NASHVILLE TRUE WHIG.

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H. K. WALKER, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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TUESDAY MORNING, SEPT. 25.

MUNICIPAL ELECTION.

(SATURDAY, Sept. 29th.)

AMERICAN TICKET.

FOR MAYOR.

ROBERT B. CASTLEMAN,

FOR ALDERMEN.

1st Ward.—TEMPLE O. HARRIS.
G. F. JONES.

2nd Ward.—DR. JOHN D. KELLY.
WM. A. GLENN.

3d Ward.—K. J. MORRIS.
ANDREW ANDERSON.

4th Ward.—JOHN. C. DARDEN.
JOHN F. MORGAN.

5th Ward.—DR. ROBERT MARTIN.
J. P. COLEMAN.

6th Ward.—A. L. DAVIS.
THOMAS W. CHILTON.

7th Ward.—W. W. GAVIN.
W. L. NANCE.

8th Ward.—JOHN H. BURKE.
JAMES HAYNIE.

The late E. P. McGinty, Esq.

Whether or not there be any thing peculiar in the mental constitution of the American, which enables him to meet and surmount difficulties in his pathway, seemingly insuperable, we know not, but we cannot be mistaken in the conclusion that a larger number of obscure American children attain the higher planes of human greatness than exists in the grand aggregate of all the other nations of the earth. The political philosopher accounts for the fact by supposing that the peculiarity of our institutions—opening up the road of preferment alike to all—would naturally secure such a result. But the political institutions of Great Britain keep as widely open every avenue to real greatness, for that idea of greatness which associates it with hereditary wealth or title, is a perverted one. The fact then, if admitted, is not to be explained by any peculiarity in our political institutions, for they are not peculiar in those points having any bearing upon the question. Nations, like individuals, have their spring time, their summer and decline. When budding into national importance, feeling the vigor and bouyancy of youth, and alive to the pospective glory towards which her impetuous blood is precipitating her, it is not strange that her children, however humble, should receive the impress of the circumstances which constantly surround them, and finally to individualize their nationality, and struggle for the plane of elevation towards which all things around and about them seem hastening. The most ungainly *physique* transplanted in the ranks of a well appointed soldiery, will immediately and instinctively struggle to bring his bearing into harmony with the rank and file, and finally secure a perfect rythm of military step in lieu of a hobbling locomotion. "'Tis *circumstances* shape our ends, rough-hew them as we may." There are some pictures that our mind delights to dwell upon, composed, indeed, of the poorest elements of individual history, yet constituting volumes in illustration of national progress. One of these pictures presents a wounded man, supported upon a poor old horse, by a companion on foot; behind these an humble woman on horseback, while the rear is brought up by a poor little boy, sick and in rags, and barely able to walk. It is a mother returning from the enemy's camp with her two sons, to her cabin in the wilderness. The next presents a solitary boy on foot, with a small bundle, and walking rapidly in the direction of the capital of his State. The last exhibits a young man, of thoughtful countenance, in his shirt and buckskin trowsers, holding his moving plough, and seemingly watching the pale, unproductive soil as it creeps lazily from the furrow. What a mighty history was in reserve for these three boys—Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay and Patrick Henry!—Their history is the history of an empire, springing from its nucleus upon the Atlantic slope to the far distant waters of the Pacific Ocean.

For more than twenty years, the people of Tennessee have been familiar with the name of E. P. McGINTY, Esq. First, as Editor of the *Chronicle* at Clarksville, and since 1849, as Editor of the *True Whig* of this city. As the conductor of a public journal his record is publicly made, and his memory must abide the result. It is a record which his friends will ever point to with pleasure, and which his political opponents may search in vain for an expression evincive of hate or malignity. He was a partisan editor, and claimed to be no more. In partisan conflict his voice was always heard at the head of the column, exciting and encouraging his comrades to press home the battle, and until victory perched upon one standard or the other, his proud spirit scorned sleep or inaction for a moment, but sought recreation in the most arduous labors of the camp. If required to express the most conspicuous element of his political character in a single sentence, we should say, "valorous caution." This it was that enabled him to enjoy a longer political life, blurred with fewer corrections, than perhaps any other editor whatever. Newspaper editing was with him a profession, and to become eminent in it he cultivated it with all the ardor of his nature. The most sensitive of men himself, he not only felt, but constantly cultivated the most christian charity for those who differed with him in religion or politics. The adroitness and ability with which he conducted the last canvass in this State, by far the most exciting since that of 1844, placed him beyond all controversy, in the very front rank of American editors. It was his last and greatest effort, and made under the pressure of physical disease and suffering that would have crushed a spirit less endowed with steadiness of purpose and fixed determination of will. In the heat of this conflict the brain seemed to be gradually absorbing the vitality of the entire organism—to become the grasping monopolist of its vital forces. A tuberculosis of the lungs, which a year before had brought him almost to the grave, became stationary, and then retrograded under the iron rule of the brain; and a stomach long enfeebled by dyspepsia was goaded into active digestion by the tyrant head, that it might be energized by nutrition for the accomplishment of impending labors. At the close of the campaign, when too late, the head sought rest. It no longer worked off the excitement it absorbed, and its accumulation resulted in deep congestion and coma, under which he gradually sunk.

Mr. McGINTY was born in Montgomery county, Tenn., on the 14th of September, 1817. His father was a very poor man, and determined, after the birth of his sixth child, to remove to Illinois, where he hoped the struggles for the maintenance of his large family would meet with a greater reward. A peculiarly sensitive man, his proud spirit chafed under accumulating difficulties, which the most manly efforts could neither remove nor palliate.—Shortly after his removal to Illinois, in a rude hut, constructed with his own hands, in the wilderness, he gave back his spirit to God.—The stricken mother and her orphans made their way back, as best they could, to their acquaintances in Tennessee. There were three sons and three daughters. Our subject was then in his eleventh year, and the principal charge of the family devolving upon him, he struggled manfully and heroically in the discharge of his onerous duties. He had enjoyed but poor school advantages prior to this event, and had not a moment to spare afterwards in a school-house. He loved his mother and sisters with his whole heart, and consecrated his life and energies to their service.—Two brothers and his devoted mother followed the father to Heaven, and upon our subject devolved the necessity of providing for himself and orphan sisters. We challenge the history of the world for an example of the magnanimity, heroism and success of this poor and friendless boy in the discharge of this sacred duty. Abject poverty not only menaced, but was upon them, while grim destitution howled fearfully in the distance. The great hearted little orphan placed each of the three sisters at board and at school, and undertook with the labor of his own hands to defray their expenses, and succeeded in accomplishing it. Having great energy and ingenuity, sharpened by necessity, he succeeded in a printing office in Russelville, Ky., in learning to set type so rapidly as almost from the very beginning, to earn money enough to keep his sisters at school. As his earnings increased, the sisters were afforded higher means of instruction. One was in the country at school, one at Clarksville, and one in the Female Academy of this city. The sisters, knowing that his toils and privations were the price of the advantages they enjoyed, implored him to take them from school, and let them labor in common with him, but in reply, he exhorted them, if they loved him, to attend to their studies, and in good time their Heavenly Father would bring about a happy reunion.

At about eighteen years of age he purchased the *Chronicle* press and immediately commenced editing the paper. He was sole compositor and pressman, as well as editor. In a few years afterwards, the education of his sisters being completed, the long hoped for reunion occurred. The eldest sister having married, they all occupied the same house, and a more happy and intelligent family did not exist anywhere. They were all deeply pious and members of the Methodist Church, and upon one occasion their Minister, being on a visit to them, was struck with the extraordinary happiness of the family, and remarked to Mr. McGINTY feelingly, that such a home in his estimation, was an approximation to paradise. "I have the three graces," replied Mr. M., pointing to his sisters.

It is unnecessary to say that so remarkable a boy must have been the son of a mother equally remarkable. Two anecdotes of her will sufficiently illustrate her character. We enquired of her accomplished daughter by what means her mother supported herself and orphans, upon her return to Tennessee from Illinois: "By *prayer* and constant labor," said she, "often have I been awakened in the dead hour of night by the hum of my mother's prayers, the joyful accompanyment of her needle." The father's cabin in Illinois stood within sight of the Ohio river. One night after his death, the little group of widow and children were suddenly alarmed by the approach of a noisy and drunken crew of a flat boat. The children screamed with terror, but the dignified matron, proud in her christian strength, met them at the yard fence and said to them calmly, "I am an unprotected lady and a christian." The poor fellows were instantly melted to tears, and on their knees implored her pardon, and then rising to leave, begged our little hero, who stood by his mother, to receive some small pieces of money.

Mr. McGINTY was for a single term a Representative of his county in the State Legislature. Of his bearing in that body we quote an eloquent account, written since his death, by the accomplished editor of the *Republican Banner* of this city:

> Our deceased friend and contemporary had been connected with the political press for many years, having wrought his way up from the humblest to the highest position. As Editor of the Clarksville *Chronicle*, his labors as a political writer first attracted attention. There was a fund of information, a clearness of reasoning, and vigor of style, even in his earlier efforts, that made him a "man of mark." After passing through numerous active campaigns as Editor of the *Chronicle*, he was selected in 1847 by the Whigs of Montgomery—a county containing an unsual proportion of men of talent and distinction as their candidate to represent the county in the lower branch of the General Assembly. He bore himself gallantly through the debates and excitements incident to the warm canvass of that memorable year, when the hosts of the whig and democratic parties were marshalled respectively under the lead of NEILL S. BROWN and AARON V. BROWN; and ready and efficient as he had proven himself with the pen, in the new and hitherto untried forum to which he was called, he developed, in a high degree, those qualities which form the elements of a popular orator. He was triumphantly elected. In the legislative hall, his fine practical talent made him a useful member. He was not of that order of legislators who are carried off by Utopain schemes. He had a ready and comprehensive perception of what was good and useful, and embraced it, not stopping to inquire whence it came. We doubt whether any question involving high moral obligations, or considerations of usefulness to the people of the State, found in him other than an honest and faithful adherent.

We have restrained ourself from dwelling upon the many virtues of this great and good man, believing, indeed, that a narrative far short of the whole truth, would be liable to thought the outpouring of the partiality of private friendship. Of his public career it was not so much our wish to speak. His able public cotemporaries will do that justice.—Our humbler aim was to show glimpses of the soul, magnanimity and heroism of his orphan boyhood, the joint effect of inherited honor and virtue, and the early lessons of piety absorbed from a mother's lips, always tremulous with prayer. His devotion to what he honestly conceived to be the best interest of his country, and the manly zeal and eloquence with which he defended it, excited our highest regard and admiration, but it was his private virtues which won our whole heart, and made it a very luxury to love him. Never have we known one so loveable and so beloved in the home circle. With wife, children, sisters and sisters-in-law, he was almost an idol.

The first week of his fatal illness was passed at his own residence in the city, while a sister-in-law was suffering under a fatal illness at her father's, two miles in the country. Learning by accident, how dangerously ill was his relative, ere his nurse could arrest him, he sprang out of bed, seated himself in a chair, and asked for his boots—"Her father and mother are exhausted with long watching," said he, "and I must go to their assistance."

While working for the support of his mother and sisters, immediatcly after his return to Tennessee, he was some twelve miles distant from them, but every Saturday evening he would walk "home" to spend the holy Sabbath in company with them. Often after so long a walk in summer, his feet would be blistered and swollen, and it was a happiness of his little sisters—remembered yet with joy—to bathe them until their little hearts were made to throb with ecstacy, upon his assurance that they had "made his feet as well as ever." We know full well what trifling elements of personal history are these viewed from a common stand-point of the world as such, but they are far dearer to the heart of the writer than trophies won in glorious war, though died in the blood of perrished heroes, or crown of holy with its "berries red," for the triumps of a genius legitimately the offspring of inspiration. Ah! these call not up in the heart's high and holy memory, kindred recollections, which stir up its fountains from their mighty depths, till all is peace, and love, and harmony within. Our friend was born poor, worked hard, lived hard, and died poor. But let no one suppose that he was consequently unhappy. We are acquainted with a number of very wealthy men, the aggregate of whose happiness during our acquaintance, would not equal the sum of McGINTY's for a single week. Why, he was a philosopher and a christian, and could not be unhappy. As the former, he expected but little, and was prepared for any conceivable reverse, while as the latter he was full of thanks and praises for what he had.

God had given him the best wife that ever blessed man, and two lovely children, with a father-in-law whose whole heart went out to him, and a mother-in-law, and sisters-in-law, who felt it a privilege to love him. And there were still his three sisters spared to him—"his sensitive sister, his beautiful sister, and his accomplished sister," as he playfully distinguished them while they lived together. Oh no, rich in grace, rich in love, and happy in the labor that earned the daily bread of himself and those he loved so well, it were a solecism in language to say that he was poor. When grace was darkened by an occasional cloud he would sometimes for a moment fear he might outlive his usefulness, or what of all horrors to his sensitive mind was the greatest, that he might eat bread earned by other hands than his own. God heard his prayer, and was good to him, and permitted him, though severely afflicted, to earn his support up to the hour of his fatal attack. And now, spirit of a just man made perfect, we will see thee no more in the flesh, and in sickness and pain; and while we know where thou art, and how hard it is to reach thee, we are not without hope in the world that we shall see thee face to face, and rejoice with thee over the redemption brought into the world by Jesus Christ, and that this rejoicing shall be forever and ever.

Meeting of the State Council.

The *Union and American* of Saturday morning, "put his foot in it" most ridiculously, by publishing the circular of the President of the State Council of the American Party, calling for a meeting of that body on the 8th. Our neighbor, no doubt, imagined that he had "found a mare's nest," sure. With what evident self-gratulation he exclaims:

> The Know Nothings *profess* that all the secresy is abolished. Why, then, is not notice of this meeting given in the newspapers? Why this secresy?

This terrible "secresy" will be the death of our neighbor, yet. He is a monomaniac upon the subject. He is opposed to all sorts of secrets, even family secrets. He opens his heart to everybody, and he who runs may read the contents thereof. And the secresy of this *circular* distressed him mightily. He hastened to divulge it. But, unfortunately, he was not in advance of its author. That gentleman, in accordance with a well settled purpose and the policy of the party, caused it to be published in the *Banner* on the same morning that it appeared in the *Union and American*. And thus all the *Union's* flourish of trumpets about "secresy" was a humbug.

The truth is, some wag belonging to the American party is constantly quizzing our neighbor of the *Union and American*. They got him terribly about this circular. Somebody must have told the editor of the *Union and American* the following "whopper," or he never would have put it in his paper, surely. No one would accuse *him* of making such a statement without authority:

> These Know Nothings who will come up here on the second Monday of October, will draw mileage and *per diem* pay, as regularly as will the members of the State Legislature.

We can tell our neighbor that there is not a word of truth in the above statement, and some incorrigible wag, taking advantage of his unsophisticated nature, has made him say things in his paper that he is obliged to crawfish from. He should publish the name of his informant. It is horrible to be so imposed upon. We are certain no man with any feelings would place an editor in such a ridiculous position. Neighbor resent it. Resent it, indignantly.

MARYLAND TOBACCO.—A correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, in Prince George's county, writes that the planters in that county are busy saving their tobacco. There will be an immense crop this year, and it requires all the force that can be had to collect it.

Correspondence of the Nashville True Whig.

Extracts from "Bob's Log Book."

ON BOARD S. B. SALLIE WEST,
Cumberland River, Sept. 12, 1855.

EDITOR TRUE WHIG:—Tuesday, in the "twinkling of an eye," my "duds," consisting of three shirts, were packed and safely deposited on the *Sallie West*, and about 6 o'clock I found myself snugly ensconced in No. 2, enroute for St. Louis.—Arriving early this morning at Vanleer's iron landing, known as Bettstown, we laid by and took on iron all day. About 12 o'clock we received an invitation, in company with the Captain, from the hand of *Davy*, one of Africa's oldest sons, and the proprietor of the ARCADE, to dine with him;—of course we accepted, and soon found ourself seated in one of the oldest and most antiquated log cabins on the Cumberland, with an abundance of squirel, served up in *Davy's* best style, spread before us. It was not only good, but excellent, and was relished far more than the many dainty dishes daily served up at the fashionable hotels. *Davy* stood by, and with a "gourd" would serve us alternately with water. We left this place about sundown, after putting on 150 tons pig iron. Arriving at Clarksville we added a lot of flour, destined for New Orleans, and other freight, to our list. Arriving at Canton, flour and tobacco, for New Orleans, were added to our load. Arriving at Tennessee Iron Works we increased our freight list some 30 or 40 tons, with manufactured iron, destined for St. Louis and Vicksburg. Arriving at Dycusburg in the night, we experienced disappointment and some difficulty from darkness; the "gas in the lamps" having gone out, made it difficult to find the city, and the rain during the day rendered the levee impassable for the shipment of freight, which had accumulated *largely*, amounting to about 300 sacks of wheat.—The keeper of the *Wood Yard* on the *Sallie* anticipating a run in business at this point made preparations accordingly, but on arriving no one coming aboard, he quietly replaced the corks and placidly remarked that he presumed the people "had all gone to the Theatre." We passed Smithland and Paducah about daylight, the former, what is left, is still at the mouth of the Cumberland, and is glorifying herself to think that the flat-boats loaded with salt and destined for Nashville, still stop there, while the latter is pressing forward to further importance.

On meeting the celebrated steamer *Jacob Hunter*, a serious accident happened—she got her whistle valve up and was unable to get it down—the result was total loss of all steam, and the pilot hand to land her. The only impediment in her speed she has to contend with is she has to stop to escape.

Sept. 14.—We arrived at Cairo early this morning, and remained some two hours in discharging freight. It has improved very much since last we saw it—still there is room for further improvement. The terminus and completion of the Illinois Central Railroad, (a fact which is not generally known,) at this point, has caused quite a stir among mechanics, and commotion in the speculative world. The facilities for re-shipment of freight at this point are good. Messrs. FOWLER & NORTON having the largest, new and complete wharf-boat on the Western waters, are prepared to accommodate the public in an admirable manner and at reasonable prices. We spent a few minutes "up in town," and the most notable feature we could see was the immense herd of cows perambulating the *streets, parks* and *avenues*, each one having a huge bell suspended from the neck, producing one of the most discordant sounds that ever fell upon the ears of mortal man. These bells we learn were introduced originally by the editor of the *Delta* for the purpose of forming a *brass* band for serenading, but the project, by consent of the original ameteurs—the *frogs*—having been discontinued, they are now used as a preventive to the great and prevailing complaint in that place—*Mosquitoe bills.*

Leaving Cairo for St. Louis early in the day, we took a seat in the pilot-house and looked at the river and adjacent country till we were tired—the former is devoid of beauty while the latter presents but one low monotonous appearance for many miles. The river is interspersed with islands, sand bars, snags and the fossil remains of steamboats; the channel constantly changing, thus rendering navigation difficult and dangerous, particularly at night. To give you some little idea of the rapid change in the channel, the following will serve to show—the steamer *Genoa* left St. Louis, June 26, 1855, loaded with government supplies for Fort Pierre. She arrived at Fort Leavenworth July 2nd—proceeded on her way the same day and reached Council Bluffs on the 7th. At this place she found the river falling very fast, and had her first "sparring" to do a few miles above Omaha, and as they passed this place a few days since, on their way down, they found a fine crop of grass growing on the same spot they sparred over going up, the channel having changed to the other side of the river during their absence.

From Cairo to St. Louis, on the Illinois side of the river, the most important towns are, Thebes, Liberty, Chester, Kaskaska, (a few miles from the river,) and Harrisonburg. Two or three fine flouring mills are situated at Chester. On the Missouri side, are Commerce, Cape Girardeau, Selma, and St. Genevie, the latter being about 65 miles below St. Louis, and at a point where the continuous high bank or bluffs commence on that side of the river, and which extend to the city. Many things of interest are to be seen on these bluffs, such as the relics of old shot towers, built at an early day, and placed on the highest point of a precipice, in order to get the "longest possible fall" for the melted lead in the manufacture of shot.

St. Genevie, though small, presents a fine appearance from the river, many of her colleges and public houses occupying prominent places, and situated on high and commanding sites. It is indeed, an important point—iron, lead, and marble, in large quantes, are readily obtained, of superior texture and quality, and shipped to various portions of the Union.

Cape Girardeau also stands deservedly high for her numerous colleges and schools, and fine flouring mills, though not a large place. Selma is a very important shipping point for a large scope of country contiguous thereto.

Before proceeding further, I wish to inform your readers, and the ardent admirers of the renowned and celebrated steamboat *Beauty*, as to her whereabouts. She is about 80 miles up the Merrimac river, "well conditioned and in good order," being high and dry, the river having suddenly dropped from under her. Her owners, I learn, have been making "a good thing of it" till their recent mishap in getting up too far in the woods.

We arrived in St. Louis proper on Saturday night about 8 o'clock, having "run in the suburbs" nearly one hour. On Sunday morning we sought out an old and intimate friend, Mr. L*****, under whose care we placed our self for the day. After morning service at his "favorite church" we took an omnibus for Bremen, thence to Hyde Park, a place of recreation and amusement. A great walking feat was on the topax at the Park, and drew, from the novelty or humbuggery of the thing, quite a large audience. The Park is a beautiful place and an indispensable "institution" to all cities. To us there was a novelty about it which was occasioned by seeing from two to three hundred men, women and children, quietly seated in different parts of the grove, all sucking "wine and lager beer" through straws. We looked upon the crowd for some time, which was continually on the increase and decrease, (from the great number coming and going,) and thought to ourself, this is indeed St. Louis, "in a sucking position." In the evening our guide conducted us through some of "his favorite streets," and pointed to our vision various signs which read as follows: "Bier Haus," "Ail Halle," "Bier Haul," &c., and finally landed us in what is known as the "Carr Place," another place of recreation, conducted in a different style from the Park, and of course to suit the tastes of a different class of people.

Wearied with the fatigues of the day, we retired at an early hour. About 12 o'clock we were awoke by the most acute pain we ever experienced, and hearing, as we imagined, the music of ten thousand bugles in the distance, we arose and struck a light to examine from whence the "noise and confusion" proceeded. Oh, horrible! Hot corn and cabbage sallad!! We found our room full of "Shanghai mosquitoes," carrying *straws* under their wings to "poke through the bars" and tickle humanity. We watched them awhile, and came to the conclusion that this was St. Louis "in a sucking position" No. 2. We armed ourself, opened the door, hoisted the window, and commenced a real Nebraska war, which soon caused peace and quiet to reign, and we again "turned in."

We arose early in the morning, and went through a portion of the business part of the city, and witnessed the opening of this great "bee hive" of industry and enterprise. Wending our way to the office of W. S. SWYMMER—who has one of the neatest and most systematic advertising and newspaper agency offices we have ever seen, an indispensable "Sebastopol" in all large cities—we placed ourself in his charge, and after procuring the necessary documents, we visited the great shot tower of Messrs. KENNETT, SIMONDS & Co., and the sugar refinery of BELCHER & BRO., the largest in the world. Arriving at the office of the establishment, we were placed under the guidance of Mr. WEYDEN, an attache of the mammoth concern, who took pleasure in showing and explaining the many and various processes which the sugar, in a liquid state, passes through. The establishment covers two and a half acres of ground; employs 300 hands; 100 tons of raw sugar per week is required at the refinery; consumes per day 1,150 bushels coal. This is not only a large, and one of the most important and valuable establishments in St. Louis, but is an independent "territory," the proprietors owning their own coal mines, gas works, work shops, &c. Establishments like this have great weight and force in communities, and always help to form the "backbone" of all cities. But to the "big shot tower," the one that has "swallowed all the little ones." It is situated near the refinery, the tower being about 170 feet high; we went on the top and took a look "at all creation" and a portion of Missouri and Illinois. They work in the tower 26 hands; consume from 300 to 400 pigs of lead per day; the melted lead falls 155 feet into a large cistern of water, from which it is taken and passed through various mechanical processes, before it is ready for bagging.

In St. Louis we had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of BEN. RUNNYAN, Esq., of the house of RUNNYAN, HILLMAN & BRO., proprietors of the justly celebrated Tennessee Iron Works. The iron wealth of Tennessee is immense, and her citizens engaged in the manufacture of it are establishing sale houses in every principal city in the South and West. The house of Runnyan, Hillman & Bro., of St. Louis, are doing an extensive business, having a large territory to operate in, and being represented in that city by BEN, whose courtesy and affability are only equalled by his business qualifications, cannot fail to reap a rich harvest for their energy and enterprise.

HOUSEMAN, SMITH & Co., extensive dealers in liquors, are doing a large business, having orders some three months ahead. Their various brands stand deservedly high in the South and West.

The building occupied by the Bank of Missouri, is an old fashioned stone house, presenting the appearance of a mouldy, greasy cheese, but *strong* and *sound* inside.

Capt. JAMES McCORD, our old and esteemed friend, and steamboat agent, who figured extensively a short time since in the Bluff City, occupies a prominent and conspicuous place in the "affections of the steamboat trade" of St. Louis. His buoyant step, keen piercing eye, (with a peculiar twitch,) appear to retain all the vigor and brightness of boyhood, though we confess we have serious forebodings as to the future, for in his present location there is a "heap of hemp." Our respects to the *madame*, Mac.

St. Louis is decidedly a great place—is the starting point, and tickets can be procured and baggage checked for almost any place "this side of sundown"—it is a place of business, rushing business, as any one will be convinced by visiting it. Her business men wield an immense capital, and we don't believe there is a city in the Union where they "come down to their work," and drive things equal to St. Louis. She has a levee of three miles in length, and to see one hundred steamboats in port at a time, loading and unloading, is no unusual thing. She has a large scope of country, rich and fertile, dependent on and paying tribute to the indomitable industry and enterprise of her citizens. To impede her progress, or stop her growth, would be like turning the turbid water of the Missouri from its natural course—therefore, we say, "let her went."

In this connection we would suggest to Nashville and the people of Tennessee the propriety of cultivating a more intimate acquaintance with our neighbors of St. Louis and Missouri, believing it would have a salutary effect upon trade, and be productive of much good to both parties. Two fine steamers, the *Sallie West* and *Alleonia*, plying regularly between Nashville and St. Louis, afford the best of accommodation for passengers and the trade. The *Sallie West* is in command of J. N. CORBITT, a gentleman whose close attention and affable deportment fitly become the station he fills with so much credit to himself and to the satisfaction of the traveling public. In the office will be found JNO. MORGAN SMITH, whose courteous bearing and merit, as a correct and efficient presiding officer at the desk, have always made him a favorite—"may his shadow never grow less." The *Sallie* spreads an excellent table—her officers throughout are kind, attentive, and accommodating, and the only regret to her passengers is, they arrive at their destination too soon, baring low water.

Yours pe rspiringly, BOB.

MARRIED—Sept. —1855, by Rev. Dr. Lapsley, Capt. JOSEPH C. LEAK, to MRS. MARY JANE CLINARD, all of Nashville.

On the 18th inst., at the residence of Isaac Paul, Esq., by the Rev. J. B. McFerrin, Mr. JNO. T. FLEMMING, of Williamson, to Miss ELIZABETH MALLORY, of this city.

On the 20th inst., by the Rev. J. B. McFerrin Mr. J. W. WILSON to MRS. CATHERINE S. SNOW, all of this city.

On Thursday, by the Rev. J. C. Provine. J. W. WALLACE, of this city, to Miss LOUISA McNISH, of Williamson.

In the above we recognize our estimable friend WALLACE, an attache of the post office in this city, whose pleasant countenance has often been seen at the delivery box, and to whose courtesy we stand indebted for many favors, the last of which, the best of all, being the token of the "binding of two willing hearts." May their days be long and happy—one continous sunshine. "Verily, verily, another jewel of 'old Williamson' has been captured."

MODERN MYSTERIES
Explained and Exposed.
TOON, NELSON CO. have just received—
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WE will open on Monday, 24th inst., the largest stock of CLOAKS, MANTILLAS, &c., &c., ever offered in this city. All persons wanting a nice article would do well to call, as our stock embraces every thing new, ranging in prices from $5 to $100. R. C. McNAIRY & CO.
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I WISH to buy six or eight good smooth young Negroes, from 16 to 20. Also, two good Carpenters and a Brick Mason. [sep21] REES W. PORTER.

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WE have received an assortment of new style FANCY FRENCH CASSEMERES, FANCY PLUSH VELVET and RICH SILK VESTINGS, for Fall and Winter wear, which we are prepared to make up to order in the latest styles. The inspection of our customers and the public is solicited. CLIFTON & ABBOTT,
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We are authorized to announce Mr. W. A. ROBINSON, of Wilson county, a candidate for Door Keeper to the next House of Representatives. sep8—td
We are authorized to announce WM. J. MALLORY, of Dickson county, a candidate for Principal Door Keeper to the next House of Representatives. sep8—td
We are authorized to announce SAM. D. NICHOL, of this city, a candidate for Engrossing Clerk of the Senate.
aug29—d4d

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