

THE PULASKI CITIZEN.

VOLUME 8.

PULASKI, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 14, 1866.

NUMBER 37

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN S. WILKES,
Attorney & Counsellor at Law,
PULASKI, TENNESSEE.
Will practice in Giles and adjoining counties. Can be found at the Office of Brown & McCallum, ang. 17-5m.

JOHN G. WHITSON,
Attorney at Law,
PULASKI, TENN.
WILL practice in Giles and the adjoining Counties, and in the Supreme Court at Nashville. Special attention given to all collections entrusted to him. OFFICE—May's Old corner—Up stairs. July 27-ly

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 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 18-6m]

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

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, 5f

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 s. e. corner Public Square, Up stairs. Jan 5, 5f.

LEON GODFROY,
Watch Maker & Jeweller,
PULASKI, TENN.
All kinds of Repairing in Watches or Jewelry done promptly and satisfaction warranted. Stop at Mason & Ezell's Store. [Feb 16-1f]

M. D. Le MOINE,
ARCHITECT,
Office No. 11, Cherry St., near Church,
NASHVILLE, TENN.
P. O. Box 275. [Jan 1 '66-3m]

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 stocks of
Ready Made Clothing.
All kinds of Barter, all kinds of money, premium and uncurrent, taken at their market value. Jan 5-1f.

DR. J. F. 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 5-5m

ALEX. BOOKER, CAL. BOOKER.
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-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.

BURDETT'S COLUMN,

Drugs and Medicines.

W. M. BURDETT,

WHOLESALE and RETAIL

DEALER IN

DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

CHEMICALS,

DYE-STUFFS,

PAINTS, OILS,

FANCY AND TOILET ARTICLES,

&c., &c.

NEAR THE CORNER,

SOUTH-EAST OF THE PUBLIC SQUARE,

PULASKI, TENN.

PHYSICIAN'S

PRESCRIPTIONS

CAREFULLY PUT UP

DAY OR NIGHT.

Also Constantly on Hand the Best

ARTICLE OF

LIQUORS,

FOR MEDICAL PURPOSES.

Jan 5-1y

Riches of the Bible.

Some writer gives the following analysis of the "book of books," the Bible: "It is the book of Laws, to show the right and wrong. It is a book of wisdom, that makes the foolish wise. It is the book of Truth, which detects all human errors. It is a book of life, which shows how to avoid everlasting death. It contains the most authentic and entertaining Histories ever published. It is a perfect book of divinity. It is a book of Biography. It is a book of Travels. It is a book of Voyages. It is the best covenant ever made—the best ever written. It is the young man's best companion. It is the school-boy's best instructor. It is the learned man's master-piece. It is the ignorant man's dictionary, and every man's directory. It promises an eternal reward to the faithful and believing."

The Man Without an Enemy.

Heaven help the man who imagines he can dodge "enemies" by trying to please everybody! If such an individual ever succeeded, we should be glad to know it. Not that we believe in a man's going thro' the world trying to find beams to knock his head against; disputing every man's opinions; fighting and elbowing and crowding all who differ with him. That again is another extreme. Other people have a right to their opinion—so have you; don't fall into the error of supposing they will respect you less for maintaining it—or respect you more for turning your coat every day to match the color of theirs. Wear your own colors, spite of wind and weather, storms or sunshine. It costs the vacillating and irresolute ten times the trouble to wind and shuffle, and twist, that it does honest, manly independence to stand its ground.

To Parents—Newspapers.

A child beginning to read becomes delighted with a newspaper, because he reads of names and things which are very familiar, and he will make a progress accordingly. A newspaper in one year, says Mr. Weeks, is worth a quarter's schooling to a child, and every father must consider that substantial information is connected with this advancement.

The mother of a family, being one of its heads, and having a more immediate charge of children, should herself be instructed.—A mind occupied becomes fortified against the fits of life, and is braced for any emergency. Children amused by reading or study are, of course, considerate and more easily governed.

How many thoughtless young men have spent their earnings in a tavern or grogshop, who ought to have been reading! How many parents, who never spent twenty dollars for newspapers and books for their families, would gladly have given thousands to reclaim a son or daughter, who had ignorantly and thoughtlessly fallen into temptation.

A Great Want.

The great want of this age is MEN. Men who are not for sale. Men who are honest and sound from center to circumference, true to the heart's core. Men who fear the Lord and hate covetousness. Men who will condemn wrong in friend or foe, in themselves as well as in others. Men whose consciences are steady as the needle to the pole. Men who will stand for the right if the Heaven totter and the earth reels. Men who can tell the truth and look the world and the devil right in the eye. Men that neither swagger nor flinch. Men who can have courage without whistling for it, and joy without a shout to bring it. Men in whom the current of everlasting life runs still, and deep and strong. Men careful of God's honor and careless of men's applause. Men too large in their views for sectarian limits and too strong for sectarian bands. Men who do not strive, nor cry, nor cause their voices to be heard in the street, but who will not fail, nor be discouraged, till judgment be set in the earth. Men who know their message and tell it. Men who know their duty and do it. Men who know their place and fill it. Men who mind their own business. Men who will not lie.

REVENGE.—The favorite of a Sultan threw a stone at a poor beggar who had requested alms. The injured man dared not to complain, but carefully searched for and preserved the pebble, promised himself he should find an opportunity, sooner or later, to throw it in his turn at this inopportune and pitiless wretch. Some time after, he was told the favorite was disgraced, and by order of the Sultan led through the streets on a camel, exposed to the insults of the populace. On hearing this, the beggar ran to bring his pebble, but, after a moment's reflection, cast it into a well. "I now perceive," said he, "that we ought never to seek revenge when our enemies are powerful, for then it is imprudent; nor when he is involved in calamity, for then it is mean and cruel."

A school-boy being asked by his teacher "Of what is the German Diet composed?" replied, "Sour kroust, schnapps, lager Beer, and six-um-rous."

Mr. McCord—I copy for the Citizen an interesting poem by the lamented Dr. E. Y. RASSE. He was a man of fervid feeling and giant intellect. A resident of Baltimore, he was devoted to the South, and sympathized deeply in all her wrongs.—While the whole city was wild with excitement consequent upon the entry of the Federal army, his wife, the idol of his heart, "fell on sleep." This sorrow was greater than reason, and in a fit of insanity he committed suicide. Among his papers was found this gem of modern poetry.

Assured that its publication will afford pleasure to many of your readers, I enclose it for insertion.

Respectfully,
SUE F. MOONEY.

Alone, A Midnight Reverie.

I am alone to-night,
For thou, beloved art with me.
Nay, not alone,
For thou, beloved art with me.
Did I dream?
Methought thy warm breath kissed my fevered brow,
Sighed whole volumes of soft luring trust!
As when, into my hungry ear thy whisper
Poured its rich tribute of confiding love.
The pen wherewith I fashioned vagrant thought
Dropped from my fingers. All unconsciously
I turned to meet the soul-light of thine eyes,
To feel the warmth of thy endearing smile,
To grasp the hand whose touch, in answering touch,
Sighed whole volumes of soft luring trust!
Ah! 'twas but a dream! There are not here
No eyes, like stars, meet my imploring glance,
No smile, like sunshine, bathes me in its beauty,
No touch responsive throbs. I am alone!
Alone! how sorrowful to be alone!
I never knew, beloved, till thou wast taken,
The meaning of that bitter word, alone!
I feel it now in all its desolation!
What time I stood beside thine open grave
And heard the clouds fall jarringly and heavy
Upon thy coffin lid, my beautiful,
O, then my heart within, with sudden bound
Seemed to leap from my body, and stretch out
Its yearning arms toward thy enthroned form,
And take its place beside thee. There it lay,
Clinging thee in its grasp, of passionate grief:
It would not be divorced, not even by death!
For when I turned me with the parting crowd,
It nestled closer to thy cold, cold clay,
The living with the dead. It lies there still!
Leaving me desolate in the world. Al! me!
Nay, let me chide this sudden burst of sorrow,
It is not well to be betrayed by passion,
Into this wild forgetfulness of reason,
And long to uplift the parted curtain
And 'tis not wise to speak thus of the dead,
Whom Christ has taken. Thou art living still!
O, my own love, art thou not with me now?
Looking upon my midnight hour of grief
With eyes compassionate—it may be, wondering
That this poor heart will not be comforted,
And long to uplift the parted curtain
That veils thee from my vision. I, alone!
Thy spirit still holds fellowship with mine;
I talk with thee, and find my woes assuaged,
Find something soothing in these hours of silence,
When thou and I sit talking thus together
In sweet soul-converse, while the world is dark.
For thou art here, as a perpetual presence,
About my pathway. In my restless dreams
Thou comest to soothe the weary hours of night;
And when the cheerful sun looks through my curtains,
His first beams light my soul to thoughts of thee
And of thy home, where Day all glorious reigns,
And long to uplift the parted curtain
Nay, thou art with me. I am not alone!

I have no picture, of thee, dear departed,
I have no picture of thee—it is well!
No artist skill could paint thee. Not the Sun
Himself could catch the life of thy sweet face,
And it would mar my joy to look upon
A blank expressionless, and fading toy,
And tell it by thy name. Yes, I have pictures
Hung in the deathless Hall of Memory,
Which time can never dim. In rarest framework
These pictures all stand out before my vision,
And bless me with their beauty. Girlhood's smile,
Which won my love, and woman's gentle bearing
Which left its impress on my ruder nature,
And fashioned me to sweet companionship
With thee, whose heart was full of tender grace,
As flowers of Spring are full of sweet perfume.
O, these are pictures which can never fade—
I look upon them till my tears are kindled
Into a haze of joy, and I forget
The "wilder sorrow of our separation
In blissful recollection that to me
Was given a love so rare and excellent.
Still other pictures linger round my path,
Thine eyes—art they not glancing upward daily,
Set 'neath the sunny curls of a sweet face,
Fair as its mother's? Thy expressive smile—
Is it not left upon thy children's features
Still to illumine my soul in hours of sadness
And bathe me in the warmth of thy sweet love?
O, yes, at morn, at noon, at eve, at night,
Some trace, some semblance of the dear departed
Breaks into life before me. They are here—
Standing beside me, motherless, alas!
Claiming intense love since thou art gone!
Each motion speaks of thee and of thy beauty!
With these, I must not say I am alone!

Good night, sweet spirit—peaceful be thy rest,
Now disembodied—till the welcome voice
"I am the Resurrection and the Life,"
Shall summon thee to join the radiant host
Of God's elect, and stand in form immortal,
A bright transfiguration.

With these communings
I bend me to the Father's will, and wait
With patience and submission that glad hour
When we shall meet again, and death no more
Dissolve the tie that binds us. Now good night!
I sleep to dream of thee.
E. Y. R.

The Way the Revenue is Raised.
First, they ascertain your business.—That is taxed. Then they find out how much you earn every month, and that is taxed. Then they find out all about your profits, and on that they lay their tax.—Then they manage to get some tax on what you owe. Next comes what they call income, and that is taxed. Then if anything is left, the preacher calls around and gets it to sustain the church and look to the welfare of the heathen.

Prof. Aossiz says the strip of highlands which divides the waters flowing into the St. Lawrence from those flowing into the Atlantic, is the oldest in the world. "It was once a lonely sea beach washed by universal ocean."

Thoughts as They Occur—II.

To stone for the cruel desolation of the beautiful, is brought the rich offering of the harvest from the bountiful bosom of the earth, and as if in sorrow for the ruin wrought, the pale Autumn passes her last days in a subdued and pensive mood. A sterner tyrant takes her throne, while, in the tender gloom of Indian Summer, she seems buried in repentant thought. Relentless Winter now closes the scene, and drives from the landscape the last lingering bloom, the last pale, fluttering leaf from the trees, the last sad, silent bird of passage to a more genial climate. And man, in his prime and strength, feels the autumnal frosts of age stealing upon him. His raven hair turns, as the grass withers, pale as the coming desolation; his brow is furrowed and his eyes less bright. He feels the storm approaching, yet the harvest is ungathered. Now his flowers are cut down. The trees his hand had planted, his care had tended, and around which the tendrils of his heart had twined, are suddenly, with their promise of golden fruit, destroyed. A mother to them, an angel to him now, follows her children beyond the dark river, as the storm uproots the giant oak, but spares the bending willow, the strong man bows with humility even to the earth and is spared. He gathers the harvest and rests from his labors, while in that hour a pensive calm comes over his tried spirit, as, with those who are left him he seeks some quiet spot, the dreams of wild ambition are forgotten, and in resignation awaits the falling snows of age.

Life to the aged seems a scene in which the real and the ideal are blended, as in distant childhood. The grandmother in her easy chair forgets the events of yesterday, but remembers the companions of her youth, and lives over again, in dreaming fancies, those years and their burden of sad and happy hours. The aged man, tottering on his staff, sees trifles possessed of the same importance as in his untaught boyhood. The snows of life's winter have descended upon his whitened head; his time has come; and down the dark valley he passes unconsciously away.

The air, the earth and sea are filled with animated existence, and throughout the whole, in the pursuits of science, trade or pleasure, human forms are busy, as notes that play in the sunshine. Life seeks to know the great mystery in which it is placed. The aeronaut threads his perilous way through the pathless air; the diver gropes for treasure in the depths of trackless waters; and the miner digs deep into the earth to extract the valued ore. The sailor, borne on the waves of the majestic sea, in calm and in storm, is in the hands of Providence, and watching the star that guides him on his way, learns to trust in the Power that made the starry heavens and countless worlds. He who tills the soil has Nature in her milder aspects ever by his side, and sees the wonders of creative wisdom in every plant that springs from the seed he has sown, and as he trusts that all his care will not be vain, he learns to trust in Him who is Father alike of the humble and the proud. The scholar who surveys the universal system by which the harmonious whole is perfectly controlled, and reads by the light of science a confirmation of the grand prophecies of the olden time, learns to be humble as the greatest wisdom, and feels that to the lowly in heart the truth shall be revealed. The poet, as he feels the tide of inspired thought sweep over his being, hears in every voice of nature a tribute of praise to God, sees in every tree and flower new evidence of care and love. The soldier hears the crash of musketry, the roar of cannon and the shrieks of the dying upon the battlefield, where life meets life as the lightning meets midway between the clouds. Does he hear in that dread moment a calm voice, proclaiming "Peace on earth, good will to man," when the promised hour shall come? The murderer hears the dying groan and struggle of his victim. Does he hear a stern voice saying "Vengeance is mine; I will repay?"

Life to the sinner is a cheating dream, for the past has not fulfilled its prophecy, and in the silent hours of night conscience knows that justice will surely overtake and punish, and the sun-bright palace of pleasure built by Fancy during the slumber of Memory, is overshadowed by the phantom fear of coming retribution.

Life holds out to all alike a cup of pleasure and of pain; the cup of pleasure may be plain to behold, and its contents the purest water, while the priceless jewel of Content lies beneath the symbol of Truth; the cup of pain, a golden one, and filled with ruddy wine, while Time turns the gold to ashes, and the wine to poison in the veins.

The Parent of Life has given to all a guide that will not deceive; they who listen to the voice within will never taste of the cup of pain. Sorrow and pain are in the lot of all, but none need feel that pain which comes as the penalty of violated law. Life to the good brings rich and precious gifts. The good man ever preserves to old age the innocence of childhood. His heart

was uncursed by the presence of unhalloved passions. In the same childlike peace and purity his manhood passed away, and he received upon him as a garment the mantle of age. Ere his eye had lost the fire of youth, he learned to look with unwavering confidence upon the light that shone from the other side of the River.—When time had dimmed his vision to outward things, he saw by the eye of faith the Promised Land, and he knew he would soon walk with friends gone before in the green unfading fields. And when Winter covered the world with its frozen tears, the heart that waited long and meekly for the summons was hushed to everlasting silence; angels led him through the mystic gate, and welcomed his spirit to the happy shore, where life, sweet life, is his, and endless rest.

Advice to Young Men.
A lady who signs herself "A Martyr to Late Hours," offers the following sensible suggestions to young men:

"Dear gentlemen between the ages of 'eighteen and forty-five,' listen to a few words of gratuitous remarks. When you make a social call of an evening, on a young lady, go away at a reasonable hour. Say you come at eight o'clock, an hour and a half is certainly as long as the most fascinating of you in conversation can or ought to desire to use his 'charms.' Two hours, indeed, can be pleasantly spent with music, chess, or other games, to lend variety, provided you come early; but, kind sir, by no means stay longer. Make shorter calls and come oftener. A girl—that is, a sensible, true-hearted girl—will enjoy it better, and really value your acquaintance more.

"Just conceive the agony of a girl who, well knowing the feeling of father and mother upon the subject, bears the clock strike ten, and yet must sit on the edge of her chair, in mortal terror lest papa should put his oft repeated threats in execution—that of inviting the gentleman to breakfast. And we girls understand it all by experience, and know what it is to dread the prognostic of displeasure. In such cases a sigh of relief generally accompanies the closing of the door behind the gallant, and one can't get over the feeling of trouble till safe in the arms of Morpheus. Even then sometimes the dreams are troubled with some phantom of an angry father and distressed (for all parties,) mother, and all because a young man will make a longer call than he ought to.

Now, young gentlemen friends, I'll tell you what we girls will do. For an hour and a half we will be most irresistibly charming and fascinating. Then beware; monosyllable responses will be all you need expect; and if, when the limits shall have been passed, a startling query shall be heard coming down stairs, "Isn't it time to close up?" you must consider it righteous punishment, and taking your hat, depart, a sadder and it is to be hoped a wiser man. You need not get angry, but the next time you come, be careful to keep within just bounds. We want to rise early these pleasant mornings, and improve the 'shining hours;' but when forced to be up at such unreasonable hours at night, exhausted nature will speak, and as a natural consequence, with the utmost speed in dressing, we can barely get down to breakfast in time to escape a reprimand from papa, who don't believe in beaux, and a reproving glance from mamma. Now, young men, think about these things, and don't throw down your paper with a 'pahaw,' but—remember the safe side of ten."

Railroad Signals.
Those who travel on railroads, or who witness the movement of the trains, and the men who operate the roads, may desire to know the signals used everywhere on the roads. The signals are given by the whistle, by lanterns, flags and motion of the arms. Their signification is:

One whistle—Down brakes.
Two whistles—Of brakes.
Three whistles—Back up.
Continued whistle—Danger.
A rapid succession of short whistles is the cattle alarm, at which the brakes will always be put down.
A sweeping parting of hands on level of eye is the signal to go ahead.
A downward motion of one hand, with extended arm, to stop.
A beckoning motion of one hand, to back.
A lantern, raised and lowered vertically is a signal for starting.
When swung at right angles, or cross-wise the track, to stop.
When swung in a circle, back the train.
A red flag waved upon the track must be regarded as a signal of danger. So with other signals given with energy.
Hoisted at a station is a signal for a train to stop.
Stuck up by the roadside is a signal of danger on the track ahead.
Carried unfurled upon the engine is a warning that another train or engine is following.

Mrs. PARTINGTON thinks the bills before Congress must be counterfeited, or there would not be so much trouble to pass them.