

THE PULASKI CITIZEN.

VOLUME 8.

PULASKI, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY MORNING, JUNE 1, 1866.

NUMBER 22.

BUSINESS CARDS.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL,
Corner Cedar and Cherry Streets,
Nashville, Tennessee,
J. G. FULGHUM, Proprietor,
Formerly of 23 North Sumner St.,
J. G. WILSON, Clerk.

This Hotel has been lately refitted and newly furnished. The proprietor desires a liberal patronage of the traveling public. [May 15-6m]

NATHAN ADAMS,
Office in Court-house next to Post Office,
WILL PRACTICE LAW
In Chancery and Circuit courts of Giles. He will
Attend to the Collection of Claims
against the U. S. for Bounty, Pension, Back Pay,
or claims for property—and charge nothing in such
cases until the money is collected. [Feb 15-6m]

SOLOMON E. ROSE,
Attorney & Counsellor at Law,
PULASKI, TENN.
Office in the South-west Corner of the Court House,
WILL PRACTICE
In the Courts of Giles and adjoining counties. [Feb 20-6m]

AMOS R. RICHARDSON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
PULASKI, TENN.
Will practice in Giles and adjoining counties.
Office in the Court House. Jan 19-6m

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 13, 21

P. G. STIVER PERKINS,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
PULASKI, TENN.,
Will Practice in Giles and the adjoining counties.
OFFICE
In North end of the Tennessee House, west side
of the public square. Jan 12-6m

BROWN & McCALLUM,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
PULASKI, TENNESSEE.
OFFICE—The one formerly occupied by Walker
& Brown. Jan 5, 11

RUTLEDGE & REED,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
PULASKI, TENNESSEE,
WILL practice in the Courts of Giles, Marshall,
Marion and Lawrence. Particular attention
given to the collection of claims. Office s. e. corner
Public Square, Up stairs. Jan 5, 13.

LEON GODFREY,
Watch Maker & Jeweller,
PULASKI, TENN.,
All kinds of repairing in Watches or Jewelry
done promptly, and satisfaction warranted.
Shop at Mason & Ezell's Store. [Feb 16-6m]

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 5-6m

TONSORIAL.
ALEX and CALVIN, Knights of the art Tonsorial,
invite the young, the old, the gay, the grave, the
idle of Pulaski, to call on them at their new
BARBER'S SALOON,
North side Public square, at the striped pole.

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 Barten, all kinds of money, premium
and uncurrent, taken at their market value.
Jan 5-6m

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 5-6m

L. W. McCORD,
Book and Job Printer,
CITIZEN'S OFFICE,
SOUTH-EAST CORNER PUBLIC SQUARE—UP STAIRS,
PULASKI, TENNESSEE.
CASH required for all Job-work. No Job can be
taken from the office until paid for.

M. D. Le MOINE,
ARCHITECT,
Office No. 11, Cherry St., near Church,
NASHVILLE, TENN.
P. O. Box 878. [Jan 1 1866-6m]

More from Prentice—Nothing Left of Brownlow.

[From the Louisville Journal.]
Governor Brownlow, the old man miserable, is getting feebler and feebler. It used to be thought, at least by some, that, with all his infernal fiendishness, he had some coarse vigor of expression, though no vigor at all of thought. But he has got to be the merest imbecile even in language. He has lied and sworn and raved himself into idocy.
The foolish old imp or impish old fool attacks us again in his Knoxville *Whig* of last week. It is all a mere reproduction, repetition, in even a poorer and weaker form, of his slanders of the week before. Not an additional charge or circumstance is put forth. We replied last Monday, to all his charges, and there is no need of our replying to them again. He knew and he knows that they are all infamous lies. He saw our refutation of them, but ignores all refutations.

This accursed old miscreant says that we, the senior editor of the *Journal*, were the chief actor in Mr. Isham Henderson's transaction with the Government. Mr. Henderson's transactions, we are sure, were perfectly upright, but be that as it may, we had and have nothing to do with them. Mr. Henderson had no transactions inside our office; and, with those outside, we had no more to do than the man in the moon. Mr. H. has never had any transactions in our office. He has not desired to have. He has had enterprises on his own personal account, as he had a right to have. Since Brownlow asserts, that, in Mr. Henderson's mule transactions, we were "the chief power behind the throne," let the old miscreant say what atom of evidence he has of his assertion. If he has any, why has he nobody else any? If he has any—the damnable old villain—why doesn't he lay it before the proper authorities, that we may be properly dealt with? Who, besides him, charges us with any sort of complicity with what Mr. Henderson may have done? And he the Governor of a State!

The old villain repeats his charge, that, during the war, we had extensive contracts to furnish the Government with guns, pistols, etc. We have repeatedly branded the charge as what it is—an unmitigated lie. If we had contracted to furnish guns and pistols to the Government, it would certainly have been no dishonor to us. But we didn't. We never asked for any such contract. We never wanted one. In selling to individuals, under a license from the city of Louisville, the few guns and pistols we did sell, we were as independent of the Federal Government as of the Cham of Tartary. We repeat that the Government, in all the war, laid on us no obligation, but, on the contrary, a very gross disobligation. We do not expect to be called on to deny the miserable libel again.

Brownlow is the poorest of humbugs.—He resorts to all kinds of mean and low-lived tricks to give himself consequence. Some time ago he put a report in circulation that an attempt had been made or was about to be made to assassinate him. But no assassin has been found or traced. None is named. Nobody believes that any such attempt as he speaks of was ever contemplated. The miserable old creature seems anxious to rival the fame of Payne, who, several years ago, pretended to be fired at every day and night, and acquired the name of the "great shot-at." He wants to have it thought that there is a perpetual deadly conflict between himself on the one side, and tens of thousands of ruffians on the other, armed cannon, mortars, rifles, blunderbusses and dung-forks. Imposition, fraud, cheat, artifice, trick, trickery, cozening, swindling, have ever been his only resources. We do not say that he is a minion of the Devil, for old Cloven-foot has more sense than to employ old Cloven-tongue as his minister. The latter has the temper of a hyena, the manners of a bear, the decency of a skunk, and the morals of a chicken-hawk.

Our readers already know how, as late as 1861, Brownlow threatened in a published letter that the South, unless the North should come to terms, would form an alliance with France and overrun and subjugate the North. They know how, after his release from a rebel prison, he denounced the North for contemplating opposition to the rebellion. And they know how long and earnestly Judge C. F. Trigg and Mr. John Williamson had to expostulate and remonstrate with him to keep him from publishing an article, in type, in favor of the election of a delegate from the Knoxville District to the rebel Congress. And they must know, from these facts, that he is as damnable an old traitor as ever swung between earth and sky, twirling and squeaking in the winds of heaven. There isn't a wretch in all the Southern Confederacy that more deserves hanging than he.

Old Brownlow was never in but one place where he deserved to be, and that was in the rebel prison. If he has any more lying to do, perhaps he had better make haste to do it in this world, as he will get his pass and paper scorched and his ink boiled away

in the next. He has a chronic diarrhea of lies. He could no more breathe an air unfilled with his own lies and curses than one without hydrogen or oxygen. If he was off the earth, it would appear much more favorable than it does with its sister planets. He is no writer—simply a brawler, a bawler, a he-vixen, a male ermagant, a masculine-virago. He is of the class of "common scolds," who, by an old law of Great Britain, were ducked in horse-ponds. He is a villifier, a traducer, a calumniator of men, women and children. No excellence, no purity, no helplessness, is a protection against his venomous assaults. He aims his vengeance alike at the living and the dead. His venom creeps through the cold sands of the grave to find its victim. A buried body is no more safe from him than from other grave-worms. "I have lost a day," said the good Roman Emperor, when he remembered to have done no good deed. His venom creeps through the cold sands of the grave to find its victim. A buried body is no more safe from him than from other grave-worms. "I have lost a day," said the good Roman Emperor, when he remembered to have done no good deed.

Brownlow has all the worst qualities of the devil, but the latter, if he has any redeeming qualities, is, in comparison with the "Parson," a christian gentleman.—Brownlow is a rattlesnake, with his rattles at the wrong end of him. He is a hog, with the kink in his head instead of his tail. If bayonets bristle at him, he can turn the back of his neck and bristle back with interest. We have ground him until he is ground-hog. We have hedged him until he is a hedge-hog. He is a small man, but a great swine; he may be a rich man, but he is a poor devil. He is "a porcupine rolled up the wrong way," thus pricking himself to death with his own quills. The more he writes, the flatter he gets, just as an adder's head flattens as he becomes furious. If his heart were not a salamander, it would long since have been consumed by the hell-fire of his besom.

Probably this is enough for one day.

A Political General's Soliloquy.

From the *La Crosse* (Wisconsin) Democrat.
Whi-r-r-r-r!
How like a rocket I went up, terrifying the innocent.

Spit!
How like a stick falling in the mud did I come down!
When the rebellion began, I did not amount to enough to add up and give one to carry. I was a sort of second-rate loafer, begging tobacco, standing around saloons and bar-rooms, waiting to be treated by liberal strangers. I had no clean stockings—no neat home—no money saved—no credit—no fine food, and but little coarse.

"But suddenly a star arose!" Brave men were wanted—I had peddled whisky at the polls, elected men on the God-and-morality, retrenchment-and-reform-ticket—I could tell a bigger lie and stick it to closer than any hungry politician in the country, and the late administration—noble administration—gave me rich reward. I was made a captain, and like a blue-tailed bottle-fly I strutted about my native town.

Guess I wasn't old style, in white gloves and stripes up my legs. Guess I didn't support the Government. Reckon I didn't get trusted to little things at stores, and when a man wouldn't trust me, guess I didn't incite mobs on such Copperheads. And I was put in command of a hundred men. Egad! that was a joke. Why, Lord bless you, didn't know as much about war as a dog knows of his great-grandfather—but I had political influence—could abnegate vast quantities of whisky, and could steal. Or like John Brown. Or like Butler. Or like any other house robber.

And I went to war. And I hired correspondents to mention my brave exploits in Republican papers. And I stole wines from hospitals, and treated my friends. And I read the army letters which I hired written and which poor fools printed to political friends. And I kept out of the way of bullets and such—and I stole piles of household goods, from rat-traps to pianos, from silk elastic to linen intended for infants yet unborn, and so in the eyes of the late administration proved my fitness for higher position.

And I was made a Brigadier-General. Big thing. Nearly every fool in the army was a Brigadier-General. While brave men fought I stole spoons and such. While other men were at war, I was punishing Democrats, issuing petty orders, "taking toll" from Union farmers, and sending canes, chairs, tables, beds and bedding, pictures, books, spoons, knives and forks, nut-crackers, glass and silverware, mirrors, sideboards, parlor ornaments, laces, silks and ladies' under-clothes stolen from private drawers, trunks and bureaus, up North at Government expense, to let people know that I was saving my salary to beautify my home.

Cunning cuss!
And I denounced Democrats, thereby winning promotion and good opinions from

Republican papers. And I spent my salary for whisky, except what went for—nothing now, not much at first! And I went on raids capturing imaginary bands of enemies, reported by the papers as real. And being an unscrupulous knave, intent only on money, I was hired by the administration of the late lamented to go up and down the country for and in behalf of negroes—and Abolitionists—*par nobis fratrum!*

And I sent Democrats to the front and they were shot down like dogs, or dragged back wounded to die in hospitals, or swear allegiance to Abraham. And I stuffed election returns—and I stole cotton wherever it could be found; mules ditto; Government stores ditto, and other things ditto, till I became rich. And what a lot of men who believed we were fighting to subdue the rebellion. That was a good joke.—"Twas merely for plunder, cotton and negroes—the cotton for the rich, the negroes for the poor tax-payers to support.

The war was a God send to me. It took me from the gutter, or a stool in some saloon, and made a great man of me. It lifted me by the waistbands right up alongside of Wellington, Napoleon, Alexander, Washington, Jackson, Grant, Sherman and other great men.

And didn't I strut? And didn't I fall back on my dignity? And didn't I snub those whose servant I was—and win the contempt of every sensible man in the land? And didn't negro wenches fall in love with me? And didn't I keep abandoned women at head-quarters, on money I stole from my bleeding country? To be sure I did. That was the acme of "loyalty." That was known as Lincoln patriotism. That style was the style that paid. That style made me popular with Abolitionists at home. And didn't I drive Southern roosters from watching the nest? And didn't I go into that business for them? And didn't I go into the patent bleaching business on joint account, half for myself and half for the Government?

There were some good men in the army some fine officers—some gentlemanly patriotic officers, but they were in hard luck, and took lower seats. And didn't I get promoted for being caught out nights, roaming over the country—poaching on some negro or white man's domain, in behalf of my government?

And wasn't I sorry when we had stolen the South poor, and were obliged to close the war? The occupation of Othello was gone. I returned home. People did not make speeches and welcome me back as they did when I left. I strutted around with my blue tail and plumage till it looked slumpy, and people began to take in cloth from the lines in my neighborhood when it became known that I was a political General, whose best hold was stealing and endorsing Abolition. No one cares for me now. A good hunting dog is more petted. A buck negro is of more account in the eyes of Congress and the people.—People whisper strange things about that Stonewall Jackson song of "Whose pin here?" etc. I am not half so popular as I was when in the army. In fact, I believe I am about played out. Why can't we have another war? Lots of fellows have come out of State prisons since the war ended; and there is plenty of material for more of these political army officers, who could draw beer better than blood. Never mind: I'll put the money I stole in Government bonds—there is no taxes to pay on them: I'll sit around and draw my interest on them, live in idleness and be supported by the poor fools who have bonds, but who pay taxes while I do not, and who pay me for being a thief and living in idleness.—You see I am one of the supporters of this Government. I can put my money in bonds—somebody pays the taxes of this country, and pays me interest, but it is not us bond-holders. Oh, dear! Suppose the people should repudiate these bonds, as they surely will, if they are not taxed—what will become of me? I'll have to work the same as other men, or go to the poor-house with liberated negroes, for tax-paying white men to support.

THE TRAITOR, THAD. STEVENS.—The Philadelphia *Mercury* thus pays its respects to Thad. Stevens and Carl Schurz:

"And who is Mr. Stevens? Not a Pennsylvanian, thank God, but a Yankee intruder into this State, whose reputed wife is a negro, and whose children are mulattoes. And who is Carl Schurz? A wretched adventurer, who, a traitor to his native land, fled hither for refuge, kept a lager beer saloon in this city, and failing in that, has lived ever since on the government that has rescued him from the penalty of treason and the obscurity of a scullion."

A companionable woman is always pretty. Exterior beauty always catches fools, even if it has no sense with it; but good sense without beauty, and with a sweet spirit, always wins respect, admiration and love. "She looks well until she speaks," is often whispered among men in the very atmosphere of beauty.

For the Pulaski Citizen.

Addie down in Georgia.
How the birds sang in the valley,
How my heart went paddy-paddy,
As I strolled with Bonnie Addie,
Addie down in Georgia.

If the flowers all should wither,
Spring should change to wintry weather,
Her bright smiles could bring them blither,
Addie's—down in Georgia.

Who'd not be a Rebel "Johnny,"
Starving for his South so sunny,
Just to view her face so bonnie—
Addie's—down in Georgia!

Yellow ringlets waving ever,
Turban hat and snowy feather,
I'll forget her—never—never,
Addie down in Georgia.

When I met her I remember,
How this heart was all December,
'Till I viewed her e'e so tender,
Addie's down in Georgia.

When I left her all was sorrow,
And it deepened on the morrow,
And the present's fall of horror,
Addie's still in Georgia.

Music, birds and bees and flowers,
Peered their love-dreams down in showers,
When with her beneath the bowers,
Addie down in Georgia.

Ah! the months are swiftly flying,
Far away I'm sadly sighing,
Yes—for her I'm almost dying—
Addie's still in Georgia.

A LOST CITY.

Remarkable Discovery in Mexico—The Cordova Rebel Exiles Find a Ruined and Abandoned City of the Ancients—Christian Churches and Crosses among the Ruins.

A correspondent of the New York *Herald*, writing from Cordova, Mexico, under date of March 27th, 1866, gives the following interesting particulars of the discovery of a lost city on the new continent:

No little excitement prevails among the Americans in Mexico in regard to an unexplored district lying about three hundred miles Northwest from Jalappa, and which General H. B. Lyon, late of the Confederate army, is now engaged in surveying. In nearly every department in the Empire are to be found immense bodies of land which the foot of the Spaniards never trod; many of them impenetrable forests, inhabited only by beasts of prey, and whose shades the imagination of the native Indian had peopled with demons and evil spirits, upon whose domain more than death to be feared. Such is the land which Lyon has discovered.

While the Imperial Commissioners were investigating Government titles to lands to be allowed to emigrants, they learned of the existence in the "Terra Caliente" of the district in question, and early in October last on exploring party was dispatched to this "tierra incognita." Upon reaching Meia de moostepeque, a small village nearest the borders of the forest, they were counseled by the Indians to proceed no further, as no human being ever passed the confines of the cleared lands and returned alive. Demons were said to dwell in every bill, giants of hideous mien made their abode beside every streamlet, while monsters of every size and form and guise stood ready at every footstep to seize and devour the unwary traveler; all was "mala," and not one syllable of good could be uttered in favor of the land.

Unable to procure sufficient assistance from the natives, the party proceeded to make their explorations as best they could. The forest was peculiarly dark and dense, and the jungle almost impenetrable. With difficulty they cut their way through the undergrowth, and being unacquainted with the Yankee method of "blazing" trees, they marked their way by tying hide ropes to trees and bushes to mark their trail. At the distance of several leagues in the interior they discovered the ruins of an ancient city of great extent, and of whose existence the slightest tradition prevails. Becoming exhausted by their labors, the party, without prosecuting their discoveries any further, returned home, reaching the Capital late in December. The Emperor expressed great interest in the result of the exploration, and at once endeavored to send a stronger and more efficient party to prosecute it, selecting General Lyon, of Kentucky, as the commander of the expedition. The General is admirably adapted to the post. He was Lieutenant Colonel of the 2d (rebel) Kentucky Infantry, and was captured by General Grant at Fort Donelson. Subsequently exchanged, he was promoted Colonel, and afterwards commanded a cavalry brigade in the rebel army, serving with Forest. Since his residence in Mexico he has been Surveyor General of the Imperial Colonization Association.

General Lyon was unable to perfect his plans for the work until the 6th of February, upon which his party consisting of Americans, started from the City of Mexico.—They traveled in stages and carts about two hundred miles; the balance of their journey was completed upon the backs of donkeys, arriving at their journey's end about the

first week in March. The country is called Metalaloyuca, and is situated some hundred miles west of Turpan, in the State of Vera Cruz.

SECOND VISIT TO THE LOST CITY.

Entering the jungle at the same point did the previous explorers, the party proceeded slowly with their surveys. The neighboring Indians finding that their legends were all false and their fears groundless, became valuable assistants, and numbers being employed, the work progressed rapidly. After encountering two or three lakes of considerable extent, several rivers and swamps and bays of considerable extent, and a lofty mountain which was ascended, and the trees on top soon felled, permitting an unimpeded view of the valley below. The grand and love-liness of the scene is described as perfectly bewildering. Mr. Chapman, of the American artist, who accompanied the expedition, writes that during his life in Italy he never looked upon a more escape so enchantingly beautiful, and at the same time so grand and striking. Some time, however, could be spent in viewing the enchanting valley; the great work was still before the party, and the axemen were soon pushed forward upon the trail toward the lost city.

THE SURROUNDING FOREST.

As the explorers cut their way through the forest the trees grew larger and older, showing that the verges of the forest were the last to be abandoned, and had been cultivated long after the interior had become a wilderness. Most of the beasts of prey, natives of the American continent, as well as animals peculiar to tropical climates were seen in great numbers, and innumerable, many of them before unknown to naturalists, gave great annoyance to the adventurers.

Gen. Lyon writes that bottom lands of the Mississippi river do not compare with those he found in the Metalaloyuca country, either for soil, verdure or impregnability, frequently his whole party not being able to make more than five hundred yards of surveys per day.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CITY.

After a dangerous and wearisome march the lost city was finally reached, and for the first time the foot of the Anglo-Saxon people's streets. With awe and wonder the party gazed upon the works of a lost race. Trees hundreds of years old were growing among the ruins, and the city had been abandoned before the time of Cortez, and the architecture of the buildings is of an order before unknown to the world. Some few houses are still standing, of preservation, and while the walls are adorned with paintings of rare beauty and merit. Canals, doorways and images abound in every street, evincing in their former inhabitants a knowledge of the fine arts not possessed by the most civilized aborigines. The most remarkable of all is, some of the buildings indicate among the people of the Christian religion. Places of worship are said to be numerous, and upon the reverse of a man is carefully carved a blem of Christianity—the cross.

Whence this race or what their fate is a mystery. The existence of this city was unknown to the Aztecs, and not a tradition concerning them is extant among the Indians, who, when spoken to respecting them, reply, "Antique," "Antique."

The doors of the houses were generally closed, showing the abandonment of the city to have been a preconcerted movement; but whether this was caused by civil wars, fears of savage foes or earthquake, is mere conjecture. General Lyon will make a thorough exploration of the Metalaloyuca country, and his report will be received with rare interest. If the few letters received at the Capital from the party state facts, the lost city will cause a commotion in the literary world, as its development must throw light upon the history of the lost races of America. The Spanish party who visited it in October say the ruins bear little resemblance to those of Yucatan, or any other portion of Spanish America; and their paintings and sculpture show them to have been fully as far advanced in the arts and sciences as the most enlightened European nation of their own day.

The statements of the Spanish party must be received with many grains of allowance. Americans who have traveled through Yucatan and other old settled States of Mexico concur in the opinion that every thing is greatly exaggerated, and that the ruins are but the ruins of some Spanish city, deserted by its inhabitants during the insurrection early in the present century. No record of such a city is to be found in the Mexican archives, and if it were Spanish rule its existence had faded from the public mind. The country with ruins of most remarkable character and which a casual observer would pronounce to be four or five centuries old, which are known to have been of elegance and luxury within the last few years, is an interesting matter on fourth