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LIFE ASSURANCE.

BY JOHN NEAL.

"Ah! is that you?—how do you feel?—how's the weather?"

"Ugh—ugh! a damp cold day my love—ugh!"

"A what! stopping on her way toward him, with outstretched arms, and a look of sorrowful astonishment."

"Well—what's the matter now?"

"Oh, Charles!" laying her little, soft plump hand, upon his arm, with a sweet smile, and shaking her loose hair and prettily-turned head at him, so piteously—"you needn't laugh, you brute you; it would have brought the tears into your eyes—Oh Charles, what did you promise me?"

"Promise you!—When?—Where?"

"When we were married, Charles."

"Upon my word, I've forgotten—what was it?"

"Oh Charles!" and her large dreaming eyes filled with tears, and she turned away from the offered kiss.

"What was it, Jenny?"—kicking off his boots and fumbling about for his slippers, and talking all the time as fast as he could—

"The old galloway!—that's the way with every thing now, upside down, or wrong end first; never get a pair of slippers, but they're inside out, or belong to somebody else—there now! But you haven't answered me, love—what was it I promised you at the time of our marriage? Really now—what was it Jenny?—to love, honor and obey?"

"That was too much—much too much!"—and the young wife hid her face in her perfumed handkerchief and wept aloud.

Whereupon her dutiful and loving husband fetched a long breath, flung off his coat, slipped into a dressing gown, and went softly up to her, and sat down upon the sofa, and tried to pull her into his lap.

But she only threw the louder—turning away her sweet lips, and refusing to be comforted; and when he would have put his arm round her waist, or toyed with her little dainty hand, as of yore, instead of jumping up with a cry of transport, as in duty bound, or dropping a low courtesy, or whispering thank ye, sir, she only pouted, and flung away from him and went and buried herself in the farthest corner of the farthest couch in the room—pulling a shawl over her face and drawing herself up and turning her back to him, as much as to say—*now for it—I'll see!*

Whereupon, your Charles, who had been rather inclined to a fit of the sulks himself, when he first entered the room, began to think that—*perhaps*—and here one little foot, after struggling through the security drapery of shawl and flounce, began swinging to and fro, with such a tantalizing uncertainty of purpose, that the poor fellow couldn't sit still—*perhaps*—something might have happened; and having been solemnly cautioned over and over again, by nobody knows how many well-wishers of the family, to say nothing of his mother-in-law, never to thwart his young wife, lest he might have cause to be sorry for it the longest day he had to live—no matter why—he determined to gulp down the rising bitterness of his heart, and have another pull at the soothing system. But no—the more he tried—the more she wouldn't be comforted. The dear child was in its bridal trappings—and lying flat on her face, with her head buried in the pillows of a low deep couch, and a magnificent shawl wrapped round her—and growing worse and worse every moment.

Well! thought her husband—there must be something to pay; and I'd give a trifle to know what. "Jenn!—Jenn dear!"

At this moment, the bell rang, and before Jenny could right herself, or get up a decent excuse for flushed cheeks, and red eyes, and a rumpled dress—the door opened slowly, and in walked very slowly no less a personage than uncle Joe—a bachelor uncle, stout and free spoken—stately and testy—upon whom all the hopes of all the family were fixed.

"Halloo!—hoity-toity—what's in the wind now?" sung out uncle Joe, as he saw the lady of the house hurrying off at one door, while he entered at the other. "Ain't ye ashamed o' yourselves!—here Charles, here!—you great lubber, you! Haven't ye been married long enough to behave like a man—hey?—tut, tut, tut! Come here Jenny! What are you afraid of?—Oh—ho I see—crying, boy? Well, well

that's some comfort. Had enough o' billing and cooing—hey?"

"Take a chair, uncle!" too be sure I will. Just thought of it—pretty time o' day. What the plague have you been quarreling about?"

"Quarreling, uncle?"

"Quarreling—yes, to be sure—quarreling! pulling hair. Can't I see? Don't I know? Haven't you been married well on to a twelve month—hey?" setting down his huge knotted cane, as if he meant to force it through the floor, and pulling out a large gold snuff-box from his broad-flapped waistcoat-pocket and scattering the rappee right and left over the rich carpet, as he continued—"Come, come, now—none o' that, if you please. Here you, Jenny—stand up there, and take your fingers out of your mouth—and you, you great booby!—what are you grinning at? Look me in the face now, both of you, what in the plague, were you quarreling about?"

No answer.

Uncle Joe fetched a stamp that shook the whole house.

"What!—ashamed to tell, hey? Pretty fellow for a husband, ain't you?"

Here Charles looked at Jenny.

"And you, jade—pretty fellow for a wife, ain't you?"

Here Jenny looked at Charles.

"That such children should dare to get married! Upon my life I wouldn't trust either of you with a rag baby."

Here both looked at uncle Joe—and after two or three wry faces, all three burst out a laughing together.

And then the glorious old fellow, who was a bit of a humorist in his way, and very fond of mischief, giving Jenny a pinch, and Charles a wink, which brought the color into her cheeks, and made him look like a simpleton, flung himself back into an old fashioned arm-chair they had just been patching at considerable expense, out of the small saving of the husband as a writer in some office, and upsetting a fancy table with a lamp on it that was never lighted, and a quantity of old china of no earthly use, fell a laughing and with all his might, and kept on—and on—as if he would never stop, till the chair creaked and trembled in every joint, and the poor wife looked at her husband in dismay, expecting every moment to see his dear old good-for-nothing uncle Joe, pitching head foremost among the glittering fragments of her china, or sprawl in at his whole length upon the floor.

And then there was a lull—and then another boisterous outbreak; and then there was a little playful questioning, and then it turned out that the marriage promise referred to by the wife, was about swearing; and that when the husband came into the room and she asked him about the weather, and he answered, a little pettishly perhaps, that it was a *damp cold day*, she had mistaken what he had said for something very naughty—very naughty indeed; and when she reminded him of the promise made to her literally on her marriage day, and not before, in the season of courtship—and she found not only that he had forgotten that promise, but that he was inclined to just wish it, and turn the whole off with a laugh—no wonder she had a swelling of the heart, and lost her patience and threw herself upon her face and wrapped herself up in whatever happened to be nearest—and forgot her feet, and her husband.

This affair settled, and another long and hearty laugh—another yet, and yet another being over—uncle Joe turned suddenly upon his nephew and asked him, with the look of a thoughtful man of business, if he had made up his mind to insure.

The nephew seemed puzzled for a moment—and then he answered—no. He liked the plan—but really—uncle Joe must excuse him.

"But uncle Joe wont excuse you. You have no right to run such risks. What is to become of your wife and children—if you should have any, and happen to die in hurry, as young men always do?"

Here Jenny caught her husband's hands between her's, and sat gazing into his eyes, with a look of unutterable tenderness—"Don't uncle, don't! I can't bear it!" she whispered.

"Hold your tongue child—you're a goose. You don't know what you're talking about. I want Charles to insure his life—it's all the property he's got, or is likely to have."

"Life—property—I don't understand you, uncle Joe."

"I dare say not. Allow me to make myself clear. People insure their ships, and houses, and profits—and leave what is more valuable to themselves, to their families, and to their creditors, uninsured—that is their lives. Life is not only property, but always the best property a man has—will not a man give all that he has for his life?"

"Yes, uncle—but to assure one's life seems to me to be wicked, uncle Joe, our

life is in the hands of our Maker—and it is for him to assure it."

"Nonsense, are not our ships and houses in the hands of our Maker? Our crops? our health? our happiness? why not leave him to take the whole care of these of our hand? why, now? why reap? why take medicine? why provide for the morrow? why for our families?"

"I see, uncle—you do not mean to prevent death, by insuring against death."

"Certainly not, when we insure a ship, we don't say that she cannot go to the bottom, we only say, that if she does, we'll pay for her, and the owner shall not go to the bottom with her, a ruined and discouraged man. So with fire, we don't say, that if you insure, houses wont burn, but simply, that if they do burn we will pay for them, and save the owners from ruin. So—by insuring life, we do not mean to say that men shall not die—but only that when they die, their families shall not die with them, or be scattered to the four winds of heaven, or starve and rot in cellars and work-houses; that accomplished women shall not be turned adrift upon the world; or helpless children be smitten at once with bereavement and poverty."

"Yes uncle Joe, but—"

"But what, sir?"

"I haven't had time to think of it."

"A fiddlerstick's end, yes, you have; how much time do you want? Thinking is no use, I tell you, unless you have something at your elbow to answer your questions. You cannot even hope to understand the whole system, as I do, unless you give a month at least to the subject. Of course, therefore, if you were to put it off for a twelve-month, you would be just where you are now. No, no, Charles, decide as you may, when you may, still you must depend upon somebody you have confidence in; just as we do upon a doctor. You take his drugs, every day, without understanding why or wherefore. Now, in one word, I tell you to insure. I say it is your duty."

"But how am I to pay the premium?"

"Judge. You are young and in good health! Let me see, twenty-five last October. For one hundred dollars a year, you can be certain of leaving behind you, to your wife and children, Charles; think of that, my boy, to your wife and children, five thousand dollars, cash, die when you will, to-morrow if you like; and the longer you live, the larger the sum will be, unless you withdraw the profits; so that if you live to the average length of life at your age, and allow these profits to accumulate, you will leave not five thousand, but fifteen or sixteen thousand dollars to your family."

"Bravo! but how am I to pay the hundred dollars a year?"

"Nothing easier. Pay one-quarter cash, and the other three quarters at the end of the year, giving a good note on interest."

"But if I should not be able to pay the note at the end of the year?"

"Then pay what you can, interest if nothing more, and renew for the balance."

"And if I die, what becomes of the note?"

"It is deducted from the sum total due you on the books, made up of premiums, earnings and profits divided yearly, and about ten per cent a year."

"And if I pay up every year?"

"Then you receive certificates of stock, bearing six per cent interest; upon which certificates the company are bound to loan you 66 2-3 per cent, in cash, whenever you need it, whether to pay your premiums, if a change of circumstances should occur, to educate your children, to provide for your family, or for yourself."

"I'll do it, uncle!"

"Don't, Charles, don't!" whispered his young wife.

"And why not pray? If Charles will take my advice, he would never consult you—what do women know about such things?"

"Much, dear uncle—much more than you, old bachelors, ever give them credit for."

"Hold your tongue Jenny. Do as I bid you. You must insure his life—and then happen what may, the money will belong to you, and to your children—there, there don't make a fool of yourself. You must be looking for children—it is your duty—else what do you marry for? And it is your duty to provide for them too."

"But uncle—thoughtfully—how can this belong to a wife and to her children, if the husband and father is in debt?"

"Well done, my girl! Now I've some hope of you. You are not the simpleton I took you for—not by any means, and therefore I must answer you. The law is beginning to look upon the wife as a partner in business with her husband. She stays at home and takes care of the household—the children—the servants, and saves all she can. She has her little earnings and savings, and the law allows her to put them by in this way, and in no other, to

the amount of three hundred dollars a year."

"Ah I see—but—"

"But what?"

"But a wife may have so much to gain by the death of her husband—smiling faintly, but with tears in her beautiful eyes—that—perhaps—in some cases—she might not watch over him so faithfully, as she ought—"

"Poh!"

"And if she did," continued the niece—"and if she did, how many there are who might charge her with neglecting her husband upon a death-bed—and here she began to sob, as if her very heart would break."

"Really, you have done it, now! Why not be afraid of growing rich? or of being suspected in the same way with a rich husband? No, no, Jenny! A woman has always more to lose than to gain by the death of a husband, however wealthy he may leave her. But—*perhaps*—I have wasted time enough with you on this subject; and I say that you have no more right to risk your life a single day, without insurance, if you were over head and ears in debt. Good night—God bless you!—Good bye."

And the next moment uncle Joe had vanished. For a full half hour, not a loud word was spoken. The young wife and young husband sat holding each other by the hands—thinking what might be hereafter—and breathing low and trembling with every change of color and every change of thought.

At last the husband spoke. "Well Jenny," said he, "what do you say now?"

"Just what I said before, Charles—I am not convinced. We cannot well spare the money now—we have hardly enough to get along with decently. A part of our house, you know, is unfurnished; and we ought to have something put by—dear Charles, don't you think so?" and a large tear fell upon the hand she was holding to her lips—and her husband drew her up to his heart, and kissed her with more than the warmth of a bridegroom.

"True, dearest—very true. For whatever happens, we must be prepared and provided."

"And then, too, dear Charles," continued the wife, sobbing, "what is the need of anybody insuring with your expectations?"

"We cannot hope to die together, my love."

"No, Charles—but happen what may, we shall be provided for, and so—and so, faltering, and hiding her face in her husband's bosom, and whispering just above her breath—and so will our dear children, if it should please our Heavenly Father to grant us children."

"Perhaps—"

"Perhaps, Charles. Your uncle is rich, and so is my father."

"True. But both are in business; and business-men, you know, are always in the way of terrible vicissitudes."

"But you are young and healthy—and oh, I cannot but believe, with a long life before you."

"Tears! Nay, my dear girl—think no more of this matter. Let us talk no more of it—be cheerful and trusting, and whether I live or die, it shall not be my fault if to the bitterness of death and the bereavements of widowhood there should be added the trials and temptations, the sorrow and abasement of poverty."

"What do you mean, Charles—you'll break my heart, if you keep talking so. A plague on this life insurance, I say—I shall never hear the last of it, I am sure, now that Uncle Joe has taken it up!"

"Assurance, my love—not insurance."

"Assurance! Well—it never entered my head before, that you wanted assurance."

"Not so bad! Kiss me—and then, if you have no other engagement and nothing better to do—and will promise to be have well, you may go to bed with me."

"Impertinence!"

Five years after this, Charles Hardy went into business with his father-in-law, and within eight years both failed. Uncle Joe married the mistress of a boarding-house, with a large family, and died, leaving his whole property to her; and not enough to his nephew to pay for the china he broke on the evening he spent there, laboring with him to get his life insured.

Soon after the failure, and while poor Hardy was trying to compound with his creditors, most of whom were disposed, not only to forgive him his debts, but even to help him forward again, for the sake of his dear little family, while others were unrelenting and merciless, not only withholding their sympathy but charging him with rashness and folly, and even his blessing with extravagance—the hardest thing poor Charles had to bear throughout all his trials; and just when he began to hold up his head and look about him, and feel encouraged—often lamenting that he had not followed the advice of uncle Joe,

and put something by for a rainy day, which no mortal could touch, but his wife and her children, and as often declaring that, if his mind was relieved from that anxiety he should be happy—and then the eyes of his wife would glisten, and she would bid him be of good cheer, since he had health and character and experience and a family left, the best capital for beginning the world with. Just at this time, he was brought home speechless, over anxiety of mind had been too much for him—he could neither eat nor sleep; and after a long patient uncomplaining struggle with the cares and miseries that beset him—a struggle of which his poor wife knew nothing till long afterwards—his constitution gave way all at once, and he fell from his chair at the desk of a wealthy merchant, who, knowing his worth and deceived by the resignation and cheerfulness of the poor fellow, believed he was preparing him with certainty for a sphere of great usefulness—while he was dying by inches in his very presence.

The poor wife met the bearers of her husband at the door, without a cry or a tear. The children gathered about him—but even their wailings did not disturb him, and for many a long and weary day there was no hope—none whatever; but one evening, late in the summer, as he lay there with his lighted eyes fixed upon the open window—gasping for breath and evidently struggling with some great change at work within him—he turned suddenly toward his wife, and knew her, and pressed her hand between both of his, and then—while her heart was brimming with terror and joy, fearing that every breath would be his last, and full of thankfulness that reason had been vouchsafed to him to know his dear children, and their mother once more—he lifted his thin hand towards the Western sky, and whispered "oh, that we might all go together!"

And there was nothing to be heard in reply, but the humble breathings of a broken-hearted wife, repeating the same prayer; and the sobs of little children waiting to take leave of their dying father.

"If I could only be certain, my dear wife," he added after a short pause, "could I only be satisfied that you and the children were provided for—that you were beyond the reach of want, I should die happy; but there!—it's no use talking; I might have foreseen all this; I might have provided for it; and if I had done so, not only would it have made you and the dear children happy—but I in my heart believe—"

"Happy—oh Charles!"

"As happy, I mean as you could be, after we had been separated by death—at any rate your loss would not have been trebled to you as it must be now—but I declare I don't know what I was going to say—ah—it was this—Had I done my duty, love, when it was very easy to do it, I should not only die happy now, but as I am a living man, I do believe it would have lengthened my own life—restored me to health perhaps. Ah!—why do you withdraw your hand?—why leave me at a moment like this! Merciful Heaven what's the matter with her! Run, children, run!"

The poor wife, who had been sitting by the side of her dying husband, with his head gathered to her bosom, smoothing his damp hair, and sobbing over his thin transparent hands, started up and sprang through the half open door; and after a few moments, they heard a drawer open and shut violently in the next room—the sharp rustling of paper—hurried footsteps and cries—and before they knew which way to turn, she came back trembling and weeping to the bedside of the poor sufferer, and pressing her damp lips to his forehead she whispered to him to be of good cheer—to be comforted—and when he started up and gazed into her eyes with speechless terror, she told him that God had heard his prayer, and that his little ones and their mother were all provided for.

"Provided for!—how!—when!—where! what has happened?" cried the husband, trying to lift himself up, and gazing at her with a bewildered look, and gasping for breath. "Oh speak to me—let me be sure that I have understood you, and the I am ready and willing to die, still, as God is my judge, I believe it would bring me back to life again."

The poor wife answered not a word, but she fell upon her knees with a cry of joy and thankfulness, and her three children knelt with her, while from her uplifted hand fluttered a paper which her dying husband was just able to make out the meaning of. It was a life policy for five thousand dollars, taken out twelve years before in the name of the wife, and was now worth, after deducting the sums lent to her by the office to pay the yearly premiums with, and keep her sick husband after his failure, over eight thousand dollars. These were the savings of a prudent and thrifty housekeeper in the season of prosperity, when two dollars a week put aside

for the purpose became the seed of a rich or harvest than her husband had ever hoped for in the days of commercial change and overthrew. For a while she had forgotten the policy, believing it could be of no use to her or to the children till after the death of her husband; but when she discovered that, owing to a beneficial provision of the charter which entitled her to borrow back two-thirds of the whole amount she had paid in, together with two-thirds of all the profits she was entitled to, she bestirred herself and prevented the forfeiture, and now, when there was no other help—no other hope under heaven—and the partner of her youth was dying of anxiety about his wife and his little ones! they were provided for—the broken heart healed—and the active man of business restored to usefulness; and all by the forecast of a young and fashionable, and up to a certain time, a frivolous and thoughtless woman.

P. S. Go thou and do likewise.

For the Chronicle

THE LOST ONE.

BY CLEO.

A little child was sporting upon the ocean strand. No mother's eye was watching to lead a helping hand.

When lo! a smiling sea-nymph arose from out the sea, she laid her hand on the child's knee, and to the pretty childling she sang enchantingly:

"Come into the sea my cherub boy, and back to the light of eternal day! From the dreary abodes of sorrow come to the secret caves of my ocean home! I will bear thee away in the deep, deep sea, where the coral groves shimmer wave over thee. There are gems and bright jewels no mortal hath seen, and pearls and shells with their silvery sheen. All these glittering treasures thy toils shall be, if thou'lt come to my bright fairy home in the sea, and with threads of bright amber, entwined in thy hair.

The sea humming-birds all around thee shall sing, and the fishes shall sport with their myriads of fin. When darkness envelops all the land with her sheet, the moon-fish and star-fishes, light up the deep; in that fair lower sky no clouds and no night; but unfading refuges of phosphoric light. The vermilion coquette and the band-fish are seen. With the many striped limpets of purple and green. All around and above thee shall gladden thy sight. Till thy soul overflows with ecstatic delight. Then come into the sea, my cherub boy, and back in the light of eternal joy!"

Thus thus the siren lured him, with more than mortal charms, and he sank into her arms. And heading 'neath the water, he sank into her arms. She bore him in silence, down in the deep, deep sea.

And bid him low and lifelike beneath a coral tree, and bid him tremble falling, where once was home, held mirth, and love, and joy, and peace. But tears can never, never, restore the lost to earth. Thus sang the siren Pleasure, with never faltering breath;

And thus the loved and beautiful girl goes to rest, less dead, but living, in the sea.

CLARKSVILLE, November, 1857.

DEMOCRATIC FRAUDS IN MINNESOTA.

The pseudo Democracy, true to their principles, or, more properly speaking, their lack of principles, have penetrated the most outrageous frauds in the elections recently held in Kansas and Minnesota. Those in Minnesota were especially enormous and flagitious. In the remote counties of that State the Indians were plied with whisky by Government officials and others on the day of election and set to voting the Democratic ticket; starved but Irishmen were placed on circuits and paid (with proceeds of the Port Snelling swindle, doubtless) to canvass half a dozen precincts and vote at each; returns were openly manufactured; and finally Pembina county with a voting population of less than one hundred, has brought in six hundred Democratic majorities.

This Pembina is a section of wilderness about two hundred miles square, containing two settlements and a white population of about 100. The towns are Pembina and St. Joseph. They are inhabited almost exclusively by Indians and half-breeds, who receive regular payments of money from the United States, and are therefore incapable of voting. That the Pembina returns are wholly fraudulent no one in Minnesota has the face to deny.

The Minnesota News, of the 20th, has the following concerning the tremendous vote of Pembina:

"Returns have just been received from Pembina by the St. Anthony agent of the Chippewa voters, which indicate a majority of 600 for Mr. Sibley in Pembina. What is it understood that these were polled by about 35 men, with the assistance of four or five hundred Indians, who 'rushed' to the fight, the brilliant triumph of the breach-floist Democracy will stand forth in all its sublimity."

One hundred Indians, wearing their blankets at the time, voted on the Winnebago Reservation the Democratic ticket. One hundred and ten did vote, but the agent thought this was rather steep; so he took ten tickets out of the box and crossed the same number of names from the list—

LOU JOUR.

SICK OF THE ADMINISTRATION.

A large proportion of the Southern Democracy, we are assured by Democrats themselves, are already sick of the Administration. The double dealings of the President and the course of Walker in Kansas have excited the indignation and disgust of all true Southern men. But the Whigs, during the canvass last fall, foretold what has happened, and are therefore not to blame for the South having been again deceived by a "Northern man with Southern principles." Read the following from the New Orleans Delta, a Democratic paper, and a vigorous supporter of the election of Buchanan as President.

"The truth is, the Southern people—the place hunters and politicians—are already sick of the Administration. Elevated as Mr. Buchanan was to the Presidency by the South, he has signally failed to meet its wants and wishes. On the contrary, his persistence in the unrighteous policy inaugurated by Walker in Kansas, has well nigh annihilated what little popularity he possessed among Southern men. Never a favorite in this section—regarded by the ardent hearts of our people as a selfish, strait-laced and New Englandish politician and not a statesman—Mr. Buchanan was simply the choice of evil. The South voted for him in order to put down the Black Republican candidate. That is all."

"The 'evils of the Administration' at the South, and to whom the Executive alludes, are enemies of Mr. Buchanan's own creation. Had he pursued a cautious policy, and refrained from any attempt to drive Slavery from Kansas—had he acknowledged his obligations to the South for the great honor conferred upon him in placing him in the Executive chair; by steadfastly adhering to non-intervention, but few of such 'evils' as perplex and confuse our very disinterested and profoundly patriotic cotemporary, would be seen. The President has brought about being all the obstacles of which the Enquirer now complains."

"What is the result of the interference of Mr. Buchanan, through his agents, in the affairs of the people of Kansas? What has his violation of the doctrine of non-intervention effected? Look at it, people of the South, and say if there was no cause for opposition to the Kansas policy of the President. The telegraph announces that the Black Republicans will, it is estimated, have a decided majority in the Kansas Territorial Legislature. Will we blame? Surely, the President and his Satrap; and such anti-Southern journals as the Washington Union and the Richmond Enquirer."

"Yet, in view of all this, we find these papers, with an audacity truly amazing, bitterly denouncing all these big, true, chivalrous hearts, that stoop for the South in her hour of prosperity and in days of tribulation. With what scorn should we look down upon this social and political Judas Iscariotism we need not tell the patriot."

The Chicago Tribune says of him in that and other sections:

For present delivery, \$4.75 a \$5.25 gross, is paid for hogs in this market, though no contracts for November delivery have been made recent; and should money matters grow no better, not over \$5.00 net is likely to be paid during the packing season. At Burlington, Iowa, we learn that \$1.50 gross, only is now paid, which would be \$4.25 net; and at this rate could be delivered here at about \$5.00 net.

"Dred Poon!" As if anybody could die rich, and in that act of dying, did not lose the grasp upon title, deed and bond, and go away a pauper, out of time! No gold, no jewels, no lands or tenements! And yet men have been buried by charity's hand who did die rich; died worth a thousand thoughts of beauty, a thousand pleasant memories, a thousand hopes restored.

George Washington Parke Curtis, the grandson of the wife of Gen. George Washington, and the last survivor of that family circle of Mount Vernon, died at his residence, at Alexandria, Alexandria County, October 10th.

Ten names of 55,000 of those who served in the Revolution have been placed on the pension rolls since the 1st of March, 1848, and now there are but about three hundred of this number reported living.

Ten Hon. Louis McLane died in Baltimore, Oct. 9th. He was born in Sussex Co., Kent county, Delaware, May 23, 1784.

Over nine thousand locomotives are now running on railroads of the United States.

The amount in the Treasury subject to draft, is \$12,896,831.

The Capitol at Washington originally cost \$3,000,000; the extension will cost \$7,000,000 more.