

## Clarksville Chronicle.

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NEBLETT & GRANT,  
Publishers and Proprietors.

TERMS: \$2 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

FOR ONE SQUARE OF TWELVE LINES OR LESS.

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## Business Cards.

J. P. WILLIAMS,



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, 1861

G. A. Ligon & Co.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Confectioneries, Cigars, &c., &c.,

CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

ALL orders from a distance (accompanied with the cash) will be most punctually and upon very reasonable terms.  
Nov. 27, '61-ly

DR. J. M. PIRTLE.

CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE.

OFFICE: Residence, corner Main and Fourth

streets, opposite Cumberland Presbyterian Church.

February 1, 1861-ly.

B. A. ROGERS,

Attorney at Law,

Office on Franklin Street,

Clarksville, Tennessee.

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

J. J. CRUSMAN, C. MITCHELL,

CRUSMAN & MITCHELL,

(Successors to)

CRUSMAN & JOHNSON,

WHOLESALE and RETAIL GROCERS,

And Commission Merchants,

Franklin Street, Clarksville, Tennessee.

TERMS - CASH.

Feb. 22, 1860-ly.

C. H. SMITH,

Tobacco Factor, and General

COMMISSION MERCHANT,

NO. 128 COMMON STREET,

NEW ORLEANS.

The most particular and careful attention will be given to the sale of all descriptions of Western

produce, to filling orders and forwarding merchandise.

All property consigned to me will be covered by

my open policy of insurance, unless specified otherwise in the bill of lading accompanying it.

Nov. 9, '60-ly

J. H. JOHNSON,

Attorney at Law,

OFFICE ON FRANKLIN STREET,

Clarksville, Tennessee.

Adjoining the Court-houses, CLARKSVILLE, TE.

Oct. 5, 1861-ly

T. D. LEONARD,

REAL ESTATE AGENT

And

AUCTIONEER!

Office, head of the Square,

CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

June 7, 1861-ly

DR. W. M. FINLEY,

Office over Simpson & Price's,

FRANKLIN STREET,

Residence Corner of Madison and 3d Streets.

March 22, 1861-3mo.

JEWELRY!

WATCHES.

DIAMONDS.

SILVER WARE.

PLATED WARE.

FANCY GOODS.

CLOCKS.

Fine Table Cutlery, &c.

HAVING recently returned from the Eastern cities with a full and well selected stock, purchased on first hands thereby saving the dealers' profit, we are enabled to offer our goods at

WHOLESALE and RETAIL

At New-York Prices!

Our PLATED WARE we sell at Manufacturers' List Prices.

Jobbing promptly attended to.

Call at the sign of the Big Watch, Public Square

G. E. COOKE,

Clarksville, Tenn., Oct. 19, 1860-ly

TO FARMERS.

5,000 BUSHELS RUSH POTATOES

1,000 BUSHELS ONIONS

WANTED.

For which I will pay the highest market price in cash.

G. A. ROTH,

Sept. 27, 1861-3 mos.

FOUND!

A Lady's Hair Brush-Pin, which the owner can give, by proving property and paying for this advertisement.

Apply to McFARLEY & BELL,

Oct. 18, '61-ly

## The Song of the Camp.

A CRIMINAL INCIDENT.

BY HAZARD TAYLOR.

The subject of this beautiful poem—for it is a poem in the fullest sense and meaning of the term—was written by Hazard Taylor while the forces of Schuylkill were beleaguered by the allied armies. To a full understanding and appreciation of it, let it be remembered that "Annie Laurie" is the song of the British camp, and wherever there is a British regiment—whether in Canada or India, England or China—whenever the simple Scotch air that accompanies it

Maxwell's banks are bonny,  
When early falls the dew;  
And 'twas there that Annie Laurie  
Gave me her promise true—  
Gave me her promise true,  
And never forget will I  
But for bonny Annie Laurie  
I'll lay me down and die.

is struck up, the heart and voice of every soldier responds as promptly as would their hands if the order was given to charge the enemy.

## The Incident.

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,  
The other trenches glancing;  
When the heated guns of the camps allied  
Grew weary with bombardment.

The dark Redan, in silent scorn,  
Lay grim and threatening, under;  
And the heavy mound of the Malakoff  
No longer braved its thunder.

There was a pause. The guardman said:  
We storm the forts to-morrow;  
Sing while we may, another day  
May bring enough of sorrow.

They lay along the battery's side,  
Below the smoking cannon;  
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,  
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;  
Forgot was Britain's glory;  
Each heart recalled a different name,  
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voices after voices caught up the song,  
Until its tender passion  
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong—  
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dare not speak,  
Yet, as the song grew louder,  
Something upon the soldier's cheek  
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned  
The bloody sunset's embers;  
While the crimson valleys learned  
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell  
Rained on the Russian quarters,  
With screams of shot and burst of shell,  
And bellying of the mortars.

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim  
For a singer dumb and gory;  
And English Mary mourns for him  
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Ah, soldiers! to your honored rest,  
Your truth and valor bearing;  
The bravest are the tenderest—  
The loving are the daring.

THRILLING SKETCH.

Alexander Dumas has been furnishing

sensation items for Russia, of which the

following is a specimen:

We left the room with a turnkey behind us,

and walked on until we found ourselves

opposite the prison. The latter opened its

door, and lighted a lantern. We followed.

We went down ten steps, passed a

row of dungeons, but did not stop. We

went down five more, and then stopped at

the one marked No. 11. He gave a silent

signal; it seemed as if in this abode of the

dead, he had lost the power of speech.

There was at this time a frost of at least

twenty degrees outside. At the depth

which we found ourselves it was mingled

with a damp which penetrated to the bone;

my narrow was frozen, and yet I wiped the

perspiration from my brow. The door was

opened and we went down six damp and

slippery steps, and found ourselves in a

dungeon of about six feet square. I fancied

in the light of the lantern that I saw a

human form moving in it. The Governor

remained on the last step, and said to the

prisoner:

"Rise and dress yourself."

I had a curiosity to know to whom this

order was addressed.

"Turn on the light," said I to the jailer.

I then saw a thin and pallid old man rise

up. He had evidently been immured in

this dungeon in the same clothes he had on

when arrested, but they had fallen off by

piecemeal, and he was only dressed in a

ragged pelisse. Through the rag could be

seen his naked, bony shivering body. Perhaps

this body had been covered with

splendid garments; perhaps ribbons of the

most noble order had once crossed his

panting chest. At present he was only a

living skeleton, that had lost rank, dignity,

and even name, and was called No. 11. He

rose and wrapped himself in the fragments

of his ragged pelisse, without uttering a

complaint. His body was bowed

down, conquered by prison damp, time, or

it might be, hunger. His eye was haughty,

almost menacing.

"It is good," said the Governor.

"Come."

He was the first to go out.

The prisoner threw a parting glance on

his cell, his stone jug, and his rotten straw.

He uttered a sigh, yet it was impossible

that he could regret anything of this. He

followed the Governor and passed before

me.

I shall never forget the glance he turned

on me in passing, and the reproach that

was concentrated in it.

"So young," it seemed to say, "and already

obeying tyranny."

I turned away—that glance had pierced

my heart like a dagger. He passed in the

door of the dungeon. How long was it

since he had entered? He must cease for

a long time counting days and nights. On

reaching the Governor's door, we found

two sledges waiting. The prisoner was

ordered into the one that had been brought

us, and we followed him, the Governor by

his side, I in front. This other sledge was

occupied by our soldiers.

Where were we going? I knew not.

What were we going to do? I was equally

ignorant. I had only to see—the action

itself did not concern me.

We started.

Through my position the old man's

knees were between mine. I felt them

tremble. The Governor was wrapped in

his fur—I was buttoned up in my military

frack, and yet the cold reached us. The

prisoner was almost naked, but the Governor

offered him no covering. For a moment

I thought of taking off my coat and

offering it to him. The Governor guessed

my intention.

"It was not worth while," he said.

Soon we reached the Neva again, and our

sledge took the direction of Goststad.

The wind came off the Baltic, and blew

furiously; the sleet cut our faces. The

old man had been accustomed to the dark-

ness, we could not see ten yards before us.

At last we stopped in the midst of a

furious snow storm. We must have been a

league and a half from St. Petersburg.

The Governor got out of our sledge and

went up to the other. The soldiers had

already got off, holding the tools they had

been ordered to bring.

"Put a hole in the ice," the Governor

said to them.

I could not refrain a cry of terror. I

began to apprehend.

"Ah!" the old man uttered, with an ac-

cent resembling the laugh of a skeleton,

"then the Empress does still remember

me."

Of what Empress was he talking? Three

had passed away in succession—Annie,

Elizabeth and Catherine. It was evident

he still believed himself living under one

of them, and he did not know even the

name of the man who had ordered his

death. What was the obscurity of night

compared with the tomb?

The four soldiers then set to work—

They broke the ice with their hammers, cut

it with their axes, and raised the blocks

with the lever. All at once they started

back; the ice was broken, and the water

was then rising.

"Come down," the Governor said to the

old man.

The order was useless, for he had already

done so. Kneeling on the ice, he was

praying fervently.

The Governor gave an order in a low

tone to the soldiers; then he came back to

my side, for I had not left the sledge. In

a moment the prisoner rose.

"I am ready," he said.

The four soldiers rushed upon him. I

turned my eyes away; but though I did

not see, I heard the noise of a body hurled

into the abyss. In spite of myself, I turned

round. The old man had disappeared.

I forgot that I had no right to give orders,

but shouted to the driver:

"Away! away!"

"Stop!" cried the Governor.

The sledge, which had already moved

forward, stopped again.

"All is not finished," the Governor said

to me in French.

"What have we to do?" I asked.

"Wait," he replied.

We waited half an hour.

"The ice has set," said one of the soldiers.

"Art thou sure?"

He struck the spot where the hole had

so lately yawned; the water had become

solid again.

"We can go," said the Governor. The

horses started at full gallop, and in less

than ten minutes we reached the fortress.

A Good Thing in Leather.

Our friend, Mr. Isaac Bierfeld, of New-

berry, has received a patent—and we be-

lieve the first issued to a South Carolinian

—for an important invention and improve-

ment in Tanning.

In the words of the Newberry Sun, we

say: "The ingredients used in this new

process makes the Leather fine and close.

The specimens he has exhibited to us are

of a fine polish, and remarkably weighty

and pliant. Mr. Bierfeld has already dis-

posed of a large quantity of Leather tan-

ned by the new process, which has given