

THE PULASKI CITIZEN.

PULASKI, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY MORNING, JUNE 22, 1866.

NUMBER 25.

VOLUME 8.

BUSINESS CARDS.

WILSON, CARTER & CO.,
COTTON FACTORS,
AND WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
Groceries & Plantation Supplies,
No. 194 MAIN STREET,
Corner Washington. [June 1] MEMPHIS, TENN.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL,
Corner Cedar and Cherry Streets,
Nashville, Tennessee,
J. G. FULGHUM, Proprietor,
Formerly of 28 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 16-6m]

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 2]

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

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, 2m]

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 & McCALLUM,
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,
Marion and Lawrence. Particular attention
given to the collection of claims. Office e. e. corner
Public Square, Up stairs. [Jan 5, 1y.]

LEON GODFROY,
Watch Maker & Jeweller,
PULASKI, TENN.,
ALL kinds of Repairing in Watches or Jewelry
done promptly, and satisfaction warranted.
Shop at Mason & Zell's store. [Feb 18-1f]

M. D. LE MOINE,
ARCHITECT,
Office No. 11, Cherry St., near Church,
NASHVILLE, TENN.
P. O. Box 575. [Jan 1-6m-3m]

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 uncurrent, taken at their market value.
[Jan 5-1f.]

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]

TENSORIAL.
ALEX and CALVIN, Knights of the art Tensorial,
invite the young, the old, the gay, the grave, the
élite of Pulaski, to call on them at their new
BARBER'S SALOON,
North side Public Square, at the striped pole.

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.

Whisky and Newspapers.
A glass of whisky is manufactured perhaps from a dozen grains of corn, the value of which is too small to be estimated. A glass of this mixture sells for twenty-five cents, and if of a good brand is considered well worth the money. It fires the brain, sharpens the appetite, deranges and weakens the physical system. On the same sideboard on which the deleterious beverage is served, lies a newspaper. It is covered with a half million of types—it brings information from the four quarters of the globe. The newspaper costs less than the glass of grog—the juice of a few grains of corn—but it is no less strange than true that there is a large number of people who think corn juice cheap and newspapers too high. And it is still more wonderfully true that hundreds of men are too poor, or too hard run, to take a newspaper, and yet they are able to spend four times four, and some of them forty times four dollars for whisky.

Resources of the South.
[From the Memphis Appeal.]
Going upon the well-grounded assumption that the tax of five cents upon cotton is proposed in Congress in a spirit of revengeful punishment, and that its imposition and continuance will practically drive thousands of our people from its cultivation—will, in short lead, beyond doubt, to the abandonment by this country of its pre-eminence as the great cotton producer of the world—it is not unprofitable, even at this early day, to look around and see into what channels Southern industry and enterprise can be directed with a reasonable prospect of achieving redemption from present impoverishment. Certainly the growth and production of cotton offered the surest and speediest means of reaching this end; and possessed, besides, the attribute of a double blessing, in that while it should lift up the South from the depressing effects of the late civil war, it would at the same time infuse fresh and rich life-blood into all the arteries of trade and industry at the North, East and West. Statesmen and patriots would have seen that this was an interest that, for the benefit of the whole Republic, should be fostered, cherished, encouraged, stimulated by all legitimate means. Statesmen and patriots would have seen that by thus nerving the courage and perseverance of the white southron, they were restoring to the Union the strength and cement of a many people's love, and infusing new vigor of ability to the whole nation to early reach the proud distinction of a democratic government setting the unparalleled example of making and paying a debt, within the lifetime of a generation, that would, from its magnitude, weigh down monarchical dynasties for ages. The true and enlightened philanthropist would have seen that in encouraging this culture, he was providing the very best means possible for the Freedman to work out a destiny that would leave him no cause to regret his unasked for and enforced emancipation.

But, since it appears to be the will of God that the legislative branch of the Government shall not, for the present at least, be controlled by either Statesmen, Patriots or enlightened Philanthropists, but by a cabal of embittered, revengeful, destructive partisans of the One Idea of puritanical sectional denunciation, it behooves us as faithful and loyal keepers of our pledged faith, to see what is the next best thing we can do. If the Rump Congress will not open the goose, in the silly hope of getting all the golden eggs at once—if in its insensate fury against the "rebels" (so-called) of the South, it is bent upon gratifying fanatical revenge at the expense of a national interest so great as to have been for long years the security for all Europe's keeping the peace—why, so be it. We are powerless, helpless to prevent their thus damaging the national strength and resources. We are powerless and helpless to prevent their thus sealing the doom of the great mass of the poor liberated black men, thus turned out in the world to compete with more skilled and intelligent labor in pursuits with which he is entirely unfamiliar. We can but obey the instincts of self-preservation, and look to the means of promoting the welfare of our own race and section.

Fortunately, as if the All-Good had predestined the South to these trials and endurance, and in illimitable benevolence had provided the way of escape out of them, these means are in most prodigal abundance within our borders. Our soil and climate teem with rewards to the industry of intelligent man, directed to other products than cotton. The civil war, for engaging in which this astute Congress would now punish us by burthening the cotton culture, has revealed to the Southern people very many invaluable lessons. It has proved to them that they are under no kind of necessity to be dependent on Northern regions for flour, meal, or meat. The songs of the wheat-reapers may, if we so choose to be independent, mingle with the murmur of the salt waves that lash our Southern boundary. Our slopes and hillsides, over vast belts of country, of hundreds of miles of breadth, may successfully and most profitably be, under the skilled care of the expe-

rienced vine-dresser, matted with vineyards that will prove greater sources of wealth than was ever the most prolific of cotton fields. Our worn-out and sun-baked fields may be carpeted with our tropical grasses, and converted into most nutritious pastures for innumerable flocks and herds. Nowhere in the world can the orchard be made to bring forth such increase of delicious fruits, and all that may be made therefrom, as under the "skiey influences" of our Southern land. Our forests, with their millions upon millions of unavailed-of wealth, are almost untouched. Our wonderful mineral resources are virgin and unplucked, save only so far as to leave discovered the rich exuberance that awaits the ravishment of hardy enterprise. Our fisheries are no mean rivals of those of the North, if we but choose to spread our nets for our own treasures of the sea, instead of depending upon neighbors with whom we would be brothers if they would only let us be so.

Nor is the enterprise and the hardy industry lacking to develop these resources, should the course of the Federal legislation compel an abandonment of cotton culture as the principal reliance of the South. The war was a good school in which the Southern people became inured to undertakings for which it was always before supposed they had no adaptability. The monuments of their ingenuity, skill and industry still exist, nor have they lost the cunning of hand and brain which still stand them in good stead whenever it becomes necessary to abandon culture of cotton, and turn their attention to the development of other resources.

Wealth and Poverty of our Statesmen.
Jefferson died comparatively poor. Indeed, if Congress had not purchased his library and given for it five times its value, he would with difficulty have kept the wolf from his door.

Madison saved money and was comparatively rich. To add to his fortune, however, or rather that of his widow, Congress purchased his manuscript papers, and paid \$20,000 for them.

James Monroe, the sixth President of the United States, died so poor that his remains found a resting place through the charity of one of his friends. They remain in a cemetery in School street, but no monument marks the spot where they repose.

John Quincy Adams left some \$50,000, the result of industry, prudence and inheritance. He was a man of economy.

Martin Van Buren died very rich.—Throughout his life he studiously looked out for his own interests. It is not believed that he ever spent thirty shillings for politics. His party shook the bush and he caught the bird.

Henry Clay had a very handsome estate. It probably exceeded \$100,000. He was a prudent manager and a scrupulously honest man.

James K. Polk left about \$150,000—fifty thousand of which he saved from his Presidency of four years.

Daniel Webster squandered some millions in his life-time, the product of his professional speculation. He died leaving his property to his children and his debts to his friends. The former sold for less than \$20,000—the latter exceeded \$50,000.

John Tyler left \$50,000. Before he was President he was bankrupt. In office he husbanded his means, and then married a rich wife.

Zachary Taylor left \$150,000. Millard Fillmore is a wealthy man, and keeps his money in a strong box. It will not be squandered in speculation and vice.

Frank Pierce saved some \$50,000 from his term of service.

Artemus Ward was out late one night recently. Here is his account of his return home:

"It was late when I got home. The children and my wife were all abed. But a candle—a candle made from taller of our own raisin—gleamed in Betsy's room. It gleamed for I! All was still. The sweet silver moon was a shinin' brite, and the butifal stars was up to their usual doins. I felt a sentimental mode still so gently o'er me stealing, and I pawsed before Betsy's winder, and sung in a kind of op'rativ' voice as follows, impromptu, to-wit:

Wake betsy, wake,
My sweet galoot!
Rise up, fair lady,
While I toot my lute!

The winder—I regret to say that, the winder went up with a v'ient crash, and a form in spotless white exclaimed, "Cum in to the house, you old fool. To-morrow you'll be a goin' round complainin' about your liver."

This is the latest from Fanny Fern, addressed to the ladies:
Show but a strip of white stockings above your boot, or a bit of embroidered skirt, or a balmoral, and you may lead a man by the nose. I have positively seen gentlemen stand at the corners, eagerly bobbing their heads this way and that, to catch a sight of the gaiter boots, as they alight from the various omnibuses. Not all young men either, but gray-headed old codgers, who had grandpas written all over them.

For the Pulaski Citizen. Relieved.

BY BELLA LILLIAN M.

Down in a lone thicket, on duty as picket,
One night long ago, stood a soldier boy lone,
Near the banks of the river, he watched the beams
quiver,
And listened in silence to the water's low moan.

The soft summer air, kissed the brow broad and fair,
And whispered sweet words, soft, tender and low;
His worn comrades slept, while his lone watch he
kept
To give warning to them of the approach of the foe.

Far over the river, where the moonbeams quiver,
Dispelling the shadows of dark-robbed night,
Looked the picket boy lone, and he thought of his
home—
That home far away, so peaceful and bright.

His mind wandered back, o'er fair memory's track,
And called from the past, scenes holy and dear—
When in childhood he played in the green forest
glade,
And the shouts of gay children he still doth hear.

The scene changes fast—that dream is long past—
With playmates so merry he gambols no more;
His picket watch keeping, whilst comrades are
sleeping,
Dreaming sweetly of loved ones on Potomac's fair
shore.

He thinks of his brother and soft-eyed mother,
Whose hand led him gently in youth's sunny day,
Of his father's last blessing, sister's tears and dearest
sigh,
As he marched with his hand to scenes far away.

Tears dim'd his dark eye, and he breathed a sad sigh,
For his heart yearned sadly for loved ones at home
As he stood that night, in the moonbeams bright,
And listened in pain to the wavellet's low moan.

His gun is at rest: the arms over the breast
Are lightly folded, while still he doth dream
Of his home far away, where the little ones play,
And in fancy he sees them in the waves' silv'ered
sheen.

Scarcely a sound to be heard—no warbling of bird
Breaks on the silence that is hovering there—
Naught but the murm'ring low of the silv'ered waves'
flow,
And the whispering of leaves in the stilly night air.

Bring thy wandering mind back—the wolf's on thy
track—
Oh soldier, so youthful, so true and so brave,
By the banks of that river, on which the beams
quiver,
He would make for thee a lone, early grave.

Awake from the dreams in the moon's bright beams:
An eye is upon thee—a foe-man is nigh—
Hark! shrilly it rang—the rifle's sharp clang—
The life-light is quenched in the soldier's dark eye!

On the banks of the river, where the moonbeams
quiver,
The soldier boy lay on that memorable night,
In calm, peaceful rest, hands crossed o'er the breast,
His soul safely sheltered in the Eden home bright.

Naught will arouse him from slumber, hosts without
number
May march with "quick-step" by the soldier boy's
bed;
No dreaming of father, sister or brother—
His sleep is as deep as the sleep of the dead.

And whilst he is sleeping, no comrade is keeping
Watch over the picket on the banks of the river,
But angels are singing, and harps sweetly ringing
For the soldier boy who is now "off duty forever."
PULASKI, JUNE, 1866.

WEUNS AND YOUNG.

Brick Pomeroy to Bill Arp—A Racy Letter.

Did you hear anything drap up this way?
Something fell down! The man at the
other end of the avenue snapped a cap,
Bill, just to see if the nipple was clear!—
That cap means business! It is some ways
to the other end of the avenue where the
vulture have gathered to feed upon the
corpse so terribly mangled, but the man
at the other end of the avenue has a quick
eye, a cool brain, a steady nerve, and his
gun is ready! Just you sit down behind
a stump like, and keep cool. It is dog-
goned aggravating to keep cool in a fight,
but you must do it. The report of that
cap whistled from Maine to Minnesota, and
several million of true sportsmen are ready
to load for the man at the other end of the
avenue to fire.

And tell your folks there to keep still—
to plant their cotton, corn, rice and sugar
cane. Give them good advice. Bill. Help
them smooth down the hillocks, and level
the sod over the graves where so many of
your brave boys and our boys are sleeping
together. Build up the houses our boys
pulled down, and as soon as we get our war-
duds off, we will help you, Bill. You see
we are unhitching the team which ran away
and broke down your gates. We don't like
the team any better than you did. Your
gate post was our gate post. The team
that broke it down was a bad one—the man
at the other end of the avenue is unhitching
it. Tell your folks to be brave in peace as
they were in war.

The early winds of Spring are of more
account than you dream of. They are blowing
the dead leaves out of the forest. They are
blowing the dead ducks far out to sea! They
are clearing away the debris—wheeling
the little sticks hither and yon. Rolling,
flying, and eddying around, the leaves and
twigs are leaving their late resting place,
and it will not be long, Bill, before all this
rubbish will be removed, and the grass and
flowers will again beautify the earth as be-
fore. And there shall be no more prowling,
and no more poschers. The man at the
other end of the avenue is not a clown,
buffoon, a vulgar jester, a low wit, a boor-
ish story teller. Ah, no, Bill. He is a
very good man, and you will like him.—

We like him because he is just. The people like him because he is generous and statesmanlike.

We have been having some little trouble up this way, Bill! The revelers who lately sat in our banquet hall were scullions, but they are going home very soon. And when they have all gone, we shall have a very nice party there. Time is lessening the ice in the river. Some of us know how you folks have been treated, and we are telling others.

Not long since we told the people that our people, when fighting your people, were stealing themselves rich; they said we were disloyal and put us in prison. And they pulled down our printing offices. They threw our type into rivers. They mobbed us in our places of business. They shot at and wounded us on the street. They withheld our business from us. They sought to array the people of the North against those who believed in doing fair. They did all these things in the name of God and the great moral party. But spring fashions are now coming on, Bill, and in a little while you and I will meet somewhere and be good friends, and your boys and our boys after a while will be loving the same girls and riding down the same lane together.

It is hard to sit behind the stump, Bill, and see the fighting going on. It may be hard for your folks to work on the plantations, to rebuild their cities and bleach out their mourning goods, while there is tremor of war yet on the air. Bill, you can do it. Do you be true and brave—we will answer for the rest. You have more witnesses in the North than you know of. There are skeletons in many families hereway; and they are skeletons that some people would be doggoned glad to get rid of—glad if they never had taken them in.

There are pianos, silver sugar bowls, silver cream pitchers, silver sugar tongs, gold watches, beautiful paintings, valuable books, important documents, rings, breast pins, lockets, laces, silk goods, fast horses, marble-top bureaus, rosewood furniture, guitars, photographs, keepsakes and mementoes of gold and silver and other witnesses here from your district; witnesses in the Convention against the thieves who overrun your country in the name of loyalty and stole from you while their comrades were fighting. And these witnesses are having weight. Their testimony is becoming more and more important. Not more in your eyes, Bill, than against the wicked men who are cowards who will fill their pockets more than to subdue the rebellion, so called.

We have got sick of this kind of foolishness. We sent for Maginnis, and he is now at the other end of the avenue with a gun in his hand, ready to enforce further encroachment on our domain. It is hard, Bill, to forget the insults of the past, but we must do it. We be right well. We hurt you and you hurt us! We are both Americans, and you know, Bill, that is good stock. Up here in the North, the people are sick of feasting on blood, and we will have no more of it, except in defence of law, order and the Constitution. The mask is being stripped from the highway-men who lately patrolled our mountain paths, and all is coming out well. So be of good cheer. Do you stand close by the flag, Bill, and we'll stand close by it. The war is past. The bloody curtain is rolled up. You take hold of one end and we will take hold of the other, and carry it far away. The scenes of the past shall never be reenacted, Bill, and if youms will be brave, weuns will stand by you and we will soon be happy together. "BACK" POMEROY.

Liquid Eloquence.

Paul Denton, a Methodist preacher in Texas, advertised a barbecue, with better liquor than usually furnished. When the people were assembled, a desperado in the crowd shouted out: "Mr. Paul Denton, your reverence has lied. You promised not only a good barbecue, but better liquor. Where is the liquor?" "There," answered the Missionary, in tones of thunder, and pointing his motionless finger at the matchless double spring, gushing up in two strong columns, with a sound like a shout of joy, from the bosom of the earth. "There," he repeated, with a look terrible as lightning, (while his enemy actually trembled on his feet,) "There is the liquor which God, the Eternal, brews for his children."

"Not in the simmering still, over smoky fires, coked with the poisonous gasses, and surrounded with the stench of sickening odors and rank corruption, doth your Father in Heaven prepare the precious essence of life, the pure cold water; but in the green glade and grassy dell, where the red deer wanders, and the child loves to play—there God brews it; and down, low down in the deepest valleys, where the rills sing; and high up on the tall mountain tops, where the storm clouds brood, and the thunder clouds crash; and way far out on the wide, wild sea, where hurricanes howl music, and the big waves roar the chorus, sweeping the march of God—there he brews it, that

beverage of life—health giving water.

"And everywhere it is a thing of beauty, gleaming in the dew-drop, singing in the summer rain; shining in the ice gem on the trees all seem turned to living jewels, spreading a golden veil over the setting sun, or a white gauze around the mid-night sporting in the cataract, sleeping in the crier, dancing in the hail shower, and bright snow curtain softly about the world; and weaving the many colored that seraph's tone of the sky—while it is the rain-drop of earth, whose wondrous sunbeam of heaven, all checked over the celestial flowers, by the mystic refraction. Still, always it is that blessed life-water! No poison on its brink; no madnes or maledictions stains its liquid glass; pale with starving orphans find no tears in it; no drunkard's shrieking ghost; no grave cursing in words of eternal Speak out, my friends! would you give it for the demon's drink, alcohol?"

A shout like the roar of a tempest answered—"No!"

In a late paper I noticed a decision rendered by a Kentucky justice that a "binder," in a case before him brought by a lady to recover a pony from a gentleman who promised it in payment for a debt, and thought to back from his bargain by judgment for the plaintiff, was considered to "pony up." This brings to a decision by equally high legal authority that any man or any other man, has a right to take a kiss when the felonious case is willing to give it. At least so the author of the following "pome," as you newspaper men say, from change:

"I Don't Believe it's Wrong"

There's a shade tree in our garden,
And beneath its pleasant shade
There's a seat I love to sit on
With a certain little maid:
Friends may laugh and slyly quiz me
And though banter has its quom,
Our converse is so pleasant
That I don't believe it's wrong.

All the day I think about her,
Call to mind each gentle look,
Think her face so interesting
That I scan no other book;
When the work hours hang so heavy
How for eventide I long
To resume the pleasant chat
Which I don't believe is wrong.

We have talked of love so often,
And we've long made up our mind
Folks should speedily get married
When they feel they are so kind
And as that's our case precisely
We've thought about it
So, we think we'd best get
For we don't believe it's wrong.

This suggests another rumination,
An awful thing it must be for a lady to
a gentleman and not dare to
facts"—in short to let infidelity
in the mud, prey on her dignity.

Now when a fellow's a
can R (letter rip, you know),
ing for the expense. (Like the
"Sav, old hoss! Dad's rich, give
cents' worth o' peanuts—who
money!") Consequences way be un-
eally maraatha'd. If a girl says
you can turn around and say you had a
on it she would. And it isn't very like
she will anyhow—since it is Allah made
Turkish fashion, you know—to be engaged
to two or three ladies or gentlemen at once.
Isn't it nice?

But suppose she refuses and goes back
on you and splits and tells of the refusal.
Whew—well, it spoils her market, for the
sound marrying men who don't like flowers
that have been snuffed at, even if they did
shut their petals sensitively. By the way,
ladies, permit one who is D to you I—de-
voted to your interests, you know—to sug-
gest that you forego the momentary tri-
umph of boasting of a refusal. It's bad—
bad—bad in the long run.

But—when a dame loves a man and
can't make him feel it—isn't that awful?

When we reflect what perfect creature
most men are, especially most young men,
and most especially those of the order
of the Sunday-negro-minstrel, Cuba-Spa-
niard, fast bar-keeper, handsome auto-
dandy dentist, traveling photographer type
—when we reflect upon all this and remem-
ber how susceptible poor girls are to such
Adonises, why we pity the poor girls
girls with exceeding great pity, and wish
that some fellow would invent a machine
dry their weeping eyes.

Meanwhile—until something be-
vented—let us suggest that any
is troubled with this sort of the
procure this number of the Citizen
sent it to "him." Possibly the
the following lines, by Bryant,
his eyes:

"I would that I could utter
My feelings without shame,
And tell him how I love him,
Nor wrong my virgin fame.
Alas! to seize the moment
When heart inclines to
And press a suit with passion
Is not a woman's part."
If man comes not to gash
The roses where they stand
They fade among the falling
They cannot seek his hand.
Alas! poor Yorick.