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ANNOUNCEMENTS - Advertising notices and public notices.

THE ABOVE TERMS AND RATES WILL BE STRICTLY ADHERED TO.

News of the Week.

At Home. A wonderful discovery was made recently, six miles west of Carport, Utah, of an enormous silver lode...

New York Custom-house officials state that the actual value of the silks stolen from the public store will not exceed \$7,000.

The vessel reported wrecked on Inskar Rock on the 14th inst., was the bark Newcastle, Capt. Wilkins, which cleared at Liverpool, Sept. 1, for Savannah.

It is said that efforts are being made which have not yet assumed any official form, to re-visit Messrs. Laird, the constructors of the Confederate privateer Alabama, to pay a portion of the sum awarded to the United States by the Geneva tribunal.

A Reading, Pa., dispatch says there is great excitement there, owing to the warfare now going on between the Philadelphia and Reading roads.

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VOLUME VIII.

BOLIVAR, HARDEMAN CO., TENNESSEE, OCTOBER 11, 1872.

NUMBER 9.

HEAVEN.

No sickness there - No weary wringing of the frame away - No fearful shrinking from the midnight air - No dread of summer's bright and torrid day.

No hidden grief - No will and cheerless vision of despair - No vain petition for a swift relief - No fearful eyes; no broken hearts are there.

Care has no home Within the realms of ceaseless praise and song; The billows break away and melt in foam; Far from the manions of the spirit throng

The storm's black wing Is never spread above celestial skies; Its walling blend not with the voice of spring. As when some tender heart fades and dies.

No night distill Its chilling dew upon the tender frame; No moon is needed there, the light which fills That land of glory from which its Maker came.

No part from friends No more of friends, no more of friends; No bed of death and endless sleep; To watch the coming of a pulseless sleep.

Let us depart; If home like this await the weary soul, Look up, then, stricken one! thy wounded heart Shall beat no more 'neath sorrow's stern control.

Angels abide; White robes and crowns to lead the way; Thy far to plunge in Jordan's swelling tide, And find the ocean of eternal day.

THE FEMALE LOBBY.

A Story of Army and Washington Life. From Donna Platt's Washington Capital.

It is when the average congressman first comes in contact with the female lobby that he realizes his translation. These are to him refined, fascinating, and beautiful creatures. His poor little homely wife fades in 'o' naught. His life seems to have been barren until then—and how he regrets the early marriage that shut out from him an union with one of these elegant women!

There are two sorts of processes through which fraudulent legislation is perfected. One is called the "ring," which means a combination of rogues for some one purpose; the other is called the "lobby," and designates agents living here, and employed by individuals to push their evil schemes through Congress.

I was turning this over in my mind during the late session, when I happened to cast my eyes to the ladies' gallery above, and out of the gloom saw a memory come in the shape of a fair woman, who was disturbed and haunted by this memory that I left my seat and sauntered in to the gallery, seating myself near my fair friend, and without rudely staring I found my mind gradually gathering up the disjointed fragments of the past, until the fair face was before me in all its beauty, and as very sweet face, not so young as it once was, but with a prevailing expression of childlike innocence.

Add to this a manner of great refinement, set off and adorned in the extreme of fashion, but subdued to the best taste, and the most artistic coloring in and around. I had an old acquaintance before me. Although I looked my fair friend in the face, I saw that either she had forgotten me, or was not disposed to renew the acquaintance. She was talking in a quiet, easy manner, to a well-known member of Congress, and I considerably withdrew as if I had committed her to the care of an utter stranger instead of one well known in times gone by. An hour afterward I happened to be upon the entrance to the Senate chamber, where the multitude of marble steps seemed to run out and flow down, when my fair friend came by accompanied by her congressional and honorable members to vote for our bill.

"What is your bill?" "The one I am employed to worry through." "Well, does it require a sham husband, a handsome carriage and all this sort of thing to set up a lobby agent?" "Certainly. Without a husband I would not be respectable; without a carriage, and all this evidence of wealth, I would not be attractive. It pays, however. I could retire now on a hundred thousand. But I am horribly ambitious; I want a million—only think of it, I must have a million. I have sold myself for money and I want a good price." "And do none of the honorable representatives know who you are?" "Why, you goose! I thought you knew better than that. Why, the ring always reaches into the House and Senate, and some of our directors are the most respectable men in Congress. There is one, the most benevolent, pious, philanthropic individual in the world. He is so intensely pious that he never speaks to me; nevertheless he pays me heavily. There is another, a most respectable gentleman, who bows to me profoundly, in the gallery and on the avenue, and presents me to his family with a lofty air, who would look at me with intense astonishment if I were to thank him for my clothes, carriage and servants. Yes, he contributes."

"Why, this is so damnable I can scarcely credit it." "Yes, it is very wicked, and I'd rather you wouldn't believe it. But after the schooling you gave me in deceiving, you ought not to wonder."

thoughtful forehead, whom I took for an Italian or Frenchman; his name has since taken its place upon the roll of immortality, pinned there by the most fearful crime ever committed; the other a beautiful woman of twenty, in fact, but much younger in appearance. I found this young lady exceedingly charming, as she was not only lovely in person but lively in mind.

Of that little assembly in the supper-room two only survive, I and another. While we were in command at Baltimore, and, after Col. Fish got into his difficulty with Baker, so that I had, for a time, immediate control of the provost marshal's office, I received a card, at the Entaw house, from a lady waiting to see me in the parlor. On repairing to that reception room I found my fair friend of the wine supper in Washington. So far as her beauty went she remained the same, but her wardrobe evinced strained circumstances, if not poverty. She gave me a long account of her troubles, and wound up by offering to go to Richmond in the employ of the government, and return with all the information she could gather up for the use of the war department in Washington. I at once engaged her, but did not send so suspicious an agent into the enemy's country until after I had given her a fair trial in Baltimore. She proved the most adroit, cunning, self-possessed detective that I ever saw or read of. She afterward made two successful trips to Richmond, returning with valuable information, although Mr. Stanton had no question but that she carried to the confederates as much as she brought away.

I left the army, and saw and heard no more of my pretty little detective until the day I met her in the ladies' gallery so elegantly gotten up and surrounded, that is if she was really the same. All doubt on this subject was removed by a note I received the next day, inviting me to an interview at the fair woman's lodgings. I found her surrounded with elegant upholstery, and yet more fascinating in the delicate morning robe that so adorned a beautiful woman by the concealed effort to adorn. A tall, square-built, iron gray man of intensely respectable appearance was introduced as her husband, and as long as he remained no allusion whatever was made to the past, other than the few words of introduction as an old and valued friend. Soon as he left, however, she turned and said: "How kind of you not to recognize me yesterday! My poor husband was in my mouth when I saw you approach. But you have such tact—you have such a kind heart; I was relieved in a moment when I saw that you stared as if only attracted by my charms."

"Why, wouldn't your husband put up with the part you are, I suppose, concealing from him?" "My husband—and she gave a silvery little laugh—"my husband, that fellow! Why, he isn't my husband. We only make believe. But if the lion—you saw me with yesterday were to suspect for a moment, I would be ruined."

"Come, now, this is interesting; tell me all about it. What little game are you up to? Believe me, I won't betray you." "That's clever; you never have, and I don't add to the risk by telling you. Well, I am no longer a detective, I am a lobby agent. It is my business to persuade honorable members to vote for our bill."

"What is your bill?" "The one I am employed to worry through." "Well, does it require a sham husband, a handsome carriage and all this sort of thing to set up a lobby agent?" "Certainly. Without a husband I would not be respectable; without a carriage, and all this evidence of wealth, I would not be attractive. It pays, however. I could retire now on a hundred thousand. But I am horribly ambitious; I want a million—only think of it, I must have a million. I have sold myself for money and I want a good price."

"And do none of the honorable representatives know who you are?" "Why, you goose! I thought you knew better than that. Why, the ring always reaches into the House and Senate, and some of our directors are the most respectable men in Congress. There is one, the most benevolent, pious, philanthropic individual in the world. He is so intensely pious that he never speaks to me; nevertheless he pays me heavily. There is another, a most respectable gentleman, who bows to me profoundly, in the gallery and on the avenue, and presents me to his family with a lofty air, who would look at me with intense astonishment if I were to thank him for my clothes, carriage and servants. Yes, he contributes."

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"You mean that for a hit. You forget that that service was in behalf of your beloved country, and that is—"

"But do you mean to say that men in high position connive at this wickedness?" "Look about you; see the enormous fortunes realized by officials, and you will find that mine is not the only carriage rolling about Washington that is a fraud, and I am but among the host of the wicked. You are too much of a man of the

world, colonel, to be astonished at finding a good deal of sanctimonious respectability covering rascality. It is the cheapest cloak to get, and the easiest to wear."

"And how do you influence these Solons?" "Sometimes one way, sometimes another; but always in being very quiet and exclusive. The men bought cheaply are not worth buying. My business is among the higher sort that will not stoop to common carter, and carry with them great moral character, that not only covers themselves, but all the little rogues who vote with them."

"And you often fail?" "Sometimes; not often. You remember the temptation of St. Anthony—"

"For all the devils under the skies, Devils wicked, or devils wise, Devils short, or devils tall, In the greatest devil of them all."

"My mission is to capture the leaders. The lesser lights are left to coarser means. Some surrender to delicious little suppers, others to persuasion, others again to love. There is General—, proud, sensitive, and suspicious; he comes to me with all his griefs, and I listen to them. You'd be astonished to know how little the tongue and the ear have to do with this business. Then there is Mr.—, who began life with a homely, unrefined wife, and is now ashamed of her. Poor man! he is really in love with me."

"And will all the money that you make pay you for the degradation you suffer in return? You are a woman of fine intellect, an intellect that approaches genius. You can command admiration, respect, wealth, by devoting your gifts to an honorable pursuit."

Her face flushed for a moment, and then starting to her feet and pacing the floor in some excitement, she exclaimed: "I have no other power when it was too late. But you are the last man to upbraid me. Do you know when I discovered my powers as an actress? I will tell you. Under your tuition while in Baltimore. I came to you starving and you set me into private theatricals, and you hid my secrets and betray their intentions."

"There you go again. That was in the service of your country, and the people possessed of those secrets were our enemies."

"What was the difference, so far as my character went? But I do not regret to have nothing to regret. I have no friends, no relatives, no country. I never knew a man who did not either insult me or cheat me. I never knew a woman who had not a stony heart and claws like a cat. I hate them all. I despise them all. They would hunt me down, and so I hunt them down when I can."

"But you have made money enough, why not leave this horrible business, and from this out try and possess your soul in peace. You are young yet, you can have many years of happiness before you."

"You want me to desert my relatives, my country, my friends, my home, and my dear ones, and go to live in a garret, and to be despised by all who know me? No, thank you. I will not do that."

Can't Afford to Marry.

By HOWARD CROSBY, E. D.

It is a common and startling remark nowadays that young men cannot afford to marry. If only the rich can take to themselves wives, not only will the race dwindle, but it will dwindle through vicious channels. I am inclined to think that the aphorism is Santanic, and therefore a lie. I do not believe young men cannot afford to marry, any more than that they could afford to marry fifty or a hundred years ago. I believe that society, with all its ingenuity in the devil's service, cannot so order things as to prevent the honest union of young man and maiden and a happy married life.

Good has not constituted marriage as the normal condition of humanity, and then rendered the condition an impossibility to the mass of mankind. The order to Noah's posterity, "Be fruitful and multiply," was no special appointment of the rich as the inheritors of the earth. God has no respect for persons, and if it were possible to conceive of humanity in God, we should say that He leaned to the side of the poor. The Scriptures take it for granted that every man has a wife and every woman has a husband, *exceptis exceptis*. Any idea that resists this sexual symmetry is perverse and preposterous.

I have seen very many cases of the supposed *can't-afford-to-marry* disease, and examined many, and always found the symptoms to prove another complaint altogether. The diagnosis had been utterly false. It was a *don't-want-to-marry* trouble that was afflicting the patient. This was the story: Formosa had dwelt in marble halls, and clothed herself in acres of purple and fine linen. Marriage with her means twenty thousand a year. So I look at my two thousand, and *can't afford to marry*. Or the story was this: Palchra wishes to dwell in marble halls, and clothed in acres of purple and fine linen. I have twenty thousand, but I *can't afford to marry*. Formula-wise and truth-wise, it is this: Foolish girls wish to live idle, pampered, and fashionable lives, and foolish young men are seeking to marry the former. Go, then, the right, but serve as a redoubt of partiality, marriage loses its meaning; and it is very natural for a young man to say, "I can't afford to marry." The truth is he cannot afford to marry after the style affords.

Do not say any more, "I can't afford to marry." Go, then, the right, but serve as a redoubt of partiality, marriage loses its meaning; and it is very natural for a young man to say, "I can't afford to marry." The truth is he cannot afford to marry after the style affords.

Care of the Eyes.

When while those working by lamp light have the sense to understand the use of shades to protect the eyes, they see persons sitting holding their sewing or other work before or near to a lamp, when the light is blazing full into their eyes. It is plain that the object that they work upon can not be seen with so great distinctness while the field of their retina is already occupied by a blaze. But their work on for hours, and though the next morning the redness and inflammation of the eyes are too dull to learn the lesson of experience offered them. Circular paper shades can be obtained for a few cents, and those not only protect the eyes from the excess of light which is more precious than a dime, but serve as a reflector behind the blaze, increasing the illumination one-half.

Besides the above mentioned, there is that of the varying quantity of light thrown into the eye by its being suddenly and alternately directed towards the blaze, or obliquely away from it, by which the pupil has not time to adapt itself to the increase of the glare; whereas with the use of the shade the illumination would be uniform. The number of persons in the community having spots, light or dark, in the field of vision, and arising from injury to the retina, by the use of gas-lights, is more than can be commonly imagined. It must be borne in mind that these spots are a serious step toward amaurosis and gutta-serena, such as plunged in darkness the latter days of the great Milton, and many others more eminent for their talent than their caution. Look well to the preservation of your vision.

Industry of Birds.

Some curious statistics about small birds have recently been laid before the House of Commons. The thrush is said to work from 2.30 in the morning until 9.30 in the evening, or nineteen hours. During this time he feeds his young 206 times. Blackbirds work seventeen hours. The male feeds the young 44 times and the females 55 times per day. The industrious titmouse manages to spread 417 meals a day before its voracious offspring. According to one naturalist, the food consists largely of caterpillars. These state, and a hundred more quite as curious, were made in an eloquent plea for a law to protect small birds from being snared and shot. Unfortunately, although the speech seemed to prove that they are really allies, instead of the enemies of the farmer, the old prejudices against them were strong enough to defeat the bill.

"What's that?" said a teacher, pointing out the letter X, to a little ragged archer. "Daddy's name." "No, no, my boy." "Yes, it is; I've seen him write it a good many times."

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The Ocean.

Limitless and sublime, Ocean, rolling his vast waves around this terrestrial sphere, has ever been regarded by those prophet expounders of nature, the poets, as inferior only to the starry heavens in grand suggestion. We have seen his placid face in repose, a boundless mirror for the bending concave above, halloved with a quietude so soft and sweet that we forgot to dream of any change. Then glittered the snow-crested billows with graceful yet gentle motion, then ocean stars trembled beneath the surface, and seemed rocking like sea-weeds in the world of waters below. Nothing in terrestrial scenery can so influence the meditative and poetic mind with a calm, soothing sensation, as this same gray-bearded and most terrible lion of the earth, the mighty deep, when, casting aside his terrors, he sleeps of tropic seas. Deep down under his living waters are coral caves—patresses and flowers, not like those of earth, but vivid and various as products of Eden—delicate pale carving of ocean ivory, overgrown by curious and splendidly tinted branches. We are told by a great student of the physical geography of the sea, that the coloring surpasses everything; deep green alternates with brown or yellow; rich tints of purple, from pale red-brown to the deepest blue. Brilliant-rosy, yellow, or peach-colored *Nullipores* overgrow the decaying masses, and are themselves interwoven with the pearl-covered plates of the *Rhiposops* of fanciful network. This is indeed a region where the genius of a Byron or a Wilson might revel, as the former tells of mermaids decking their sea-green hair with shells, and the latter glorifies tropical waters in his "Isle of Palms." We too have looked into the wonder revealing face of ocean beneath the equator, when vertical rays shot straight down into his capacious bosom, limpid as crystal; silver and golden fish darted past, clearly seen, as though invisible air were the only medium separating them from the eye of man. The student of Scripture might draw on that inspired source for abundant and magnificent elucidations of the wonders of ocean. A title of such quotations would establish its claims to be considered one of God's mightiest works. But we forbear. Let but the ocean war pool sound his battle march, and let the waves that waves arise. What becomes of repose then? Beauty dies out in awe. The thundering poles and black concave unite in gloomy force to terrify and affright. Instant destruction seems traveling on every wave, and winds, and let the waves tremulous voices yell as though they howled creation's doom. That frail ark, built by the art of man, which he considers a splendid triumph of mind over this ponderous element, driven madly about, creaks, plunges, and wavers, dashed forward, backward, and aside, as great ocean wills. Then man's stout heart waxes weak, and, looking out on a wide waste of waters, he humbly owns there is no skill to lay their fury, save that of the Great Creator, from whose divine lips alone the mandate must come, "Peace, be still!"

Mark! the thunder's awful voice! Behold the sunset streaks! Spirits of the storm, rejoice! Trembling earth, be still with fear. Loud winds shriek with angry wail— Mountain shrills their fierce-creed— Leaves before the blast are hurled— While its watery path it treads. See, the proud ship falls now! See her tall masts snags and bows! See her masts sink in the night!

A Beautiful Experiment. The following beautiful chemical experiment may be easily performed by a lady, to the great astonishment of a circle at her tea party: Take two or three leaves of red cabbage, cut them into small bits, put them into a basin, and pour into it boiling water on them; let it stand an hour, then pour it off into a decanter. It will be a fine blue color. Then take four wine glasses: into one put six drops of strong vinegar; into another six drops of solution of soda; into a third a strong solution of alum; and let the fourth remain empty. The glasses may be prepared some time before, and the few drops of colorless liquid that have been placed in them will not be noticed. Fill up the glasses from the decanter, and the liquid poured into the glass containing the acid will become a beautiful red; the glass containing the soda will be a fine green; that poured into the empty one will remain unchanged. By adding a little vinegar to the green it will immediately change to a red, and on adding a little solution of soda to the red it will assume a fine green, thus showing the action of acids and alkalis on vegetable blues.

If a young person will begin and persevere in learning by heart, four lines of good poetry every day, there will be laid up in the treasury-house of memory fourteen hundred and sixty lines in a year. So of facts and various kinds of information. All great things are done little by little. Atoms make worlds. The greatest motions consist of farthings. Life is made up of moments, and a succession of well-spent moments make a well-spent life.

"War doesn't your father take a newspaper?" asked a man of a little boy whom he found pilfering one from his door step. "Cause he'd rather send me to take it, it was the reply.

"Ose of those thing no fellow can find out!"—A good husband after 11 p. m.

Greely's Speech in Louisville.

CHIEFS OF LOUISVILLE: Standing on this soil of Kentucky, I ask you, who are my associates in the great Liberal movement of the day, to bear testimony with me to certain facts. First, it is not true that we desire a Government of just and equal laws, which shall extend equal favor and equal protection to every American citizen. [Great applause, and cries of "That's so."] Is it not true that we demand a repeal of all disfranchisement, of all proscriptions of Americans because of the color of their skin? [Great applause, and cries of "That's so."] Is it not true that we demand a repeal of all disfranchisement, of all proscriptions of Americans because of the color of their skin? [Great applause, and cries of "That's so."] Is it not true that we demand a repeal of all disfranchisement, of all proscriptions of Americans because of the color of their skin? [Great applause, and cries of "That's so."]

Now, fellow-citizens, I wish to call your attention to one aspect of this struggle which has not yet been presented. There is no class of our citizens, no part of the American people who have so real and great an interest in the success of our movement as the colored people of this country, for though they know that we all admit that their rights are perfectly secured by the Constitution, and that no one can go back of that sacred instrument, yet they know that those rights shall not be merely accorded, but that they shall be cheerfully accorded; that there shall be no opposition to their enjoyment, just the same political and civil rights that we do. It is their interest more than yours or mine that all contention concerning black men or white men shall be judged and estimated according to his worth, with no respect whatever to color or condition. If our movement succeeds, there is no party, there is no considerable faction, really there is no body left in the field opposing or obstructing the standing on yet born present form of American Nationality. [Great applause.] I say, then, that it is their clear interest that our movement shall be welcomed and ratified and approved by the entire American people, and that it is a discouraging fact presented to us that there is no other class so generally and so bitterly opposing us as the colored men of this country, as a class, who insist so thoroughly on misapprehending and misrepresenting us. I say not this to excite prejudice against them, but to inform you that their ignorance is not their own fault, though it is their and our misfortune. They are misled, and we are culpable in their error. Why, I have repeatedly asked to get the real facts, and I have been a negro trader. Even on my way to this place, one quadroon girl, after hearing me speak, said: "I would like to talk to you, but I can't. He sold my mother in Richmond, Va." [Great applause.] I can imagine no reason why lies like that should be told. I can imagine no reason why the colored men should not everywhere denounce and refute them. It is, I say, a misfortune of the colored people, that a part of their people are misled, a class, are steeled against us. They will not hear us. They do not believe us. They are told that this movement is contrary to the rights of each other again, virtually if not absolutely, and that all the pretensions of the Cincinnati platform and Baltimore indorsement in favor of equal rights are frauds, or lies. If this party succeeds, says Mr. Wendell Phillips, you must conceal your property and take care of your arms. Now, fellow-citizens, state the reasons why you should not be misled as this people are. You want to take care that they shall be educated, so that they shall be too wise, too well informed, to be misled by such a mischievous and dangerous party. Guided, fellow-citizens, if our movement shall prevail, as I trust it will prevail, we will sweep away all this refuse of lies in three months. We will say to the colored men: We prefer you, nothing except the protection of the laws, the same for us as for us. You have your living to earn as well as we. You will have to use your own abilities, and your own energy, all your facilities, and make the most of them you can. The laws do not favor you, but they will thoroughly protect you, and in three months if we succeed, the colored people can never deceive them again—never again.

But suppose we fail, and we may fail. [A voice, "We are not going to fail!"] Our great danger is this: If the colored men did not believe that the power was against us, if they did not realize that the treasury, the army, the one hundred thousand office holders were all banded against us, in a force which they believe we cannot overcome, they certainly would not be so universally hostile to us. They think we can not succeed, and they want to be on the winning side. That is a part of their error, they are deluded in regard to our purposes. We say we are not your enemies; we will not be your oppressors—we will not, though you have done us no wrong. We will try, as well as we can, to have your children educated, enlightened, so that the mistakes you have made can not be made over and over again. That is where we stand.

Now, fellow-citizens, why do we condemn proscription? They mistake who say that there are only two or three hundred left, now forbidden to exercise the common rights of American citizens. It is not so. There are thousands. There are five thousand disfranchised in the State of Arkansas alone, and the same number in Louisiana. We expect to carry the State against us, by virtue of that disfranchisement. But it is not the number proscribed. Men who are not under this proscription are not proscribed because others are, for an offense which was their offense as well. So long as you have a proscribed class in the country, the wrong of the class, honorable, generous men will feel, "I ought to be proscribed the same as that man. The difference was only in the fact that he happened to take an oath to do an office before the struggle that I did not, but his guilt was no more than mine. Accident only makes him proscribed, and leaves me free. So long as there is a proscribed class, I will feel as if I were proscribed class in this country, proscription will rankle in the hearts of mil-

lions of Americans who feel that they themselves are condemned and banished in the act which dooms their leaders. It is not for the sake of the proscribed alone that I speak. Every community has the right to the best services of all its citizens. Men say to me, "Why, you don't want to elect Governor Wise No, I don't want to elect any man whom you say have the same rights to vote and hold office for you shall be, at liberty to vote for the men they prefer, or shall be compelled to vote for the men you prefer. The question reaches not several hundreds, but several millions of our people. Well, they say: "What do the people care about this? The banks are making money, the people are prospering, manufacturers are thrifty. Who cares that a few hundred or thousand men are disfranchised? I care. I say a war which ended nearly eight years ago ought to have had nearly all its bloody traces wiped out before this time. [Great applause.] I say that right to the best services of all its citizens. 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