

Business Cards.

E. C. ROACH, Cotton and Tobacco Factor, AND GENERAL Commission Merchant, No. 28, Carondelet Street, NEW ORLEANS.

A. F. SMITH, late of Smith & Turley, D. B. HERRING, late of Hutchings & Griner

SMITH & HUTCHINGS, TOBACCO FACTORS

COMMISSION MERCHANTS, "CUMBERLAND WAREHOUSE," CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE.

W. H. TURNLEY, late of Smith & Turley, E. W. WEATHERS, "Todd County, Ky."

TURNLEY & WEATHERS, TOBACCO FACTORS

COMMISSION MERCHANTS!

Known as the Hutchings & Griner Warehouse, CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE.

Special attention paid to the sale of Tobacco, Receiving and Forwarding Merchandise and produce generally.

E. WITHERS, Auctioneer, Nov. 22, 1867-ly.

J. B. TAPSCOTT, CIVIL ENGINEER, ARCHITECT, AND SURVEYOR.

Plans and specifications of Bridges furnished, also of Buildings and Ornamental Grounds. Work of every description connected with building measured and calculated.

R. T. TORIAN, Cotton and Tobacco Factor, AND COMMISSION MERCHANT

63 CARONDOLET STREET, NEW ORLEANS.

Liberal advances on all consignments, Jan. 17, 1868-6m

W. W. WILLIAMS, CHAR. G. SHANKLIN, Williams & Shanklin, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL GROCERS

Provision Dealers, FRANKLIN STREET, CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE.

H. C. YEATMAN, R. YEATMAN, Nashville, Tenn. New Orleans.

YEATMAN & CO, COTTON AND TOBACCO FACTORS, AND GENERAL Commission Merchants

71 CARONDOLET ST., NEW ORLEANS.

Clarksville Foundry, AND Machine Shop, COMMERCIAL STREET, MANUFACTURE

PLANTERS PRIZE SCREWS, SINGLE MACHINES, SUGAR MILLS, BRASS AND IRON CASTINGS.

Steam Engines, Saw Mills,

And all kinds of Machinery, and Machine Blacksmithing neatly and promptly done.

J. A. BATES & CO., C. J. SMITH, J. W. ANDERSON, J. BURN

SMITH, ANDERSON & CO., Furniture Warehouses,

158 West Fourth st., and 110 Elm st., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

All goods warranted of the best material and workmanship.

ONLY \$12

Send your order to a reliable Address, FRANKLIN, SMITH & CO.,

March 12, 1868-2m

LINWOOD LANDING!

JOHN J. THOMAS & CO. THE UNDERSIGNED HAVE FORMED a partnership under the above style, for the purpose of doing a general

Forwarding, Storing and Commission Business,

LINWOOD LANDING This warehouse is situated a few hundred yards below Price's, on Cumberland river; it is Fire-proof, and entirely above high water mark.

A comfortable sales room will be fitted up in Providence. Sales every week.

JAMES W. PARISH, SAML G. BUCKNER, Linwood Landing, Tenn., Aug. 9, '67-ly.

V. E. VAUGHAN, S. P. WRIGHT VAUGHN & WRIGHT

MANUFACTURERS OF Saddles and Harness, CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE.

Highest market price paid for green and dry hides. March 27, 1868-ly.

DRs. Finley & Beaumont, Office: At Dr. B's Residence, Cor. Franklin and Hiter Streets, CLARKSVILLE.

DR. J. M. LARKINS may be found at his office, 2d floor of the Chronicle building, at all hours, unless professionally absent. March 1, 1867-ly

DR. H. M. ACREE, Dental Surgeon, CLARKSVILLE, TENN., Office at his residence on Franklin street, two doors East of the Episcopal Church. [Jan. 11, 1868-ly]

W. H. ARMSTRONG, PHOTOGRAPHER, GALLERY: WEST SIDE PUBLIC SQUARE, CLARKSVILLE, Tenn. March 1, 1867-ly.

TURNBULL, KIRBY & CO. Cotton and Tobacco Factors, AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS

No. 9, Union Street, NEW ORLEANS. Mr. S. B. SEAT, Agent, will attend to making advances on Produce consigned to this firm. Sept. 14, 1867-ly.

D. KINCANNON, W. H. ARMSTRONG, KINCANNON & CO. Franklin Street, CLARKSVILLE, TENN., MANUFACTURERS

Of the most approved patterns of Wrought Iron Cooking Stoves, TIN AND SHEET IRON WARE, And dealers in all kinds of

Cast Iron Cooking and Heating Stoves, Hollow-ware and Fine Castings

REPAIRING AND GUTTERING Done in the most approved manner, on short notice. Jan. 3, 1868-ly

R. T. POLLARD, ROBT MURRELL, MURRELL & CO. Tobacco Factors, AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS

NO. 40, BROAD STREET, NEW YORK. JNO. T. EDMUNDS, of Hopkinsville, Ky, will assist in the Sales of Tobacco. Jan. 24, 1868-6m

SHORT & CO., Cotton and Tobacco Factors, AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS, NEW ORLEANS. Sept. 6, 1867-ly

SIM. R. ROGERS, AUCTIONEER, CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE.

Will attend to the Sale of Property, either on the street or in the country. Dec. 6, 1867-6m

E. M. THOMAS, Attorney at Law, Office, over Thomas, Nebbett & Co's CLARKSVILLE, TENN. Oct. 25, 1867-ly.

HANKRUPT LAW. W. A. PEPPER, Esq., is prepared with all proper blanks and forms for any business under the Bankrupt Law. Parties wishing to avail themselves of the law will find it to their advantage to consult him. Charges very reasonable. Feb. 12, 1867-ly

First National Bank, OF CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

Owned by individuals of this city and vicinity

DIRECTORS: S. F. BEAUMONT, GEO. H. WARFIELD, GEO. W. HILLMAN, B. W. MACRAN, JR., J. G. HERRING.

Issues no Notes of its own. AVOIDS THAT RISK.

RECEIVES DEPOSITS, DEALS IN EXCHANGE, GOLD AND SILVER AND UNITED STATES BONDS, ELLS SIGHT DRAFTS ON NEW YORK, LOUISVILLE, AND OTHER CITIES.

COLLECTIONS MADE AND PROMPTLY REMITTED. S. F. BEAUMONT, Pres't. W. P. HUME, Cashier. Feb. 21, '68.

New Jewelry Store!

Just opened, in connection with Conover Bros. Book Store, ON FRANKLIN STREET,

Complete Assortment of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver and Silver-Plated Ware.

I have secured the services of Mr. L. Gauchat, just from France, who will work promptly to all repairs. All work warranted. Very respectfully, Feb. 21, '68-ly J. L. GRIFFITH.

RUPTURE CAN BE CURED! BY USING DR. FERRISS' PATENT Supporter Truss

This is the most efficient, comfortable, and secure Truss in use, constructed upon an entirely new principle. All communications should be addressed (with stamp) to Dr. W. H. P. JONES, Manufacturer and General Ag't, Nashville, Office, Cor. College and Union sts., upstairs, entrance on Union St. T. J. SHAW, M. D., Ag't, Franklin St., op. Court-house, Clarksville, Feb. 7, 1868-3m

HORACE H. LURTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Clarksville, Tenn.

Will practice in the Courts of Dickson, Stewart and Montgomery. Office, on Strawberry Alley opposite the Courthouse. Feb. 21, '68-6m

B. D. JOHNSON, Attorney at Law, Clarksville, Tenn.

Will practice both in the Courts of Law and Equity in the counties of Robertson, Cheat-ham, Dickson, Stewart and Montgomery. Office on Strawberry Alley, Clarksville, Tennessee. Feb. 28, '68-6m

JOHN K. SMITH, J. F. SMITH, JOHN K. SMITH & SON, COTTON & TOBACCO FACTORS

General Commission Merchants NO. 41 BROAD STREET, NEW YORK CITY. W. C. SMITH will act as our Agent in making advances on consignments. Feb. 21, 1868-ly

JAMES H. MALLORY, GENERAL AUCTIONEER, Clarksville, Tenn.

Office with C. H. Jones, Public Square

Will sell every description of Property for Administrators, Executors, Trustees, Agents and Private Parties, either on the street, in the city or country. Has much experience in the sale of real estate. Feb. 21, 1868-6m

NORTON, SLAUGHTER & CO., Tobacco Factors, AND GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS

NO. 40, BROAD STREET, NEW YORK. JNO. T. EDMUNDS, of Hopkinsville, Ky, will assist in the Sales of Tobacco. Jan. 24, 1868-6m

SHORT & CO., Cotton and Tobacco Factors, AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS, NEW ORLEANS. Sept. 6, 1867-ly

SIM. R. ROGERS, AUCTIONEER, CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE.

Will attend to the Sale of Property, either on the street or in the country. Dec. 6, 1867-6m

E. M. THOMAS, Attorney at Law, Office, over Thomas, Nebbett & Co's CLARKSVILLE, TENN. Oct. 25, 1867-ly.

HANKRUPT LAW. W. A. PEPPER, Esq., is prepared with all proper blanks and forms for any business under the Bankrupt Law. Parties wishing to avail themselves of the law will find it to their advantage to consult him. Charges very reasonable. Feb. 12, 1867-ly

COAL TAR!

NEWSPAPER SPONGES.—An exchange makes the following sensible remarks: "There are many people in the world who make it a business to sponge the realings of their country paper without any expense to themselves. They are found wherever the paper is left in a shop, office, store or barber shop, and often borrowing it before the owner has a opportunity of seeing it. This is done by very many who are abundantly able and whose duty would seem to be able to sustain their country paper by subscribing and paying for it."

GALLON OR BARREL, Apply at the GAS WORKS, Clarksville, Tenn. April 5, 1867-ly.

MARTIN THE FISHERMAN.

Martin and his poor, but happy little family lived right down beside the river. His village was further back in the country, but the fisherman's cottage was close to the water so that he would be near his nets. The vines grew up around it, and its walls were of mud.

Happiness dwelt there. Their possessions were small—only a cow and two goats; but king upon his throne was not more contented than they were.

"May God bless you, Baron!" replied the humble fisherman. "I was nothing but a fisherman. I have only done my duty; may heaven's blessing follow you."

"I wonder if I will ever get back the eighteen thousand dollars that my poor father loaned him?" said Susan, Martin's wife.

"I should be afraid to ask for it," replied the humble fisherman, "I suppose he would have me put in prison."

"Never mind, never mind, Martin," she continued, "I have lived ten years without it now, and I think we can still get along by our own labor. But there have been a few fish lately that I am beginning to tremble for our bread."

"Come, Susan; brush away your tears [for she had wept freely] a few times will soon be better with us," answered Martin. After their evening prayers were offered they all went to sleep.

"And nobody in all this world ever slept sweeter than did fisherman Martin and his three little peasant children."

About two o'clock in the morning Martin was started out of his heavy dreams.

"What is the matter? Am I asleep or awake? Am I in my boat, or in my house?" He started out into the top of his voice.

"Wake up! wake up! or we shall all be drowned!" "What is the trouble?" cried out poor frightened Susan.

"The water! the water! there is a freshet tonight! Look at the water streaming through the door and in the windows! See, it is coming up through the floor! Wake up the children, dress them as quick as you can, and I will go out and get the boat, if it is not too late."

"We are lost! we are lost!" cried Susan. Soon Martin was out in search of his boat. Happily for him, he found it just as the freshet was washing away from the bank, and to which it was tied. He pulled it along after him, as he waded almost up his waist in the rising water, back to his little cottage.

"There was but little time for Susan to dress her children, and after she had done it she was very dry. The water in the boat-keel kept her in a cold sweat, and she was all the while shivering with cold."

"Thank God, we are all spared!" both Martin and his wife exclaimed. "But all our little property is lost; yet God will provide for all our wants. Economy and perseverance will supply all our necessities."

Just as Martin was about to loose the rope and let the boat down with the current his wife began to sob and cry as if her heart would break.

"What is the matter?" asked the fisherman. "Has one of the children fallen overboard?" "Oh no; but my Bible! It was my father's last gift to me, and I shall never be happy without it!"

"You shall have it if I risk my life to get it," said Martin. "Where is it, Susan? It is on the shelf just over the door."

Martin had no sooner said these words than he jumped through the window, got the old Bible, stuffed it into the little boat, and was off in a moment.

MARTIN THE FISHERMAN.

Martin and his poor, but happy little family lived right down beside the river. His village was further back in the country, but the fisherman's cottage was close to the water so that he would be near his nets. The vines grew up around it, and its walls were of mud.

Happiness dwelt there. Their possessions were small—only a cow and two goats; but king upon his throne was not more contented than they were.

"May God bless you, Baron!" replied the humble fisherman. "I was nothing but a fisherman. I have only done my duty; may heaven's blessing follow you."

"I wonder if I will ever get back the eighteen thousand dollars that my poor father loaned him?" said Susan, Martin's wife.

"I should be afraid to ask for it," replied the humble fisherman, "I suppose he would have me put in prison."

"Never mind, never mind, Martin," she continued, "I have lived ten years without it now, and I think we can still get along by our own labor. But there have been a few fish lately that I am beginning to tremble for our bread."

"Come, Susan; brush away your tears [for she had wept freely] a few times will soon be better with us," answered Martin. After their evening prayers were offered they all went to sleep.

"And nobody in all this world ever slept sweeter than did fisherman Martin and his three little peasant children."

About two o'clock in the morning Martin was started out of his heavy dreams.

"What is the matter? Am I asleep or awake? Am I in my boat, or in my house?" He started out into the top of his voice.

"Wake up! wake up! or we shall all be drowned!" "What is the trouble?" cried out poor frightened Susan.

"The water! the water! there is a freshet tonight! Look at the water streaming through the door and in the windows! See, it is coming up through the floor! Wake up the children, dress them as quick as you can, and I will go out and get the boat, if it is not too late."

"We are lost! we are lost!" cried Susan. Soon Martin was out in search of his boat. Happily for him, he found it just as the freshet was washing away from the bank, and to which it was tied. He pulled it along after him, as he waded almost up his waist in the rising water, back to his little cottage.

"There was but little time for Susan to dress her children, and after she had done it she was very dry. The water in the boat-keel kept her in a cold sweat, and she was all the while shivering with cold."

"Thank God, we are all spared!" both Martin and his wife exclaimed. "But all our little property is lost; yet God will provide for all our wants. Economy and perseverance will supply all our necessities."

Just as Martin was about to loose the rope and let the boat down with the current his wife began to sob and cry as if her heart would break.

"What is the matter?" asked the fisherman. "Has one of the children fallen overboard?" "Oh no; but my Bible! It was my father's last gift to me, and I shall never be happy without it!"

"You shall have it if I risk my life to get it," said Martin. "Where is it, Susan? It is on the shelf just over the door."

Martin had no sooner said these words than he jumped through the window, got the old Bible, stuffed it into the little boat, and was off in a moment.

MARTIN THE FISHERMAN.

Martin and his poor, but happy little family lived right down beside the river. His village was further back in the country, but the fisherman's cottage was close to the water so that he would be near his nets. The vines grew up around it, and its walls were of mud.

Happiness dwelt there. Their possessions were small—only a cow and two goats; but king upon his throne was not more contented than they were.

"May God bless you, Baron!" replied the humble fisherman. "I was nothing but a fisherman. I have only done my duty; may heaven's blessing follow you."

"I wonder if I will ever get back the eighteen thousand dollars that my poor father loaned him?" said Susan, Martin's wife.

"I should be afraid to ask for it," replied the humble fisherman, "I suppose he would have me put in prison."

"Never mind, never mind, Martin," she continued, "I have lived ten years without it now, and I think we can still get along by our own labor. But there have been a few fish lately that I am beginning to tremble for our bread."

"Come, Susan; brush away your tears [for she had wept freely] a few times will soon be better with us," answered Martin. After their evening prayers were offered they all went to sleep.

"And nobody in all this world ever slept sweeter than did fisherman Martin and his three little peasant children."

About two o'clock in the morning Martin was started out of his heavy dreams.

"What is the matter? Am I asleep or awake? Am I in my boat, or in my house?" He started out into the top of his voice.

"Wake up! wake up! or we shall all be drowned!" "What is the trouble?" cried out poor frightened Susan.

"The water! the water! there is a freshet tonight! Look at the water streaming through the door and in the windows! See, it is coming up through the floor! Wake up the children, dress them as quick as you can, and I will go out and get the boat, if it is not too late."

"We are lost! we are lost!" cried Susan. Soon Martin was out in search of his boat. Happily for him, he found it just as the freshet was washing away from the bank, and to which it was tied. He pulled it along after him, as he waded almost up his waist in the rising water, back to his little cottage.

"There was but little time for Susan to dress her children, and after she had done it she was very dry. The water in the boat-keel kept her in a cold sweat, and she was all the while shivering with cold."

"Thank God, we are all spared!" both Martin and his wife exclaimed. "But all our little property is lost; yet God will provide for all our wants. Economy and perseverance will supply all our necessities."

Just as Martin was about to loose the rope and let the boat down with the current his wife began to sob and cry as if her heart would break.

"What is the matter?" asked the fisherman. "Has one of the children fallen overboard?" "Oh no; but my Bible! It was my father's last gift to me, and I shall never be happy without it!"

"You shall have it if I risk my life to get it," said Martin. "Where is it, Susan? It is on the shelf just over the door."

Martin had no sooner said these words than he jumped through the window, got the old Bible, stuffed it into the little boat, and was off in a moment.

MARTIN THE FISHERMAN.

Martin and his poor, but happy little family lived right down beside the river. His village was further back in the country, but the fisherman's cottage was close to the water so that he would be near his nets. The vines grew up around it, and its walls were of mud.

Happiness dwelt there. Their possessions were small—only a cow and two goats; but king upon his throne was not more contented than they were.

"May God bless you, Baron!" replied the humble fisherman. "I was nothing but a fisherman. I have only done my duty; may heaven's blessing follow you."

"I wonder if I will ever get back the eighteen thousand dollars that my poor father loaned him?" said Susan, Martin's wife.

"I should be afraid to ask for it," replied the humble fisherman, "I suppose he would have me put in prison."

"Never mind, never mind, Martin," she continued, "I have lived ten years without it now, and I think we can still get along by our own labor. But there have been a few fish lately that I am beginning to tremble for our bread."

"Come, Susan; brush away your tears [for she had wept freely] a few times will soon be better with us," answered Martin. After their evening prayers were offered they all went to sleep.

"And nobody in all this world ever slept sweeter than did fisherman Martin and his three little peasant children."

About two o'clock in the morning Martin was started out of his heavy dreams.

"What is the matter? Am I asleep or awake? Am I in my boat, or in my house?" He started out into the top of his voice.

"Wake up! wake up! or we shall all be drowned!" "What is the trouble?" cried out poor frightened Susan.

"The water! the water! there is a freshet tonight! Look at the water streaming through the door and in the windows! See, it is coming up through the floor! Wake up the children, dress them as quick as you can, and I will go out and get the boat, if it is not too late."

"We are lost! we are lost!" cried Susan. Soon Martin was out in search of his boat. Happily for him, he found it just as the freshet was washing away from the bank, and to which it was tied. He pulled it along after him, as he waded almost up his waist in the rising water, back to his little cottage.

"There was but little time for Susan to dress her children, and after she had done it she was very dry. The water in the boat-keel kept her in a cold sweat, and she was all the while shivering with cold."

"Thank God, we are all spared!" both Martin and his wife exclaimed. "But all our little property is lost; yet God will provide for all our wants. Economy and perseverance will supply all our necessities."

Just as Martin was about to loose the rope and let the boat down with the current his wife began to sob and cry as if her heart would break.

"What is the matter?" asked the fisherman. "Has one of the children fallen overboard?" "Oh no; but my Bible! It was my father's last gift to me, and I shall never be happy without it!"

"You shall have it if I risk my life to get it," said Martin. "Where is it, Susan? It is on the shelf just over the door."

Martin had no sooner said these words than he jumped through the window, got the old Bible, stuffed it into the little boat, and was off in a moment.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer. ENGLISH PRECEDENTS.

Butler and Bingham have already, in their discussion of the impeachment question, cited English precedents for the removal of a President. In the subjects of Roman Pontiffs, Representatives, they are seeking to perpetrate upon the President. The long line of English history—her celebrated State trials—afford every precedent they can desire.

The letter of which the major part is given below was written by Bishop Quintard from England, and created quite a sensation in this, his diocese.

My friend Captain M. F. Murray, has put in my hands a copy of the Southern Churchman, containing an article on "Church Bells." It is an account of "a bell gotten up by church people" in my diocese, for the benefit of Christ Church, Nash Hill. I am informed that the large bell was tastefully decorated with evergreens—that a band was in attendance—and dancing commenced at a specified hour—that a life-size likeness of the Bishop of the diocese—in full canonicals—was so conspicuously placed as to give that chief shepherd, though absent in Europe, the appearance of being the patron of one of the most painful occasions to compromise the principles of Christianity, that has ever been inaugurated or sanctioned by a congregation of professed Christians in the United States.

And it is further stated that "the hands of Christian women were employed in presenting the intoxicating glass, and in administering the deadly poison which they were to give to the people of the diocese."

With this a word open, with a house set apart for his worship, where we cannot but believe him to be especially present; with sacraments and ordinances which are channels of grace and all overdone with heavenly food; with these blessed instrumentalities—growth in grace and in Christ-like ness, I cannot understand how a congregation could so outrage the principles of Christianity, and of that Church which our dear Savior bought with His most precious blood. I have felt with my dear brother, that the clergy of my diocese as a body, by their conduct, are doing a great wrong to the spiritual life and true church-work exists in the agencies which are so commonly made use of.

For repeating the Lord's treasury. Fairly supports, reflects, and all such abominations, at one stroke all true principles of making an offering to God, as an act of holy worship. I believe that in proportion as they are made use of, the life of the congregation will decline, and the usefulness of a pastor be destroyed. He will be a cloud to rain, not over Arabia, the happy, but over the Stony Desert."

"EXTERMINATION."

Brownlow's Decree of Vengeance Against the Kuklux Klan.

A Sanginary Boar from the Radical Cyclopedia.

From the Knoxville Whig, March 23.