

THE CLARKSVILLE WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

R. W. THOMAS

VIRTUE AND INTELLIGENCE THE MEANS—GOOD GOVERNMENT THE END.

EDITOR

VOL. 6.

CLARKSVILLE TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, JULY 6, 1855.

NO. 36.

Business Cards.

JOB WORK!
WE are prepared to execute Job Work of every description, at this Office, with neatness and dispatch—and, therefore, ask a continuance of the custom that we have heretofore received.
January 1st, 1855

J. M. RICE,
Dealer in Staple & Fancy Dry Goods,
HATS, BONNETS, BOOTS, & SHOES, CHINA WARE, GILT SETS OF CHINA, 44 pieces, from \$12.50 to \$25.00.
No. 8 FRANKLIN ROW.

LADIES,
Your attention is particularly directed to my Stock of Dress Goods, Embroideries, Kid and Cloth Boots & Slippers, and China Ware, Gilt Sets of China, 44 pieces, from \$12.50 to \$25.00.
April 29, '54—14. J. M. RICE.

DR. J. H. PIERCE,
HAVING permanently located in this place, offers his professional services to the citizens and vicinity. Office on Strawberry Alley, opposite the Livery Stable.
June 8, 1855—3m

Humphreys & Beaumont,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
And collecting agents,
Clarksville Tennessee.
They will attend to business in all the Courts in this Judicial District.
Dec 22, '54—14

Quarles & Poindexter,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE.
Will practice in the Courts of Montgomery, Stewart, Robertson, Dixon & Hamilton counties Tenn., and of Christian county Ky.
Particular attention given to the collection of claims in any part of Middle Tennessee and the adjoining counties of Ky.
January 13th, '54—14

Kennedy & Glenn,
BANKERS AND EXCHANGE DEALERS,
Clarksville, Tennessee.
WILL buy and sell time and sight drafts, on all the principal cities—gold and silver, and on our own agency. Advances made on produce consigned to our correspondents at New Orleans and New York.
Office hours from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M.
January 13th, '54—14

DR. J. N. THURSTON,
OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Clarksville and vicinity. Office on Franklin Street between the residence of Wm. Brundage and Mrs. R. Thurston.

DR. Lev. Lindsay,
Clarksville Tenn.
OFFICE on Strawberry Alley, opposite to Court House.
Oct. 27, '54—14

P. J. YOUNG,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
(Opposite McClure, Roberts & Stackler.)
CLARKSVILLE TENN.
He solicits a share of the public patronage. All garments made up and finished to fit, in good style.
Nov. 3, '54—14

WELLS FOWLER offers to his friends and the public, on the cheapest possible terms, a new supply of Gold and Silver Watches—of all Jewels of every description, of the best materials, spectacles, &c.
N. B. I am also agent for A. W. Rapp's Patent scientific Nickel-Steel Pen.
WELLS FOWLER.
May 27—59—14

DR. JOHN E. DAINGERFIELD,
HAVING permanently located in Clarksville, offers his professional services to the citizens of Clarksville and vicinity. He may be found at present, at the Franklin House.
Dec 22, '54—14

SEAT & FARMAR,
(SUCCESSORS TO SMITH & SEAT.)
Dealers in Foreign and American Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes, Hardware & CUTLERY.
Coopers and Carpenters tools.
No. 3 Franklin Row Clarksville, Tennessee
Feb. 9, 1855—14

F. B. EVERETT,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
Fruiter & Confectioner,
CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE.
Franklin Street, next door to the Court House.
All orders accompanied with the CASH, punctually attended to.
April 27, 1855—14

O. S. SMITH,
Commission and Forwarding
AND—
TOBACCO SALESMAN,
Fire Proof Warehouse,
CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE.
Sale Days Tuesdays and Thursdays,
Feb. 9, 1855—14

Lard Oil! Lard Oil!
Families will find an excellent article of Lard Oil, for sale at
R. W. THOMAS, & CO.
April 13, '55—14

Zinc Paint.
30 Kops Pure French Zinc paint, far superior to White Lead, for sale by
R. W. THOMAS, & CO.
April 13, '55—14

Selected Poetry.

TO KATE.

BY EDNA CORA.

I love thee Kate, I love thee well,
Languor cannot impart,
The love that shall forever dwell
For thee within my heart.

When first we met, I loved thy face,
My heart went bounding free,
To clasp thee in my warm embrace,
And tell my love to thee.

I love thee, Kate, I'll ever bear
Thine image in my heart,
Time, change, nor absence cannot tear
Nor blight it from its rest.

I love thee! I'll love thee ever;
Naught on this side and,
That binds our hearts together
In friendship kind and true.

Dear Kate, when'er thy heart is sad,
And I will strive to make it glad,
And drive all care from thee.

Were you amid the lov'd and gay
You'd prize my friendship less,
But now, when friends are far away,
I'll ask the fond cares.

I know that lov'd one far apart
Are still to thee as dear,
I cannot ask thee all thy heart,
But oh, I beg a share.

Then "let my friendship in the wreath"
Around thy heart entwine,
And love for thee I'll ever breathe,
And wish each flower its kind.

The Factory Girl.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

In a sweet rural valley, nestled among the hills of old Massachusetts, stands a pleasant village with a picturesque mill-pond and factory. Three summers ago, this hamlet was the temporary residence of two young men, who were apparently artists, as their chief occupation seemed to consist in sketching the scenery of the neighborhood, which was celebrated for its beauty. Their arrival had created some stir among the villagers, for they had a certain elegance of manner, and were well-dressed up to, and many a pretty factory girl as she tripped to her work, cast a look over her shoulder, if she met either of the handsome strangers.

Though the society of the villages was unusually intelligent, and the females were remarkable for loveliness, there was one famed beyond all the rest, both in mind and person—sweet Edith Mather. She was an orphan, without sister or brother, and lived with an aged aunt whom she chiefly supported by her labor in the factory. Edith was popular with every one, she was so gentle and kind to even those who first envied, and then learned to love her. This young lady, at two artists, whom we shall call Lovell, soon became interested in this sweet creature, at least if looks, tones and constant seeking of her presence were any proof that he was thus interested.

One day as he and his friend climbed over some rocks on the steep hill side, from which the village was overlooked, and as they sat there, the bell of the factory rang, and the green was immediately covered with girls employed in winding their way thither after dinner. Among them it was easy to recognize the light and graceful form of Edith.

"Is she not beautiful?" Where can you show me a form so soft like!" asked Lovell, with undissimulated enthusiasm.

His companion made no reply for a moment, but the abruptly remarked—
"I think it is time we leave this village."

"Why?" asked Lovell with surprise.
"Because if we do not, you will have that girl in love with you. Your admiration is evident to all her friends, and you are too honorable to hold out hopes you never intend to fulfill."

"I do not intend to marry that girl, do you?"
"To be sure."

"The deuce you do," said his companion, starting to his feet in indignation.
Lovell indulged in a hearty laugh, and then asked "why not?"

"Why, for a thousand reasons. She is only a factory girl, a lady neither by birth nor education, but a simple lass, very good indeed in her way, only no match for Fred Lovell. Think of presenting her to your fashionable acquaintances in town! No—no, it will never do—shake off this love fit, pack up your trunk and let us be off in the morning."

Lovell shook his head.—"I am perhaps a little more romantic than you are Harry, but I have some common sense, and think I have brought it to bear upon this question. We have now been here a month, in which time I have become well acquainted with Edith. I left town heartily sick of frivolities, and with the fixed opinion that there is no woman in our set there, whom I would make my wife. The city girls are so frivolous, so fond of parties so eager for wealthy alliances and really ignorant of household affairs, that for a man to taste to marry one of them would be folly. I am not fond of gay life; I think it wastes too

much precious time; and I want, therefore, a wife who will be domestic, and not involve me in a round of balls, and other entertainments. I do not wish to be a hermit; a few friends are a great blessing, and I shall always be glad to gather around me a circle of the right kind; but promiscuous, fashionable visiting I detest. Now, I think I have found just the partner I require, in Miss Mather. She is well informed, agreeable, simple in her tastes, has sound sense, and what possesses a large share of personal beauty, and if I mistake not, the power of loving very deeply. If I marry her, and take her to the city, her intuitive tact—and she has this in a remarkable degree—will soon supply and deficiency in manner. In short, I do not know where I could make a better choice.

"How, when she has no accomplishments!"
"She can sing with unsought grace; and as for jibbering French, I don't know how that would make her better. She would soon learn too, with her quick parts. Besides, I learn more to have a wise useful informant, than to have one possessing only superficial accomplishments."

"But her family! Recollect that your grandfather was."

"And who was heret a worthy divine, poor I grant, but estimable. Besides, I am above the cant you talk of. If her parents had been honest, I would care little whether they were of royal blood or peasant extraction. I believe with Burns, that worth makes the man, and the only degradation that I acknowledge is that of crime."

"Well if you are resolved on it, I know enough of your obstinacy to say no more. But faith, Lovell, if you had a guardian and I were he, I would take you from this place tomorrow. You would think me for it when you recovered your senses."

The conversation here ceased; and directly the two friends returned their steps to the village.

The next morning Lovell's companion came down stairs attired for a journey.

"I am going back to town," he said, "for I am tired of ruralizing. The fit for that is over; and I am afraid, if I stay here, I shall be as foolish as you."

So the two friends parted, for Lovell remained behind; and in less than a week, it was known everywhere in the village that he and Edith were to be married.

"If you can content yourself with the precarious life of a poor artist," he said when he told his affection, "we may be happy."

Edith answered by a look of her bright eyes on her tender, confiding and elegant, that Lovell adored her more than ever.

In a fortnight they were married, when Lovell took his wife to see his relations, in the southern city where he was born. Edith's parting with her aunt was sorrowful, but she was in the expectation of speedily returning.

Arrived at Philadelphia, the carriage drove to a handsome residence in Walnut Street. It was evening, and Edith was dazzled by the glare of light that burst from the windows.

"This is the place," said Lovell, assisting his wife to alight, and almost carrying her into the superb parlor, with its Saxon carpet, and rich woodwork, costly curtains and gilded mirrors reaching from ceiling to floor.

"Where house is this? Have you relatives living here?" said Edith, surprised at so much magnificence.

"It was my house, is now yours, dearest," said her husband; "I am a poor artist, but a man rich in worldly goods, yet richest of all in you."

Three years have passed since then, and Edith has fulfilled all that her husband foretold her. She makes the best of wives, and is one of the most brilliant ornaments of the circle she moves in. Lovell's friend married a silly, fashionable woman, and no greater contrast in happiness exists than between those two former friends.

A handsome rural cottage, filled with all appliances of luxury, has been erected in Edith's native village, and thither, every summer, she and her husband repair to visit her aged aunt, who has been installed mistress of this pretty retreat.

CURRAN'S INDENTURE.—A farmer attending a fair with a hundred pounds in his pocket took the precaution of depositing it in the hands of the landlord of the public house at which he stopped. Having occasion for it shortly afterwards, he returned to inquire for payment. But the landlord, too deep for the countrymen, wondered what he meant, and was quite sure no such sum had ever been lodged in his hands; so he assumed rustic. After ineffectual appeals to the recollection, and finally to the honor of Bardsley, the farmer applied to Curran for advice.

"Have patience my friend," said the counsel "speak to the landlord civilly—tell him you have left your money with some other person. Take a friend with you and lodge with him another hundred in the presence of your friend and come to me."

He did so and returned to his legal friend.

"And now I can't see how I am going to be the better off for this, if I got my second hundred back again; but how is that to be done?"

"Go and ask him for it when he is alone, said the counsel.

"Aye sir, asking won't do, I'm afraid, without my witness, at any rate."

"Never mind, take my advice, said the counsel—do as I bid you, and return to me."

The farmer returned with his hundred, glad to find that safely in his possession.

"Now sir, I must be content, but I don't see I'm much better off."

"Well then said the counsel, 'now take your hundred with you, and ask the landlord for the hundred pounds your friend saw you leave with him.'"

We need not add that the wily landlord found he had been taken off his guard, which our honest friend returned to thank his counsel intelligently, with both hundred in his pocket.

NEW-YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

From the Chronicle
FRIDAY, JUNE 24, 1855.

The desire of the Allied Powers, in the European war, and especially of England, to conciliate the good will of our people from Russia, whether they are so disposed to see it, tend, has received more, and some rather ingenious, or embellishments recently. The Russian Government having promised, for the purpose, undoubtedly, of effect on the Americans, that the English Government had announced the principal stipulations of the previous year, that the actual first stipulations were, the First Lord of the Admiralty, in the House of Commons, and several Peers, in the House of Lords, on the 20th of the calendar, and some of the Americans, expressly, that the Government have no such design, and affirm, moreover, their full concurrence in the American principle that "free bottoms make free goods." What a change of position is this for the English ministry compared with the decisions of 1850-51! But what is particularly ingenious in the advances made for at least the moral alliance of this country, is the alleged interpretation of a fresh demand by the Western powers, as one of the conditions of peace, viz. the abolition of the Slave trade, and the cessation of the Slave trade, as lately asked by the United States. Now, although Russia is interested as well as England, or any other commercial power in the navigation of the Baltic, this is a matter of Danish revenue alone, and no especial concern of Russia. The United States preferred their demand to Denmark alone, who exacts the objectionable toll under her own statutes, and pockets all the proceeds. There is some thing very absurd in the movement of the Allies. Denmark has a sort of alliance with Russia for the management of their common concerns in the Baltic. Russia is to be forced into the support of the claim of Denmark, and thus brought into direct hostility with the commercial interests, and thus of the United States. Allies, in such enterprises as that of France and England, very often indulge in a quarrel among themselves. Many people have believed, in spite of the present wonderful entente cordiale between the ancient enemies, that occasion of dispute would ere long break out. The incipency of such misunderstanding already appears in the quarter where it was to be properly looked for—in Turkey—and among the diplomatics. By the intrigues of the French charge, M. Benedetti, the Turkish cabinet has been broken up and remodeled—Lord Stratford, the British minister, labors strenuously to effect the restoration of the displaced ministry, and loudly complains to his Government of the Frenchman's unbecoming conduct while the Emperor Napoleon roundly approves Benedetti's operations, and promotes him to a nominal embassy to Persia, without removing him from Constantinople. Let them quarrel as they will—it is all very interesting to poor Turkey, who will be still more gratified to read the semi-official proposition in the London Times, to take from her the principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia, which it was the pretended object of the war to secure to her, and to form them into a *Independent power!*

Notwithstanding the splendor of our grand Ocean Lines of Steamers, the profits they pay have much less brilliancy than those of many enterprises of less magnificence. The agents of the Collins line, as everybody knows, have for some years past been annually engaged in boring Congress for a magnificent charity, to enable the proprietors to keep their vessels above water. There are some persons, it is true, who consider the pretense a mere imposition upon the national pride of those guardians of the Republic's interests and honor, and ridicule the idea that shrewd men should condense such vast capital as that company has employed, in a losing business. It might be necessary to reply seriously to this argument, were there no other affairs in Ocean Steamshiping into which it is a good deal easier for people to enter than, being in, to get safely out again. There is no reason at all to doubt, taking all things into view, that of their own proper earnings, the Collins floating palaces have not been exceedingly good property, and that it is alone owing to the patriotic spirit, or the individual sympathy, or indifference as to the disposition of the public plunder, or the hope of a free passage to and from Europe, on the part of members of Congress, or to the general influence of good supports paid for by Collins, that the walking-beans of the Collins line are kept in motion.

The California line were at first exceedingly remunerative, and many suppose their fortunate proprietors to be still drawing in their golden harvest. But like everything pertaining to California, these steamers present two sides of singular contrast. One of these the public has before seen—the other was presented in the late annual report of the President of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. The report discloses the unpleasant fact that no dividend could well be made from the earnings of the year. A committee was therefore appointed to investigate the affairs of the Association, and see if the case was actually thus bad, and if so, why! and further, what should be done? The report of this committee was listened to by the stockholders, on Wednesday, and the very solemn denunciation of the President, were most solemnly confirmed. The

company was found to be indebted to the extent of \$1,500,000, and to have assets amounting to a few tens of thousands, the actual loss by depreciation of its stock amounting to \$400,000, the stock amounting at nearly four per cent. below its par value, (which is not an unimportant fact, as many other stocks have deservedly reached.) Sundry financial schemes for improving the state of affairs were recommended, and the proposed reorganization of the agency by Messrs. Howland & Aspinwall, who seem to be in the lead of the situation, also the sale of four steamers not required for the use of the company, also, that "strenuous efforts" be made to effect an amicable arrangement with the Nicaragua Transit Company, for the prevention of private competition. These measures are well understood, and will be adopted as a future meeting.

There is a class of men in this city who have very sharp teeth, and like the better kind of swindlers, are very apt to bite strangers. Every effort has been made, or is supposed to have been made, to stir the city of these dangerous animals known by the name—abolitionist to the ears of many who have been to New-York to see the caricatures,—"Peter Funks." Sometimes one of these speculators in rural simplicity and old brass, is brought up and made to discharge the mouthful he has taken out of the victim. But this is undoubtedly a rare case, or they would find no incitement to continue in the business, and run the hazards of law and personal revenge. Boys were at one time stationed in front of the most noted of the depots for this species of swindling, to waive off the uninitiated with large banners, decorated with black letters of warning. But the country people suppose the warning referred to the occupant of the City Hall, and to the policemen, who were the most Funks-looking persons they met. The terms of the auctioneers' licenses are now about expiring, and an effort is to be made to keep all the Funks from obtaining a renewal. But how is it to be proved who are, and who are not, of the Funks family, and where is the line to be drawn between the mock and the genuine in the auction business of this city? It is the order mainly of the Funks, occupying seven by nine rooms, and dealing in worthless watches, are to be abandoned the privilege of swindling the green ones!

"Sag Nichts"—Second Degree.

We gave the *essence* of this new order, composed of ultra Democratic foreigners and Catholics, and now we take from their ritual the "curse," as it is called, and which they all enter into, after this fashion:

"Another, you are now about to take upon yourself the obligation of the Second Degree of this Excommunicated and truly Catholic Order of S. Y. Nichts, commonly called 'Sag Nichts.' Place yourself in a situation to receive it—arms crossed upon your breast—eyes raised toward heaven. Repeat after me the obligation: I. A. B. (pronounce your proper name) pray that God may strike me with imbecility and madness when I cease to oppose Know Nothingism! May Heaven oppose when I will with its thunder when I cease to hate the order! May the anger of God, Peter and Paul, and of Washington, Jefferson and Jackson fall upon me in the way, and be my punishment to the next, if I cease to war upon this self-constituted American party! May this self-universo revolt against me, if I cease to be a regular contributing member of this Society! May the earth swallow me up alive, if I ever vote for a Whig or a Democrat who favors Know Nothingism! And may my posterity be banished, branded, and lashed by savages if I stay away from the ballot box on the day of an election, when a Know Nothing is a candidate!"

Now, this degree, more infamous than the bull of any Pope, is regularly being administered to natives of Tennessee, in the darkness of the night, and in the lodges of this infamous and anti-American order, in nearly all the towns in our State. They are in Knoxville, in a notorious, and now number about three hundred members, including foreigners and Catholics. They are a pretty set to talk about *secret political societies!* They are a pretty set to abuse the rights and obligations of the American party! Can the honest Democratic citizens of the country any longer act with a set of leaders who will clasp together after this style and fight their own, their native land? Will they? Can they not see that they are following a set of leaders who are as much as to say, as friends to the Christian religion and our free institutions, have no connection with a party that banded together with the outcasts of Europe to ruin our country.

In our next we will give the *Third Degree* and a further notice of this *Foreign Order*. We are posted up fully. Let them rant and swear and deny—we have their ritual, and no mistake!—*Knoxville Whig.*

A GAL'S WASTE.—A school boy "down east" who was noted among his play fellows for his frolics with his girls, was reading aloud in the Old Testament, when coming to the passage about the adulteress, he was asked by the pedagogue what it meant. The youngster paused—scratched his head—but could give no answer, when up jumped a precocious urchin and cried out, "I know what it means, master—it means hugging the girls, for Tom Ross is always hugging 'em around the waste, and it makes 'em as glad as can be."

"Better be out of the world than out of the fashion is a London saying. It has lately been imported into New York and several of our eastern cities, and rained many a fair family. This position is slowly creeping across the mountains and his fair to do its work of havoc in the west. Fashion is said by some to be that—we think ignorance is.

EMIGRATION.—It is calculated that the German emigration to the United States this year, according to the rate at which it is going on, will number about 170,000 souls, and that the British emigration to the same parts will number about 70,000 souls.

The Washington Union's Slavery Platform—Repealed and Denounced by the leading Democratic Journals of the South.

We cannot conscientiously comply with the Union and American's insidious suggestion that we should "pivot the whole" of the Washington Union's article on "The Democratic Position on the Slavery Question." This would be occupying too much space with an article which even the Union and American does not regard as worth endorsing, though it comes from the National organ of the Pierce administration. The following paragraph will serve as an ample specimen, at once of its justification and its injury:

"If we are right in assuming that the North and the South can agree harmoniously on the abstract subject of slavery, it follows that there can be no such things as national parties, except upon the basis of a *positive* exclusion of the subject from their political creeds. No mathematical proposition is more true than that the only basis of party organization is an agreement among those who enter into it upon the subjects which they recognize as belonging to its creed. They may differ as widely as is possible as to all subjects not embraced by their party creed, but to be harmonious in their organization they must have common sentiments, and some degree of common belief; they must agree upon the proposition that no party embracing members of the North and the South can be national or harmonious in its organization which does not exclude the question of slavery from its creed. If Northern men insist upon engaging upon their party creed the doctrine that slavery is morally and politically right, they thereby cut off Northern men from political association with the South. The necessary result is that, without toleration of differences of opinion as to the abstract question of slavery, parties are necessarily sectional and cannot possibly be national."

Mark how the *Union and American* in one breath of the "abstract" subject of slavery, and in the next proposes the "positive" exclusion of the subject (the "abstract") is not the "entire" subject of slavery from political party creeds. Again, it proposes, in broad, unqualified language, to "exclude the question of SLAVERY from any political party creed, and attempt to sustain the proposition upon the ground of necessity. In the language of the Washington (Democratic) Sentinel, "if the Union wishes to speak plainly and intelligibly, why does it not do so? It is cursed with a defective utterance. Can it not say that black is black, and white is white?" In these three times slavery is too delicate and too vital a subject to be sported with. There should be no riddles and ambiguities about it. "If the organ has no tongue, let it be dumb. If it has, let it speak plainly on this, the *first* question of the day, or be *condemned!*" But enough on this head. Let us see what leading southern Democratic journals who are not afraid to speak out, say of the Washington Union's article. We quote first from the Richmond Enquirer, which the Nashville Union and American endorsed a few days since, as "the first Democratic paper in the Union." The Enquirer, referring to the Union's article, says:

"But we have no patience with a doctrine like this. We shall not undertake to set forth plainly and argumentatively the monstrous nature of this new canon of Democratic faith. To the South nothing could be more dangerous or repulsive—Neutrality as a policy! To be neutral on the slave question at this crisis of public affairs is to be hostile to the South. Hence in the Union is like that of the Saviour in Judaea. Whoever is not with her is against her. There is no half-way ground between the South and abolitionism—between the Constitution and its assailants. The one great question of the Republic, absorbing all others, testing the complexion of parties, the integrity of the Constitution, the inviolability of the law, and the continuance of the Union, is this: Shall we have no principles as a national party, and set to work to question the national party, absorbing, over-shadowing question of nationality, is a mockery of political honesty. To have no principles on that question, is to be devoid of all principles whatever, even the principles of the law and of justice. Abolitionism wants its Higher Law and assails the national Constitution with feudal blasphemy and venom. The Democracy stands firmly by the Constitution, and the rights of the South. Hence in the Union is like that of the Saviour in Judaea. Whoever is not with her is against her. There is no half-way ground between the South and abolitionism—between the Constitution and its assailants. The one great question of the Republic, absorbing all others, testing the complexion of parties, the integrity of the Constitution, the inviolability of the law, and the continuance of the Union, is this: Shall we have no principles as a national party, and set to work to question the national party, absorbing, over-shadowing question of nationality, is a mockery of political honesty. 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