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W. P. MARGHARE,

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(Cush in Advance)

No 16.

WAR-TIME JOURNALISM.

A UNIQUE SPECIMEN PROM DOWN IN GEORGIA.

Then Josi Chandler Marris Was a Printer's Duvil-Serons From un Old Confederate Newspaper-Published on a Plantation Nine Miles From the Post-office-The Editor's Vois of

New-York Times, March 22.

The office of a Confederate newspaper and a country Confederate newspaper at that, might not seem the choicest place in the world for the cultivation of literary ability. Yet, such was the training school of Joel Chandler Harris, whose entertaining stories of old plantation days have charmed hundreds of readers. "Uncle Remus" has become a household word, and the wenderful doings of "B'rec Rabbit" and "B'rec Wolf" will be remembered and laughed at long after the author hinself has passed away.

Joel Chandler Harris is a Georgian

Joel Chandler Harris is a Georgian through and through, and he has depicted in a most agreeable manner some of the pleasantest features of negro life in the days of slavery. It was permitted him while a boy to witness the gradual changes which made a freedman of the black man. These changes he saw from a theoretic. These changes he saw from a Georgia plantation during that long struggle plantation during that long struggle between the opposing sections of our Union. Sherman's soldiers tramping through Georgia were very real to him, and as a boy he was well acquainted with the fear occasioned by the approach of an invading army, and saw, with his own eyes, the wide swath of desolation left in the track of Sherman's impetuous "Yankees."

Had Juel Chandler Harris been few years older, he undoubtedly would have been enlisted in defense of the have been enlisted in defense of the Confederacy, in which case the world might never have had his intuitable sketches of plantation life. His inclinations, bowever, were strongly in the literary line, and so, instead of wearing a Confederate uniform, he occupied the menial but nevertheless honorable position of printer's devil in the office of a small but wonderfully interesting Confederate newspaper. This paper was called The Countyman, an eminently appropriate name, for it an eminently appropriate name, for it was published on a plantation nine miles from the nearest Post Office. It is the only newspaper ever published on a plantation, and that alone would be sufficient to give it some prominence, even were it not for the fact that its pages are filled; with interesting war material from the Southern side, and also that Joel Chandler Harris and an also that Joel Chandler Harris and a second sec

ing war material from the Southern side, and also that Joel Chandler Harris was a member of the staff.

Young Harris was soon graduated from the simple duties of a printer's devil, and before the close of war became an occasional contributor to the paper under his own name. In many respects his carly days were not unlike those of Benjamin Franklin, who, it will be remembered, learned printing in his brother's office at Boston, only Joel Chandler Harris was not compelled to alide his contributions under the printing office door, and then see them used, minus his name.

The Countyman was published weekly, and its editor was Joseph Addison Turner, a "lawyer, editor, planter, and philauthropist," as Mr. Harris calls him in dedicating his book, "On the Plantation," to the Southern editor's mesony. In this book the author gives us a brief but picturesque description of the plantation, with the stage of the county have a stage of th

picturesque description of the planta-tion printing office, and of some of the from time to time. The narrative, however, is not without evidences of fiction, and it may be that some readers have imagined that the name readers have imagined that the name or the paper as given was a disgained one. Mr. Harris calls the paper by its real name, but does, however, diaguise the place of its publication. This was at Turnwood, the name of Editor Turner's plantation, and nine miles from Estonton, (i.e., near the contral part of the State.

contral part of the State.

Copies of The Countryman are now exceedingly rare. All Confederate papers are, in fact. But it would be perhaps, worse than hunting for a needle in a baystack for a collector to try to find even one copy of this unique little paper. Its circuistion, as Mr. Harris tells us, never reached more than 2,000. The number of pages vaxied from eight to sixteen, the size of each being 3 inches by 12 inches, and the paper was printed on a Washington-Xo: 3 hand press, from type that was old and worn. It was published almost continuously throughneedle in a baystack for a collector to try to find even one copy of this unique. Its circulation, as Mr. Harris tells us, never resched more than \$,000. The number of pages varied from eight to sixteen, the size of each being 8 inches by 12 inches, and the paper was printed on a Washington-No.'s hand prees, from type that was old and wore. It was published almost continuously throughout the war, and the wonder is that the editor could continue it so long, in view of the scarcity of paper and the shormous expense of everything in the South during the fatter part of the war. One of the most complete sets now in existence is owned by Warren C. Crane of New York City. This is complete for 1864, with the exception of the first four numbers, and it contains twelve numbers for 1865, shortly after which papits were originally owned by Mr. William Henry Peak, a well-known Southern editor, now dead. In a letter written by Mr. Peak, a well-known Southern editor, now dead. In a letter written by Mr. Peak, a well-known Southern editor, now dead. In a letter written by Mr. Peak, a well-known Southern editor, now dead. In a letter written by Mr. Peak, a well-known Southern editor, now dead. In a letter written by Mr. Peak, a well-known Southern editor, now dead. In a letter written by Mr. Peak, a well-known Southern editor, now dead. In a letter written by Mr. Peak, a well-known Southern editor, now dead in a letter written by Mr. Peak, a well-known Southern editor, now dead in a letter written by Mr. Peak, a well-known Southern editor, now dead in a letter written by Mr. Peak, a well-known Southern editor, now dead in a letter written by Mr. Peak, a well-known Southern editor, now dead in a letter written by Mr. Peak, a well-known Southern editor, now dead in a letter written by Mr. Peak, a well-known Southern editor, now dead in a letter written by Mr. Peak, a well-known Southern editor, now dead in a letter written by Mr. Peak, a well-known Southern editor, now dead in a letter written by Mr. Peak, a well-known southern e

was a very eccentric man, a hatter by trade, and published his paper on his plantition. He exchanged papers with me while I published The Georgia with me while I published The Georgia with me while I published The Georgia "The editor and publisher, Turner, was a very eccentric man, a latter by trade, and published his paper on his plantition. He exchanged papers with me while I published The Georgia Weekly. The author of "Uncle Hemus," Joel C. Harris, was Turner's office boy during the war. The papers are very voluble and exceedingly interesting, as Turner was indeed an 'original' and really wrote wall though asvagely and ogotistically. He would never enter a church, saying that 'the open fields, the sky, the woods of God Almighty, are enough church for me.'"

The price of The Countyman early in 1804 was \$10 a year; in four months it jumped to \$15, and shortly after became \$10. Think of It, \$30 for fifty, two mumbers, nearly \$60 cents a copy.

But these were war prices and paid in Confederate bills, which were depreciating in value more and more every day. The Southern editors during the war surely had a hard time of it. This is clearly shown by even a casual perusal of The Countryman's pages as well as by frequent allusions to the difficulties in other parts of the country. The following item from a Houston (Texas) editor is as good as any:

"The press of this depertment is intoring under burdens that I almost fear will sink it. My telegraph bills amount to some \$600 to \$600 per week. My paper cost me from \$18 to \$26 per ream in specie. I am paying \$4 per 1,000 ems for composition, and the printers cannot live on that. Even to day a lot of paper was offered me for which \$25 was demanded. Rednerthis to currency at \$35 for \$1, and you will see the impossibility of keeping accounts in Confederate notes with our acoustomed notations."

The actual war news in the majority of numbers is very meagre, and such as there is a often from one to three weeks vid, and much of it copied from Northeru papers. The pages are filled with a miscellaneous lot of matter, such as would be expected in a country paper; bits of poetry, articles on educational and agricultural subjects, scories of fox shames, and sketches of Southern life, political articles, sometimes severaly condemning the methods of conducting war, for the editor was a very plain spoken man, and criticized Jefferson Davis as readily as he would the humblest official in Estouton, a generous collection of paragraphs clipped from exchanges, and a few advertisements. Such was the literary mixture contained in this singuiar plantation newspaper.

It is all very entertaining, withal, but by far the most interesting numbers are those describing Sherman's march through Georgia, the plundering which necessarily followed, the stealing of negroes, mules, whiskey, or sorgium, when the soldiers could find any of it, and the burning of houses and towns. All this, with other incidental war matter, is told with a vividness mingled, now with anger, that imparts to the reader something of the feelings experienced by those unfortunate sufferers to whom war was a cold and stern reality.

The Union soldiers did not destroy Latonton, but burned the depot. Editor Turner's plantation was sufficiently near the line of march to be visited by several squads of stragglers, who evidently made themselves to new hats from the editor's

most troubloss times:

"Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints, we are able to get out only a half sheet this week. Our subscribers will certainly think we do well to accomplish even that much under the circumstances by which we are surrounded. We have not had a mail for nearly two weeks. Hence we know nothing, and don't even know that."

"We have quite an interesting chapter of incidents to record totching the passage of the Yankees through this section. We deem it prudent to omit it for the present, however. The truth

the description of the plantal fluid office, and of some of the lacidents which occurred ne to time. The narrative, is not without evidences of and it may be that some have imagined that the name aper as given was a disguised. The first calls the paper by name, but does, however, dishe place of its publication. In the colored gentry given the place of its publication. In the usur number, Dec. 6, 1864, appears an interesting account headed "What We Lost," which briefly were three negro servants, eight mules, one double case fine gold watch and chain, our initials, J. A. T., on the outside

understand the joke."
One of the most amusing accounts is

deal with, but we had set out in the very beginning with the idea that every one of them had a particle of humanity that could be appealed to. Up to this time, however, we had discovered no opening in the harpess through which we might send a measurement of the creature's heart; although not in the shape of a human being, yet he was in the shape of Abe Lincoln, or a monkey, and we concluded even he had a heart."

After tailing how he restrained him from taking more than one bat, the editor then gives an amusing account of how this Irishman tried to carry away our hams.

of how this Irishman tried to carry away our hams.

"While he was attempting to carry three we had gathered up two by the hooks, but, seeing the hams were too large for the hands of even the subscribla to grasp two of their hoeks at one time, we remarked to him: 'Ob, get out of the way; you don't know nothing, nohow. Let me show you how to tote meat.' We took hold of a hock in each hand, and awang the other one on the middle finger of the right hand and marched out in front, he fullowing in the rear.

"Well,' beid he, 'two heads are bet ter than one.'

"Yeet,' said we, 'if one is a Southerner's and the other an irishman's.'

"At this the Irishman langhed, and off we both trudged to where our one-horse wagon stood to receive the stolen hams."

"At this the Irishman langued, and off we both trudged to where our one-house wagon stood to receive the stolen hams."

In the number of Feb. 7, 1866, the editor's originality is shown in another light, when he publishes a three and a balf column letter to Gen. Sherman. This is a most amusing epistle, and if it ever came beneath the gaze of the veteran soldier his war-scarred count-enance must have relaxed in the broadest of smiles. After stating his views regarding Sherman's policy of dealing with the "niggers," the editor sake as a special favor that his three negro boys who ran off with the troops be returned. The personal appearance and accomplishments of these boys, Tum, Jack, and George, respectively, are described with a master hand. George, who evidently was the most imposing of the trio, is pictured as follows:

"Now how shall I speak to you of George? George, I have no doubt, is the sickest nigger of his bargain that ever mortal was. I raised that boy and I know him well. Have you seen him? Suppose you have, then dif you ever see more beefsteak on earth in a darkey's lipe than George's contain? And did you ever see the bollow of a nigger's foot make a deeper hole in the ground than the hollows of George's feet do? And his skin, is it not black until it is blue? And his eyes, is not their convex white almost as broad as you might imagine the convex of the beavens to be, judging from the extent of their specious concave? And, ob? ye gods, his nose! How shall I describe that? I cannot, but if you see George, notice his knees, too. George is knock-kneed. You ought to have seen him aing, pray, cry, and shout when at meeting. A camp meeting of folks couldn't best him. If he turns out to be as great a pray-er for Limcoin and his army as he used to be for Jeff and his, then he will do, and you can install him as chaplain in eblet to your away division right away. " " So please harry up my boys, Tom, George, and Jack, and, if convenient, send by them my watch, spoone, and mules.

"J. A. TU': NEB, Editor Chantr

One of the funniest things in the whole paper is a poem entitled "Old Sherman's Gone," a parody on "Old Grimes." A few of the verses are as

Old Shorman's gone—that mean old We ne'er shall see him more He wore a long, blue builted coat All buttoned down before.

His heart was open as the day,
When nigger weaches came.
He hated much Confederate gray,
And used the torch and flame.

He lived at wir with all mankind, Except the nigger race— For passe with them he'd go it blind, And even black his face.

His purposes bid from Hebel game He never brought to view. Save when some ginhous, was ablaze, And put his purpose through.

Though undisturbed by Furrest's mea, fits Dutch and Irish can, And every finatures said be was A mean, degraded man.

The paper is full of other interesting The paper is full of other interesting war matter, sufficient to make a small volume. Only a few of the literary features in the paper bear the name of Joel Chandler Harris. Among these few are two short poems, one entitled 'Nelly White," and the other 'Russene I's This latter is evidently advinking song, an each of the five a drinking song, as each of the five stauzas ends with the following lines:

Then raise on high the sliver urn. And let the wine flow out, White sorrow and lee tonsh we apurn. And laugh and steer and stone!

while corrow and the tomb we apurn.
And laugh and star and shoul!

Besides these poems, there is a very lengthy criticism by Mr. Harris on the poems of Henry Lynden Finsh, a Southern author and editor. A prose item, entitled "Knowledge Is Power," is about the earliest contribution published in the paper bearing the name of Joel C. Harris. The editor of this paper, as mentioned before, was also a hatter. Many amusing notices appear regarding the hat trade. One of the most criginal is as follows:

"Far bute for tale by retail. Oall at the shop and get them if you want them, I see not going to be a hat peddier, and haul hate backwards and forwards to Estoaton any longer. You have already imposed to exact on my good nature; "Que usque tandem abutere, Catilles, patientia nostra ?"

Buckles's Armien Salve. THE REST MALVE in the world for Outs, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Ooms, and all Skin mance, Chilbiains, Corns, and all fikin Eruptions, and positively cares Pless, or no pay required. It is 'guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Currry & Kennedy.

CELEBRATION AT CENTER.

COMCORD PRESBYTERY CENTER-BIAL.

and Papers-Dr. Phare's Long Pag There in Force to Calebraia With the Mother-The Excellent Music of the Choir and the Grantona Haunttaltta uce of the Charlotte Observer.

The 1st and 2nd of April, 1896, will always be red-letter days in the history of Centre congregation. They will be long remembered for the good cheer of the centennial celebration of Concord Presbytery, the delightful friendships formed and the cordial and lavien hospitality of the members of this historic church.

The Presbytery of Concord convened in its one hundredth's spring session

pitality of the members of this historic church.

The Presbytery of Concord convened in its one hundredth's spring semion on Tuesday, March Sist, at 11 o'clock a. m., and was opened with a sermon by Rev. B. V. Laneaster, pactor of Rocky River. Rev. James M. Whary, D. D., was elected moderator, and it was a gratification to all to have this much-loved brother to grace the high office. The opening day was sport in transacting the routies, yet very important, business of the Presbytary, which was completed on Friday afternoon. The most important item was the election of Rev. Jethro Rumple, D. D., and Rev. R. V. Laneaster, ministerial commissioners to the General Assembly. The centennial exercises were crowded into two days. Wednesday and Thursday, and it is safe to say that there was never held a more interesting celebration, nor one which had more valuable historical records to lay before the large audience that assembled each day in the noble old church. It goes without saying that any one who undertains to relate the story of the kootch-Irish Presbyterians of this favored esection will have many facts of care interest and epoch making importance to tell. The truth is, that the history of Presbyterianker is really the history of that entire pertion of the two Carrelines included within the large territory of the original Concord Presbytery. It would be a pleasure to think that the third generation of the present-day Presbyterian presciers and ruling elders would be as proud of us as we are of the record made by our fathers in the last one handred years.

It was apparent to all on nearing the church that there were many loyal

na we are of the record made by our fathers in the last one handred years. It was apparent to all on nearing the church that there were many loyal people who had spent time and money to make fitting preparation for this consider. The old writer-trurer stands in the midst of a large grove, nearly trimme! and beautifully cleared. Within a stone's throw of the building is the steeping place of the faithful men and women of former generations, many of whose graves are marked by usonuments dating back more than a century. These are carefully inclosed and protected by a stone walt. Once within the chiffen, the visitor's eyes was immediately attracted by a head-some inscription filling the space in the rear of the pulpts: "Concord Presbytery, Centre Church, 1796—1896. This was finalted on either side by eight memorial tablate to the pasters of Centre church during one hundred years: T. H. McCaule, 1777; Jas. McCreed, D. D., 1796; Jno. Erwin.—; R. H. Chapman, D. D., 1836; J. L. Davis, 1839; Stephen Prontis, 1851, and W. W. Pharr, D. D., 1866. This last minister is the present pastor, "whose bow still abides in strength"—as after 38 years of labor he goos in and ont

bow still abides in strength"—as after 58 years of labor he goes in and out among his people in the regular discharge of his daties.

Hanging from one of the windows was the accurate and beautifully executed map of Connord Presbytery, prepared by the efficient State clerk, Rev. B. M. McLelland, and presented by him to the Presbytery as a memento of its centennial.

him to the Presbytery as a memento of its centennial.

It was the original expectation to have the Presbytery of Mecklenburg attend during both days, but this was found impracticable, and so there were present on the first day only those appointed for duty. One of the most pleasing incidents of the day was the graceful presentation of Ruling Elder Geo. E. Wilson, as a loan for the occasion, of the gavel made from the wood of a tree which had marked the grave of Alexander Craighead. Dr. Pharr was particularly happy in his address of welcome, and in fact all the speeches in carrying out his part of the programme were tender, beautiful and appropriate. Dr. Rockwell's history of Contre church was read by John Beid a ruling elder of this church, and one reared under its very shadow. One mays of this incident: "Many gray heads bent cargerly forward to hear of the day of A sid Lang Syne, and catch the story of the beloved friends of their fathers and perhaps of their own youth,"

The choice of Dr. Bampis to deliver

youth,"
The choice of Dr. Hample to deliver The choice of Dr. Rample to deliver the memorial sermen was admirable. His effort was pronounced by all a masterpiece, replete with the most inscinating historical data and clothed is language at once chaste and eloquent. Dr. Rumple has rare talents as an his torian, insemuch as he is both tireless in his research, and eract and reliable in the conclusions he resches.

Rev. R. Z. Johnston, moderator of Mecklenburg Presbytery, gave a delightful sketch of our Scotch-Irich agreestry.

the scene the exchanation of Jacob at the astenished incream of his family, was irresistible: "Gad—a troop cometh!"

It was, in every way, a dalightful day, which will ever live in the memory of that immense heat of papple gathered to participate in, and witness the grand event. It would be difficult to put into writing the many matters of interest which will make this day memorable. I can only speak is passing, of the fine paper prepared by Rev. J. A. Hamsay, in which he gathered most trust worthy data, without which these historical papers would be imperfect. His style is easy and clear, and so it will be a pleasing teak for his readers to follow the writer in his presentation of the information concerning home and foreign missions, but particularly in regard to the schools and academies for which many of these historic churches were ones famous. Not the least fact of impertance is the part the spiteodidly-equipped college at Davidson has played in the pust and present in training the youth of our Church for the ministry and other walks of life.

The carnest and able address on the earnest and able address on

with date of ordination, etc., so laboriously prepared by the stated clerk, will be simply invaluable as an bistorical document.

The earnest and able address on "The Present Outlook," by Rev. R. P. Smith, of Gastonia, was one of the features of the whole celebration. Mr. Smith, as the ambusiastic and successful obsiruan of home missions in the great Presbytery of Mecklenburg, was preuliarly suited to speak on this subject in its relation to the enwand march of Presbyterianism. Under the impulse of his burning appeal to lengthen her cords and atrengation her staken, the old mother Presbytery resolved to raise \$500 as a centennial fund, to be expended in prospecting in her vast home mission territory.

No account of this wonderful Presbyterian raily would be complete without a reference to two conspicuous facts. The first is the unstinted praise every body gave the music. It was beautiful and sweet—such as is rarely heard estade of the large cities. It showed a master hand and too much cannot is easid in commendation of the careful training of the large cities. It showed a master hand and too much dannot is easid in commendation of the careful training of the large cities. It showed a master hand and too much dannot is easid in commendation of the careful training of the large cities. It showed a master hand and too much cannot is easid in commendation of the careful training of the large cities. The howed a master hand and too much cannot is easily here. The other fact to be mentioned is the bountiful entertainment which this congrapation gave to all the crowd who were present. The tables were lunded down with good things for the body. Once when it rained, nothing duanted, the hoards were carried into the church and placed across the pews and the hungry people were generously fed. Some one is marked that at least "our mothers of 100 years ago need not to have been athered for their worthy daughters of to-day in the onlinery line."

May the spirit and power of the spirit-filled men and women of those olden days

Cramberry a Coming Crop.

Newberne Journal.

We mentioned last fall the fact that cranberry culture was developing in Hyde county—Mr. J. H. Piggot, mer chant of this city, got his regular supply from there. We notice now a statement in the Elizabeth Ulty Economist that Dare county also has been engaging in the business pretty largely and that the raising of the cranberries has proven an profitable that the truckers around Norfolk are preparing to ungage in it. to engage in it.
The Economist speaks of the crapher-

"as the natural home of the rabicand esculent turkey berry."

If the terries can be so successfully

If the terries can be so successfully raised where spoken of we feel pretty well satisfied that a test will show that there are plenty of lowisades of Oraven and adjoining counties equally as well adapted to their growth. The cons who first lead the way will no doubt resp the richest results. The crop is of such a nature that any farmer with suitable land can engage in raising the berries as they are not quickly perishable like truck. Who will lead in the development of the business?

We are thankful every day that we live in the country. We have long wanted to visit New York, but we are afraid to. A man from lows, a harpess maker of good reputation, went to New York lately to see the sights. In buying a piece of plug chewing tobacon be careleasly showed a \$5 bill. A strange woman who saw the measure

he carelessly showed a \$5 bill. A strangs woman who saw the money immediately fell on his neek and said: "Oh, William, William, Why did you desert me?"

The harness-maker from Iowa had never seen the woman before, but she had him arrested, saying she was married to him in 1579. He was finally compelled to give her the \$5 bill to get rid of her.

in his research, and exact and reliable in the conclusions he reaches.

Bev. R. Z. Johnston, moderator of Muckletburg Presbytery, gave a delightful sketch of our Scotch-Irish accestry.

Rev. C. A. Muuroe's sketches of the phones presches were unique and excellent, in every way characteristic of the apeaker.

It would be pleasant to tell of the happy inpression made by the other sketches from the pens of Dr. J. G. Battony, Geo. E. Wilson, Eq., and Rev. J. L. Williamson. Space only permits use to say that the work was most admirably done.

Thursday was the big day, in that it witnessed the enthusiantia resulting of this relation, made in pression is pression, and one of the last of t

ARP TALKS POLITICS.

BELIEVES IN LETTING THE PROPLE BELEOT SENATORS.

In Fact Me Door Not Think Much of a Senate, Anyhow-The eld Idea and

These times remind me very much of the times when I sold goods marrly 30 years ago, when eather was air to seven cents a pound and becon about the mine as cotton; chickens were 13; comis, aggs five couts a down and sweet potation 30 cents a bushel; sugar and coffee aver 12 pounds to the deliar. We called those few years hard times, and improvised a song with a chorus of "Hard Times Come Again No More." But gradually there came on a change for the better and prices of sverything advanced just as cotton advanced. That is why cotton was called hing. It seemed to regulate everything. And so we thought that these hard times would soon pass, but they show uo sign. Hearly everything to de. There is the rub.

The Irishman who came over here complained that chickens were two shillings apiece and mid he could get one over in Irishma for a sixpense. "Well, why don't you stay over there and buy them?" said the market mae. "Faith and begorra. I couldn't get the clayence," he raplied. That is the consumers' fix now. The necessaries of life are cheap enough. The farmers and producers complain that they are too cheap. They want sume kind of a tariff that will make everything that they have to buy as cheap as dirt and raise the price of what they have to easi. An Irishman heard a Dutch butcher say that the way to make moury "vas to puy sheep (cheap) and sell der (dear)." He fidn't understand how that could be done, and asted a Scotchman, who ruminated over it, and said it was to buy mutten and sell it for ventson. But we can't do that. Our young men who are every year swarming to the front are ready and willing to work, but they can't get work to do. No wonder that they have their house and go wust or to Mexico and Brazil. I was ruminating about the islands of Jamains some of them to go to central America and raise coffee. There must be money in that business. For years and years I sold coffee at 12 pounds to the dollar, and I don't understand why it advanced to double the old price and for years has maintained it. I was readin

I wish that I was a great statesmen I wish that I was a great statesment and could see through all this tangind up business like the X rays penetrate dark and bidden things and bring them to light. I remember when the great national question before the people was whether the government should make internal improvements or not. The whigs said it should and the democrate said to, and the democrate our risd it. At the next election the parties the limited colorage of silver as world as equally as much an extremities changed sides and a system of internal improvement begin. Appropriations were made for rivers and harbors and custom houses and posts. printions were made for rivers and barbors and custom houses and post offices, and this policy has been es-tablished and gets wider and bigger as the years roll on. Then, again, there was the great question about declar-ing war with Mexico, and later on about unnexing Texas, and the presi-dential elections turned on thems images. Now we have not the teriff and the was also grant question about declaring war with Mexico, and later on shout unpering Texas, and the presidential elections turned on these issues. Now we have got the tariff and the currency, and party lines are very much mesetied. But, as the preacher said: "Even this will pass away," Georgia is to be the forum of the great discussion and the people are to be the judges. I am glad that it will be over so soon. Let the people hear and then make choice. It is no new thing; it is old, and the people have been reading about it for three years, and almost everybody is ready for the vote. I like the way of the people having a voice in the choice of a senator. Why not? What is the difference between a amator and a representative? The old-time theory was that the senators represented the states and the representatives the people. A hundred years and there was something in that but there is not alignow. In my opinion the people should elect the senators light like they do the governor and all other officers. And the next best thing would be to abolish the senator light like they do the governor and all other officers. And the next best thing would protect the rights of the states, and a small state had an much power as a large one. But that is a thing of the past. States' rights have gone into a state of in necessarily and the senators. There is no good reason why Rhode Island should have as much power as Turne or Pennsylvania. If population should settle it, then New York should have 48 senators. If territory should settle it, then Texas should have 2,000 in proportion to Rhude Island's two. But we don't need such a body at all. One house is enough, and there is no good reason in 84 men in the senator overriding 300 in the house. The ownstitution requires a senator to be 30 years old; he should be ud. Then he would have an many some has fill-bustered.

Well, I never voted for a senator in my life, and many a one has fill-bustered.

years old; he should be 40. Then he would have mure sense and hen ambition.

Well, I never voted for a senator in my life, and many a one has filthustered through the legislature that I must not have voted for and the people would not have voted for and the people would not have obsess. A shrawd, ambitious man our play 'parier voge' with 300 men, but he can'i do it with 300,000—so he us vote this time.

And now let the great battle for the next president come on. This is an age of sucprises, and the democracy in



FUR THE BLOOD take SIMA LIVER REGULATOR. It is the best purifier and corrector. Try it and the difference. Look for the RE an every package. You wont find any other medicine, and there is no Liver ramedy like SIMMONS L REGULATOR—the King of Liver Rem

not dead, nor its great principles abandoned. I wouldn't but on its success, but we were not very suproine the last time. The populists will be in the fight pretty strong, and there is no telling which way the cat is going to jump. Both parties are bidding for their vote, and some wise men predict that there will be no election by the people; but McKinley and his southern friends are sanguine and jubilant. One of them made a speech is our lown and said, with splifted hand, "that McKinley would sweep the deck of the old ship of state like Napoleon Bousparte swept the field at the lattle of Waterloo." And all the colored brethran shouted abon. But, if we have get to take a republican. I believe I had rather risk McKinley than any of them. He has never abused the south maliciously nor canlignantly, and that is my tast of a northern man.

The people who favor sound money upon principles of common honesty and common sense are not necessarily gold bugs. As a class, they are not gold bugs. Neither are they politically some the political bugs. Neither are they politically some of every calling and their intelligence and judgment will be hisely to prevail.

This being the case, it is not surprising to see that the opposition of gold monometalism bids fair to dictate the platforms of all the parties this year. The opposition to gold monometalism, however, does not necessarily crystaline in advocacy of the free and unlimited coinage of silver at 15 to 1 which is regarded by the business world as equally as much an extreme at gold monometalism. In support of this claim, it is securited and not contradicted, that in no free columns country is there any gold in circulation. Giver monometalism is no more de-siable than gold monometalism. If as much so. Therefore, it would seem that some agreement will have to be reached by which the largest use of reliver practicable can be secured. By this manns equal justice will be done the debter and the creditor, and there will be no discrimination against the masses in favor of either the gold brokers of the East or the owners of silver mines in the West. The cred-tior can not exact 150 cent dollars from the debtor, nor can the debtor force the creditor to accept 30 cent dollars in discharge of his obligations.

allebury Herald.

When anybody draws a head on the present administration Senster Hill always kneets up the gus if he can reach it, and he has been the most consistent, alert, and encreate defender and apologist the President has had in either branch of Congress. Notwithstanding this fact, Senstor Hill has been inside of the White House but once aissee he has been in the Senste, and that was to accept an invitation to dise about a year ago.

The other day some one asked him how be reconciled his public defence of the administration with the private opinion he makes to attempt to conceal. "I am a Democrat," was his reply, "and a citizen of New York. President Cleveland was elected by the Democrats and we are responsible to the country for his note. He is also a citizen of my State and in that sense is my constituent. I defend and support the Democratic party under all circumstances and on all occasions, and when one of my constituents is attached I do my best to atomity bim."

waynes: He Couries.
Postmaster Underwood hee made some insprovements in the arrangement at the posterior. If has shoved his slice shop in the rear and the posterior is now in the front purt of the building.

"Get it" is good advice but "Take dismuons Liver Regulator" is tester for your health and hemidees. Everyouty should take a liver remedy occasionally and aspecially in the Spring to want up the lorged liver and team up a healthy circulation of good rick blood, free from poinon and full of securialization to the body. "We would not know human without it."—If, G. G. Pink, Springdale, P.