

# THE PULASKI CITIZEN.

PULASKI, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 16, 1866.

NUMBER 7

## BUSINESS CARDS.

**AMOS R. RICHARDSON,**  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
PULASKI, TENN.  
Will practice in Giles and adjoining counties.  
Office in the Court House. Jan 19-66

**ALEX. BOOKER, CAL. BOOKER.**  
**TONSORIAL.**  
ALEX and CALVIN, Knights of the Art Tonsorial,  
invite the young, the old, the gay, the grave, the  
elite of Pulaski, to call on them at their new  
**BARBERS' SALOON,**  
Over Taylor's store North side Public square.

**T. M. N. JONES,**  
Attorney at Law,  
PULASKI, TENN.  
Will practice in Giles and the adjoining counties.  
**OFFICE,**  
West side Public Square, Up stairs, over the Store of  
May, Gordon & May, next door to the Tennessee  
House. Jan 12-66

**P. G. STIVER PERKINS,**  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
PULASKI, TENN.,  
Will practice in Giles and the adjoining counties.  
**OFFICE**  
In Drug Store of Perkins & Heasler, east side  
of the public square. Jan 12-66

**J. M. ROBINSON & CO.,**  
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN  
**Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods**  
**NOTIONS, & C.**  
No. 185 Main Street, Between Fifth and Sixth,  
Jan 19-66 LOUISVILLE, KY. [Sm]

**BROWN & McCALLUM,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
PULASKI, TENNESSEE.  
OFFICE—The one formerly occupied by Walker  
& Brown. Jan 9, 66

**RUTLEDGE & REED,**  
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,  
PULASKI, TENNESSEE.  
Will practice in the Courts of Giles, Marshall,  
Maury and Lawrence. Particular attention  
given to the collection of claims. Office at corner  
Public Square, Up stairs. Jan 5, 66

**MEDICAL CARD.**  
**DRS. GRANT & ABERNATHY,**  
Pulaski, Tenn.  
HAVING associated themselves in the practice of  
Medicine and Surgery, respectfully tender their  
services to the people of Giles and the adjoining  
counties; and hope by strict attention to business to  
merit a liberal share of public patronage.  
Special Attention Given to Surgery.  
Having had ample experience in the Army during  
the war, and being supplied with all the appliances  
necessary, they feel fully prepared to treat all cases  
entrusted to their care.  
Office near South-west Corner Public Square,  
Jan 5-66

**May, Gordon & May,**  
DEALERS IN  
**Foreign & Domestic Dry Goods,**  
**GROCERIES,**  
READY-MADE CLOTHING, HATS,  
Boots, Shoes, Hard, Queens & Glass-ware,  
**JEWELRY, & C.**  
West side Public Square, near Tennessee House,  
Pulaski, Tenn.  
WHERE they will at all times be pleased to see  
their friends and the public generally. Jan 12

**Ezell & Edmundson,**  
East Side Public Square, Pulaski, Tenn.  
Keep constantly on hand a full and assorted  
**STOCK OF GOODS,**  
Embracing a great variety,  
ALL of which they offer at low prices—especially  
their elegant stock of  
Ready Made Clothing.  
All kinds of Barters, all kinds of money, premium  
and insurance, taken at their market value.  
Jan 5-66

**Sam. C. Mitchell & Co.,**  
House Carpenters & Joiners,  
PULASKI, TENN.  
ARE prepared to do all work in their line at short  
notice and in the most approved style.  
Window sash, Blinds and Doors made to order at  
the best of prices.  
**FUNERAL UNDERTAKING.**  
We are prepared to furnish coffins of all kinds  
and sizes at short notice. Jan 5-66

**FRUIT TREES!**  
I wish to inform the citizens of Giles county that  
I have all kinds of Fruit Trees, which I wish to  
sell, from the  
**ROSE BANK NURSERY,**  
near Nashville, Tenn., Tracts a Wiley, Proprietors.  
All orders filled promptly five miles north of Pulaski,  
on the Columbia pike, or left with T. P. May,  
Pulaski, Tenn. A. P. MARTIN,  
Jan 12-66 Agent.

**M. D. Le MOINE,**  
ARCHITECT,  
Office No. 11, Cherry St., near Church,  
NASHVILLE, TENN.  
P. O. Box 875. (Jan 1 1866-6m)

**NOTICE.**  
ALL persons indebted to the firm of Winstead &  
A. Bro., either by note or account, are notified by  
calling at the office of Rutledge & Reed, Do so  
immediately, or the claims will be put into the  
hands of an officer. Jan 5-66

## "Loyalty" in Tennessee.

In the way of anti-climax, a certain school-boy composition has been much admired—"some people prefer spring; some like summer; others love autumn; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!"—Now this has never been excelled in its way. The only approximately successful imitation that we have ever seen is that of a number of people in this State calling themselves the "Union Central Committee," and the "German Union Central Committee." These persons have lately addressed to the President, and to the Congressional Committee on Reconstruction, a memorial which may be concisely rendered into an anti-climax not very far behind that of the juvenile rhetorician aforesaid, in absurdity an inconsequence. Rightly interpreted, it simply means: "some people like liberty very much; some people love law; but as for us, give us office and the spoils, or despotism and a military government."

In the opinion of these patriotic gentlemen, liberty and law may be very good things; but liberty and law are good only for the "loyal" gentlemen who constitute the two central committees, and the "Union party" par excellence of Tennessee. These amiable and worthy gentlemen have undertaken the pleasing and patriotic task of governing us in perpetuity; but very much to their disgust they discover that a majority of the people contemplate dispensing with their valuable services. The people of Tennessee, like the people of our sister Southern States, are anxious to resume their place in the Federal Union. They wish to regain their vested rights and their Constitutional privileges, and for this purpose a grand mass meeting of the people is to be held at Nashville on the 22d inst., and to which all the counties, including our own, have appointed delegates. Now will this great Union(?) party participate? It might be supposed that the two committees which assume to indicate their political views and desires, by the use of the term "Union" as a distinctive title, would gladly lend all their assistance to the consummation of this purpose. Quite the contrary. Their Unionism is of the spurious kind. Their loyalty is the light that shines by not shining—Rather would they stay out of the Union forever, these intensely "loyal" creatures, than return in the company of pardoned "rebels" and amnestied Confederates.—Especially since they find that reconstruction and their own exodus from the pleasant places of power and profit which they take so much pleasure in filling, would be concurrent circumstances. Hence they implore Congress and the President to come to their rescue; to save them from untimely ejection; to protect them from the prospective inundation of "rebel" votes. In their memorial they say, "if to admit our representatives will involve the surrender of the State to its own government, your memorialists prefer, and they are sure the loyal people of the State prefer, to live in a territorial condition, and even under a military government."

The dis-"Union" clique of the State have lifted up their voices, and they cry aloud for vengeance on their fellow-citizens. And what can be more magnanimous, more self-sacrificing, than the beautiful patriotism which these faithful creatures exhibit!—They are perfectly willing to bar their own "ideal" backs to the rod, so that the rebellious backs of their adversaries are scourged likewise. Military government has no terrors for them, so long as it exclude their opponents from any restoration to the rights and the dignity of freemen. Indeed, they are contented to subsist on the crumbs of patronage that may be swept into their beseeching mouths, so that their "rebellious" neighbors be properly starved into respectful appreciation of their ineffable merits and incomparable claims to office.

These remarks are susceptible of local as well as general application. We understand there is a sub-committee of twenty-one who have been memorializing the "memorialists" for another negro garrison to be sent here. A beautiful set, indeed!

**Cholera Decreasing.**  
A German scientific paper gives us the following statistical comfort as to the cholera: "From the foundation of Rome up to the time of Augustus, in seven hundred and thirty-two years, there appeared thirty-three epidemics; from the birth of Christ up to 1660, ninety-seven; in the seventeenth century, fourteen; in the eighteenth century, eight; and since the beginning of the nineteenth century the cholera has appeared three times. It is evident from these figures, that epidemics are decreasing in numbers as well as intensity, which pleasant fact is to be ascribed to increasing cleanliness in dwellings and clothing; to the improvement in sanitary regulations; to the speedy removal of miasmatic substances, and to the progress of the medical science in general.

## I AM WAITING FOR THEE.

For the Citizen  
BY ELLA LILLIAN STEPHENSON.  
I am dreaming, idly dreaming, as the moments pass away,  
While adown the glowing west, fades the last bright evening ray;  
While the twilight shadows gather, in the corners of the room,  
There I sit and wait for thee, in the silence and the gloom.  
I am singing, softly singing, every song you loved to hear,  
And each note which sweetly falleth, brings the absent one still near;  
And I watch from the window, the path that leads up to the gate,  
And while stars are brightly gleaming, there I stand and sadly wait.  
I am smiling, gently smiling, when I think of thy return,  
I know 'twill not be long, for even now thy heart doth yearn,  
For thy home; ah! thy coming will herald joyful peace—  
When rings thy footsteps on the gravel, then my weary watch will cease.

TUCUMBA, ALA., Feb., 1866.

## Gen. Fisk Denounced as an 'Infamous Liar.'

The Lexington Reporter copies an extract from the recent speech of Gen. Fisk, of the Freedmen's Bureau, and thus disposes of certain of his allegations:  
"The statements made are clear, distinct, and unequivocal as to persons, time and place, and well calculated by such distinctness to obtain credence, especially among the people of the North. Yet every statement is an unmitigated falsehood. We have made enquiries of black and white to ascertain if there was a single grain of truth on which the structure of malicious calumny could have been built. We know of course that it was impossible that there should have been thirteen lacerated, bleeding and maimed discharged soldiers on the streets of Lexington, where there was then a company of negro soldiers stationed, without some commotion being excited. Our enquiries were devoted to whether there was a single discharged soldier who had received no stripes and wounds, but any ill usage from his former owner. Nor any one was known to black or white.  
Gen. Fisk made a speech to the colored population of this place, last week, but we are assured made no allusion to any such barbarities. His statements were made in Cincinnati, where there was no one present to contradict him, and were intended exclusively for Northern circulation and effect.  
We have also made inquiries of the Master Commissioner concerning the less important statement as to the sale of the slave girl, and found it equally destitute of truth. It has too often been the habit of the South to treat with derision or silent contempt the gross falsehoods circulated as to their barbarities. In obedience to our duty as conductors of the press, we denounce the statements given above as infamous lies, and we brand their author as an infamous liar."

## A BEAUTIFUL APPEAL.

In Behalf of Mr. Jefferson Davis.  
The following beautiful appeal, says the Union and American, in behalf of Jefferson Davis, addressed to President Johnson, was written at the instance, and in the name of many ladies of North Carolina, and has been duly forwarded to Washington. It was written by our gifted young friend, Miss AMANDA LUCY PATTON—a refugee from Kentucky during the war, and now a resident of North Carolina—whose beautiful contributions have several times graced our columns over the signature of "KENTUCKY."  
LEXING, N. C., Jan. 22, 1866.  
PRESIDENT JOHNSON:—Though the appeal we may make be vain repetition of numberless petitions, yet the spirit within us this day impels us to still another effort, and moved by a spell over which will has no control, we indite a prayer for the release of Jefferson Davis.  
Not carelessly, in spasmodic emotion of pity for the unfortunate, but earnestly, fervently, prayerfully, we send you the undying, unending appeals of Southern women. The mighty of ages past, who have gloried in the resistance to armed force of man, have bowed to woman's prayers and woman's tears. Be great in weakness; spurn the servile throng that clamor for the blood that will some day be required of you, and let kind mercy plead.  
As the quiet, placid stream that has flowed peacefully for miles, is suddenly interrupted by the jutting crag of some bank impeding, and, from thence impelled, the waters moan and dash forward in restless agitation, so, to the new era of peace in our land, is the imprisonment of the late Southern President. Your acts of independent justice produce the first, but the cankering sore of past animosity is kept inflamed by this one sad, unfortunate thing, the vision of a lone captive, afar from home and friends, with the shadow of the weight of anguished years upon his brow.  
O, sir, this haunts us continually; this ever comes, a memory sadder than sorrow, more torturing than the pain of Tantalus,

and for which we find no Lethe. But for this, the wise policy which you have otherwise adopted, would serve to still the turbulent tide of bitter strife that ebbs with great fitful waves; but for this, a grateful nation would hail Johnson as the heaven-given clue through the labyrinthine mazes of discord.  
You believe that the prisoner has sinned; but oh! that he has suffered, the dreary agony of mind for long months, and bear witness!

O, it was hard, hard for us to bear, in those first weary days, the crushing knowledge of the failure of hopes, which, if false, were all in all to us; but begirt by the stong sympathy of human love, with face turned to face, and heart to heart, we sought and gathered from each other small portions of the solace our bursting hearts so wildly claimed! But he who, through storm and sunshine, had been with us, he who bore in his breast the torturing disappointment of a great soul defeated in the one concentrated purpose, which if wrong, was unselfish, he was alone, "midst foes and strangers, desolate. There is no despotism like a mental, and whether he has suffered under this sufficiently to expiate his "crimes," God knows best.  
"There is no darkness like the cloud of mind."  
O, President Johnson, lift this gigantic shadow from the brow of Peace, and let it cease to overshadow the deeds of mercy for which many bless you. From every fireside, in every cot, village, town and city in the Southland, assends prayers to God that He may soften the heart of the one who has it in his power to release from captivity the one who was our ruler, and that he may be restored to the "loved ones," for whom the world holds no beauty and life, no joy while he is a captive. O, even now, in the infancy of the New Year, grant our prayer and spare him? Would we could write upon this paper one-half of the burning desires for his release that fill the bosoms of Southern women, or a record of the tears that daily fall for his lonely lot.  
Be merciful! Cast from you the unworthy thoughts that war against your nature—all that was left of the angel in our fall. Then in the last day this deed will greet you; and then, when all life's ambitions are over, you will find it all glorious and beautiful—the charity that "covereth a multitude of sins." Release the prisoner, and the recording angel will write it in the Book of the Lamb that has promised to reward the merciful with like mercy. Wash your hands of this man's blood, whether in wearing captivity or the reeking gibbet, and assert the manhood of one in the Creator's image. Do this, and surely the burst of grateful thanksgiving that will rise from thousands will reward you, and the prayers for God's blessing upon Andrew Johnson may not fall unheeded at the feet of the Blessed One, who has said, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto me."

## THE APPEAL OF MANY WOMEN.

OFFICERS OF THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSEHOLD.—Mr. Spaulding has a bill authorizing the President to appoint the officers of his household. As the President is entitled to a secretary, assistant secretary and steward, and is compelled, in order to get through with the labor pressing daily upon the Department to employ additional clerks, Mr. Spaulding's bill provides for a secretary, at a salary of \$5,000. This sum is intended to command a thoroughly able and competent man, who will relieve the President of much of his present official labors. An assistant secretary, at a salary of \$3,000; a steward, salary \$2,000, who shall give bond for the safekeeping of the household property, &c., and four clerks at a salary of \$1,800 each. There is labor for all this force.

## Interview between a Colored Delegation and the President.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 7.  
A delegation consisting of representatives of colored people of various States, called this morning at the Executive Mansion and had an interview with the President for the purpose of expressing their views on the question now being considered touching on their general interest and of ascertaining the ideas of the President in this connection. G. T. Downing, a representative for the New England States, first addressed the President, narrating the benefits which would accrue from the conferment of the rights and privileges of citizens of the United States upon the colored people. He asked for the right of suffrage—a suffrage not only in this District but throughout the land.  
Fred. Douglass next spoke, and said they were not here to enlighten the President as to his duty, but to show respect and present in brief the condition of the colored race. The amendment abolishing slavery, he desired, should be enforced. He said the colored race were subject to the Government, to the draft, and to bear the burdens of State, and they desired to be endowed with the right of exercising some of the privileges of citizens of the Government.

The President replied that he would make no speech. The best way was to talk plainly and distinctly. If he had not given evidences in his past career of his friendship for the colored race, there was nothing now that he could do to that end. He had said, and he repeated it here, that if colored mankind could find no Moses to lead them out of bondage, he would be that Moses to lead them to the Land of Promise and Liberty, but he was not willing, under the circumstances, to adopt a policy which would lead to the shedding of blood, and the sacrifice of their lives.

He believed if the policy which some are persisting in at present was carried out it would result in great danger to the colored man. He said, "Suppose the colored men now in the South, by a magic wand, be enfranchised to-morrow, what good would result to him?"  
He then expressed the grounds on which he was opposed to slavery, and said it should now be abolished, and a national guarantee given in regard to that could not be revoked. He then stated the evil result which would accrue by forcing the principle of the extension of suffrage upon the people of either of the districts of a State, in opposition to the express will of the majority. At the conclusion of his remarks, Fred. Douglass said he would have to refer the great question to the people and their representatives, and saying he had great faith in the people.

## Alabama Correspondence.

DEAR LUTHER:—One year ago I was confined in prison at Camp Chase, Ohio. During my stay there I had the mournful privilege of witnessing the death of many of our brave and noble men. One, a fair-haired boy of nineteen years, stricken with that fatal disease, Pneumonia, particularly enlisted my sympathy.  
He suffered long and intensely, but endured it with that calm resignation a soldier knows so well how to assume. One cold, snowy night, I was summoned to his bedside; and while the cold, damp dew of death glistened upon his marble forehead, he talked to me of his home and loved ones far away in the flowery South. And then he talked of another home, and of other loved ones who had passed before him into that beautiful land where "wars and prisons are unknown."  
Thus, while his whole countenance was lit up with an earthly light, and his calm blue eye shone with heavenly radiance, he whispered a loving message for each of the "dear ones at home" and calmly passed away into the "Spirit-land."  
Never since that time have I contemplated death, without being carried in thought, back to that gloomy prison house. In imagination, I hear the low, plaintive voice of dear LEE, again, and see his angel smile as the disenthralled soul gladly plumes its golden pinions and enters upon its heaven-bound journey. Thank God, many of our loved ones who did not die in the "dark and dreary" dungeons, parapets, and low hanging Arctics of glory in the Heavenly Land.

## The Dying Prisoner's Lament.

BY McCRESTON.  
My soul is sad and I'm weary,  
And I sigh for freedom again;  
Oh, my heart grows lone and dreary,  
In this home of sorrow and pain.  
But soon I shall welcome the moment,  
When angels will bear me away,  
To the land where love's blest orient  
Still shines as bright as the day.  
I would I could see my mother,  
With her soft hand on my brow;  
And talk to my wayward brother,  
Of all that I'm feeling now.  
I've thought of them oft in battle,  
When comrades were falling near—  
When death with its ominous rattle,  
Was settling on the soldiers' bier.  
But, alas! I am weary and dying,  
In this land of strangers and foes;  
Not a friend is near where I'm lying,  
To soothe my sorrow and woes.  
But in Heaven there is no sorrow,  
Nor wars, nor prisons are known,  
And when I die on the morrow,  
I'll wake in my Father's home.  
DECATER, ALA., Feb. 3, 1866.

## A Lawless Bureaucrat.

The Reversed Mr. Callahan, Chief of the Freedmen's Bureau at Shreveport, La., who said that "the only law of the Bureau was the bayonet in the hands of the negro," will probably deny, when he comes to be questioned on the subject by the President, that he ever said such a thing; but it is to be hoped that the President will "hoist" him nevertheless. If the Bureau is to be continued, in Heaven's name, let us have decent, republican-minded, law-abiding men at the head of it and in its various "agencies" and offices.  
The population of the City of Mexico is now 250,000.  
A San Francisco editor says that when he thinks of Ireland's woes his heart goes "pity Pat."

## To A Maid of Fashion.

Maid of Fashion, ere we part,  
Hear me own how fair thou art;  
Hear me now the truth confess  
I love thee for thy taste in dress;  
Beautiful from top to toe,  
Zoe mou sas agapo!  
By those stays so tightly laced;  
By that big buckle at the waist;  
By the long skirt unconfined  
That dangles in the dirt behind;  
By thy corsage cut so low,  
Zoe mou sas agapo!  
By the back hair thou hast got,  
Packed up like a porter's knot;  
By those frizz'd out, frizzy curls,  
Envy of less fortunate girls;  
By thy bonnet strings' huge bow,  
Zoe mou sas agapo!  
By thine ear-rings, chains and "charms,"  
By the bracelets on thine arms,  
By thy boots with monster heels;  
By the veil, t'at half conceals  
The rouge that on thy cheeks doth glow,  
Zoe mou sas agapo!

## Franklin and His Gig.

It is now more than a century since Benjamin Franklin, Postmaster General of the American Colonies, by appointment of the Crown, set out in his old gig to make an official inspection of the principal routes. It is about ninety years since he held the same office under the authority of Congress when a small folio, still preserved in the department at Washington, containing but three quires of paper, lasted as his account book for two years. If a Postmaster General now were to undertake to pass over all the established routes, it would require six years of incessant railroad travel at the rate of 125 miles daily, while if he were to undertake the job in an "old gig," he would require more than an ordinary lifetime for its performance. Instead of a small folio, with but three quires of paper, the postoffice accounts consume every two years 3,000 of the largest sized ledgers, keeping upward of a hundred clerks constantly employed in recording transactions with more than 30,000 contractors.

## Stewart, the New York Millionaire.

The recent scandal about A. T. Stewart, of New York, has revealed some facts about his wealth. He is the owner of more real estate and property than Astor. He owns nearly all of Bleeker street from Broadway to Sullivan street. Then he owns the Metropolitan hotel, which he bought of the Van Rensselaers for \$630,000. From this he receives \$100,000 a year as rent, and he would have no difficulty in selling it for \$1,000,000 to-day. His up-town store occupies the most of a block, and his removal thither sent all the property in the vicinity up at a bound to almost double its previous price. Down town, his wholesale store is a \$1,000,000 property. At the corner of Fifth avenue and Thirty-fourth street, building a marble residence which will vie in exterior beauty with the most magnificent mansions, capitals and carved work, and the stairways alone are estimated to cost some \$60,000.

## The Dance of Death.

THE Moulton (Ala.) Herald says: "On Friday the 19th ult., as we are informed, there was a dancing party at the residence of Mr. Scott, near Avoca, in this county. The weather was extremely warm, oppressively so, in the early part of the night, but in the morning before day the temperature changed very suddenly, and it became extremely cold. The young people were engaged in dancing during most of the night and became very much heated by their exercise. In this condition they started home. The sudden change of the weather and the excited state of their systems, doubtless produced the result which followed. We are informed of those who engaged in the dance, two died the next morning—seven have died since—and others are seriously ill; nearly all who engaged in it are more or less ill. It is hardly necessary to comment upon this sad affair. Let it be a warning to our young friends who delight so much in this amusement. The ball room is no place to prepare for death."

## The Washington Chronicle records the following novel case, just decided by the Secretary of the Treasury:

"It appears that a gentleman in Liverpool, England, shipped a lot of swine to New York. During the voyage a sow had a litter of pigs, which, upon their arrival at New York, could not be landed, as they were not included in the original manifest. The Collector of Customs immediately telegraphed the Secretary, asking whether the stock was liable to seizure, whereupon the following laconic decision was the result: "Land the pigs."

## FAITH.—Looking out of his window one summer evening, Luther saw on a tree at hand a little bird making his brief and easy dispositions for a night's rest. "Look," said he, "how that little fellow preaches faith to us all. He takes hold of his twig, tucks his head under his wing, and goes to sleep, leaving God to think for him."