant quick sales and prompt returns. All orders will have our prompt attention. fmar27.

M. L. BLACKLEY, WALTER H. ROBERTSON, Bristol, Tenn. Goodson, Va.
G. T. BLACKLEY, Bristol, Tenn.
Blackley, Robertson & Blackley,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, AND
REAL ESTATE AGENTS,
BRISTOL, TENN.,
HAVE ESTABLISHED AN Agency for the sale of all Real Estate entrusted to them and for the introduction of Immigrations and Capitalists. Mineral, Farming, Grazing and Unimproved Lands in E. Tenn. and S. W. Va. and Ky will be negotiated through this Agency. ☞ Strict attention given to all business that may be placed in their hands ly sept23 n39

D. V. PRICE,
CONFECTIONER AND TOBACCONIST,
MORRISTOWN, TENN.,
KEEPS ON HAND CONSTANTLY, Plain and French CANDIES, Cakes, Nuts, Oysters Sardines, Crackers, Cheese, Tobacco, Cigars, etc. "Cash sales and small profits." Jan 6, 1875 ly

New Advertisements.

Bearden, McNutt & Bearden,
(SUCCESSORS TO GAINES BROS., & CO.,)
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
CLOTHING,
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,
AND MERCHANT TAILORS.
Knoxville, - - - - Tennessee.
v7-33.

Franklin House,
OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE,
Main Street, Knoxville, Tenn.
FRANK A. BUTLER, PROPRIETOR.

GRIGSBY HOUSE,
RUTLEDGE, TENN.
JOSEPH GRIGSBY, - - - Proprietor.
THIS NEW HOUSE IS NOW open for the entertainment of the traveling public or permanent boarders. Connected with it is an excellent and commodious stable, and every effort will be made to merit a share of public patronage. Oct. 7, 1874—1y

G. T. MAGEE, President. JOHN MURPHEY, Cashier.
LOOKOUT BANK
—OF—
Morritown, - - Tenn.
BOARD OF DIRECTORS.
JOHN. MURPHEY, JOSEPH BROWN.
G. T. MAGEE, E. C. ATKINS.
JAMES P. EVANS.
Will transact a
GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.
RECEIVE Deposits, Buy and Sell Exchange, Gold and Silver, and make collections upon the most favorable terms. may 13 tf.

C. S. FLESHMAN,
Fashionable Tailor,
Morristown, Tenn.,
Respectfully informs the public that his Shop is in the same place, and that he is always prepared to do any kind of work, in his line, in the most workmanlike manner, expeditiously and at the lowest possible prices.
Cutting and Repairing done Promptly.
He is in receipt of the New York fashions quarterly, and can insure customers a fashionable style, as well as a good fit, in any kind of garment they may want.
☞ He solicits the patronage of the public.
feb 25 1y C. S. FLESHMAN.

H. H. CROWDER,
Silversmith and Jeweler,
MORRISTOWN, TENN.
☞ Shop in the Store of L. P. & G. E. Speck. ☜
HAVING PERMANENTLY Located in Morristown to conduct a general Silversmithing and Watch-repairing business, I would respectfully solicit a TRIAL from the public. Watches, Clocks and all kinds of Jewelry repaired promptly, at reasonable prices, and satisfaction guaranteed in every respect. [n5.

A. A. BARNES, W. H. SIMMONDS
BARNES & SIMMONDS,
REAL ESTATE
—AND—
GENERAL AGENTS.
ALL BUSINESS Entrusted to Us promptly attended to. Special attention given to renting property.
Office 105 Gay Street,
43 tf Knoxville Tenn.

G. T. MAGEE,
Sugeon and Physician,
MORRISTOWN, TENN.
Will give special attention to the
TREATMENT OF DISEASES OF WOMEN

Watch and Clock Repairer and Jeweler.
E. S. BURGNER,
Morristown - Tenn.,
ALL kinds of jewelry made and furnished to order on short notice. Watches and Clocks repaired on reasonable terms in good style and guaranteed. Cash required on delivery of work. 18n2ly

NEW FIRM!
THOMPSON & FOLSOM,
MORRISTOWN, TENN.,
Are now receiving a Large and new Stock of
Fall and Winter Goods!
Consisting in part of
STAPLE AND FANCY
Dry Goods,
Including a full stock of
Boots, Shoes and Hats
LADIES DRESS GOODS,
Hardware & Queensware.
ALL of which they propose to sell as low as can be had at retail elsewhere. They invite a full examination of their Goods, promising a choice assortment, and that they will not be undersold in the market. They will give goods in exchange for the usual barter of the country, but will not refuse greenbacks, gold or silver when offered.
Farmer's Tools, Grain and Grass Blades.
☞ All cutlery warranted to give satisfaction. In fact, we propose to warrant all goods sold to be as represented. ☜
May 20, 1874. THOMPSON & FOLSOM.

BEN. F. MITCHELL,
CARPENTER & BUILDER,
Morristown, Tenn.
PROPOSES to the citizens of this community to contract for the work of every description of Buildings, upon the most favorable terms. Parties who contemplate the erection of houses would do well to call on him. He is prepared to furnish all the necessary material for buildings, upon such terms that cannot fail to be to the advantage of the person building. Those who doubt this, can be satisfied of its truth by consulting the undersigned. a46-1y.] B. F. MITCHELL.

The Morristown Gazette.

ADVERTISING RATES.

One square, (ten lines, or less,) for first insertion One Dollar, each subsequent insertion Fifty cents.

A liberal discount from the above rate will be made to yearly advertisers.

Obituaries of over ten lines will be charged as advertisements.

All bills due upon first insertion of advertisement, unless otherwise contracted for.

All announcements of candidates must be paid for in advance.

Job Work must be paid for on delivery.

THE GAZETTE is a permanently established newspaper with a paying and constantly increasing list of subscribers. Its circulation in the counties of Hamblen, Hawkins, Cocke, Jefferson, Grainger and Claiborne is more general than any other paper—making it the best advertising medium in Upper East Tennessee.

Laws Relating to Newspaper Subscriptions, &c.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered wishing to continue their subscription.
2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their periodicals, the publishers may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.
3. If subscribers neglect or refuse their periodicals from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they have settled their bills, and ordered them discontinued.
4. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publishers, and the papers sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.
5. The Courts have decided that "refusing to take periodicals from the office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud."
6. Any person who receives a newspaper and makes use of it, whether he has ordered it or not, is held in law to be a subscriber.
7. If subscribers pay in advance, they are bound to give notice to the publisher, at the end of their time, if they do not wish to continue taking it; otherwise the publisher, is authorized to send it on, and the subscribers will be responsible until an express notice, with payment of all arrearages is sent to the publisher.

The Down Grade.

Louisville (Ky.) Courier-Journal.

"THEY'VE got us on down grade, by ———," said Old Ben [Washington] Latter.

At twelve o'clock Thursday the Speaker's gavel knocked the life out of the Forty-third Congress and drove the first nail into the coffin of the Republican party. The party itself is dead. We may in future refer to it as "the late Republican party." But many days may elapse before it is buried, and we shall doubtless be required to join in certain ceremonies over its remains. Indeed, it is not unfitting that we give it decent interment, for, though it has done a deal of mischief, it has played a great part upon the stage of public affairs. To it we are indebted for the blessing of our public debt. But for it we should never have had an era of Christian statesmen. It gave us Grant and Butler and Williams and Shepherd and Clayton, and other names that were not born to die. Dilworthy was a member of the Republican party. Credit Mobilier and Pacific Mail are among its trophies; and but for an accident we might thank it for the passage of an inestimable measure of relief known as the force bill. Bill King—the identical "missing link"—is a Republican. In order, however, that we may appreciate its moral influence, we must look South. Young man, go South and gaze upon the victories of the Republican party. South Carolina to the right of you, Louisiana to the left of you, to say nothing of the tokens of its presence in Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee. A grateful people can never forget the patriotism of a Bullock and a Blodgett, the wisdom of a Spencer, the virtues of a Clayton and a McClure. The rich, red blood of a Pinchback has been injected into our body politic by this, the party of vivisection. It gave the Senate its Revels. Without it the House would never have listened to the eloquence of its Elliott or stood transfixed beneath the logical utterances of its Rainey. The civil-rights bill is its off spring. The Washington Republican is its organ. It has played a very strong game. For a long time it never made a losing. But luck took a turn. A series of misfortunes brought on an attack of melancholy, this was succeeded by hysteria, and finally—under the hallucination of a third term—it committed suicide, taking an overdose of Ethiopia and afterward cutting its throat from ear to ear with the writ of *habeas corpus*. Its last words were: "I'm not afraid." The noble corse is laid out in the Senate chamber, which is hung in black. Likewise the White House. The sexton stands ready with his spade. The grave is dug. Pause we awhile in the presence of the mighty fallen.

Who killed Cock Robin?
"I," says Ulysses,
"With kicks and kisses,
I killed Cock Robin."

Who saw him die?
Ben Butler says, "I.
With my old cock-eye,
I saw him die."

Who'll catch his blood?
"I," says Ham. Fish,
"That's my pious wish;
I'll catch his blood."

Who'll toll the bell?
"I," says Jim Blaine,
"With my might and Maine,
I'll toll the bell."

Who'll be chief mourner?
"We," says Carpet-Bag,
"We and Scalawag,
We'll be chief mourner."

Who'll dig the grave?
"I," says De Trobriand,
"With the help of Sheridan,
I'll dig the grave."

Who'll drive the hearse?
"I," says District Boss,
"It'll need but one hoss,
I'll drive the hearse."

Who'll preach the sermon?
"I," says Pomeroy,
"I'm a wise and sad old boy,
I'll preach the sermon."

Who'll read the will?
"I," says Roscoe C.,
"That job'll do for me,
I'll read the will."

Who'll wind up the estate?
"Never mind," says Oliver P.,
"Let each poor devisee
Wind up his own estate."

"Peace be to Robin's bones,"
Exclaims Bonanza Jones;
Good-bye, alas, good-bye,"
Cries Conk., with streaming eye.
The saddest words were said,
However, by Ben Wade:
"They've got us on down grade!"

LETTER FROM COLORADO.

A Warning Word to Those who Contemplate Moving West.

GREELEY, Colorado, Feb. 19, '75.

To the Editor of the Morristown Gazette:

I assume the boldness to write a few lines, I hope for the good of the young men of your own as well as my own beloved East Tennessee. As the spring is opening there, I suppose that as usual there is a class of young men wishing to emigrate to a new country, and as this country (Colorado) has been blowed up to such a pitch, I fear they will take the epidemic, as others of all countries have already done, as well as some from our own beloved East Tennessee. These puffs from here are only premonitary symptoms of the worst, especially for the class of people that credit them.

These Western papers just know how to take in the credulous Eastern boys, and cause them to sacrifice a good position, come west, and grow up with the country. But, alas, this is not the class they are bugling for. The smaller minnows are the ones that bite at the bait, and the consequence is that this country is over-run with the very bone and sinew of our beloved Eastern States, out of employment, and not enough stamps in their pockets to return to their friends.

They boast of "big" wages here, and the great yield in wheat crops. I will just say, as one who has had seven months experience in Colorado, that the wages offered here are not in proportion to the $8 and $10 per month in Tennessee. A young man comes here in the spring, gets from $20 to $35 per month, and thinks he is making it all. When winter sets in, which is long and dreary, all business is stopped, with the exception of the landlord and the grocery keeper; then board fron $6 to $8 per week. After awhile spring begins to dawn, and where is all the boasted wages? You know full well.

The crop busines is like drawpoker. The crop is put in, the process of erigation gone through with, a fine crop staring you in the face; but in twenty-four hours the sun is darkened with the "pilgrim" grasshopper, which takes every green thing, saying nothing of gardens, and even the wheat crop, if not too far matured. So with these few hints, you can gather some idea of the farming and labot in Colorado, and my advice to all Eeat Tennesseeans to remain at your own corn and cotton, and trust Old Master for erigation, for nothing short of capital will effect anything in Colorado. Hoping you all may profit by this brief epistle, I leave the question with you.

Very Truly Yours,
J. C. G.

"A Dead-out Swindle."

To the Editor of the Morristown Gazette:

In your issue of Feb. 24, the above heading appeared over an article on what we mountain men term Government whisky thieves. Now, Mr. Editor, I am satisfied in my own mind that you did not pen that article, and must acknowledge that I am ashamed of the one who did; for a man who can use his pen as he does, and fail to convey the least idea as to the smallness of the class of characters that he makes mention of, is a failure. I do hope it was not you.

So far as I am concerned, I shall not try to give the least shadow of a pen portrait of these Government Vampyres, who, at the dead hours of the darkest nights, dash into the mountains and ravines of their own country, and tear down and destroy the property of their neighbors, just to please the master, who is a greater tyrant over these slaves of his, than was ever any Southern negro owner. And no Southern slave ever served his master with as much fear and trembling as do these Government water brashes; yes, that's the word. I have seen persons who I supposed had overloaded their stomachs with strong diet, and who appeared to be suffering from it, but who said they had water brash, and who would occasionally belch forth huge volumes of wind from their stomachs, after which a stream of warm water would flow forth from their mouths. This they called water brash, and these Government whisky hunters just remind me of water brash. I imagine their master, U. S. G., overgorges his stomach occasionly with the quintessence of Jerusalem oak, and takes a spell of water brash, and after each belch a thin watery substance pours from his mouth, out of which is manufactured Government thieves and still-house hunters.

A man, or set of men, who will go at the dead hours of night, and with Government funds, or rater the people's money, and bribe a man to betray his neighbor, that he may thereby be enabled to find and destroy a still, steal the whisky, hide it away in his cellar, and treat it out in elections, for the purpose of electing to office those whom he or they know to be as mean as themselves, deserve to be just what they are, "the stump shot from the tangled end of a black gum saw-log."

I would that I could use language expressive of my contempt for these still-house Hyenas, but as I fail in every effort, I will stop. But thanks be to Pharoah (U. S. G.) and his corrupt administration, these stump-shot water-brash buzzards will soon have to retire to private life. By the help of Andy Johnson and a few other honest men, the children of Israel will be released from this bondage and oppression in two years from this. Yours,

LEMON.

BLOUNT COUNTY, March 3, '75.

Knoxville Letter.

To the Editor of the Morristown Gazette:

As a cosmopolite, swinging around the circle, I propose to drift into different localities in my perambulations and my peristatic way, and cast a healthy nature of cheerfulness so natural in this boy, who seeks to impart, as to such as are morbid, heart sick and weary, that they may come and be comforted—(as a massive divine would say)—and feel as an invalid when they get into those climates where the temperature is congenial to a daily return of sunshine and no surprise of frost or rain which brings calm and healing.

It is not my province to descant upon artistic of the beautiful Baptist or Presbyterian Church, whose tower, I trust, Jupiter will not hurt his thunders on; nor will I touch the Methodist Church South, whose golden spires are lifting the hopes of their immortal flocks to the worship of unseen shepherds in the realms of immensity, while the opulent of her Church gives munificent charity on whom the sun loves to cast his beams.

Oh! how the pattering rain drops beat against the window; and the roaring of the waters gives token of desolation without! Mr. Editor, why is the mind of man so apt to be swayed by contraries? Why does the imagination forever paint the impassable in glittering tints, with the greatest tenacity, and to what, eel-like, is bent on escaping from their grasp. Why, to bring the matter home—I, solitude and abhorrent, like one who has no stars to light his path? Now that I enjoy it to perfection. Will, I have apostrophized the "cog nymph" in the ball-room, where the bright lamps of heaven were shamed by brighter "earth stars," and lamented her absence at a pic-nic party where the nightengale was silenced by the fiddle, and the flowery turf was strewed with the impertinent finery of "ugly old women," and the green-wood shade made redolent with the fumes of roasted fowls. And methinks I hear my good friend at the Capitol abjure solitude as he transcribes the musty thoughts of the solons around him, when far away from hit 'sprigs' of affection and his bright-eyed one, and hear him exclaim: Oh! solitude, back to thy fitting temple, among cloud-piercing mountains, and by rebounding waves of the waters of Uri! where Tell lived in Brunnen. Oh! how it rains! Magic word to destroy the spell to which the word gives rise. The clouds envelop the hills; white mists vail the ravines. The noble author of "The Prisoner of Chillon" composed this work to beguile weary hours like those when he remained rain bound for three days in a little inn on the shores of Geneva; and, cannot I, following with unequal steps, so cheat the minutes in this dim spot? Methinks them railroad gods will have to "hump" themselves in repairing their heavy losses sustained by the late flood, or else they will learn through wisdom's *wonderous ways* that greenbacks don't grow on white oak trees, nor that they can make their bread by playing with their hands in their laps. While our old Master looks on the world's mockery in sadness, as he rides through the azure heavens and clasps oceans and mountains in his arms, the bolt becomes too hot for the hand of Jupiter, and is hurled on its retribution mission. In the language of Byron:

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the deep blue waves rolls mightily on deep Galilee.

I have a rumor, (but rumor gets a hundred yards the start, while truth is getting on his boots), that Maj. J. M. B. has his fencing ranked among the things that were. I move that the Corporation issue warrants (as they are common stock) to indemnify him in the shape of a donation, for he is a nice gentleman and should not be run over by high water. Will, it is a problem I cannot solve, that the "Civil Rights" and all don't subscribe for the GAZETTE, and endorse

DOT.

A Remarkable Swindle.

One of the most unique swindles on record is reported in the *Paris Evenement*. About a month since the Havre correspondent of a large banking house in Paris received the following letter from the head of his firm:

Paris, Jan.—, 1875.

DEAR SIR:—I write to warn you that the son of our principal cashier has disappeared with some 200,000 francs in bills drawn upon you by us. He will probably present them in Havre shortly after the receipt of this advice by you. Of course you will refuse payment. As his father is a very old and valued servant, we have concluded not to cause him the disgrace and mortification of knowing that his son is a felon. You will therefore allow the scoundrel to go free. If you can manage to get rid of him by sending him to America, advance him two or three hundred louis, and let him go and hang himself. Confidentially.

The day after the receipt of this letter by the Havre house, a young man of fine address presented himself and attempted to negotiate the stolen bills. The letter was shown him, and he fell on his knees in a flood of repentant tears. He expressed a willingness to come to America, and 250 louis ($1,250) were given him with many cautions to reform.

The young man sailed for New York next day, and the day after the Havre house received an answer to its letter of advice detailing the facts. No bills had been stolen from the Paris house, the letter originally sent was a forgery, and the principal cashier has no son. The police of New York were notified to look for this remarkable swindler, but no light has yet been thrown on his movements in this country.

Maryville Letter.

To the Editor of the Morristown Gazette:

That much dreaded time of gathering taxes has again rolled around in old Blount, and we have weeping and wailing, and cussin' generally. The tax-payers cuss the Legislators who made the tax-law; they cuss the County Court who levy the tax; they cuss the Assessor who assesses the tax, and, last of all, though not least, they cuss the Collector who collects the taxes. There are many strange things connected with the taxes of this county. It is strange, in the first place, that men do not guard against these things, and at once so fortify themselves that they will forever hereafter be impregnable to Tax Collectors. This is an easy thing done, if a man will only be careful, and not suffer property to accumulate on his hands, in any great quantities. I am never bothered by tax-gatherers. I am a careful man; and any man who wil take my advice and do as I have done, will never have to answer for the great sin of cussin' Tax collectors. It is indeed a terrible thing to think of. Now, if a man will just undertake it in time, and rid himself of all small change that may chance to find its way into his pocket, he will also rid himself of Tax Collectors, and of that sinful habit of cussin'.

A very sad way to accomplish this thing is, to live near a saloon, and have business with the keeper thereof often. By this means a man may in a short time so strengthen his fortifications as to render them proof against all the artillery that can be brought to bear upon them by an army of Tax Collectors, and at the same time save much cussin'.

In the second place, it is strange that so many of our citizens will lie around and through their carlessness suffer vast quantities of property, and money to accumulate on their hands, upon which they very well know they will be taxed, and all this for no other purpose than the privilege of cussin' the Tax Collector and other officers, when, with proper care, all these things could be avoided.

I sometimes feel a kind of sympathy for tax-payers, but when I view the thing in its proper shape, and take into consideration the fact that they have voluntarily placed themselves in this position, I glory in the misery they seem to enjoy.

THOS. BASCUM.

MARYVILLE, March 8, '75.

How the Bounty Bill was Lost.

Knoxville Chronicle March 7th,

The soldiers' bounty bill failed to become a law through a slight misunderstanding on the part of the gentlemen who had charge of the bill. It is another illustration of what serious change trifles sometimes affect. The bill passed the House by a very decided vote, nearly four to one. It then went to the Senate, where two important amendments were added, one of which was to borrow money to meet the new claims provided by the bill. In this shape it passed the Senate, by aid of the casting vote of Vice President Wilson. It was then sent to the House, that the Senate amendment might be concurred in. The House, believing one of the amendments unjust to the soldiers of many of the States, and called for a Committee of Conference. The committee met, and very promptly agreed that the Senate amendments should prevail, as that was the only shape in which the bill could pass that body. The report of the committee was presented to the House and adopted.

Senator Logan, who had charge of the bill in the Senate, when the Conference Committee's report was presented, has been misinformed as to the action of the House, and stated that it had receded from its refusal to concur in the Senate amendments. Upon this information he considered any action of the Senate upon the Conference Committee's report unimportant, or he might have succeeded in securing its being adopted. As it was, the Senate tabled the report by a vote of 30 to 24. Had the House, which was almost unanimous for the bill, instead of adopting the Conference Committee's report, simply receded from its former action, as Gen. Logan understood it had done, the bill would have passed. Everybody supposed it was a law. It had in effect been passed by Congress. The bill was engrossed and signed by Speaker Blaine and Vice President Wilson, and was before the President for approval when the situation was discovered. The Attorney-General advised the President that the bill had not passed Congress, and was not legally before him for his approval. This is the way the soldiers lost their bounty bill. It is one of those mistakes that often happen in the last hours of Congress in the haste of closing the work of a session.

A Sad Experience.

From the Detroit Free Press.

After shaking hands at the ferry dock the other day, one colored man inquired of another:

"Didn't you marry de Widow Jones about de first of Jinuary?"

"Dat's me, I did," was the answer, "but I've dun left her."

"Whot how's dat?"

Well, de fust week she called me 'honey;' de next week she sulked around and called me 'ole Richards,' de third week she cum for me wid a flat-iron and broke two ribs, and I'm gwine to keep right away from dar!"

HORRIBLE.

An Unprecedented Case of Grave Robbing.

Violation of a Corpse.

From the Louisville (Ky.) Courier-Journal.

The subject matter of the letter here given is so incredibly horrible as to justify the statement that it comes from an unquestionable source. Our readers can bear witness that the *Weekly Courier-Journal* never panders to depraved taste. The statement below would seem to be the last argument in support of the theory of "total depravity."

Correspondence of the Courier-Journal.

LEXINGTON, VA., Feb. 26, 1875.

On the 11th or 12th of February Miss Eva Mullen, a young lady of this place, in very good health, while at the dinner-table, was stricken with paralysis, and shortly afterward died. She was between 16 and 20 years of age. On the evening of Saturday, February 13, she was buried. On the following Monday some person noticed a pair of white under-garments lying not far from her grave, but thought nothing of the circumstance, and therefore said nothing about it. It was not until half of the week had passed away that any of the town authorities heard of it, but as soon as it became known, persons were sent to examine the grave. Spades were procured, and two inches below the ground the diggers

FOUND A FULL SET OF WOMEN'S CLOTHES.

At a short distance from the grave a new shoe-knife was found. When the coffin was at last reached, the lid of it was found to have been chiseled open and broken in two. Raising the coffin lid, the corpse was still to be found there, but not in its natural position. Every vestage of clothing except the stockings had been cut and ripped from the body by means of the shoe-knife, and in this naked condition the body was lying on its side and covered with dirt. The coffin was lifted from the grave, and the body of the girl was rolled out upon a board, so as to give her friends who were present an opportunity to remove the dirt from the body. The coffin was half full of earth and it was removed. After all this had been accomplished, the body was wrapped up in a white sheet, the coffin-lid was fixed and screwed up and it was again interred.

SUSPECTED PARTIES.

There are a number of young gentlemen in Lexington who are studying medicine under Dr. J. H. Morrison, and they were at once suspected of having dug up the body to make use of it in the dissecting room. That is, that late Saturday night the body was dug up, but that daylight coming on before they could get the body away they were compelled to pitch it into the coffin again, to throw the dirt on, and hasten rapidly away. The report reaching the ears of the above young men, they went at once and swore before a magistrate, that they knew nothing of the matter whatever. The new shoe-knife found near the grave was then taken, and efforts made to find from what store in town it had been sold. At last it was taken to Deavor, a shoemaker in Livingston. He recognized it as one that he had sold, and stated that he knew the man to whom he had sold it and that he would swear to his identity. This man's name was found to be

A CERTAIN WAT. HILLIS,

a shoemaker also, whom I believe was in the employment of Deaver. He was arrested and imprisoned; his tools were examined, and among them was found a large chisel caked over with dirt. This Wat. Hillis is a man very forbidding in appearance, and some years ago he cut a prostitute's throat in Indiana, from ear to ear. He was tried and accquitted, however, on the plea of self-defense. Various rumors were afloat concerning the man's reasons for digging up dead bodies and ship them off to certain cities; others that he *had a mania for gazing upon naked women*. Under these circumstances it was thought best to have the body dug up again and examined by doctors. The chisel caked with dirt was taken, and when the coffin was reached, certain marks on it (the coffin) were found to exactly correspond with the size of the chisel mentioned. The body was taken out of the coffin again, and delivered into the hands of three doctors, who conveyed it to a room, and made an examination of it. A most careful examination was held and now the astounding, disgusting and horrifying news is made known that this miserable creature, Hillis, dignified with the name of man, disinterred the young girl and then

RAVISHED THE COLD AND LIFELESS BODY.

The man has only had a preliminary trial, but the facts against him were all so clear that his guilt cannot be doubted. I verily believe this case is without parallel in the whole category of remarkable, herrible and sickening crimes. Whether any provision has been made by law for the punishment of such a crime, I am unable to say. But if the law does not dispose of him properly, I venture to say that Wat. Hillis will never leave the town of Lexington alive. In this place such an unusual occurrence has created intense excitement. It has been the constant talk of every one ever since the deed was committed, and bids fair to continue so for goodness knows how long. J.

Ghastly Machine.

A strange clock is said to have once belonged to a Hindoo prince. In front of the clock's disk was a gong swung upon poles, and near it was a pile of artificial human limbs. The pile was made up of the full number of parts necessary to constitute twelve perfect bodies; but all lay heaped together in apparent confusion. When the hands of the clock indicated the hour of one, out from the pile crawled just the number of parts needed to form the frame of one man, part coming to part with quick click, and when completed, the figure sprang up, seized a mallet, and walking up to the gong, struck one blow. This done, he returned to the pile and fell to pieces again. When two o'clock came, two men arose and did likewise; and at the hour of noon and midnight the entire heap sprang up, and struck one after another his blow, making twelve men in all, and returning, fell to pieces as before.

DEATH OF A GIANT.

Sketch of a Remarkable Man.

Baltimore Sun, 2d.

Mr. James Murphy, Jr., a giant, who has been keeping a restaurant at 151 south Chester street, on Fell's Point, in this city, for a year or two past, died early yesterday morning of a bronchial affection or consumption. Mr. Murphy was born in Waterford, Ireland, and was therefore a full-blooded Irish giant, and a large one, standing nearly eight feet in his stockings. He was thirty-three years of age and unmarried. Some months ago, when he was in comparatively good health, he weighed 351 pounds. He had weighed more when his health was better. He had been in this country twenty-four years having been brought here by his father and mother, who still live at the house on Chester street. The giant travelled three years with Barnum as one of the great living curiosities of the world. In his professional career he visited every part of the world from Maine to California and the extreme South. After terminating his engagement with Barnum the giant travelled with a circus, where he contracted the bronchial disease which finally ended his life. When in good health he had a fresh, pleasant face, and like all large men, and particularly all giants, except of the story books and nursery tale, was as amiable as he was great in stature. He had a very youthful expression of countenance; coal-black hair, and his hands were so large that one of them cover the largest head of an ordinary man, just as an ordinary hand would cover an orange. His feet were not so large proportional as the hands, but beside an ordinary shoe one of his shoes would seem to be a sufficient habitation for 'the old woman' of the storybook, who 'had so many children she did not know what to do.'

When the undertaker came to measure the dead giant for his coffin it was found that the deceased was full eight feet long. Surely the measure of a man is correctly known when he is dead. The coffin will be nearly 8½ feet long.

The body was visited by hundreds of people yesterday, the giant being well known on Fell's Point, were he was justly esteemed for his amiability, especially by the children, who, after the first shrinking, generally liked to be taken in his arms and elevated so far above the heads of their parents as he could conveniently hold them. Some of the little boys in the neighborhood knew him only by the name of "The Giant." The body lay in a small room about thirteen feet square, against the south side, feet towards the west, stretching almost across the apartment from side to side. Candles were burning at the head, sides and foot of the corpse, which was covered with a black cloth, with a white cross on the breast, and crosses in the corners.

The father of the giant, who is sixty-five years of age, or more, is a large man. When at his best he stood over six feet in his stockings, though he is now somewhat bent. The mother is not a large woman, being not above the medium size for the sex. She is about her husband's age. Both the parents are in good health and seem vigorous for their age. Besides the giant, they have had born to them five sons and three daughters. One son only is alive. Some of the children were undersized. But one—a son—attained the size of the father, except the giant, who exceeded him by nearly two feet.

Scene in Congress.

During the night session Messrs. Poland and Butler were discussing privately upon the floor which measure, the Arkansas report or the force bill, ought to take precedence, when General Butler said: "I don't believe you have any desire or intention to get your resolution upon Arkansas before the House." To that Judge Poland replied: "You have no right to say that. What evidence have you?"

General Butler—"None, perhaps, but I believe it."

Judge Poland—"I don't believe that you believe what you say you believe."

General Butler—"I do believe it."

Judge Poland—"I believe that you are a d—d liar."

General Butler—"My courage, sir, has never been impeached. I am quite able to resent an accusation like that. You had better be careful."

Judge Poland—"I don't think I have great courage, but I have quite enough for this occasion. Not much is needed."

At this point the the two men parted, and as Judge Poland turned around Mr. Lamar, of Mississippi, who stood at his elbow, remarked that he thought that Judge Poland might have needed some assistance, and intimated that he was ready to render it. Mr. Poland thanked Mr. Lamar very cordially, but remarked in his dignified way, "I am a fighting man myself, sir."