

THE PULASKI CITIZEN.

VOLUME 8.

PULASKI, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 27, 1866.

NUMBER 30.

BUSINESS CARDS.

WILSON, CARTER & CO.,
COTTON FACTORS,
AND WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
Groceries & Plantation Supplies,
No. 104 MAIN STREET,
Corner Washington. [June 1] MEMPHIS, TENN.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL,
Corner Cedar and Cherry Streets,
Nashville, Tennessee,
J. G. FULGHUM, Proprietor,
Formerly of 25 North Sumner St.,
J. G. WILSON, Clerk.

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 15-24]

SOLOMON E. ROSE,
Attorney & Counsellor at Law,
PULASKI, TENN.
Office in the Southwest corner of the Court House,
WILL PRACTICE
in the Courts of Giles and adjoining counties. [Feb 15-24]

AMOS R. RICHARDSON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
PULASKI, TENN.
Will practice in Giles and adjoining counties.
Office in the Court House. Jan 15-24

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 19, 24

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 12-17

BROWN & McCALLUM,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
PULASKI, TENNESSEE.
OFFICE—This one formerly occupied by Walker
& Brown. Jan 5, 17

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, 17.

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 16-17]

M. D. Le MOINE,
ARCHITECT,
Office No. 11, Cherry St., near Church,
NASHVILLE, TENN.
P. O. Box 975. [Jan 1, '66-24]

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 a low price—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 5-17.

DR. J. P. GRANT, DR. C. C. ABERNATHY.
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 5-17

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
BARBERS SALOON,
North side Public square, at the striped pole.

L. W. McCORD,
Book and Job Printer,
CITIZEN OFFICE,
SOUTH-SIDE CORNER PUBLIC SQUARE—ST. STAINES,
PULASKI, TENNESSEE.

WASH required for all Job-work. No Job can be
taken from the office until paid for.

Keep Out of Debt.

Debt is the severest task-master. A person in debt is a doomed man. He is shunned and despised;—the very dogs bark at him as he passes along.

A man in debt feels like an escaped outlaw—a villain of the first magnitude, and what is worse, he feels that there is no help for him. He does not dare to ask a favor, or refuse to bow and smile at his independent neighbor. If you are out of debt, keep clear of its meshes.

You had better do anything, dig claims or peddle books, stub boards or write sermons, make perpetual motions or edit a newspaper, do anything, rather than fall in debt. Shun the monster as you would shun a constable, the devil, and a deputy tax collector. Debt spreads the sky in sackcloth, digs a horrible pit before you, clouds the atmosphere, darkens the sun, destroys the harmony of nature, converts beauty and bloom to moulds and cobwebs, drives health from the cheek, peace from the heart, and makes the world a vast charnel house of wasting sinews, broken bones and eyeless skulls. Who would not keep out of debt? If you have any self-respect, hope for an atom of peace or desire one moment's rest, avoid being in debt. Come not under its iron wing. Enter not its adamantine jaw. Run from it as you would from plague, pestilence and the horrors of darkness.

About Beginnings.

Did you ever see an engine try to start a train of cars? How it puffed and groaned and wheezed, just as if the iron horse had hardly strength enough to move such a ponderous load! But when he gets fairly under way he goes on merrily for miles and miles as if he loved to do it, giving now and then a defiant snort, as much as to say, "Who says I can't draw a heavy load?"

But if he once fairly stops then there is all the old trouble to start again.

Did you ever take a bath on a cold morning? The water looks so clear and chilly that you have a good mind to let it alone just this once, and wash when the weather is milder. The first touch stings like ice; you shudder and start back as if you were freezing. But you don't freeze, and as soon as you begin to rub yourself with a course towel you are all in a glow. Your cheeks are red, and your eyes are bright, and you are much warmer than when you stood shivering, thinking, "I can't do it."

Does it seem very early sometimes when the breakfast bell rings in the morning? You like breakfast, every one of you, but you don't always like it at the right time. You are very warm and very sleepy, and the bed seems a much more desirable place than it did last night, when you were so unwilling to go to it. Just now you are on the most intimate terms with the blankets, and you can't bear the idea of parting.—You cannot see to dress, for your eyes are closed, and it seems very hard to get them open. But in a few minutes they are wide open and shining, the new winter suit is buttoned, the tangled hair is smoothed, and the sound of the second bell sounds like the voice of a playmate, "Come on, boys we are waiting!" The bed does not look so tempting now; you go by it without a glance, and have no desire to creep back among its pillows. Sleep is over and stirring life has begun.

You see from these facts that beginnings are often hard. The French say, "It is the first step that costs." They mean that it is much harder to begin than to keep on, harder to do a thing the first time than the second time. But no good job was ever done without beginning. Every happy day begins with getting up, every clean boy has a bath, every excursion train starts with a strain and puff. Every hive of honey had a first bee, who gave it half her breakfast in a lucious drop; every first fortune began saving the first dollar that somebody would have been glad to spend; every noble man was once a brave boy who began to do right when it would have been easier and more pleasant to do wrong. Perseverance is a very fine thing, but how can we persevere in anything good till we begin it? Let us begin to-day.

Testimonial to Capt. Matthew F. Maury in England.

On the evening of the 4th instant about one hundred and thirty gentlemen assembled at Willis' Rooms, London, on the occasion of a banquet and testimonial to Captain M. F. Maury, late of the Confederate navy, the object of this tribute being to make a suitable public recognition of the brilliant services conferred by that officer on the cause of maritime science. Sir John Parkington, M. P., presided, and among those present were most of the representatives of foreign powers, and a great number of distinguished British naval officers and men of science. We take the following account of the proceedings from the London Daily News:

After the usual toasts, followed by that of "The Diplomatic Corps," the chairman proceeded to present the testimonials. In doing so, addressing the gallant Captain personally, he congratulated him on having

devoted his noble intellect to a purpose which had in the result conduced so greatly to the lasting benefit of mankind. He then traced the history of his scientific discoveries, and referred to the practical advantages which the public were now deriving from them. In the voyage of a ship from England to India or China, there was, he observed, a saving of £256.

What then must be the annual aggregate saving on the voyages of all the ships of this country? It was when Captain Maury's fame was at its height that there broke out the unfortunate civil war between the North and South—a war in which, being a Southerner by birth, he took the part worthy of his character and career. [Loud cheers.]

He then adverted to the fact that after the war had terminated the gallant Captain was invited by the Grand Duke Constantine to take up his abode in Russia, and by Prince Napoleon to accept a home in France. The testimonial now to be presented commenced about a year ago. Holland subscribed about £1,000, Russia £1,000, and a large amount was also collected in this country. And he now, in the name of England, of Europe and the civilized world, has to request Captain Maury to accept a testimonial, considerably exceeding in amount three thousand guineas, as a recognition of esteem, admiration and gratitude. [Great cheering.]

He concluded by reading an address expressive of the object of the presentation, and having handed the money to the guest of the evening in a silver casket, he proposed his health, which was drunk with three times three, amid great enthusiasm.

Captain Maury commenced by repudiating the notion that he was deserving such an acknowledgement. Forty years ago, he said, it was his good fortune to enter on a field of discovery in which the harvest was ready at hand. Very soon a fleet scattered all over the world was engaged in observing certain phenomena of the field and air; and at a very small cost ships of all nations were converted into temples of science.—[Cheers.] The necessity of combination in the researches made led to the conference at Brussels, and now he saw a brilliant assemblage met to celebrate the results which had been achieved. In conclusion, the gallant Captain declared his utter inability to acknowledge in appropriate terms the handsome testimonial just presented, and said he must therefore express it with sealed lips and the eloquence of silence. [Loud cheers.]

Among the remaining toasts was "Our Foreign Visitors," proposed by Lord William Grosvenor, M. P., which was responded to by Commodore Jansen, of the Royal Dutch Navy, and General Beauregard, of the late Confederate States of America, the latter of whom was treated with special cordiality.

The Bible.

The Bible is the only book which God has ever sent, the only one He will ever send into this world. All other books are frail and transient as time, since they are only the registers of time; but the Bible is durable as eternity; for its pages are the records of eternity. All other works are weak and imperfect, like their author, man; but the Bible is replete with infinite power and perfection, like its usefulness and influence; but the Bible came forth conquering and to conquer.

The Bible only of all the myriads of books the world has seen, is equally interesting and important to all mankind. Its tidings, whether of peace or of war, are the same to the poor, the ignorant and the weak, as to the rich, the wise and the powerful. Among the most remarkable of its attributes is justice; for it looks with impartial eyes on kings and on slaves, on the chief and the soldier, on philosopher and on peasant, on the eloquent and the dumb. From all, it exacts the same obedience to its commandments, promising to the good reward of their loyalty, but denouncing to the evil the awful consequences of their rebellion.

Nor are the purity and the holiness, the wisdom and the benevolence of the Scriptures less conspicuous. In vain may we look elsewhere for true models of character, for the models of the husband and the wife, the parent and the child, the patriot and the scholar, the philanthropist and the christian, the private citizen and the ruler of the nation. Whatever shall be their respective lots, whether poverty or wealth, prosperity or adversity, social influence or solitary station, the Bible is the only fountain of truth—their only source of virtue and greatness, of honor and felicity.

Here, then, let us repose our trust—here at us look for our beacon of safety, and, whether sunshine or gloom, the storm or the calm, the beauty and wealth of spring, or the nakedness and desolation of winter may be our portion—supported and guided by the Bible, all must be well with us in time, for all shall be well with us in eternity.—Grinke.

"Pa, what is meant by raw recruits?"

"It means soldiers who have not stood fire, my son."

Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep.

In the quiet nursery chambers,
Snowy pillows yet unpressed,
See the forms of little children,
Smiling, white-robed, for their rest.

All in quiet nursery chambers,
While the dusky shadows creep,
Hear the voices of the children—
"Now I lay me down to sleep,"

In the meadow and the mountain
"Claims the smothering winter state,
But across the glazing lowlands
Slants the moonlight's silver bars.

In the silence and the darkness,
Darkness growing still more deep,
Listen to the little children
Praying God their souls to keep.

"If we die"—so pray the children,
And the mother's head drops low;
O'er from out her fold is sleeping
Deep beneath this winter's snow.

"Take our souls" and part the casement
Fills a gleam of crystal light,
Like the trailing of His garments
Walking evermore in white.

Little souls, that stand expectant,
Listen at the gates of life;
Hearing, far away, the murmur
Of the tumult and the strife;

We, who fight beneath those banners,
Meeting ranks of foemen there,
Find a deeper, broader meaning
In your simple vesper prayer.

When your hands shall grasp this standard,
Which to-day, you watch from far,
When your deeds shall shape the conflict
In the universal war,

Pray to Him, the God of Battles,
Whose strong eye can never sleep,
In the warning of temptation,
Firm and true your souls to keep.

When the combat ends, and slowly
Clears the smoke from out the skies,
Then, far down the purple distance,
All the noise of battle dies.

When the last night's solemn shadows,
Settle down on you and me,
May the love that never falleth,
Take our souls eternally.

"Brick" Pomeroy a Dog.
All over the land the Radical papers call us a dog. Thank you, gentlemen, it may be allowed the expression. There is no more faithful creature in the world than a dog. The universal illustration and type of fidelity.—In Pompeii as in other countries the dog was worshipped for his fidelity, and left in charge of vast treasures.—We see him in pictures to-day, guarding safes—and guarding women and children—rescuing snow-bound pilgrims from Alpine heights—saving drowning men and proving his devotion to mankind.

You may call us a dog. Be particular to let it be known that we are a dog—a Democratic dog, with pluck enough to guard the interests given to our care by the people. The dog does not desert his master when he is left by robbers bleeding, wounded and impoverished, as some men do their party, and their friends and the people.—The dog shares the fate of his master in want and in poverty—he dares fasten his fangs deep into the throat of the tyrant and assassin. Call us a dog, certainly. The dog guards the treasures and does not steal them, as abolitionists and republicans have, nor does he forsake his post in time of riot, penelings, and darkness as renegade Democrats have done for a few years past. Call us a dog. Certainly.

The dog is a faithful creature. He sticks by his friend. He does not steal cotton, mules, silver-ware, teaspoons, family relics, etc. He does not steal from his master who sleeps. You may call us a dog. Not a dog in the land but is better than an abolitionist or a Lincoln hireling, who was only brave when mobbing the defenseless—or a Lincoln thief who went to war is order to steal from private houses—or a general who had a commission given him to steal silver-ware, cotton, and mules on shares—or a Lincoln minion who cringed and stabled innocence at the nod of a Stanton or other tyrant's tool.

And they say we have been a "dirty dog" ever since the war begun. So we have! We have been spewed over by enough abolition editors and stump speakers in the North to dirty even a thousand dogs! In all this time we have been dirty—for we have not forsaken our post or our principles to wash in the blood of our brothers—to become purified by commissions offered us in Lincoln's army, bones thrown us by those who would coax us from our duty—we have not rolled in the clover of stay-at-home-official patriotism(?)—we have not sneaked through rose bushes to eavesdrop under windows for Provost marshals, and thereby scrape the filth from our backs. If we had left our gate post to be washed as some men have done, we should be clean now—clean as any abolition, stay-at-home, Union-hating traitor in the land. And we might have been a fat, sleek, lazy dog, like the pampered, protected Bond holder—or a cur of a dog running away from his post snapping and snarling at all who passed by as political preachers have so long done.

But if we are a dirty dog, we are a dog with good teeth. They are not rotten, but clean, white teeth, and we intend to stand guard by the Goddess of Liberty and snap them into the throat of the next tyrant who shall dare lay his nigger-scented hand on her—shall guard the Constitution given us by statesmen, and snap our teeth into the radical traitors who are performing it

with amendments; we shall keep watch by the pillar of Democracy that you do not gnaw it down while the people sleep—we shall stand between the people and their robbers, and bark both loud and long, till the sleepers are awakened, and can protect themselves!

And dirty dog that we are—you cannot coax us away from our post, nor can you stop our barking or prevent our biting!—And we tell all your traitors, Union-baters, tyrants, minion thieves, cowards, assassins, leeches, bond-holders, nigger-worshippers, fanatics, biggots and Abolition despoilers; to keep away from the Democratic mansion if you don't wish to be bit, and not to desecrate the graves of Washington, Jackson and other statesmen, by spreading Scotch plaids over them, on which to sit and tell smutty stories, and call it statesmanship, if you don't want to hear our music.

We thank you for the name. Dog; not a thieving, wool-chasing cur, but a Democratic watch dog, always at his post—*La Crose (Wis.) Democrat.*

Stage Nonsense.

We were speaking to a friend the other day, respecting the merits of a "celebrated tragedian," when we had occasion to comment on the rant of the stage—the loud mouthing, the outrageous gesture, the furious rolling of the eyes, the stride, swords that rattle in the hilt, and all the "pomp and circumstance" of the modern drama. Fancy this style carried into real life.—On being introduced to a lady you would say, throwing yourself into a splendid attitude:

"Most gracious madam, on my knees I greet you," impressively placing your right hand on your heart.

To a creditor who would not pay:
"Fraudulent knave! payest thou me not? By yonder sun that blazes in the zenith, thee will I sue, and thou shalt see thy impious name flaming the streets on posters huge!"

At dinner:
"Now, by my soul and all my highest hopes, those beans are royal. Were I Jupiter, beans should grace each royal banquet. What, ho! waiter, bring higher more beans!"

To your wife:
"Madam, beware thou dost excite me not; else being too hot with wrath, I do myself some harm. A needle—a button on my shirt—and see it instantly performed. Do it! Not leave the task to me."

To your butcher:
"Thou ensanguined destroyer of bovines, send me some mutton and some beef; and mark you let it be tenderer than love and sweeter than the bees rare burden. I would dine to-day."

To a friend:
"Excuse a rash intrusion on your grace, but hast thou in thy box a portion of that plant, ranked by the botanist among the genus *nicotiana*? or, 'Most noble friend, wilt thou partake with me some strong libation? Thou lookest dull to-day; 'twill cheer thy sinking heart."

Reply—"Oh, noble soul! alas, not all the wine of Bacchanalian revels could ease the sorrow here—here!—here! (Left arm struck several times.) Oh, what a fool and arrant knave am I, the very sport of fortune."

This is scarcely more ridiculous than three-quarters of the stage nonsense.

THERE is a legend that one day a woman went to Brigham Young for counsel touching some alleged oppression by an officer of the Church. Brigham, like a true politician, assumed to know her; but when it became necessary to record her case, hesitated, and said:

"Let me see, sister, I forget your name."
"My name?" was the indignant reply,
"Why, I am your wife!"
"When did I marry you?"

The woman informed the the "President," who referred to an account-book in his desk, and then said: "Well, I believe you are right; I knew your face was familiar!"

At a recent railroad dinner, there being several lawyers present, the following toast was given in compliment to the fraternity: "An honest lawyer, the noblest work of God." But an old farmer in the back part of the hall, rather spoiled the effect by adding in a loud voice, "And about the scarest."

This last case of indolence is related in one of our exchanges; it is that of a man named John Hole, who was so lazy, that in writing his name he simply used the letter J, and then pushed a hole through the paper.

A French writer, in describing the trading powers of the Yankee, said: "If he was cast away on a desolate island, he'd get up the next morning and go around selling maps to the inhabitants."

"What is that dog barking at?" asked a fop, whose boots were more polished than his ideas. "Why," replied a bystander, "because he sees another puppy in your boots."

County Meetings.

The Citizens of Tennessee favoring the restoration policy of President Johnson, as set forth in the recent address of the Executive Committee of the National Union Club of Washington city, are requested to call meetings in each county for the last Saturday (the 28th) of July, to appoint delegates to a convention in each Congressional district, to be held on the 1st Saturday (the 4th day) in August. The District Conventions will appoint each two delegates and two alternates, to attend the National Union Convention to assemble in Philadelphia on the 14th day of August next.

John S. Brian, Chairman,
John C. Galt,
P. W. Maxey,
F. C. Dunington,
E. H. East,
W. Matt. Brown,
Henry Waterman,
T. T. Smiley,
Executive Committee,
E. E. Jones, Secretary. 127.

In pursuance of the above call, there will be a preliminary meeting of the people of Giles county, at the Court House in Pulaski, Saturday, 28th inst., (to-morrow) to appoint delegates to the District Convention to be held at Shelbyville on Saturday the 4th day of August.

If earnest and enthusiastic action on the part of the masses was ever necessary to preserve the rights and liberties of a people, certainly the usurpations and encroachments of the party now in power in Tennessee, and dominant in Congress, call loudly for immediate action.

Let the people come to the rescue of republicanism in America—come the resurrection of the Constitution—and to the political death and damnation of Brownism in Tennessee and radicalism in Congress. Come to the aid of our patriotic President, in his efforts for the government. Come next Monday and next Saturday week, and let us commence the work in earnest.

Beecher's Last.
In his last lecture, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, thus discourses on what the South wants:

"I will now glance at the state of feeling in the South. When we consider what they suffered, who they were that suffered; when I consider where they started from and where they brought up, when I consider the whole history of the state of public feeling, South is far more peaceful than we could expect. It is bad enough, but is far better than we could expect. Letter writers and travelers say a 'reconstructed South; a nice condition the South is in to be reconstructed.' They are our bitter enemies; they gnash their teeth,' etc.

"I wonder if you think that after you soundly whip a man that he is going to thank you for it. Do you suppose that General Lee when he surrendered should have thrown his hands around General Grant's neck and thanked him for whipping him and compelling him to surrender? or that General Johnston should have regarded Sherman as his benefactor? And should the South go upon its knees when it sees a Yankee, and say 'God bless you, Yankee, for all you have done for me?' These men that talk thus do not like the state of feeling at the South. The Yankees tell us that the South is not fit to be reconstructed. If you do not take the South in till she heals of her wounds, you will not take her in for a long time to come. Human nature does not run this way. It is not a question of abstract justice; it is a practical question, and you must decide according to known law and human nature.

I know the South will feel sore. They believed in their cause; they were defeated, and a greater disaster could not befall them. They lost everything—deep gloom overhangs them, and profound sorrow oppresses them, and they are expected to give evidence of thankfulness and joy. They must first have the hand of kindness stretched to them. You must give them new hopes. New business will lead them to forget old graves; new thoughts will check old tears. Kindness and business, that is what they want.

AMOS KEAT, Esq., was murdered by a negro at his residence near Shadwell depot, Virginia, last week. So reads a newspaper item. Perhaps a muskrat perished.

If you had gone half crazy at not having won your sweetheart as a wife, remember you might have gone the other half if you had succeeded.

A briefless young barrister says that any lady who possesses one thousand acres of land, presents sufficient ground for an attachment.

A woman said in a police court the other day, that before marriage her husband pretended to be much struck with her, but now she was every day struck by him.