

# THE PULASKI CITIZEN.

VOLUME 8.

PULASKI, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY MORNING, JUNE 8, 1866.

NUMBER 23.

## 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. [Jan 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]

**SOLON 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 15-6m]

**AMOS R. RICHARDSON,**  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
PULASKI, TENN.  
Will practice in Giles and adjoining counties.  
Office in the Court House. Jan 19-1f

**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, 2f

**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 12-1f

**BROWN & McCALUM,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
PULASKI, TENNESSEE.  
OFFICE—The one formerly occupied by Walker & Brown. Jan 5, 1f

**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, 1f

**LEON GODFROY,**  
Watch Maker & Jeweller,  
PULASKI, TENN.,  
ALL kinds of Repairing in Watches or Jewelry done promptly, and satisfaction warranted. [Feb 14-1f]  
Shop at Mason & Zeal's Store.

**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.  
Jan 5-6m  
Office near South-west Corner Public Square.

**TONSORIAL.**  
ALEX and CALVIN, Knights of the art Tonsorial, invite the young, the old, the gray, the graven, the cliche of Pulaski, to call on them at their new **BARBERS 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 Barter, all kinds of money, premium and incurrent, taken at their market value.  
Jan 5-1f

**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 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. LeMOINE,**  
ARCHITECT,  
Office No. 11, Cherry St., near Church,  
NASHVILLE, TENN.  
P. O. Box 875. [Jan 1 1866-3m]

For the Pulaski Citizen.

**Work for the Worthy.**  
Without industry the highest order of intellect cannot ensure success. The man who desires wisdom must work. Unexerted physical power is so much useless capital. He who wishes for wealth must work. There is something rousing in the very word work. All God's workmanship must be good workers.

If you would feel thoroughly imbued with this spirit, let us glance at an animated scene in the First Book of the *Aeneid*: Aeneas, tossed by raging winds on adverse seas, has reached a strange country. He and a few followers have survived the fall of Troy, and are seeking a new home.—Some of his ships are scattered and he fears his companions are lost. The Carthaginian citadels look down on a sad lot of exiles. The old man lies awake all night revolving in his mind many things. Bitter memories and burning revenge at thought of what Troy was, high hope and ardent longing for the fortune that awaited her in a new land. As soon as the dear light is given, he wanders forth to explore these strange shores, to discover whether wild beasts, or wilder men inhabit them. His mother goddess joins him and tells the tragic tale of Dido, into whose possession he had come. Suddenly she leaves him. But the rosy neck, ambrosial hair and flowing vestments reveal the matchless Venus. In vain he calls. She seeks her hundred fragrant fanes, and he a weary wanderer wends his way up a lonely footpath to a mountain overhanging the city and its frowning fort. He looks down and wonders, first at the size of the place, once a little village, then at the ponderous gates and beautifully paved streets. Surely, thought he, some favoring god or goddess hath wrought this wondrous work; human heads and hands could not!

He looks again, and the busy tribes of men appear. And what are they doing? Do they wrestle, throw the discus or quoit? Do they stagger in Bacchanalian tumults? Do they join the voluptuous dances, or waste their manhood at the gaming table? Not so; the ardent Tyrians "press," and the sturdy strokes soon tell the magic story. Yonder he sees a group building a wall so thick and high no foreign foe can enter. Farther on others are at work on the citadel, and battlements and towers soon assume formidable proportions. But they are not all rough warriors; if so they have domestic virtues, for see with what taste they select a site for a home and with what precision a furrow is run around the spot.

And now these mighty men beat up the rocks with their hardy hands, and the work goes bravely on. But all are not good, and evil doers must be punished; so others choose a place where justice may be dispensed, and I have no doubt but the criminals built those walls. But these are commercial folks, and down by the sea you perceive they are zealously engaged in digging out a harbor; and this encourages Aeneas more than anything beside, for he knew all the dangers attending those who go down into the sea in ships, and worn out with a long voyage could appreciate a place of refuge.

These are social people too. They cut down immense columns from the rock and lay the deep foundation for a lofty theatre. And on his lonely seat Aeneas wept, for he knew in those future scenes proud Troy would fall again, her renown and ruin, like our own, become a play for every stage and subject of sublimest song. \* \* \* Labor has its reward, and he compares this scene to the work of bees in a new summer's day. They lead forth all the young, and from flower to flower they press out the liquid sweetness, until their cells distend with the rich nectar.

This work is mutual, for formed in a line they receive the burdens coming, and thus relieve their co-workers. Those that will not work—the drones—are driven away with cruel stings and left to perish of wounds and hunger. Each man is "busy as a bee," and so engaged do we become that we feel almost afraid the work will be finished without our aid. Let us improve the impulse. Surely there is enough to do. All must work. The men of Carthage worked, and the women too. Yes, Dido, the law-giver, the directress in matters of State, was not ashamed of honest toil. She drew the design and guided the flying shuttle of many a fair fabric. Her name may be sometimes mentioned with contempt, but if you hear "She cut a Dido," be sure somebody has made a bad bargain and is trying to screen his own inferiority by abusing a wise woman. "Honor to whom honor," and if you can conquer a "canny" conqueror by strategy, just do it. † Words are weak, but the work is great. It is, as its name imports, a good work, and we want you to work with a good will, heartily. This is true benevolence, and all should engage in it. We appeal to ministers, merchants, mechanics, millers, lawyers, loungers, physicians, farmers, grocers, gamblers and the stranger within our gates. Have you a "mind to work?" the means will be forthcoming. The blue sky bands

bright and lovingly above you, and the beautiful bow of peace touches the crimsoned Earth. The earth, enriched with the blood of heroes, is teeming with wealth. The rock-ribbed hills are pouring forth the oil of gladness. Your swift ships are skimming the seas, freighted with the fabric that clothes the world. The fields of corn give promise of a heavy harvest, and prospective plenty plays in your pocket.—Oh! man, be not a dreamer, be not a drone, but a blessed doer. "To do good and to communicate forget not, for with such sacrifices God is well pleased." Do not withhold your gift because it is not a costly one. Let the rich cast in of their abundance and the poor be assured that a penny is praiseworthy. During the war it was expected of the ladies to do most of the benevolent work, assured of your secret sympathy. But now there exists no "military necessity" for hiding your works. You can work to the extent of your ability and no man dare "molest or make you afraid." Every breeze that fans your cheek is burdened with a sigh and whispers of the pent up prison, where it could not go in its mission of mercy. For want of it some poor captive died; and now his little ones beg you for bread. Arise and give; this is your work. Can you consume calmly and know that to-night these claimants go supperless to a hard bed, or beg bounty from a stranger?

Here is the orphan,  
"For whom no father's bosom  
Throbs to soft sympathy and fond alarm."  
Yonder is,  
"The wretched widow, forced in age for bread  
To strip the brook with manning crosses spread,  
To pick her wintry ragot from the thorn.  
Then seek some nightly shed and weep till morn."  
And you who fought before the fight, it is your blessed privilege to aid in this noble cause. We ask not your charity; would we could give you the "charity of silence"! Do you remember the man of noble impulse you persuaded into the army? Oh! you waxed eloquent as you depicted the sweets of sacrifice and the glories of the battle-field. You told him it was just the thing, to fight them, and you'd see all was well. "All is well that ends well." Like a good man and true, he battled bravely, but alas! he fell. Perhaps a blasted pipe tree is all that tells his sad story. The gentle dew of Heaven are the only mourners above his lone grave, for the loved ones are far away and too poor to have him brought home and laid to sleep beside his fathers. Ah, sir, you ought to go on a pilgrimage, barefoot, over the burning sands of the South until you give that man the rites of sepulture. Substitution, Special Acts and invasion favored you. Your person and property were preserved. Oh! man, have you no thank offering?

The kindly shower, the wooing winds, the growing grain, the blooming flowers, returning peace, all, all call upon you to be "up and doing." The little birds as they sing in melting melody above the grass-grown grave of the picket off duty forever, give to the eager echoes the only tidings ever borne to the listening ones at home. In vain they tune their sweetest songs; their notes are sad till hearts and hands and human harps take up the strain.

And ye parlor heroes, who lounged on soft cushions and planned your campaigns and fought your battles around warm fire-sides, who heard your country's death-songs and the wail of your dying countrymen without even an effort to relieve, we appeal to you. Bullion for blood is all we ask.—Make some exertion to preserve your puny persons from the iron pen of the truthful historian. Give us a *rous* for self, if not a *rous* for patriotism.

Oh! Paris, \* your soft hands and tender feet excite the pity of her love. Troy has fallen. Hector is dead. Samson is shorn of his strength. The battle-axes have cut down our noble forests. A few oaks yet rear their stately forms, but they are *leafless*. The gentle ivy clings to them—  
"A thing of beauty, and a joy forever."  
Degenerate brother, the *armless men who fought for you stretch forth their buried hands for help. Will you, can you refuse a call from the tomb? The dead feet that marched from the blood-stained soil of Tennessee to the finally fatal fields of Virginia and North Carolina, ask the power to walk again. I know you feel like giving your own useless appendages, but this is less than we wish. There is in your coffers a shining substance at whose fairy touch the lifeless limbs will live again.*

Power into strengthless hands it speaks,  
And life into the dead.  
Good people of Giles—of Tennessee—we implore you by the privations of the past and the penalty of the present; by the buried bones of your own brave boys—dead in vain—to aid us in giving limbs to their sad survivors.  
SEE F. MOONBY,  
On behalf of the Benev. Association.  
Pulaski, May 29, 1866.

ONE of our religious exchanges tell of a woman's being relieved from speechless grief by a hymn. A wicked political journal, after mentioning the fact, says: "We have known a number of the sex to be strongly affected and greatly benefited by him before this."

## When I Mean to Marry.

BY JOHN G. SAGE.  
When do I mean to marry?—Well,  
'Tis idle to dispute with fate;  
But if you choose to hear me tell,  
Pray listen while I fix the date.

When daughters haste, with eager feet,  
A mother's daily toil to share;  
Can make the puddings which they eat,  
And mend the stockings which they wear;

When maidens look upon a man  
As in himself what they would marry,  
And not as army-soldiers scan  
A sutler or a commissary;

When gentle ladies, who have got  
The offer of a lover's hand,  
Consent to share his earthly lot  
And do not mean his lot of land;

When young mechanics are allowed  
To find and wed the farmer's girls  
Who don't expect to be endowed  
With rubies, diamonds, and pearls;

When wives, in short, shall freely give  
Their hearts and hands to aid their spouses,  
And live as they were wont to live  
Within their sire's one-story houses;

Then, madam—if I'm not too old—  
Rejoiced to quit this lonely life,  
I'll brush my beaver; cease to seel;  
And look about me for a wife!

## The Returned Soldier's Soliloquy.

BY BRICK POMEROY.

Good bye, blue ruin! Go into the dye tub—into the rag bag, anywhere out of my sight. For three years I wore those blue duds, and now, thank God, they are off, and once more I am in command of myself. And if I want a d—d fool, I'll be d—d! Learned to swear in the army.

What in the devil did I go to war for? That's the question! What did I eat hard taek for—drink commissary whisky—carry a mule's load—sleep in the mud—suffer in hospitals and lose this limb for? Who knows?

I enlisted to save the U-n-i-o-n. I went to war to put down the rebellion, I fought to punish traitors. I killed people to restore the harmony of things.

I went to war because in old times that was the way to patriotism. And what was there gained? I had thirteen dollars a month. I rode shank's mare from Bull Run to the Red River, and tramped from high living to hell almost for nothing.

I fought to keep this Union whole, and now, when the war is ended, I am told that fighting divided, and legislation alone can restore the Union. Then why in thunder must I lose three years of time and a limb if all this work must be done by Congress? What did Congress want of me? Why were a million of us killed by drunken, thieving, cotton-stealing, silver-ware-hunting, conceited, upstart, political generals who went up like rockets and came down like sticks, if Congress can or could restore the Union by legislation?

I went to war in good faith. I fought a score of times, and the more I fought and the less I stole the slower came promotion.

I helped make a dozen generals, fifty colonels and a hundred other officers rich. I have lugged many a piano, rosewood bedstead, marble-top table, cabinet of books, mahogany sofa, and such stuff out of Southern homes to be sent North for the use of superior officers, for the adornment of their homes. This was the big dirt for putting down the rebellion? Great God!—what fighting some of our generals did!

And I went to war for less wages than I could have earned at home. And my wife was often starving while I was away. And my children became dirty and ragged—my farm ran to weeds—my shop ran down—my tools were stolen or lost—my place is filled by another—I came home a cripple, filled with disease, and am now looked upon by the same men who wanted me to go to war, as a burden to the community.

And the abolitionists who forgot to take care of soldiers' families—the abolitionists who told us that the Democrats wanted the Union dissolved—the abolitionists who said Democrats were traitors—the abolitionists who staid at home and dared not fight, except in the form of a mob, in attacks upon some defenceless democrat, now tell us—the d—d, cowardly traitors and rascally thieves—that the late war did not restore the Union!

The war was therefore a failure! The white men of the North were no match for the white men of the South. The war would have ended in defeat for the North but for the niggers! This is what abolitionists tell us. Reckon they will have a good time getting us returned soldiers engaged in another crusade for niggers, mules and stolen plunder, taken by force of the bayonet from women and children. It seems to me as if the late war was a gag—a humbug—a d—d wicked, treasonable, unconstitutional gag. It did not restore the Union, but it made a pile of abolitionists and war-demonstrators rich. It never prevented secession, but left the Union in the shape we did not find it. It never benefited any one North or

South, except thieving soldiers, swindling contractors, drunken officers, incompetent generals and other such pets of the late administration.

It didn't help the white people. It didn't help the niggers. It impoverished half the Union.

It didn't make the South friendly to Northern ideas, interests or people. It piled a big debt upon us and took from us two-thirds of our means to pay it.

And now I am back from the war to find that I must pay the most exorbitant taxes—and to find that old Grudgings, a d—d mean, narrow-minded, stay-at-home coward, is rich, with a safe full of United States notes or bonds for which I must work the balance of my life out to pay interest on, while he escapes taxation and lives in idleness—I had a hundred dollars bounty to go to war. Now I come home to find the town, county and State in debt for the money I had—the wealth of the country is in bonds—the school houses in ruins—the bridges in ruins—the court houses, &c. in ruins—all these things to be built up—the bonds and their interest to be paid besides all the other taxes, and the holders of bonds living in luxurious idleness, with large incomes, and not one cent of tax to pay anybody or for any purpose.

It was bad enough to fight for such cowards. It is bad enough to have it said we could not have whipped the South without the aid of these high-flavored nigger troops who are now to be called our equals. It is bad enough to have enormous taxes to pay to repair the damages time and war has wrought. But it's worse than all to have to pay six hundred million dollars a year of interest to the men who hold bonds exempt from taxation, in other words, to go to war and then come home and pay tax for being shot at, wounded and killed. Abolitionism don't pay. Now I'm as good a man as any of them. No man has a right now to lord it over me. I wear no badge of servitude, advertising that I am a fit subject for shoulder-strapped damns, insults, guard-houses, &c. I'm a returned soldier—a poor man who must work or starve. I love my country. I'm a better patriot than the man who asks the poor man to pay taxes and interest on bonds exempt from taxation, and I say it boldly that the next time I should be asked it will be for equal taxation, equal rights and a free country. I don't care for ideas of repudiation, or for going to war to pay a cent of taxes, for my crippled limb is a better and a more honorable bond than the Government ever issued. If all taxed alike, it is well. If not, it's repudiate, or another fight.

## The Great Armies of Europe.

While it is an inspiring spectacle to witness the sentiment of nations asserting itself among certain of the peoples of Europe against the arbitrary divisions made in time past of their territories in the interest of particular dynasties, it is yet a sad commentary upon the boasted popular enlightenment of the age that hundreds of thousands and even millions of men can be marshalled to deadly combat by a few potentates claiming power and government over them. This seems no less the case now than in the semi-barbarous periods in the world's history. That higher development of the feeling of nationality, that more cherished pride of character and race which shows itself among the masses in more cultivated nations now, is in striking contrast with the boorishness of former periods; but nevertheless there is a lamentable degree of ready and deluded subservience to the self-aggrandizing purposes of the few on the part of the many. This is shown in what are called liberal as well as monarchial and more absolute government of popular sentiment, creditable to men generally, of attachment to the ancient unity of country and race, of pride in the memories of their past and the dreams of their future, is relied upon more than any other agency for the purpose of inducing a people to lend all their energies to waging of great wars.—That sentiment is skillfully manipulated by politicians aspiring to rule, or potentates already in power and determined to perpetuate or extend it. The destiny of nationalities is skillfully appealed to in quarters where it is potent, and ignored where it is not, or would be only dangerous. Hence we see equally in either of these interests the stupendous military preparations now going on among the nations of Europe.—The figures are on a scale equal to if not exceeding those of our great civil war. The latest advices state that Austria has 600,000 and will soon have 900,000 men in the field, while Prussia is estimated to have 500,000, Italy 430,000, France 100,000, the latter of course capable of being augmented to any number likely to be needed should she engage in the contest, with as great facility as any nation extant. The figures may be exaggerated as to the present state of the armies, but the ultimate ability of the powers to put such forces in the field—nearly 1,000,000 of men on the side of Austria and the minor German

States co-operating with her, and about the same number on the part of Prussia and Italy—is not doubted. This would be in addition to the augmentation of forces in Belgium, Denmark, Switzerland and other States within the radius of the impending hostilities. In the meantime Turkey and Russia are both moving large bodies of troops, that which disturbs their relations pertaining more to the provinces of Wallachia and Moldavia than the quarrel of Austria and Prussia, over the spoils of dutchies, and the eagerness of Italy to acquire Venetia. Yet neither Turkey nor Russia can be indifferent to the latter, especially Russia, as the war would pinge upon her boundaries. The immense cost of all this, whether war come or not, of course, upon the people. They not only do the fighting, but must pay the price also in money. And this is none less the case in republics than in monarchies, where war is permitted.—Dispatch

## The Clarksville Tournament—Villainous Perversion of Facts.

CLARKSVILLE, May 31.—A grand tournament took place here to-day. Among the celebrities present were the late Confederate Generals B. F. Cheatham, Cerro Gordon Williams, and Quarles, who delivered the oration. Gustavus A. Henry, styled formerly the Eagle Orator of Tennessee, was an attendant. Upwards of 7,000 persons attended the tournament.

The exercises took place at the Fair grounds, in a large amphitheatre, capable of seating ten thousand people. The tournament was given for the benefit of widows and orphans of Confederate dead. The total receipts were over \$3,000. Seventeen knights entered for the prize offered. The first prize for tilting at rings was awarded W. A. Elliot, who personated the character of Chevalier Bayard.

The utmost unfairness was shown a rided named Hood, a Yankee, who tied with winner, Elliot, but on attempting the first run, he was greeted with derisive shouts from the assemblage, which so discouraged the rider that he failed to win the prize. The whole affair may be considered as a successful rebel demonstration, and on shows the bitter and malignant character entertained by the residents of the rebel South toward the North.

In justice to the better class of the present, it is only fair to say that the conduct of a few was regretted by the majority, as well as the managers of the affair. The ball will conclude the day's tournament.

We publish this morning a dispatch from Clarksville. It was sent to the Associated Press North by a Mr. Bent, who did not expect it to reach Nashville. It is by way of Louisville, and we give it for word and line for line. No creature received the hospitality of the traduces.—Nash. Banner, 2d inst.

The closing sentence of the *Banner's* marks is well put, as we happen to think that the "creature" was dead—dead through! And this is his return for Southern hospitality. Well, he comes from Boston. When will our people learn the absurdity of casting pearls before swine?

And this Mr. Bent, who now regards as a "successful rebel demonstration" an exhibition of horsemanship for the benefit of the orphans of Confederate soldiers, was very anxious only a few weeks since to take active participation in the Concerts and Tableaux given in this city for the benefit of Confederate soldiers who had fought and bled in the cause! (Parthenetically we may note his penchant for attacking the weak.) Nature, in pity of his other deficiencies, endowed him with fine vocal powers, which he was desirous of displaying at the Concerts, and which he hoped might prove valuable as a passport into genteel society. For this purpose he borrowed of us a copy of the "Conquered Banner," and rehearsed it for the Concerts. Fortunately, the Ladies' Benevolent Society declined his offer of services. We say fortunately, because after singing that beautiful Southern melody, and receiving the plaudits of the audience, he would have retired to his den very likely, for the purpose of telegraphing North about a "successful rebel demonstration," and proved by citing his own performance that such was the nature of the entertainment.—Gazette, 3d inst.

THE WILL OF A DRUNKARD.—I die a wretched sinner; and I leave to the world a worthless reputation, a wicked example, and a memory only fit to perish.

I leave to my parents sorrow and grief, and to my brothers and sisters shame and grief, and reproach of their acquaintances.

I leave to my wife a widowed and broken heart, and a life of lonely struggling and suffering.

I leave to my children a tainted and ruined position, a pitiful ignorance, a mortifying recollection of a father whose life, disgraced humanity, and whose premature death joined the great company of those who are never to enter the kingdom of God.