

WEEKLY CLARKSVILLE CHRONICLE.

R. W. THOMAS, Editor.

VIRTUE AND INTELLIGENCE THE MEANS—GOOD GOVERNMENT THE END.

J. A. GRANT, Publisher.

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NUMBER 48.

Real Estate Agency.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Any person desiring to purchase real estate of any description, either town lots or farms, would do well to give us a call and examine our list of property before buying elsewhere, for we have on hand any quantity and number of acres you may want. We have not advertised half the lands we have for sale, and take this mode of informing you where you can find any sort of real estate you may desire.

DYE & SMITH, R. E. A.

We have for sale, on easy terms, a Tract of Land on the Russellville Turnpike, 1 1/2 miles from Clarksville, containing 500 acres. It is one of the best tracts of land in Montgomery county, and is well improved.

DYE & SMITH, R. E. A.

FOR SALE.

335 acres of land, one mile from Clarksville, just above the lower bridge—very desirable and very cheap—long credit, and no money required. Call to see and you shall have a bargain.

DYE & SMITH, R. E. A.

FRANKLIN STREET FOR SALE.

We will sell, privately, two of the cheapest business houses on Franklin street, located in the most public part of town. One of these houses is now occupied by J. N. Nebitt, the other by F. B. Everette. In this property we guarantee a bargain.

DYE & SMITH, R. E. A.

HOUSE AND LOT.

We have for sale, and at a very low price, one house and lot on Franklin street, adjoining the Masonic Hall.

DYE & SMITH, R. E. A.

ONE VALUABLE VACANT LOT.

We can sell a bargain, to any one wishing to buy, in that beautiful and desirable location, opposite the shop of Thomas & Miller, at the junction of Franklin and 2nd Streets.

DYE & SMITH, R. E. A.

ANOTHER HOUSE AND LOT.

As good a bargain as any to be found can be had in the purchase of one of the best houses on Wm. Broadhead, on the East, known as the "Thurston place," which we have for sale at a low price.

DYE & SMITH, R. E. A.

514 ACRES OF TOBACCO LAND.

Call on us soon, and we will sell you this splendid farm, 15 miles from Clarksville and four miles from Lafayette, Ky., which is unobscured by any pronouncement to be one of the finest farms in the west. All we ask is that you will examine it for yourselves.

DYE & SMITH, R. E. A.

340 ACRES.

We have for sale, 10 miles from Clarksville, on the Dover road, the above number of acres of land, which can be bought on easy terms.

DYE & SMITH, R. E. A.

TOWN LOTS.

We have four lots adjoining W. O. Reynolds' Carpenter Shop, on Franklin street for sale—Terms easy.

DYE & SMITH, R. E. A.

13 TOWN LOTS.

We will sell at public auction 13 town lots on Commerce and Dunlap streets, on Tuesday, 2nd of June.

DYE & SMITH, R. E. A.

I have for sale a number of Farms, all sizes, from 100 to 2000 acres, well improved and desirably located; several within 3 or 4 miles of Clarksville. I can suit any one wishing to locate in this community. Also a lot of No. 3 Negroes, 20 lots in Clarksville, some well improved, others vacant. I block of buildings in Strawberry Alley. If you want bargains call soon.

JO. M. DYE, Real Estate Agent, Strawberry Alley.

PHENIX FURNACE.

This Iron furnace, situated within 12 miles of Clarksville, is for sale. Terms easy. \$5,000 acres land. I will divide the property into lots, or sell the whole in a body.

JO. M. DYE, Agent, For Planters Bank.

GREAT WESTERN FURNACE.

This property is situated in Stewart County—recently built—12,000 acres land; and is the most desirable iron property in Tennessee. Possession given as soon as the terms are complied with.

JO. M. DYE, Trustee.

500 CHINAMEN.

I have an arrangement for the above number of Coolies, and can furnish iron-works with any number, from 10 to 100.

JO. M. DYE, Agent.

A FARM FOR SALE!

A Farm containing about 300 Acres Land, near the Port Royal Pike, 4 miles from Clarksville, well improved and in a high state of cultivation—in a good neighborhood.

Now is the time to make investments in and near Clarksville. Property is rapidly advancing—every acre made recently has paid from 50 to 100 per cent. on purchase made from 12 to 18 months ago. Come quickly gentlemen, delay is dangerous.

JO. M. DYE, R. E. A.

"STILL THEY COME!"

A No. 1 small Farm, containing 73 acres, situated on the Port Royal Pike, 3 miles from Clarksville, comfortable improvements, neighborhood desirable and very productive. About 40 acres cleared, balance heavily timbered. There is a fine orchard of peach, and apple trees—Possession given at any time, and the crop of Wheat, Oats, &c., thrown in.

JO. M. DYE, R. E. A.

FOR SALE.

A house and lot adjoining the Masonic Hall, on the East side.

DYE & SMITH, R. E. A.

MINNESOTA LANDS.

To persons desiring to purchase lands in the North-west, we would say that we have for sale a quantity of the finest land to be found in Minnesota, Iowa, and Wisconsin. We will examine a fine orchard of peach, and apple trees—Possession given at any time, and the crop of Wheat, Oats, &c., thrown in.

DYE & SMITH, R. E. A.

ROCKHOLDERS M. C. & L. R. R. An additional 5 per cent. payable on the 1st of October and a full amount payable on the first of November, has been ordered by the Board.

W. B. MUNFORD, Pres't.

Tho's McCulloch

INVITES the attention of his friends and customers to the Extensive and Fashionable Stock of Clothing and Furnishing Goods, just received, which for style, material and price, cannot be excelled in this section.

BOYS' CLOTHING.

A very large assortment, suited to ages from four years to 15 years.

SHIRTS.

Woolen's shoulder seam Shirts, well-made and warranted to fit, for men and boys. Also, Drawers, Undergarments, Corsets, Hosiery, and Gloves, and in fact everything necessary for an outfit in the Clothing line.

HATS, BOOTS AND SHOES. Oakford's celebrated Hats, also Soft Hats in great variety, Caps for men and boys.

Woolen's Traveling Shawls, Blankets, Walking Caps, Umbrellas, Trunks, Carpet-bags, &c. Call at once and make selections. I am anxious to sell, and offer them at punctual time on the usual credit, or for the cash at a liberal discount.

THO'S. McCULLOCH.

Sept. 11, 1857—3m

Late Arrival!

NEW GOODS!

Pickering & Ely, Are now receiving their Fall and Winter stock of Goods, embracing nearly every article kept in a Dry-goods house. Call and see us, at the old stand of Seal & Farnam and we will show you an nice stock of goods as ever exhibited in this market.

Clarksville, Sept. 4, '57—1m.

B. O. KEESSE,

RECEIVING, FORWARDING AND COMMISSION MERCHANT, NEW FIRE-PROOF HOUSE, Fronting the Wharf.

All business entrusted to my care will receive prompt and careful attention. Goods forwarded without delay.

300,000 Cypress and Poplar shingles on hand and for sale. B. O. KEESSE, Clarksville, Te. Apr. 24, '57—ly

TO THE PUBLIC.

B. O. Keesse, is authorized to receive all goods consigned to Keesse, Blackman, & Co.

KEESSE, BLACKMAN, & CO. by O. M. BLACKMAN.

I also give B. O. Keesse authority to receive all goods consigned to me.

O. M. BLACKMAN. May 1, '57.

I have a large and commodious warehouse, fronting the wharf, where I am ready to receive and store every description of goods, and up to this date, Sept. 18th, I have received a liberal show of patronage, and I will endeavor, as heretofore to give general satisfaction.

B. O. KEESSE, Russellville Herald copy, and charge B. O. K. Sept. 18, '57—3m.

LATE ARRIVAL

OF FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING, AT B. FLOSSER & CO. PUBLIC SQUARE, CLARKSVILLE TENNESSEE.

We would respectfully invite the attention of the citizens of Clarksville, and surrounding country to the large stock of Fall & Winter Clothing, which we received lately, and have for sale now. Besides the clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Trunks, Valises, Gent's furnishing goods, every article usually kept in a clothing store. All of which will be sold at prices that cannot fail to give entire satisfaction.

Cash buyers are particularly invited to try us before purchasing elsewhere, as we are determined not to be outdone by any house in the State. Respectfully, B. FLOSSER & Co. Sep. 18, '57—4f.

ROBERT D. BUNNING

No. 5, ELDER'S ROW, On the Public Square, CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE.

The finest and best assortment of Stables, Fancy and SILK DRY GOODS,

Hardware, Glassware, Queensware, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Caps, Bonnets, &c.

Selected in the New York and Philadelphia markets with great care and at the lowest Cash Prices. Always on hand, and receiving, the latest styles and finest qualities of Jaconet, Cambric, Swiss, Maline and fine French Embroidered Collars, and SLEEVES; Black Laces, in various widths; Hosiery, Mattings, Best Valenciennes, Gappure and English THREAD LACES. A large assortment of Linen Bobbin and German Lace Edgings.

Dress Trimmings in Every Variety. Black and Fancy Dress Silks, Delaines, Ducals, Brillantes, Chintzes, Ginghams, Lawns, Mantillas, with every description of Ladies and Children's wear, of the most durable and tasteful materials.

A full assortment of Staple Goods of approved manufacture and established reputation; this list for CASH, at manufacturers' prices, and no offered at the lowest rates to cover cost and charges.

Fine Cloths and Cassimeres, of various shades, Vestings, Satinets, Negro cloth Drills, Tickings, Carpetings, Bagging, &c.

Having every facility in New York and Philadelphia for selecting, at all times, fresh supplies of late styles and fine qualities of goods, at the very lowest prices, for Cash, we feel no honorable competition, and freely invite an examination of our stock, which to be fully appreciated, needs only to be well known in this community.

It will be our rule and study, invariably, to deal fairly and honorably with every one, and make it to their advantage to deal with us. Come and see and judge for yourselves.

CASH PAID FOR VARIOUS ARTICLES OF PRODUCE, such as Feathers, Wool, Ginseng, Beechwood, Hides, &c., in large or small quantities.

All transactions at Clarksville, in charge of and conducted by the undersigned.

CHARLES D. PARISH, R. O. B. DUNNING.

May 1, 1857—6m

Land for Sale.

I have appointed W. T. Datch my lawful agent to sell my lots on Main and Sixth, and on Union and Academy streets. Any one wishing to purchase will be shown them by him.

S. A. FRASER. Aug 14, '57—2m

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.

MISCELLANY.

BREAD UPON WATERS.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

"Ah, Jacob, now you see all your hopes are gone. Here we are, worn out with age—all our children removed from us by the hand of death, and ere long we must be the inmates of the poor house. Where, now, is all the bread you have cast upon the waters?"

The old, white-haired man looked up at his wife. He was, indeed, bent down with years, and age sat trembling upon him—Manfred had been a comparative wealthy man, and while fortune smiled upon him, he had ever been among the first to lend a listening ear and a helping hand to the call of distress; but now misfortune was his. Of his four boys, not one was left. Sickness and failing strength found him but little and they left him penniless. Various misfortunes came in painful succession. Jacob and his wife were alone and gaunt poverty looked them coolly in the face.

"Don't repine Susan," said the old man. "True we are poor, but we are not yet forsaken."

"Not forsaken, Jacob? Who is there to help us now?"

Jacob Manfred raised his trembling fingers towards heaven.

"Ah, Jacob! I know God is our friend, but we should have friends here. Look back, and see how many you have befriended in times past. You cast your bread upon waters with a free hand, but it has not yet returned to you."

"Hush Susan, you forget what you say. To be sure I may have hoped that some kind hand of earth would lift me from the cold depths of utter want; but I do not expect it as a reward for anything I may have done. If I have helped the unfortunate in days gone by, I have had my full reward in knowing that I have done my duty to my fellows. Oh! of all kind deeds I have done for my suffering fellows, I would not for gold have one of them blotted from my memory. Ah! my fond wife, it is the memory of the good done in life that makes old age happy. Even now I can hear again the warm thanks of those whom I have befriended, and again I see their smiles!"

"Yes, Jacob," returned the wife, in a lower tone, "I know you have been good, and in your memory you can be happy, but alas! there is a present upon which we must look—there is a reality upon which we must dwell. We must beg for food or starve!"

The old man started, and a deep mark of pain was drawn across his features.

"Beg," he replied, with a quick shudder. "No, Susan—we are—"

"We are going to the poor house!"

"Oh God! I thought so," fell from the poor wife's lips, as she covered her face with her hands. "I have thought so, and I have tried to school myself to the thought, but my heart will not bear it."

"Do not give up, Susan," softly urged the old man, laying his hand upon her arm. "It makes but little difference to us now. We have not long to remain on earth, and let us not spend our last days in useless repinings. Come, come."

"But when—when shall we go?"

"Now—to-day."

"Then God has mercy on us."

"He will," murmured Jacob.

That old couple sat for a while in silence. When they were aroused from their painful thoughts, it was by the stopping of a light cart in front of the door. A man entered the room where they sat. He was the porter of the poor house.

"Come, Mr. Manfred," he said, "the guardian has managed to crowd you into the poor-house. The cart is at the door, and you can get ready as soon as possible. Jacob Manfred had not calculated the strength he should need for this ordeal."

There was a coldness in the very tone and the manner of the man who had come for him, that went like an icicle to his heart, and with a deep groan he sank back in his seat.

"Come—be in a hurry," impatiently urged the porter.

At this moment a carriage drove up to the door.

"Is this the house of Jacob Manfred?" This question was asked by a man who entered from the carriage. He was a kind looking man, about forty years of age.

"That is my name," said Jacob.

"Then they told me truly," uttered the new comer. "Are you from the work-house?" he continued, turning towards the porter.

"Yes."

"Are you after these people?"

"Yes."

"Then you may return. Jacob Manfred goes to no poor-house while I live."

The porter gazed inquisitively into the features of the man who addressed him, and then left the house.

"Don't you remember me?" exclaimed the stranger, grasping the old man by the hand.

"I cannot call you to my memory now."

"Do you remember Lucius Williams?"

"Williams?" repeated Jacob, starting up from his chair, and gazing earnestly into the face of the man before him.

"Yes, Jacob Manfred—Lucius Williams. That little boy, whom thirty years ago, you saved from the poor-house of correction; that poor boy whom you kindly took from the bonds of the law, and placed on board of one of your own vessels."

"And are you—"

"Yes—yes—I am the man you made—You found me a rough stone from the hands of poverty and bad example. It was you who first brushed off the evil, and who first led me to the sweet waters of moral life and happiness. I have profited by the lessons you gave me in my early youth, and the warm spark which your kindness lighted up in my bosom, has grown brighter ever since. With an affluence for life, I have settled down to enjoy the remainder of my days in peace and quietness, with such good work as my hands may find to do. I heard of your losses and bereavements. I knew that the children of your own flesh had all gone, but I am a child of your bounty—a child of your kindness, and now you shall still be my parent. Come, my more than father—and you my mother, come. You made my youth all bright, and now I will not see your old age doomed to darkness."

Jacob Manfred tottered forward and sank upon the bosom of his preserver.

He could not speak his thanks, for they were too heavy for words. When he looked up again, he sought his wife.

"Susan," he said, in a choking, trembling tone, "my bread has come back to me!"

"Forgive me, Jacob?"

"No, no, Susan. It is not I who must forgive—God holds us in his hands."

"Ah!" murmured the wife, as she raised her steaming eyes to heaven, "I will never doubt him again."

BE KIND TO YOUR SISTERS.

Boys, be kind to your sisters. You may live to be old, and never find such tender, loving friends as these sisters. Think how many things they do for you; how patient they are with you; how they love you in spite of all your ill temper or rudeness; how thoughtful they are for your comfort, and be you thoughtful for theirs. Be ever ready to oblige them, to perform any little office for them that lies in your power.—Think what you can do for them, and if they express a wish, be ready to gratify it if possible. You do not know how much happiness you will find in so doing. I never yet knew a happy and respected man who was not in youth kind to his sisters. There is a beautiful song which says—

Be kind to your sisters—no many may know The depth of their sisterly love; The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below The surface that sparkles above.

This country is almost completely chain- ed by lightning. It is estimated that there are about twenty-five thousand miles of posts, upon which there are strung about thirty-three thousand miles of telegraph wire. The nominal capital invested in the existing lines is estimated at \$4,000,000, but the actual cost of construction did not probably exceed \$2,000,000, the balance having been about equally divided between the contractors who built the lines and the Morse patents. The estimated number of messages passing over all the lines is 4,000,000 per annum, or about 13,000 each business day.

LETTER FROM EX-PRESIDENT TYLER ON GEN. PILLOW'S ADDRESS.

We find the following in the Richmond South, of Monday, and it will probably not be the last letter that will be called out by the late publication of Gen. PILLOW. The South says that this letter, "written with the good taste which distinguishes all the author's productions, acquits the TYLER Administration of a very disparaging charge. We never gave the least credit to the story."

NEW YORK, September 22, 1857.

My Dear Sir: Owing to my absence from home, it is only this morning that I have been informed of your call upon me, through your paper of the 14th inst., to furnish an explanation to the public of the extraordinary statement to be found in Gen. Pillow's late letter, which he bases on the authority of Mr. Trist, that during the negotiation of the Washington Treaty, and to secure its consummation, I had used five hundred thousand dollars out of the secret service fund in purchase of the political press of the State of Maine. The letter is not before me, but I quote the substance of the statement. I confess that the utter absurdity of the statement had consigned it to the same class with the many similar ascriptions and absurdities which have from time been alleged against me and my Administration, and which I have regarded as wholly unworthy of notice. I am only surprised that one so enlightened as Gen. Pillow is esteemed to be, should have regarded so ridiculous a statement as worthy of repetition. Five hundred thousand dollars from the secret service fund in purchase of the press of the State of Maine! If Gen. Pillow had taken the precaution to have looked into the acts of Congress, making appropriation to the contingent fund for diplomatic intercourse, commonly known as the secret service fund, he would have seen that the largest amount appropriated any one year during the time of my official residence in Washington, did not exceed \$30,000, and that, inasmuch as the negotiations referred to occurred in 1842, there had at that time been but a single appropriation made to the fund, and that of the session of 1841-2. I think it would have puzzled Cocker to have obtained \$500,000 out of \$30,000.

I will take occasion to add that the fund, although called secret, is as public in most of its outlays as any other fund belonging to the government. It is applicable to the many items growing out of the necessities of foreign missions and the consular establishment of the United States, which no specific appropriation could well cover. They are contingent, the very term implying their uncertainty. The expenditures for these contingencies enter into the general accounts of the government, and are annually published, and absorb a large portion of the fund. It often happens that not a dollar is withdrawn from the fund for any confidential object of the government. Such confidential objects sometimes intervene in our intercourse with foreign countries, and sometimes have their origin within our own limits—contingencies which it may be imprudent at the time to disclose, but which are intimately connected with the preservation of peace and quietude. Some such contingencies arose during my official residence in Washington; and I have only to add, that when I left that city I directed the agent of the fund to file away in a drawer of the State Department the vouchers for all the expenditures made under my orders out of that fund; and the day has nearly come when I shall be perfectly willing to have that drawer laid open to the inspection of any one who possesses any curiosity to look into it. Certainly, he would find no item for the purchase of the newspapers of the State of Maine, or of any other State—and, with a proper explanation of the objects of the expenditure, but little or nothing to disapprove of.

Be pleased to put down these brief explanations to the respect which I have for you personally, and believe me to be, Truly and faithfully yours, &c., JOHN TYLER.

To Mr. PLYOR.

One day Tom Moore, who had stolen a lock of hair from a lady's head, on being ordered by her to make restitution, caught up a pen and dashed off the following impromptu lines.

On one sole condition, love, I might be led With this beautiful ringlet to part; I would gladly relinquish the lock of your head, Could I gain but the key to your heart."

Senator Broderick was not on the Central America, as has been stated.

CORN AND HOGS.

From carefully conducted experiments by different persons, it has been ascertained that one bushel of corn will make a little over 100 pounds of pork—gross. Taking the result as a basis, the following deductions are made, which all our farmers would do well to lay by for a convenient reference—That.

When corn cost 12 1/2 cents per bushel, pork cost 1 1/2 cts. per pound.

When corn cost 17 1/2 cents per bushel, pork cost 2 cts. per pound.

When corn cost 25 cents per bushel, pork cost 3 cts. per pound.

When corn cost 33 cents per bushel, pork cost 4 cts. per pound.

When corn cost 50 cents per bushel, pork cost 5 cts. per pound.

The following statements show what the farmer realizes for his corn when sold in the form of pork:

When pork sells for 3 cts. per pound, it brings 25c. per bushel in corn.

When pork sells for 4 cts. per pound, it brings 32c. per bushel in corn.

When pork sells for 5 cts. per pound, it brings 40c. per bushel in corn.

AN IDLE WINTER.—The list of the manufacturing establishments in New England which have been stopped altogether, by the want of a demand for American fabrics, or are working only on alternate days or on half quarter time each day, is becoming fearfully large. The great mill of the Blackstone Company and the extensive works at Londsdale are now added to it. Among those which have quite recently adopted the policy, so disastrous to labor, or have declared their necessity to do so, are the Quinbaugh, the Saunders, the Whitinville, Hamlet, Mauehaug, Wauregan, Sutton's, Fenner's, Brand's Iron Works, Centerville, Sherman's, H. & S. B. Chase's, Jerauld's, and the mills at Central Falls.

The stoppage of these works, is the stoppage of food and clothing and fuel to thousands and thousands of people, thro' the channel of the only industry in which they are skilled. The stoppage, too, is on the edge of a long and cruel winter.—What suffering there is in store for American labor, all can divine.

No policy could have averted so much of the existing monetary pressure as is due to bad investments in unprofitable and unfinished railroads and speculative purchases of land in the extreme West. But good government would have made it unnecessary to close the manufacturing establishments of our country at this unpropitious moment. If our revenue system had been framed to foster and protect American labor, instead of that of Europe, our working men and women would not now be standing idle, med