

## Clarksville Chronicle.

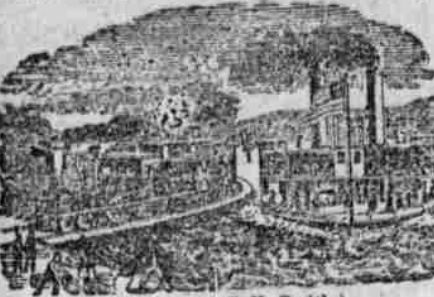
Printed Weekly, on a double-medium sheet every Friday morning, by  
**NEBLETT & GRANT,**  
Publishers and Proprietors.

TERMS: \$2 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.			
FOR ONE SQUARE OF TWELVE LINES OR LESS.			
One insertion	\$1 00	Two months	\$4 50
Two insertions	1 50	Three months	5 00
Three insertions	2 00	Six months	9 00
One month	2 50	Twelve months	15 00

## Business Cards.

## J. P. WILLIAMS,



(Successor to C. H. Smith.)

Receiving, Forwarding and Commission Merchant,

CORNER OF FRONT & MAIN STS.

Clarksville, - - Tennessee.

Prompt attention paid to the Storage and Sale of Tobacco and all kinds of produce.

Nov. 2, '60-ly

GEO. PEGRAM, JOSHUA COBB,

St. Louis, Clarksville, Tenn.

PEGRAM & COBB,

Commission Merchants,

Corner of Main and Plum streets,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

J. COBB & CO.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

We solicit orders for the purchase of Flour, Corn, Bacon, &c., and will give prompt attention to executing same.

Clarksville, Sept. 1, '60-6m

J. H. JOHNSON,

Attorney at Law,

OFFICE OF STRAWBERRY ALLEY,

Adjoining the Court-house, CLARKSVILLE, TE.

Oct. 8, '60-ly

B. A. ROGERS,

Attorney at Law,

Office on Strawberry Alley,

Clarksville, Tennessee.

Wm attend promptly to the collection of all claims entrusted to his care.

Feb. 17, 1860-M.

DR. J. M. PIRTLE.

CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE.

OFFICE and residence, corner Main and Fourth Streets, opposite Cumberland Presbyterian Church.

February 1, 1861-ly.

S. S. WILLIAMS,

AGENT

Southern Express Company,

CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

Office - Same building occupied by him as an Insurance Office, North-West Corner of Public Square, near Moore's Hotel.

Goods, Packages, Money and Valuables forwarded to and from all parts of the United States and Europe.

Oct. 19, 1860-1 year.

Tennessee Marine and Fire Insurance Company.

Capital \$150,000--All paid in.

AGENCY, CLARKSVILLE AT THE NORTHERN BANK.

Risks taken on Dwellings, Factories, and other houses. Goods in store, against loss or damage by fire. Also re-insure against the dangers of the river.

JOHN M. HILL, DIRECTOR.

John M. Hill, Thomas Vaulx,

James Correy, Joseph Anderson,

G. M. Fogg, James Ellis,

Alex. Allen, N. E. Alloway,

R. H. Gardner, Henry Blood,

S. S. Williams, President.

A. W. Butler, Sec'y.

Nov. 12, '60-ly

Notice to Builders!

The undersigned, having now on hand a large quantity of

GOOD BRICK,

and being prepared to manufacture them as fast as may be required, proposes to undertake contracts for any description of brick buildings in the city of Clarksville or vicinity. He will engage to do work at the lowest established prices, in the very best manner, and promptly and expeditiously.

GEO. L. MARR.

Jan. 11, 1861-1f.

G. A. Ligon & Co.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

Confectionaries, Cigars, &c., &c.,

CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

ALL orders from a distance (accompanied with the cash) will be met punctually and upon very reasonable terms.

Nov. 27, '60-ly

C. H. BELL, M. D.

(Late Physician Bellevue Hospital, New York City.)

Residence - Moore's Hotel, Clarksville.

Affections of the Throat and Lungs are permanently cured, except in the last stages of Consumption. Diseases of the Nervous System, Stomach and Bowels, Liver, Skin, etc., will receive the most careful and judicious attention.

All operations upon the Eye and Ear, whether for deformity or disease, performed to the satisfaction of the patient.

Dr. B. will not answer calls for general practice except in special cases.

Satisfactory references furnished when required.

Feb. 15, 1861-1y

## CLOUDS.

Tis of a rather pleasant night,  
Not many days reversing,  
When academic halls were light,  
That I am now rehearsing.

I know that night there was to be  
Some wondrous sweet concerting;  
And they who went I thought might see  
A deal that was diverting.

So, with the thought, I donned my best,  
And looking quite the stranger,  
I wandered there among the rest,  
Not dreaming any danger.

The fair ones there were out in force,  
The music was entrancing,  
And I, where beauty was of course,  
Kept up a sort of glancing.

Alas! In glancing thro' that Hall,  
I saw one face too many!  
Which, counting roses, pearls and all,  
Was ne'er surpassed by any.

Yet still, I might forget these pearls,  
The cheek with roses glowing;  
But ah! those sunny, clustering curls,  
That round her neck were flowing!

'Twas by their charm, that laughing face,  
My vision first enchanted,  
By their well-remembered grace,  
My fancy still is haunted.

O, sweet, indeed is music's swell,  
When wrought by lips of beauty;  
But gazing where those ringlets fell,  
My ears forgot their duty!

The "Poet's dream" and Norma's strain,  
The merry "Land of Dixie,"  
Tho' sung in music's richest vein,  
No longer could transfix me.

Nor could I see the beauties rare,  
So thick around me shining;  
For sight itself was centered there,  
Where those soft curls were twining.

And should these verses meet the eyes  
Of any one that knows her,  
Oh! tell her only half the sighs  
She's cost the poor composer!

Then she, of rosy cheeks and pearls,  
May give unto my keeping  
Just one of her brightest peerless curls,  
To stay my weary weeping.

DAMON.

March 1st, 1861.

LOOK TO THE LIGHT.

A Story for the Times.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

He is a poor creature indeed who has not the element of hope in his character; who cannot keep his eyes on the light, and trust to its guidance, even in darkness and storm. What ship could come to its destined haven in safety, if the pilot, terrified by the tempest-shock, and the raging of billows, should lose faith in all human effort, turn his eyes away from the light hung high for his direction, and let his weak hands part from the wheel?

No—no. We must look to the light, and bear steadily and bravely onwards, no matter how dark and stormy it may be. Providence does not act for us, blindly and arbitrarily, but with us, in our earnest efforts to do the best we can. If we fail to plant good seed in our ground, God's sun and rain will not bring us a rich harvest; or, if planting good seed, we neglect its culture, when the green blade appears we must not hope for well filled barns in the autumn time. How, then, can we expect to reach the haven towards which we are steering, if we do not fix our eyes on the light, and hold the wheel firmly, though it should be dark and stormy?

"Fleetwood is in trouble again," said one friend to another.

"What's the matter now?" was asked.

"Hartley's failure has seriously involved him."

"I'm sorry for that."

"So am I; for he is so easily disheartened."

"He is seriously involved, you say?"

"So he stated to me."

"When?"

"I saw him about an hour ago."

"Have you spoken of this to any besides myself?"

"I believe not. I mentioned the fact to you, because of the interest you have always manifested in Fleetwood."

"Did he seem greatly disheartened?"

"Yes. He talked of giving up, if there is any chance of bringing the ship safely into port. Don't speak of this thing any further. It will only make his position more difficult. I will see him at once and make an effort to inspire him. One failure in our midst is enough; we must not have two or three more. The effect on credit is bad. If Fleetwood goes under, some one of his creditors may get disheartened, and, abandoning the helm, lose his good ship also. While there is life there is hope, as the doctors affirm. I must see Fleetwood without delay."

The last speaker, who was a merchant, went immediately to the store of Mr. Fleetwood. He found a number of customers in; one or two of them, good cash buyers from the country, as he happened to know. These were in the hands of clerks. At his desk, away in the back part of the store, sat Mr. Fleetwood, by himself.

"Good day," said the visitor, as he reached the desk at which the merchant was sitting.

Mr. Fleetwood looked at him through woe-begone eyes, without speaking.

"What's the matter?" was asked.

"Haven't you heard the news?"

"What news? No one dead I hope."

"Of Hartley's failure."

"Oh! yes, that's a town talk."

"And mine will soon be, also."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm on his paper for fifteen thousand dollars."

"Well, suppose you are!"

"Suppose I am? Suppose you were?"

Mr. Fleetwood showed a little irritation.

"I wouldn't put on a sad face about it, and talk of giving up. Just so long as my ship was off the breakers, I'd keep her off, if strong hands and skill in navigation were of any avail. I'd look right away from the seething danger, out into the clear sea, and head that way. I'd take counsel of hope—not of despair."

"It's easy to talk," said Mr. Fleetwood. "Easier than to work, I know. But that doesn't take away the obligation to work. If all men sat down in despondency at the sight of difficulties, who could accomplish anything in the world?"

"I can't stand up under the blow, and its no use for me to try. Every man knows his own strength, and I know mine," said the despondent merchant.

"That's just where you are in error. Every man doesn't know his own strength—as you, for instance, don't know yours. If the oak didn't react on the tempest, it would go crashing down at the first strong shock. It is in trial and difficulty that true power is developed. You may need just the discipline this trial will afford, to give hardness and enduring strength for some other effort in which large success is involved."

"You don't know anything about it," replied Mr. Fleetwood, gloomily.

"I can tell you what I do know," said the friendly merchant, in a tone of reproach. "Say on," was the half-dogged response.

"That you are even now neglecting one of the means of extrication which Providence has brought to your hands."

"You speak positively."

"Because I know what I am saying—Here you sit in idle despondency, while your store is full of customers, who are trusted to clerks, not one of them half as competent to sell as you are. I saw two good cash buyers from the country as I came in, and I'll warrant a sale of two or three hundred to each if you take them in hand yourself. If you do not, their purchases may not reach fifty dollars. Is this the way to take care of your own interests and the interests of your creditors? I think not. Look at the bright, hopeful side, Mr. Fleetwood. Be up and doing!"

At all times in a man's life, the time of difficulty is the one in which he should be most active and efficient.

On this hint Mr. Fleetwood left his desk, and went in among the customers who had come to his store. The friendly merchant who had called to help him, if that were possible, took a newspaper and sat down to wait the result of the first effort of Mr. Fleetwood to move in the right direction. He waited for over an hour before he was disengaged. By the expression of his countenance, as he came back to where he was sitting, the friend saw that Mr. Fleetwood was in a better state of mind.

"Did you sell them anything?" he asked.

"Yes."

"How much?"

"Between two and three hundred to one, and over four hundred to the other."

The tone of voice and expression of Mr. Fleetwood's face were altogether changed.

"Cash?"

"Yes."

"So much towards making up your loss by Hartley's failure?"

Mr. Fleetwood's countenance fell instantly, and he replied:

"The profit on these sales is only a drop in the bucket. A hundred dollars, or a hundred and fifty at most, bear no hopeful relation to fifty thousand."

"See here, friend Fleetwood," said the merchant, laying his hand on his arm, and speaking earnestly. "If you are a wise man you will look to the daylight side of the sky. Turn your eyes away from that part of the horizon where the sun went down, and fix them on the East. You'll see the dawn uplifting already."

"But I'm not worth fifteen thousand dollars, all told."

"Fah! Don't look in that direction so determinately. Fifteen thousand, remember, is your demand against assets, not liabilities. You only reach fifty cents on the dollar, which is very low, but sinks to seven thousand five hundred at once. If they should be seventy-five cents, which is more likely, your loss will be under four thousand dollars. Now, are you ready to go into bankruptcy—be thrown on your back, with little chance of ever getting on your feet again—because of a loss like this?"

"But you forget, my friend," answered Mr. Fleetwood, "that I shall have to foot up the whole of this large sum as the notes mature, and wait for six months, or a year perhaps, for my dividend. Now, it is simply impossible for me to do that. I can't add fifteen thousand to my payments in the next four months, and go through. The position is hopeless."

"It certainly will help you so give it out. Tell everybody that you can't get through, and the thing is settled. But, resolve to go through, if energy, wise forecast and persistence will carry you to a safe result, and the chances are ten to one in your favor. All men fall, at some time in life, to positions of eminent danger, so to speak. But only the brave, resolute ones, who fix their eyes on the light and take courage, pass the difficulty unhurt. Let me ask a question: Who knows the extent to which you are involved with Hartley?"

"For one yet, but yourself and Mr. W."

"Then let it go no farther, or your credit will suffer. That seriously damaged, the way before you becomes doubly difficult. Wheeler mentioned what you said to me. I cautioned him, and came to you at once. You can see the importance of being guarded."

"O yes, I think of getting through."

"You are a fool of nothing else."

"But what can I do? This load will crush me just so surely as I attempt to carry it."

"Very well. In that case you will have no regrets for want of effort. But, in the name of all manliness, don't let everything be surely lost for lack of courage. Now, in order to show you a glimmer of light in the East, I will inform you that I hold two

of the notes with your endorsement. I received them from Hartley. They can be extended, with such a reduction as may be desired, at maturity."

"Generously offered, and I thank you! A friend in need is truly a friend indeed," Mr. Fleetwood's face lighted up suddenly.

"Be brave, resolute, hopeful, and friends will come to your aid. Self-help and mutual help are near of kin, and often walk hand in hand. Look, then, to the light, and take courage. A hundred ways open from every difficult position in which a man may happen to fall—if he fall innocently—and only they who shut their eyes and sit idly despondent, fail to see and use them."

In the face of such encouragement and remonstrance, Mr. Fleetwood could not give up in the first struggle. He turned his face to the light, and tried to see hopeful signs in the East. Soon the morning star came out, and lay like a jewel on the sky; then broke faintly the aurora dawn; and then the sun approached the upper sky.

"How are things now, Mr. Fleetwood?" asked the judicious friend who had steadily kept him looking to the light, amid all discouragements. This was after four months of hard work, in the embarrassed position the failure of Hartley had occasioned.

"Brighter," was the reply.

"I'm pleased to hear you say so. You have all those endorsements cut off the way or the paper so arranged as not to be felt as oppressive."

"Yes, and something better than this to tell you."

"There was a settlement made yesterday with Hartley's creditors."

"Ah! Or what basis?"

"Eighty cents to the dollar—four, six, nine and twelve months—good endorsed paper."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. So I shall only lose about three thousand dollars after all."

"You'll lose nothing, in my opinion," said the friendly merchant, "but actually come out the gainer."

"I would like to have that demonstrated," said Mr. Fleetwood.

"The demonstration is easy," replied the other. "Your profits this year, in consequence of extra effort and more intelligent devotion to business, will, I doubt not, make up the loss by Hartley. Your trouble spurred you to a new activity. You gained vantage ground, and if you hold it, as you may, you will be a richer man, and what is better, a stronger, more self-reliant man in time to come. But just look for a moment at the other side, Mr. Fleetwood. Suppose you had weakly given up, and—"

"No, no!" interposed Mr. Fleetwood. "I don't want to look at the other side. I know very well how it would have been. But everything did look so hopeless that I don't wonder I was discouraged."

To struggle with the odds that I saw opposed to me, looked little less than blind folly."

"The lesson is, therefore, of higher import," was answered, "and should serve you for encouragement in all circumstances of trouble that may come in after life. Never take counsel of despondency, but always of hope. Never look at the gloom, but always the bright side of things. From the danger that appals and enervates, turn away the eyes, and fix them on the means of safety that give courage and strength. This is the only way in which men who fall into trouble reach the port of extrication. The cowardly and inactive lie in the ditch where they sink, or under the ruin that crushes them down, but the brave and energetic are quickly on their feet again, moving steadily towards the goal of success, or, with busy hands, laying the foundation for another temple."

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The following characteristic lines from the fertile brain of the illustrious Saxe, are applicable to more than one person or locality. Few of the follies of the present age have escaped his trenchant blade.

## THE BLARNEY STONE.

In Blarney Castle, on a crumbling tower,  
There lies a stone, (above your ready reach),  
Which to the lips imparts 'tis said, the power  
Of facile falsehood, and persuasive speech;  
And hence, of once who talks in such a tone,  
The peasants say, 'He's kissed the Blarney Stone!'

Thus, when I see some flippant tourist swell,  
With accents wrested from an Emperor,  
And hear him rant his bravado, and tell  
How once he snubbed a Marquis; I infer  
The man came back—if but the truth was known—  
By way of Cork, and kissed the Blarney Stone!

So, when I hear a shallow dandy boast,  
(In the long ear that marks a brother dance)  
What precious favors ladies' lips have lost,  
And how he has been called upon to dance,  
The fellow's lying; that the dog alone  
(Enough for him) has kissed the Blarney Stone!

When some fine lady—ready to defame  
An absent beauty, with a sweet grace—  
With seeming rapture greets a hated name,  
And lauds her rival to her wondering face;  
Even clearly herself must freely own  
Some wicket, too, have kissed the Blarney Stone!

When sleek attorneys, whose seductive tongues,  
Smooth with the unctious of a golden flow,  
Breathe forth huge falsehoods from capacious lungs,  
(The words are JUVENAL'S) 'tis plain to see  
A lawyer's genius isn't all his own;  
The specious rogue has kissed the Blarney Stone!

When the pale pastor from his flustering flock,  
Withholds the Bread of Life—the Gospel news—  
To give them dainty words, lest he should shock  
The fragile fabric of the paying pew;  
Who but must feel, the man, to Grace unknown,  
Has kissed—not Calvary—but the Blarney Stone!

When the great pastor from his flustering flock,  
Withholds the Bread of Life—the Gospel news—  
To give them dainty words, lest he should shock  
The fragile fabric of the paying pew;  
Who but must feel, the man, to Grace unknown,  
Has kissed—not