

WEEKLY CLARKSVILLE CHRONICLE.

R. W. THOMAS, Editor.

VIRTUE AND INTELLIGENCE THE MEANS—GOOD GOVERNMENT THE END.

J. A. GRANT, Publisher.

VOLUME 8.

CLARKSVILLE, TENN., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1857.

NUMBER 17.

Business Cards.

JOB WORK!
WE are prepared to execute Job Work of every description, at this Office, with neatness and dispatch—and, therefore, ask a continuance of the custom that we have heretofore received.
January 1st, 1856.

J. M. RICE,
Dealer in Staple & Fancy Dry Goods,
HATS, BONNETS, BOOTS, & SHOES, CHINA and Glassware &c., &c.
No. 8 FRANKLIN ROW

NEW FALL GOODS.
JOHN M. RICE, has received his stock of FALL and WINTER GOODS, large cheap and for sale. Call and see.
Sept. 11/55-f

Charles & Poindeexter,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE.

Will practice in the Courts of Montgomery, Stewart, Robertson, Dixon & Humphreys counties, Tenn., and of Christian county, Ky. Particular attention given to the collection of claims in any part of Middle Tennessee and the adjoining counties of Ky.
April 20, '55—f

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 1, 1856.
TOMPSON GREENFIELD becomes a partner in our firm from this date.
FELLOWS & CO.

FELLOWS & Co.
Commission Merchants
No. 149 Common St.,
New Orleans.

CHARLES FELLOWS,
DANIEL F. LOGAN,
TOMPSON GREENFIELD,
Sept. 9, '56—6m

OLDHAM, PETTUS & Co.,
Successors to Porter & Smith
TOBACCO DEALERS,
FORWARDING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
TRICE'S LANDING, TENNESSEE,
Sept. 14 '56—f

D. O. EGAN,
D. M. BLACKMAN,
J. M. TOOMEY,
W. F. PINDERY,
Sept. 9, '56—6m

Keese, Blackman & Co.,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
COMMISSION AND FORWARDING MERCHANTS
AND
Steam Boat Agents.
NEW FIRE PROOF BUILDING,
From Log the Wharf, CLARKSVILLE, TENN.
Dealers in Iron, Nails, Cotton Yarns &c.
Jan. 9, '57—f

G. S. SMITH,
Commission and Forwarding
MERCHANTS,
TOBACCO SALESMAN,
FAC PROOF WAREHOUSE,
CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE.

Sale Days: Tuesdays and Thursdays,
Feb. 9, 1857—f

JOSEPH M. JONES,
TOBACCO SELLER,
Forwarding, Storage and Commission MERCHANT.

Fire-proof Warehouse, Linwood Landing, one mile below Trice's Landing, on Cumberland River.
Selling every Tuesday, &c.
Sept. 28, 1856—f

Dr. R. D. McCauley,
Late of Louisville, Ky., offers his professional services to the citizens of Clarksville and surrounding country in the various branches of his profession. His office is at the Drug Store of Beverly and McCauley; residence at W. W. Vallant's, opposite the Cumberland Presbyterian Church.
August 22, 1856—f

KIMBLE & BROADBENT,
Attorneys at Law
Office over Hornberger and House
CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE.
July 11, 1856—f

Dr. E. R. Dabney,
OFFICE on Strawberry Alley under Chronicle
April 4 '55—f

Bryan & Robinson,
TOBACCO FACTORS AND GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
71 amp Street, New Orleans.

No liabilities incurred, except upon produce in hand; please read annexed statement.
NEW ORLEANS, 24th March, 1856

A report having lately been put in circulation in Clarksville, Tennessee, and the vicinity, that BRYAN & ROBINSON, of this city, had failed and the undersigned pronounce it false and without foundation.

LEVY & SUMMERS, JOS. W. ALLEN, HEWITT, NORTON & CO., PERKINS & CO., WILLS, RAWLINS & CO., R. EATMAN & CO. MOORE & VAN CULIN FELLOWS & CO., JAMES TURNER T. GREENFIELD
April, 4 '56.

A Superior Steam Press and Cook for SALE
A very superior steam press, Cook and Laundry for sale, 23 or 25 years old, with no children. Apply to
W. O. VANCE.
Nov 14, '56—f

A NEW FIRM.
R. W. HUMPHREYS, R. W. JOHNSON.
Having associated themselves together in the practice of law, are prepared to attend to all business of a legal character in the counties of Robertson, Montgomery, Stewart, Cheatham and Dickson.
Office on Strawberry Alley, Clarksville, Jan. 30—f

The Clarksville Chronicle.

Printed Weekly on a double-medium sheet every Friday morning, at

\$2 Per annum, in advance.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
FOR ONE SQUARE OF TWELVE LINES OR LESS:
One insertion \$1.00 Two months \$4.50
Two insertions 1.50 Three months 5.00
Three insertions 2.00 Six months 9.00
One month 2.50 Twelve months 15.00

The Clarksville Publishing Company,
Chartered by the Legislature of Tennessee.

POETRY.

THE WIFE'S REMONSTRANCE.

BY T. TELLE.

Oh, love me as you used to love,
When this worn heart of mine
Came like a trembling bird to make
Its spring-like bow with thine.
Ere fading flowers and autumn leaves,
With glittering sadness fell,
O'er many a dark dream to warn,
"Not wisely, but too well."

O, love me as you used to love,
My way is often dark,
And tempter-clouds thou know'st not of,
Close wildly round my bark.
And buried 'neath the warring waves
Lies many a heart-born flower,
That shed its fragrance 'round and pure
In childhood's ruffled bower.

Oh, love me as you used to love—
This heart once light and free,
Is cumbered now with many things,
And oft a care for thee—
That in the busy world of man,
That may forgotten be
Will thine in the shaded bower of home
Is all the world to me

Oh, love me as you used to love,
Why should the heart grow old,
With all its wealth of feeling still,
The deepest yet untold?
The strength that bravely battles thro'
"Temptation's bloody hour"—
The love that soft'ly folds its wing
Beside the frolicking flower.

Oh, love me as you used to love,
Ere ope ungentle word
Had, with prophetic touch, the heart
With doubt and sorrow stirred.
When hope upon her rainbow wings
Reflected, glad and bright,
Full many a joyous cry to come,
But as'er a darkness night.

Oh, love me as you used to love,
For soon the treacherous wave
That bears our life-boat on its breast
Will close upon our grave;
And then a mournful memory
Will sometimes haunt the spot,
And whisper of love's early years,
Neglected or forgot.

Oh, love me as you used to love,
And ever love the same—
Hard was the struggle in my heart,
Thine willful bird to tame;
Thou teachest me in stranger bowers
Its nesting songs to sing,
Nor perch with careless hand a barb
Beneath its folded wing.

MISCELLANY.

THE FIRST QUARREL.

Oh! man may bear with suffering; his heart
Is a strong thing, and godlike in the grasp
Of pain that wrings mortality; but tear
One chord affection clings to, part one tie
That binds him to a woman's delicate love,
And his great spirit yieldeth like a reed.
N. P. WILLS.

"To think he would have said that; in
such a tone, too, and I have not been his
wife but six little months!" And a deep-
er shadow drifted over the beautiful face
—the small, rosy fingers tossed back
with a petulant motion the brows curl
that flowed over the cheeks, and a fresh
flood of tears poured from the soft blue
eyes.

Those bright, bitter tears; they looked
strangely out of keeping with all the sur-
roundings of the young wife. The pale
light of the winter day came through the
damask curtains, and filled the tastefully
furnished room with a rosy spring-like
glow. The fire curled with its thousand
bright serpentine tongues up the black
mouth of the chimney; and as Ellen
Howard sat there in its shine, it seemed
as if only happy thoughts could find a
nesting place in a heart around which so
many of earth's blessings clustered.

But that day for the first time a shadow
had drifted across her married life; it
had originated in some trivial matter, but
the inclination of the wife and the opinion
of the husband had been brought in
collision, and after considerable putting
and an angry remark from Ellen, which
she would the next moment gladly have
recalled, Henry Howard had spoken
preemptorily, almost angrily to his young
wife, and left the house.

She was the only "heart-flower" of the
home whence he had transplanted her and
she had been nurtured in an atmosphere
of love and kindness, such as little strength-
ens the spirit for the trials and the strife
which sooner or later, all must en-
counter.

Henry Howard loved his young wife
with an intensity of affection which strong
proud natures such as he can alone feel;
but she never dreamed when her brown
head rested against the heart whose every
pulse throbbled with a love for her, which
it is seldom the lot of a woman to receive
that a strong will, and resoluteness of
purpose, which no circumstance had
evolved to her perception, might for a
time hold in subjugation even love for
herself.

"He shall not see how his remark pain-
ed me; I will wipe away the tears, and he
shall never dream I had shed any," said
Mrs. Howard, rising up, and pacing her
parlor with flushed cheeks and an unsteady
step. "I shall meet him with cold politeness
on his return and he shall learn that
Ellen Howard is not a child, whom he can
order at his will. Oh! Henry, Henry!
to think"—the tears were dashed away,
and the rising sob hastily swallowed down,
but a very bright vision in the past had
evoked them.

"Well, I suppose I did speak rather
hastily to Nellie, this noon, and I feel
half like calling myself a scoundrel for it"
soliloquized the young merchant, as he
paced a small room situated at one end of
his large building, that afternoon, with an
abstracted air and rather troubled brow.
"I dare say, the poor child sits there all
alone, feeling as if her heart was almost
broken, but—hang it! her remark touched
my feeling at a point where they are most
sensitive, and the words had passed my
lips before I was aware of it. I ought to
remember, too, how I took her (bless her
sweet little self!) from a home where never
a stern or angry word had met her ear,
and how I told, on that night when she
lifted her blue eyes so trustingly on me,
and laying her little hand in my own,
promised to be mine, that I would guard
her from the very shadow of evil, that her
happiness would be far dearer to me than
the life which would be nothing without her.

"And now, when she has been the sun-
shine of my house for only six months, I
have—Henry Howard, you're a rascal,
and there's no use of denying it, and you
don't deserve that little jewel of a wife
you have, any more than some other per-
sons you thought didn't!"

The heart of Ellen Howard beat quick-
ly that night as the sun went over the
house tops, for her ear caught the sound of
a well known foot fall in the hall.
Then a quiver of pride rippled over the
red lip, and when her husband entered the
room, instead of springing forward as she
had always previously done, to receive his
caress, she remarked, quietly lifting her
eyes from the pages which she had been
for the last two hours perusing, "You are
very late this evening Henry."

The voice, the manner, chilled the tide
of warm feeling which had been gaining
depth and strength all the afternoon; for
Henry Howard had returned with the in-
tentions of making full concessions to his
wife for all that was hasty or unkind in
his conduct at noon.

But the words he was about to speak
died on his lips, as he met the cool, almost
ironically courteous reception, and simply
repeated, "Yes, I was unavoidably de-
tained," he seated himself by the fire and
took up a book.

In a little time they went out to supper,
How unlike it was to former ones. The
lamp still poured its soft; silvery shine on
the white china, and the glittering urn;
but the smiles which had sweetened the
tea, and the loving words which had given
a rich flavor to the muffins, were no longer
there.

But the shadow on two loving hearts—
and the breach widening continually be-
tween them—these were there.

And so the meal ended. Alas! it was
the type of others.

Two days had passed away and the cold-
ness which had sprung up between the
newly married pair still continued.

"I can bear it no longer; this very night
I will go to him, and lay my cheek against
his, just as I used to and say to him Henry
put your arms around me, and call me
your own Nellie once more, or my heart
will break."

"I can't bear it any longer—I've got so
I dread to go home; I don't believe Nellie
loves me as well as I thought she did, said
the young merchant, as he made his way
homeward with a weary step, very unlike
his former quick, joyous gait.

And they met again, and the old demon
pride came back to both hearts, and
neither of them dreamed of the bitterness
which each was meeting out to the other.

"I am going out a little while to-night,
Nellie; I shall return early." She bowed
her head—that was all, for the tears were
coming, and she would not that he should
see them.

"And he could leave me thus—all alone
without one kind word," murmured the
now wretched wife, as she heard the door
close, and the footsteps grew fainter in the
distance.

Then she threw herself on the lounge,
and burying her brown head in the crimson
cushions, wept long and bitterly, and
between the sobs that convulsed the figure
of Ellen Howard, came to the self-accu-
sating words, "Oh, if I had only told him!"

At last exhausted with her violent weep-
ing, the lids closed over her eyes and Mrs.
Howard sank in a heavy slumber.

She started up quickly, for the silvery
voiced time piece had broke it with its
voice of ten o'clock, on the hush which
filled the room.

"And he has not come yet! He who
never left me alone an evening before!—
Oh, if harm should have befallen him!"
—And a pang shot through her heart which
had been heavy before with its weight of
shadows.

She went to the window, and looked up
at the clear, cold stars. She went to the
door, and listened for his footsteps; then
she went to the grate, and stirred up the
glowing beds of anthracite, until a golden
light filled all the room; but still he came
not.

Eleven o'clock came, and he was not
there.

Twelve o'clock, and Helen Howard sat
alone.

One o'clock!—what pen shall record the
sufferings, which during the two long hours
had been the portion of Mrs. Howard.

The bell rang—it was loud, a startling
peal; she sprang up, and hurried to the
door, for the domestics had retired.

There were three gentlemen there—she
recognized them as acquaintances; but the
third—one glance and she grasped the
door handle, or she would have fallen.

"Don't be alarmed, Mrs. Howard," said
one of the gentlemen; your husband has
not experienced any injury, and a good
night's rest will restore him. He was at
a supper given by one of our club this
evening, and unfortunately, drank rather
freely." They carried him in, his wife
leading the way with faltering steps;
laid him on the bed, and immediately de-
parted. She was alone with him; and
the scale had fallen from her mental eye-
sight.

She saw then how truly he had loved
her, how the pride of both had driven
him from his home that evening, and to
the sin of which he had been guilty, and
she shuddered at the brink to which both
had been drawing nigh.

She put back the thick hair from his
brow, burning forehead, moaning all the
time over the unconscious man words of
love and tenderness, which, had they been
spoken earlier, would never have found
him there; and at last, when he had fallen
into that heavy slumber which is too fre-
quently the accompaniment of inebriety,
she went into the parlor, and kneeling
down in the fire-shine, prayed the Great
Father to forgive her sin, and grant unto
her that 'meek and quiet spirit' which is
the chief ornament of a woman.

During all that long night she hung
over his pillow, bathing his forehead, and
watching his restless movements in his
troubled slumber. The woman's heart
was awakened now, and the pride had all
gone before its holy whisperings.

The grey dawn was streaking the east
when, weary with her night's watching,
Mrs. Howard once more repaired to her
parlor, and throwing herself on the lounge
was soon in a heavy slumber.

The sunlight laughed brightly through
the mullin curtain that draped the win-
dow, and Henry Howard opened his eyes
a moment—the story of the by-gone night
flashed through his mind—he closed them;
"I shall never be able to look Helen in the
face again," he murmured.

At last he rose and went into the parlor.
She was lying there, her cheek pillowed
on one white hand, and her long, luxuriant
curls sweeping the carpet.

He bent down and kissed her very soft-
ly; a tear fell on her forehead—she opened
her eyes.

"Oh! Henry," and the soft arms were
wrapped around his neck, and the white

check laid on his own, "I have been so
wretched you do not know—you cannot
dream of all I have suffered during the
last two days, and last night Henry, it
seemed as if it would kill me!"

"And I deserve the that it should me,
Nellie. You see I was very desperate last
night when I left you, for a terrible fear
has been haunting me ever since I made
that cruel speech to you—a fear that you
did not love me. It was this that drove
me to that dreadful act last evening—
And I feared you would not forgive me
for this; look up my sweet wife, and tell
me, with those dear, blue eyes, that you
do?"

"And now, Henry," said Mrs. Howard,
as her husband was leaving home very
late that morning, "we have promised the
past shall be forgiven and forgotten—will
you promise me one thing more, and I
shall be so happy?"

"Well, what is it darling? I will do
everything for your happiness."
"That you will sign the pledge this very
day."

He did so, and when an angry thought
came to the heart, or an angry word to the
lips of Mrs. Howard, she went and looked
on the pledge, and it was a bond of peace
between her and her husband.

WASHINGTON LOVED HIS MOTHER.

Immediately after the organization of
the present government, Washington re-
paired to Fredericksburg, to pay his hum-
ble duty to his mother, preparatory to his
departure to New York. An affecting
scene ensued. The son feelingly remark-
ed the ravages torturing disease had made
upon the aged frame of his mother, and
then addressed her:

"The people, madam, have been pleased, by
the most flattering unanimity, to elect me to
the Chief Magistracy of the United States,
but before I can assume the functions of
that office, I have come to bid you an affec-
tionate farewell. So soon as the public
business, which must necessarily be en-
countered in arranging a new government,
can be disposed of I shall hasten to Vir-
ginia and—here the mother interrupted
him, "you will see me no more. My great
age, and the disease that is fast approach-
ing my vitals, warn me that I shall not be
long in this world. I trust in God, I am
somewhat prepared for a better. But go,
George, fulfill the high destinies which
heaven appears to assign you; go my son,
and may that heaven's and your mother's
blessings be with you always."

The President was deeply affected. His
head rested upon the shoulder of his par-
ent, whose aged arm feebly yet fondly en-
circled his neck. That brow, on which
fame had wreathed the purest laurel virtue
ever gave to created man, relaxed from its
lofty bearing. That look which could have
awed a Roman Senate in its Fabrian day
was bent in filial tenderness upon the time-
worn features of this venerable matron.

The great man wept. A thousand rec-
ollections crowded upon his mind; as mem-
ory tracing scenes long past, carried him
back to his parental mansion and the days
of his youth; and their centre of attrac-
tion was his mother, whose care, instruc-
tion and discipline had prepared him to
reach the topmost of laudable ambition;
yet how were his glories forgotten while he
gazed upon her from whom, wasted by
time and malady, he must soon part to meet
no more.

The matron's predictions were true.—
The disease which had so long preyed up-
on her frame, completed its triumph, and
she expired at the age of eighty-five, con-
fiding in the promise of immortality to
the humble believer.

HOW PETER AND PAUL LOOKED.

It is allowable to mention the general
notion of the forms and features of the
two apostles which has been handed down
in tradition, and as represented by early
artists.

Paul is set before us as having the strong-
ly marked and prominent features of a
Jew, yet not without some of the finer lines
indicative of Greek thought. His stature
was diminutive, and his body disfigured by
some lameness or distortion, which may have
provoked the contemptuous expression of
his enemies. His beard was long and thin.
His head was bald. The characteristics of
his face were a transparent complexion
which visibly betrayed quick changes of
his feelings; a bright grey eye, under thick
overhung eye-brows; a cheerful and win-
ning expression of countenance, which in-
vited the approach and inspired the confi-
dence of strangers. It would be natural
to infer from his continual journeys, and
manual labor, that he was possessed of

great strength of constitution. But men
of delicate health have often gone through
the greatest exertions; and his own words
on more than one occasion, show that he
suffered much from the lack of bodily
health.

Peter is represented as a man of larger
and stronger form, as his character was
harsher and more abrupt. The quick im-
pulses of his soul revealed themselves in
the flashes of a dark eye. The complex-
ion of his face was full and ruddy; and the
short hair which is described as entirely
grey at the time of his death, curled black
and thick around his temples and chin,
when the Apostles stood together at Anti-
och, twenty years before their martyrdom.

Believing, as we do, that these traditionary
pictures have probably some foundation in
truth, we take them as helps to the imagi-
nation.

ARRIVAL OF THE CITY OF BALTIMORE.

New York, Feb. 13.
The City of Baltimore arrived here at
midnight with Liverpool dates to the 28th
ult.

The papers furnish a rumor of the sub-
mission of Persia.
Liverpool, Jan. 27.—Cotton has ad-
vanced from 1-16 to 1/4 within the last two
days, with sales of 15,500 bales and market
closing steady at the following quotations:
Middling Orleans 7 1/2, middling Mobile 7 1/2,
middling uplands 7 1/2. The flour market
shows a declining tendency. The sugar
market is buoyant. Consols for money
closed at London at 93 1/2@93 3/4.

Steamship Niagara arrived at Liverpool on
the 27th ult.
Cotton Market, Jan. 28.—Sales on specu-
lation and export for the last three days
have been 9,000 bales.

At Manchester the markets generally
have been unchanged.
Breadstuffs and wheat have been firm.
Flour quiet at former quotations, and corn
dull. Red wheat quoted at 9s; white
wheat at 9@9s 10d. Western canal flour
31s@31s 6d; Baltimore and Philadelphia
flour 31s 6d@32s 6d; Ohio flour 34s@35s.
Yellow corn 33s 6d@34s; mixed corn 33
@34s 6d; white corn 31s 6d@34s 6d.

Provision market generally unchanged.
Market bare. Lard quoted at 69s. Quer-
citron bark quoted at 11s 6d@12s 6d, for
Baltimore and Philadelphia.

London, Jan. 27.—Money market decid-
edly more stringent; Consols for money
closed at a decline of 1/4 for account; market
closed at 93 1/2@93 3/4.

The steamer Edinburgh, from New
York, had arrived at Glasgow. The papers
furnish no decided news of any kind.
It is reported that the British forces
had taken Bershire after two hours' bom-
bardment, and that Persia had submitted
to the demands of Great Britain, but the
London papers do not credit it. Great
doubt is also thrown on the recent news
of the burning of the factories at Canton,
and later intelligence from China is
anxiously looked for.

Rumors of a modification of the British
Cabinet continue, and a dash at the Min-
istry is to be made on the opening of
Parliament.
The ship Confederation, before reported,
as wrecked, has broken up. The master,
mate, steward and boy were drowned.
Ferrouk Khan, the Persian Ambassador,
has had an interview with Napoleon. The
Emperor's reply was non-committal.
Nothing more is heard of Swiss affairs.
The Emperor of Austria has granted a
complete amnesty to the Lombardy-Venetian
provinces.

The conferences at Constantinople re-
specting the Principalities are ended.—
Turkish troops will now replace the
Austrian soldiers.
Richardson, Spence, & Co.'s, Maxwell
& Co.'s, and other circulars quote all bread-
stuffs at limited sales, but wheat was firm
at quotations by the Africa. Flour steady
and unchanged. Quotations for corn show
a turn in favor of buyers.

A BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.—The follow-
ing beautiful sentiment deserves to be writ-
ten in letters of gold and perpetuated for-
ever.
The foundation of domestic happiness is
faith in the virtue of woman; the foundation
of all political happiness is confidence in
the integrity of man; and the foundation of
all happiness, temporal and eternal, relies
on the goodness of God."

The Presbyterians of Scotland are in
the midst of an excited controversy, on the
question of the introduction of organs in-
to their churches.

What is the difference between a
maiden of sixteen and a maiden of sixty?
One is careless and happy and the other
is hairless and cappy.

The number of passengers carried by
the railroads of the United States last year
was 74,000,000.
The expenses of the railroads in the United
States last year were \$58,000,000.
There is a great influx of office-seekers
from the South at Washington.
The exposures of Louisiana last year
were \$1,557,419.

THE ARMY.—Gen. Scott, in his report
as Commander-in-Chief, reiterates his
opinion that it would be quite a misnomer
to call our army a peace establishment,
considering our constant Indian Wars.—
He thinks the rank and file much improv-
ed, and recommends that one company in
each regiment should be kept on depot
service to recruit. He also reiterates his
recommendation for a retiring list for
superannuated and disabled officers and a
considerably increased compensation for
commissioned officers. The last point is
particularly urged—as a law putting the
army and Navy on the same footing as to
persons.

WANTED.—Girls want good husbands,
young men want prudent and sweet-tem-
pered wives. Dandies and fashionable la-
dies, who screw up their waists to resemble
a wasp, want common sense.

A sailor looking serious in a chapel in
Boston, was asked by a minister if he felt
any change? "Not a cent," said Jack.

The two most precious things on this
side of the grave, are reputation and life.
But it is to be lamented that the most con-
temptible whisper may deprive us of the
one, and the weakest weapon may deprive
us of the other.

THE BOOK TRADE.
In a recent work, Mr. Goodrich arranges the fol-
lowing statistics, concerning the Book trade.—
His conclusions are that the gross value of Books
manufactured and sold in the United States
Is for the year 1830, was \$2,500,000
In 1835, 3,500,000
In 1840, 5,500,000
In 1850, 19,500,000
In 1856, 16,000,000

This calculation shows an increase of forty per
cent, in the ten years elapsing between 1839 and
1850; an increase of about sixty per cent, between
1830 and 1840; and an increase of one hundred and
twenty-five per cent between 1840 and 1850—
The same increase now is about a million of dollars
In 1850 thirty per cent of the works published
were the production of American authors, and ap-
proximately per cent, of British authors; in 1830, there
was forty per cent, of American works, and sixty
per cent, of British; in 1841, the proportion was fifty-
five per cent, of American works, and forty-five
per cent, of British; in 1850, seventy per cent, of American
works and thirty per cent, of British, while, in 18-
56, the probable proportion of American works is
eighty per cent, and that of British works only
twenty per cent,—a change highly creditable to
American authorship.

RASHNESS generally ends in folly and
shame.
There are 459 harbors on the Atlantic
coast of the United States.

The deaths in Baltimore last year were
5,668.
The Boston lumber trade amounts to
13