CLARKSVILLE CHRONICLE.

VOL. 4.--NO. 3. CLARKSVILLE, TENN., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1868. WHOLE NO. 474.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Ten lines or less, solid Nonpareil, constitute a Square.

NO. SQUARES.	1 MO	2 MO	3 MO	6 MO	12 MO
1 Square	2 50	4 50	5 00	9 00	15 00
2 Squares	5 00	8 00	10 00	12 00	20 00
3 Squares	8 00	10 00	12 00	15 00	25 00
¼ Column	10 00	12 00	15 00	20 00	30 00
⅓ Column	12 00	15 00	20 00	25 00	35 00
½ Column	15 00	17 00	25 00	35 00	50 00
¾ Column	25 00	30 00	35 00	45 00	65 00
1 Column	30 00	35 00	40 00	60 00	100 00

To Advertisers.

☞ Parties advertising by contract, for a given time, will be confined to their legitimate business; anything outside of this will be charged for separately.

☞ Advertisers, for a specified time, exceeding three months, will have the privilege of renewing their advertisements quarterly; all extra changes will be charged for.

☞ Double-column advertisements will be charged one-third more than regular rates for single columns.

☞ Funeral Notices, Obituaries, or any other matter subserving private interest, will be charged for.

☞ Notices in local and special colums are matters of special contract.

BUSINESS CARDS.

WM. BROADDUS. JOSH. M. RICE, AG'T.

WM. BROADDUS & CO.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods,

HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES,

TRUNKS, VALICES,

HOSIERY, NOTIONS, ETC.,

No. 8, South side of Franklin Street, sign of Big Trunk. Call and see them.

Salesmen.—R. H. PICKERING, R. S. BROADDUS, JOHN J. MASSIE, C. W. ANGLIN.

Sep 18, 1868-tf

W. A. QUARLES, Clarksville. HUNTER WOOD, Hopkinsville.

QUARLES & WOOD,

Attorneys at Law

HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

W. A. QUARLES WILL ATTEND regularly the Courts of Christian co. October 16, 1868-6m

P. H. PORTER, Agent,

DEALER IN

FURNITURE,

Wall Paper,

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS, &c

FRANKLIN STREET,

CLARKSVILLE, - - - TENNESSEE,

HAS JUST RECEIVED A LARGE LOT OF WALL PAPER and BORDERS of the latest styles. April 17, 1868-tf.

DR. H. M. ACREE,

Dental Surgeon,

CLARKSVILLE, TENN.,

Office at his new residence on Franklin street, two doors East of the Episcopal Church. [Jan. 11, 1868-tf.

E. M. THOMAS,

Attorney at Law,

Office, on Strawberry Alley,

CLARKSVILLE, - TENN.

Oct. 25, 1867-ly.

J. G. ROBINS,

Attorney at Law,

CLARKSVILLE, -- TENNESSEE.

☞ OFFICE ON STRAWBERRY ALLEY. Special attention paid to the collection of claims. April 10, 1868-tf.

A. F. SMITH, late of Smith & Turney. D. B. HUTCHINGS, late of Hutchings & Grinter. E. W. WEATHERS, late of Turney & Weathers.

SMITH & HUTCHINGS,

TOBACCO FACTORS

—AND—

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

"CUMBERLAND WAREHOUSE,"

CLARKSVILLE - - TENNESSEE.

Nov. 8, 1867--ly.

W. H. & D. M. DORRIS,

DEALERS IN

Stoves, Tinware, Castings, Grates, and House Furnishing Goods.

Every description of **Tinware** made up in good style.

ROOFING and GUTTERING promptly attended to.

☞ H. P. DORRIS will superintend the work and salesroom.

Sept. 6, 1867-tf

JOHN K. SMITH. J. F. SMITH.

JOHN K. SMITH & SON,

COTTON & TOBACCO FACTORS

—AND—

General Commission Merchants

NO. 47 BROAD STREET,

NEW YORK CITY.

W. C. SMITH will act as our Agent in making advances on consignments. Feb. 21, 1868-ly.

CLARKSVILLE

FEMALE ACADEMY.

THE FALL SESSION OF THIS INSTITUTION begins on the 7th of September next.

TERMS:

Primary Department	$15 00
Preparatory "	20 00
Collegiate "	25 00

EXTRAS:

Music	$30 00
Use of Instrument	5 00
French and German, each	10 00
Greek and Latin	10 00
Boarding	90 00
Washing, per dozen	00
Matriculation fee	2 00

JOS. B. WEST, Pres't.

Clarksville, July 24, '68-tf.

LOOK AT THIS

AND ENCOURAGE HOME WOR

E. GAISSER,

HAVING LOCATED IN CLARKSVILLE as Manufacturer of *Iron Yard and Cotton Rolling, Verandah Balconies, Window Grating, Window Shutters, Bank Vaults and Doors, and all kinds of House Smithing, and BRANDS CUT TO ORDER*, would be pleased to receive your orders at his shop on Commerce street, near door to the Foundry. May 22, '68-6m.

WANTED!

HIDES! HIDES!! HIDES!!

WE WILL PAY THE HIGHEST MARket price for all Hides delivered at our Tannery on Front street, Clarksville, Tennessee. W. F. SITLINGTON & CO. Sept. 11 1868-tf

THE ST. LOUIS MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY!

THIS COMPANY, SO EXTENSIVELY patronized throughout the West and South, has proved their friend in need and established its claims to their esteem and confidence.

Its semi-annual report and statement to the 1st of July, 1868, shows an increase highly satisfactory to its officers and policy holders and also to the Hon. Elizur Wright, the highest authority on Life Insurance in the United States. After valuing its policies and liabilities March 31st, 1868, he says briefly of this company: "In a perfectly sound, and indeed highly prosperous condition."

Note its progress since January 1st, 1864:

Assets January 1st,	1864	$ 222,547
" " "	1865	436,990
" " "	1866	750,114
" " "	1867	1,365,192
" " "	1868	2,609,747
" July "	1868	3,053,610

Of all the financial institutions of our times, Life Insurance Companies have the most intimate and far-reaching, if not the most extensive, relations with human hopes and happiness, and the most need both of science and prescience for their successful and safe management. The above speaks for itself in behalf of the Company.

C. L. RIDDELL, Agent.
Office on Franklin Street.

Oct. 9, '68-3m.

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. Also, Manufacturers' Agent for Steam Engines and Machinery of every description, Iron Verandahs, Railing, Marbelized Iron Mantles, Grates, Window Caps, etc., Terra Cotta Ornamental Work, Chimney Tops, and all kinds of Building Material, finished and unfinished, embraced in carpenters work; Galvanized Iron, Copper, Zinc, Tin, Slate and composition Roofing.

All business intrusted to me will be attended to promptly.

☞ Office, on East side of Public Square, Clarksville, Tenn. [Jan. 3, 1868-tf

S. B. SEAT. R. P. BOWLING.

SEAT & BOWLING,

Commission Merchants,

COR. FRONT & MAIN STREETS.

Clarksville, - - Tennessee.

Solicit Consignments for Sampling and Selling Tobacco.

October 16, 1868-tf

D. KINCANNON. J. J. HAMLETT.

D. KINCANNON & CO.,

ARE NOW RECEIVING THEIR STOCK of

Tin, Wood and Willow Ware,

which has been selected with an eye to the wants of the public, which they will sell as cheap as the cheapest. Call and see.

D. KINCANNON & CO.

Sep 18, 1868-6m

E. C. ROACH,

Cotton and Tobacco Factor,

AND GENERAL

Commission Merchant,

No. 28, Carondelet Street,

NEW ORLEANS.

Nov. 9, 1867--1y

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

YEATMAN & CO

COTTON AND TOBACCO FACTORS,

AND GENERAL

Commission Merchants

71 CARONDOLET ST., 71

NEW ORLEANS.

Jan. 10, '68-tf.

CLARKSVILLE

CARRIAGE FACTORY!

WE ARE STILL MAKING ALL KINDS of *Buggies, Rockaways, and Light Spring Wagons*, of the most approved finish, which we warrant *superior* to anything sold in this market.

REPAIRING SOLICITED.

We use the best material and workmanship, and warrant satisfaction. Call and see us, corner of Commerce and Third sts.

BAKER & BROTHER.

July 3, '68-tf.

Confectionery, Bakery,

AND

ICE CREAM SALOON.

LIGON & ELY HAVE IN STORE A large and varied assortment of

Confectioneries, Notions, etc.

They have attached a **BAKERY** to their establishment, and having one of the best Bakers in the West, they are prepared to furnish customers with every description of CAKES and BREAD, of the best quality. Parties and weddings supplied at short notice.

They have fitted up a large and elegant **SALOON**, where the ***Choicest Cream*** will be dispensed to all who want it, from early morn till 10 o'clock at night.

Our Confectioneries, Cakes, Bread and Ice Cream are the best—call and try them.

LIGON & ELY.
Franklin st.

May 8, 1868-tf.

JOHN ESTEN COOK'S NEW NOVEL

F. J. HUNTINGTON & CO.

459 Broome Street, NEW YORK,

Have in press, to be ready in October,

MOHUN;

Or, the Last Days of Lee and his Paladins.

By J. ESTEN COOKE,
Author of "Surry of Eagles' Nest."

OF "SURRY," OF WHICH MOHUN IS a sequel, TEN THOUSAND copies were almost immediately sold. The new work is still more intensely interesting. Printed on fine toned paper, and richly bound in cloth, with upwards of 400 pages, it has for its frontispiece a fine steel medallion head of GEN. LEE, and four beautiful illustrations in Homer's best style. Either book is sent by mail, post free, on receipt of the price, $1.25. For sale by all Booksellers and Newsdealers in town and country.

October 2, 1868-3t

HOLLAND BULBS.

JUST RECEIVED, DIRECT FROM HOLland, the finest assortment of Bulbs ever imported in the West. Send stamp for catalogue to J. S. COOK, P. O. Box 182, Horticulturalist and Seedman, 102 and 104 Walnut St., Cincinnati, O.

Oct. 9, '68-1m

W. H. TURNLEY, Clarksville, Tenn. BON WOOLDRIDGE, Trigg County Ky.

Turnley & Wooldridge,

TOBACCO

AND

GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Elephant Fire-Proof Warehouse,

CLARKSVILLE, TENN

Aug. 7, '68-1y.

A. L. STUART. M. O. H. NORTON. G. NORTON.

STUART, NORTON & CO.,

(Successors to Hewitt, Norton & Co.,)

Commission Merchants,

No. 88 Common Street,

NEW ORLEANS.

Consignments of Tobacco, Flour, Grain, Provisions and other produce solicited. Sept. 25, 1868-1y

CLARKSVILLE

FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP,

COMMERCE STREET.

MANUFACTURE

Planter's Prize Screws, Shingle Machines, Sugar Mills, Brass and Iron Castings.

PROMPT ATTENTION GIVEN TO ORders for repairs on **Steam Engines, Saw Mills,** and all kinds of Machinery. *Machine Blacksmithing* neatly and promptly done.

J. A. BATES & CO.

May 8, 1868-1y.

COME TO STAY!

M. L. JOSLIN,

MANUFACTURER OF

Saddles, Bridles, Harness, etc.,

(AT J. N. NEBLETT'S OLD STAND)

Franklin St., Clarksville, Tennessee.

I have located permanently in Clarksville and intend to put up work that will compare with any. Give me a call and examine stock and prices.

Respectfully,
M. L. JOSLIN.

April 10, 1868-1y.

CITY DRUG STORE.

THO'S. FINLEY,

ON FRANKLIN STREET,

KEEPS, AT ALL TIMES, A LARGE and varied assortment of

Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Notions.

All Medicines kept are Warranted Pure and Fresh!

I do not deem it necessary to particularize articles, but the public will find all they may want, at any time.

The Prescription Department

is still under the supervision of Mr. L. R. COOPER, who is well known as a careful and accurate compounder of medicines. Prescriptions filled promptly day or night.

June 5, 1868-tf

COULTER, HILLMAN & CO.

Have now in store

THEIR NEW FALL GOODS FOR 1868.

These Goods Must be Sold.

The Stock is prima in every department. BARGAINS will be offered in

GENTLEMEN'S BOOTS AND SHOES,

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SHOES,

and in all kinds of

Domestic, Woolen and Fancy Goods, and Carpetings and Oil Cloths.

Remember ours is the ONLY HOUSE selling on the ONE PRICE SYSTEM to all.

Uniformly Low Cash Prices to Every Body.

All are urgently invited to call and see the largest and best Stock ever exhibited by our house.

Respectfully,

COULTER, HILLMAN & CO.

Franklin Street.

Sept 11 1868-tf

GOOD NIGHT.

O sweet, my love the hour is late;
The moon goes down in silver state
As here alone I watch and wait;
Though far from thee, my lips repeat
In whispers low, good night my sweet.

The house is still, but o'er the gloom
Of starlit gardens faint with bloom,
I lean from out my darkened room,
And only hear the roaming breeze
Move softly in the lilac trees.

Somewhere beneath these gracious skies,
My bonny love a-dreaming lies,
With slumber brooding in her eyes;
Go seek her happy wind so free,
And kiss her folded hands for me.

Across this dome of silent air,
On tides of floating ether bear,
To where she sleeps, my whispered prayer;
The day has brought the night forlorn,
God keep thee little love, till dawn.

While life is dear, and love is best,
And young moons drop adown the west,
My lone heart, turning to its rest,
Beneath the stars shall whisper clear,
Good night my sweet, though none may hear.

Shall we Know each Other in Heaven?

The saints of earth, when sweetly they converse,
And the dear favors of kind Heaven rehearse,
Each feels the other's joys, both doubly share
The blessings which devoutly they compare.
If saints such mutual joy feel here below,
When they each other's heavenly foretastes know,
What joys transport them at each other's sight,
When they shall meet in empyreal height?
Friends, even in Heaven, one happiness would miss
Should they not know each other when in bliss.

BISHOP KENT.

Shall we know each other in heaven? is a question often asked by the bereaved heart with mournful interest. As we stand by the open graves to which we commit the remains of our loved ones, and hear the rumble of the earth clods as they fall upon the coffin, reminding us that dust is returning to dust, and realize that we shall no longer on earth behold the familiar faces of the dear departed, we turn away from the dismal precincts of the tomb, and follow them in tender thought to the abodes of the blessed, for we know the grave holds the dust only, and the spirit has returned to God who gave it. And while our hearts are crushed and smarting under the desolation of bereavement, we hear the voice of Jesus saying, "Be of good cheer. I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall not die. Believest thou this?" And our inmost souls respond, "Yes, Lord, we believe it." Our friends who have died in Jesus are not lost, but gone to be forever with Thee. Lost only as the morning star when it melts away into a brighter haven; lost as the sun when it sets at even, gilding the western hills with lingering beauty, in evidence, though out of sight, that its light is not extinguished, but still shinining with undiminished glory in other spheres.

There is no death. An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread:
He bears our best beloved things away,
And then we call them "dead."
And even near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread,
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there are no dead."

But shall we *know* our friends again? We can not forget them here; their forms, their smiles, and their words are with us, and will remain with us through time! and shall we cease to remember them in eternity, when we enter upon the same state of existence, and are introduced by the angel of death into their immediate presence? Ah, no! it can not be. We shall remember them.

While life and thought and being last,
And *immortality* endures.

We love to think that we shall know, not only our dear ones of earth, but all the inmates of heaven. When the veil of eternity is withdrawn, and we are permitted to behold the countless throng of the redeemed, and believe we shall know them intuitively. Not, as one has said, by the introduction of friendly angels, or the agency of friendly spirits; but there will be something in the countenance of each by which they will be easily recognized. The disciples on the mount of transfiguration knew Moses and Elias, though they had never seen them before; and Moses and Elias were in each other's company, although they knew not each other upon earth, and had lived six hundred years apart—Some have thought that the disciples knew them by their conversation with Christ, but we think it was intuitive knowledge. Christ taught us the doctrine of the heavenly recognition in the parable of the rich man and Lazarus. Dives, though in hell, "saw Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom." Here he recognizes not only the beggar who was laid at his gate, but the patriarch Abraham; nor does he forget his five brethren who remain on earth. If the spirits who are in torment know each other, shall not the saints? for in heaven our knowledge will be greatly increased, we shall know as we are known, and friendship's ties will be more intimate and durable. Who does not pity the limited views of the ignorant though affectionate mother, who, when her pastor was trying to console her on the death of her only child by speaking of the beautiful world to which he had gone, and the company of angels, said, with trembling lips, "O, yes, sir, but Jamie was always a timid child, he will be afraid of strangers."

How universal the desire to be buried with our kindred. And why should we have any choice in our burial places if our friends are to appear as strangers in the resurrection? Jacob said, when dying, "Bury me not, I pray thee, in Egypt. I will lie with my fathers. Bury me in their burying-place." Mrs. Sigourney relates an instance of this kind in a very touching manner. The dying child, when asked where she would be buried, cared not whether in the "shady dell" with the violets, or in the churchyard with the white monuments; her all-absorbing desire was to be buried with her mother.

"One only wish she uttered
While life was ebbing fast;
Sleep by my side, dear mother,
And rise with me at last."

If the saints in light are never to renew the friendships and acquaintances formed on earth, from whence comes the universal desire and longings for re-union to the departed? Though some profess to doubt its truth, the doctrine of the heavenly recognition has been, and ever will be, an almost universal belief. Even the poor Indian, with his "untutored mind," looks beyond the hills that skirt the horizon, and in imagination beholds the forest, and fields of bliss, where he expects to renew the chase, and rejoin his chieftains and kindred; and also that "his faithful dog shall bear him company." In India the bereaved widow burned herself on the funeral pile of her husband, so that she might rejoin him in the halls of Brahma, and enjoy a still happier life with him. Socrates, after drinking the deadly poison, consoled himself with the fond hope of meeting and conversing with the illustrious dead. "Is it nothing," he said, "to converse with Orpheus, and Homer, and Hesiod? Believe me, I would cheerfully suffer many a death on condition of realizing such a privilege. With that pleasure could I leave the world to hold communion with Palmedes, Ajax, and others who, like me, have had an unjust sentence pronounced against them?"

Cicero, the Roman orator, who lived a hundred years before Christ, said with regard to this subject: "For my own part, I feel myself transported with the most ardent impatience to join the society of my two departed friends, your illustrious fathers, whose characters I greatly respected, and whose persons I sincerely loved. Nor is this, my earnst desire, confided to those excellent persons alone with whom I was formerly connected; I ardently wish to visit those celebrated worthies of whose honorable conduct I have heard and read much, or whose virtues I have myself commemorated in some of my writings. To this glorious assembly I am speedily advancing; and I would not be turned back in my journey, even on the assured condition that my youth, like that of Pelias, should be again restored."—And speaking of Cato, whom he calls the "best of sons and the most valuable of men," he says, "If I seemed to bear his death with fortitude, it was by no means that I did not most sensibly feel the loss I had sustained. It was because I supported myself with the consoling reflection that we could not be long separated."

Does it seem possible that these are the sentiments of mere pagan hearts? And how much more cheering the thought of the heavenly recognition to us, to whom life and immortality have been brought to light by the blessed gospel of Christ. Rev. Richard Baxter said, "The expectation of loving my friends in heaven principally kindles my love to them on earth. If I thought that I should never know them, and, consequently, never love them after this life is ended, I should in reason number them with temporal things, and love them as much. But I now delight to converse with my pious friends, in a firm persuation that I shall converse with them forever; and I take comfort in those of them that are dead, or absent, as believing that I shall meet them in heaven, and love them with a heavenly love that shall there be perfected." Then let us look up and joyfully anticipate blessed reunion with our sainted dead. Let us cherish our love for them, for it is eternal, and must increase to all eternity; and if we weep let it be not for those who sweetly sleep in Jesus, but for the wretched ones of earth who are dead while they live, "dead in trespasses and in sin."

"O weep not for the dead!
Rather, O rather give the tear
To those who darkly linger here
When all besides are fled.
Weep for the spirit withering
In its cold, cheerless sorrowing;
Weep for the young and lovely one
That ruin darkly revels on;
But never be a tear drop shed
For them, the pure enfranchised dead!"

A RECOLLECTION.

Took the Bet Himself.

Seeing that the Paschall House Association reserved a considerable number of their tickets in the late drawing at St. Louis and carried off the most valuable prizes held out to the public as inducements to buy, reminds a legal friend of ours of a shooting match at Gallatin some years ago, in which he was interested. The match lasted for two days, but the great feature of the occasion was to occur on the second day, being a trial of rifle skill between Rube Payne and a "White county squirrel killer," two of the most celebrated shots of the time. Business requiring the presence of our friend at home, he could not stay for the second day's shooting, although very much interested in the triumph of Payne. Bill White, one of his neighbors, was going to stay to see the thing out, so he gave into Bill's hands what money he had left and instructed that individual to bet it for him next day on Payne out shooting the squirrel killer. Bill faithfully promised to do as instructed, and our friend departed for home, fully confident of doubling his money on Rube Payne's fine shooting qualities. He was, however, doomed to disappointment, for the squirrel killer knocked out the ball of the bull's eye. The day after the shooting Bill White also returned home, and meeting with the lawyer, the latter desired to know how the match turned out. "Well," said Bill, hesitating a little, "it turned out against you. Your man got beat and your money was lost." Desiring to know the lucky winner of his money, the lawyer asked "who took the bet?" "Why, I took it myself," said Bill, "for I know'd all the time that the White county man would beat Mr. Payne." The lawyer tried to explain to Bill that he could not himself fairly take the bet under the circumstances, but was never able to satisfy him that it was not a square transaction, and therefore never did recover the money Bill White bet for him on the shooting match. He now says that the Paschall House lottery was carried on according to Bill White's idea of betting, the only odds being the difference in the stakes.—*Nashville Union & American.*

ARTIFICIAL DIAMONDS.—M. Caliste Saix, in a communication to the French Academy, describes a method of forming diamonds which he is confident can not fail. A stream of chlorine gas is passed over fused cast-iron, forming a perchloride of iron. This volatilizes, and the carbon of the metal remains intact. The carbon then, the author insists, must crystalize and form diamonds. One kilogramme of iron will produce sixty grammes of jewels, the raw material costing 20 francs, and the diamonds producing 75,000 francs!

APPROPRIATE TEXT FOR BEN BUTLER'S FUNERAL SERMON.—Below will be found what is deemed a proper text from which to preach the funeral sermon of Ben Butler:

From Jeremiah iii, 19: "And the basins, and the firepans, and the bowls, and the cauldrons, and the candlesticks and the spoons, and the cups: that which was of gold, in gold, and that which was of silver, in silver, the Captain of the Guard took away."

WHAT IT COSTS.

There are, says the Indianapolis *Sentinel*, in round numbers 700,000 negro voters in the "reconstructed" States in the South. Since the close of the war, there have, in round numbers, been $1,500,000,000 collected of and paid by the people to the General Government in the way of taxes and duties. Divide 700,000—the number of negro voters in the South—into this amount, and you have the cost of each negro voter, to-wit: Two thousand one hundred and forty-two dollars and eighty-five cents! Isn't that paying dear for the whistle? Don't you you feel like being taxed for endless years to keep up this "glorious luxury" of negro suffrage? Isn't Sambo a costly "critter?" Freedmen's Bureaus to clothe and feed him—school marms, paid at the expense of the Government, to educate him—tranportation furnished when he wants to go on a pleasant trip—the whole machinery of State government "reconstructed" at vast expenpense, for his special benefit, and placed in his hands—five Satraps and a large standing army kept, "regardless of expense," to perpetuate his rule. Isn't it lovely, and don't that "goose hang high?" But then it only costs a trifle over two thousand dollars to be treated to such a delightful luxury! Nobody but a traitor, a rebel, or a copperhead, of course, would object to the expense in view of the great "moral lesson" of perfect and complete equality" it teaches.—"Let us have peace."

The *National Intelligencer* forcibly remarks, "the farmer is told that times are not so bad when he can command two dolars a bushel for wheat and one dollar and twenty cents for corn, and other things in proportion. But the question for the farmer is not so much what is the nomical price of his produce but what is its purchasing power. He cannot buy as much with his two dollars as he could formerly with one, and he finds himself at the close of the year with less money in fact, though, perhaps, more in name than he did before the era of greenbacks. The paper dollar, which is a legal tender and nominally a dollar, has disturbed all the values of the country, and the brickmaker, who earns five dollars a day finds it harder work to feed and clothe his family than he did when his wages were not quite so high-sounding, but more real."

[From the National Intelligencer Oct. 8th.]

The following special dispatch to the Philadelphia *Age* tells the story in regard to Delaware. The large and uniform Democratic gains show a overwhelming popular current in favor of Seymour and Blair. When we consider the vicinity of this State to Pennsylvania, that the Radicals have made special efforts to carry this State, and that not long ago they arrogantly claimed a change in their favor, we cannot but draw from this election a most gratifying augury as to the great contest which is to take place in Pennsylvania on Tuesday.—All honor to the Democracy of Delaware for the noble stand in defense of the Constitution:

"WILMINGTON, Oct. 7.—We have met the enemy in the Diamond State, and they are ours. We have given them a second Maryland defeat, and have carried every hundred except six. In New Castale county, which includes the city of Wilmington, we have 305 majority, with three hundred to hear from. You may set us down for a good 600 in this county, in November, for Seymour and Blair.—Kent and Sussex counties are almost unanimously Democratic. The following instance will show how nobly the Democrats have fought the fight: Christiana hundred gives 33 Radical majority; a Democratic gain of 91.—Wilmington, 9 Radical majority; a Democratic gain of 305 in one month. New Castle, 199 Democratic majority, a gain of 87. Brandywine and St. George's hundreds have been captured by us, the former giving 23 Democratic majority; a gain of 83; and the latter Democratic by 52, a gain of 73. The same proportion holds good throughout the entire State, and you can set Little Deleware, as ever, on the side of the Constitution and the Union in the coming battle."

IN the Episcopal Convention at New York on Monday, the following important resolution was unanimously passed:

The Rev. Dr. Cowper Meade, of Connecticut, got the floor and moved:

Whereas, The restoration of the unity of the Church is an object of vast importance, as without unity it will be impossible for her perfectly to fulfill her mission to the world; and,

Whereas, In the opinion of many, the signs of the times indicate there is a strong and increasing tendency among the churches of the various denominations of Christians in Christendom, to see such unity restored; therefore

Resolved, that a joint committee of both houses constituting the general convention, which convention shall consist of an equal number of Bishops, Presbyteries and laymen, be appointed an organ of communication with other branches of the churches and the different Christian bodies desiring conference on the subject, the said committee to be entitled a commission of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America on unity.

HEAP OF TRUTH.—There is a "heap of truth" in the following from the *Rock Island Argus:*

"Thousands of soldiers, all over the land, begin to see through the hypocrisy, wickedness and corruption of the Radical party, and are going for a change. They are beginning to see that they have been used to place the negro above their own race, and to mortgage the white man's property and labor ages to come in order to carry out the wicked and tyrannical and unconstitutional rule of the Radical party. They will now show that their love of country and race is superior, they will throw off this corrupt Radical party and bring into power once more the good old fashioned Jackson days of honesty and reverence for the constitution and laws."

GARDENING FOR LADIES.—Make up your beds early in the morning; sew buttons on your husbands's shirts; do not rake up any grievances; protect the young and tender branches of your family; plant a smile of good temper in your face, and carefully root out all angry feelings—and expect a good crop of happiness.

A DYING MAN'S CONFESSION.

"What o'clock is it, James?"

"Nearly twelve, sir."

"Heavens! I thought it was near sunrise. How long the hours are.—Give me some wine, James, I am getting weak."

The old servant filled a wine glass and handed it to his dying master, who quaffed it feverishly, and then fell back upon his pillow with a long, shuddering moan.

"If the morning would come! If the morning would only come!"

"Try to sleep, Mr. Errold," said the attendant, soothingly.

"Sleep" gasped the sick man. "I shall never know sleep again upon the earth. I am dying, James, and my conscience will keep me awake until death speaks to my soul. How dark it is! Turn up the light—I—I—can't see your face. There! Now sit down beside me; but first give me more wine; I will need strength. I am going to make a confession. I am going to tell you the dark secret whose horror has never left me by night or day for thirty-five years."

The bright, soft light of the astral lamp fell upon John Errold's face, fully revealing to the frightened gaze of the servant the awful anguish of the white, trembling lips, the unnatural glare of the eyes, and the quick, fierce dilating of the nostrils.

"I sold my soul to the devil for gold—do you hear, man? There is blood upon my hands, innocent blood, the blood of a little child—my baby brother—I murdered him just thirty-five years ago to-night."

"You are raving," said the old man, trembling; "thirty-five years ago you were a child yourself."

"So I was, James—so I was, a boy of ten years, but not less a murderer. Listen! I am not, as you know, an American by birth, but an Englishman. I was at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. My mother died in giving me birth—Eight years after my father took a second wife, a young East Indian heiress, daughter of the famous Col. D—, of the —th regiment. She was an orphan; her fortune was at her own disposal: she was the sole inheiritrix of sixty thousand pounds. When my father died, which he did in a year after the marriage, my young stepmother fell in a rapid decline, brought on by the violence of her grief. In three months after my father's death, she, too, was at rest. Her will bequeathed her entire fortune with the exception of five thousand pounds to myself, and five to her only living relative, a cousin, a barrister in London, to her infant son, Percy; in the event of whose death the bulk of fortune was to be divided equally between the aforesaid cousin and myself. Our appointed guardian was a Doctor N., a famous London divine, to whose home Percy and I were removed in a few weeks after the decease of my step-mother.

"James, I was accursed with a precocious mind. At ten years of age I was not a child, but a brooding, dreamy man—with all of man's longing for power and riches—all of man's innate, intense ambition for honor and fame. I held aloof from companions suited to my age, preferring rather the society of grave, elderly men, and I read the works of Rosseau, Montesquieu, Hume and other profound and dangerous writers, with an eagerness and understanding which seems almost incredible to me now as I look back upon that period of my life, which was childhood in nought save years.

"After my step-mother's death, I brooded incessantly upon the thought, that were it not for her sickly, orphaned babe, I should be the inheritor of a splendid fortune; and I grew at last to hate the little creature who stood between me and the wealth for which I felt an embryo miser's longing.

"I told you that I was accursed with a precoious mind; aye, and with an evil nature—a nature wholly devoid of nobility, and peculiarly susceptible to every species of temptation.

"One night satan entered into my soul; swift, silent and strong his evil power thrilled through my veins.—My little brother was in my arms, a rare occurrence, for the child feared and disliked me, but this night our gurdians's wite had requested me to carry him up stairs to his nurse, which request I was obeying at the time.

"At the head of the stair-case I paused and looked down. During my ascent I had been thinking, thinking, think ng.

"Twenty high steps lay beneath me—solid marble.

"It was very dark; the lamps had not yet been lit in the halls. No one was near. The child clung to me in fear; his little arms were clasped tightly around my neck, his baby face buried upon my shoulder.

"What followed then? I unloosed his—I held him over the stone staircase, and simultaneous with his shriek of terror, I dashed him down the steps; his little body rolled, rolled, rolled, and fell with a sickening thud upon the lower landing.

"A frenzied horror and remorse came over me—my brain whirled—my limbs refused to support my body; one awful scream issued from my lips, and then consciousness forsook me. The awakening of that swoon was the beginning of the tortured, haunting life, which has been mine ever since. From the moment in which I said 'I tripped and fell, and he slipped from my arms, my young soul-shuddering at the ghastly lie, took up its burden of guilt and remorse, and turned away from the bitterness of the world into a darkness self-created and hopeless as despair itself.

"At twenty-five years of age I left England, and came to America with the ill-gotten gains which became mine upon attaining my majority.

"I hoped in the change from the Old to the New World, to find a pleasure and excitement which might serve to deaden the remorse which gnawed incessantly at my heart.

"In vain! The awful shadow of guilt fell across my footsteps; let me go where I would. I began to hate my life—for that which brings oblivion to the accursed—to pray God to let me die.

"Then I met her, Lucia, whom you know as my loving and beloved wife. God took her from me ere we had been five years married; it was better so. I did not grieve for her—I had found in her noble, trusting love less of happiness than anguished self-reproach.

"After that, the years went by lingeringly, and the death for which I prayed seemed to retreat from me mockingly as I stretched out my yearning arms toward it.

"It has come at last—for this, thank God, it is meant that I should die upon the anniversary of the night when—when—

"God have mercy upon me! Come closer to me, James, closer—closer.—How pale you are, and your hands are icy cold. It was a horrible story, wasn't it? A Cain at ten years of age. I have guarded my secret well—thirty-five years—thirty-five years—"

The servant shuddered and drew back from the dying clutch of Errold's fingers.

"I will ring the bell," he said in a fearful, husky voice, "and send some one for Doctor ——"

Ere the physician's named passed his lips, the death rattle sounded in his master's throat; the head fell back upon its pillow, and a wierd, flickering smile curved the pallid lips—the guilty man was dead—and the old servant, with a cry of suppressed fear, fled away from the still, ghastly presence which bore upon its white, upturned face, the impress of a lost soul.

The Graves of Humboldt and Neander.

Eight miles from Berlin is Tegel, a quiet place in the forest, with only a modest castle and its appendages.—From the castle by a winding footpath, at first through an over-arching jungle of lilacs, and then through native woodlands, one is led a long distance till he is unexpectedly brought to a little dell with an inclosure of graves covered with ivy. One of the sleepers in this place of quiet beauty is Frederick Henry Alexander Von Humboldt, who was born 1769, and died at the age of ninety years. At the head of the inclosure is a neat monument of red granite surmounted by a beautiful figure of "Hope," in white marble. Long arms of oak, reaching out horizontally to the sleepers, some of them fifty feet long and ever green with the moss of many years, give to the secluded spot a venerable surrounding. The April breeze, whispering through the boughs of spruce and cedar, told the visitor to speak low and walk softly, and my feelings were in a mood readily to hear and heed the gentle monitor.

In one of the church cemeteries not half a mile from my lodgings in Berlin, in a retired corner, are the remains of Augustus Neander, eminent Church historian. A plain head-stone has sculptured on it a side view of his attractive face. Under the work of the sculptor is this inscription: "A sister to an unforgotten brother." Professor Tholuck, spoke to me yesterday of his traits and great excellence and said, "If it were the custom now to have saints, Neander would surely be canonized," I love often to step in and take a fresh look at the serene face of Neander. Not old, but ripe, he died at sixty one, and evidently worthy of the laurel in his department of life's work.—*The Advance.*

THE Farmers' Union, of Minneapolis, Minesota, says of the wheat crop of that State: "The probable yield of wheat per acre in this State this year will not be far from twenty bushels. Some fields go over forty bushels, others as low as fifteen. It is not safe to estimate the total crop at over fifteen million bushels, though possibly it may reach sixteen millions; we don't think it will fall below fifteen. The wheat crop of the State will be worth in the neighborhood of twenty millions of dollars, which will do very well for a State only ten years old. The corn and other crops will be worth five millions more."

One of the zealous chaplains of the army of the Potomac called on a Colonel noted for his profanity, in order to talk about the religious interest of his men. He was politely received, and motioned to a seat on a chest, when the following dialogue ensued:

Chaplain—Colonel, you have one of the finest regiments in the army.

Colonel—I believe so.

Chaplain—Do you think you pay sufficient attention to the religious instruction of your men?

Colonel—(doubtfully) Well, I don't know.

Chaplain—A lively interest has been awakened in the —— Massachusetts (a revival regiment). The Lord has blessed the labors of his servants, and ten have already been baptized.

Colonel—(excitedly) Is that so?—[To the attendant:] Sergeant Major, have fifteen men detailed immediately for baptism. I'll be d—d if I'll be outdone by any Massachusetts regiment.

Dean Swift was one time solicited to preach a sermon for the benefit of the poor. When the preliminary services were gone through, he arose and selected the text: "He thas giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." "Now, said the witty pastor, abruptly closing the book, "if you like the security, down with the dust."

A Detroit man thought he did a shrewd thing when he put all his property in his wife's name. But he is of a different opinion since his wife died, leaving a will which makes him penniless unless he marries his servant girl.

An Irishman, noticing a woman passing along the streets, spied two strips depending from under the lady's cloak. Not knowing that these were styled sashes, and were hanging in the right place, he exclaimed: "Faith, ma'am, your gallaps are untied."

TO KILL FLEAS.—