TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE
$2.50 if Paid Within Six Months.
3.00 at the End of the Year.

JOB WORK
Neatly and Promptly Executed.

CLARKSVILLE CHRONICLE.

VOL. 41.--NO 44. CLARKSVILLE, TENN., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1871. WHOLE NO. 2,176.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

NO. SQUARES.	1 MO	2 MO	3 MO	6 MO	12 MO
1 Square	3 00	4 00	5 00	8 00	10 00
2 Squares	5 00	6 00	10 00	12 00	20 00
3 Squares	7 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	30 00	50 00
¾ Column	18 00	20 00	35 00	45 00	75 00
1 Column	20 00	25 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 concerning private interest, will be charged for.

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

T. HERNDON, Late of Riggins & Co., Trice's Landing, Tenn. A. P. COLLINS, Lafayette, Ky.

HERNDON & COLLINS,
TOBACCO AND GENERAL
Commission Merchants,
Red River Landing, New Providence, Tennessee.

Special attention paid to Inspection and Sale of Tobacco. Cash advanced on Tobacco in Store.

References by Permission:

B. O. Keesee, President Bank of Clarksville; T. F. Pettus, President New Providence Savings Institution, and the trade generally. oct.8, '70-tf.

SIGN OF THE "RED BARREL!"

COULTER & ALLEY,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
GROCERS,
FRANKLIN STREET, CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE,
SIGN OF RED BARREL,

Keep constantly on hand a full assortment of STAPLE and FANCY GROCERIES, all grades of FLOUR, best brands of ROBERTSON COUNTY WHISKY, and other brands of TENNESSEE and KENTUCKY WHISKEYS, P. H. Porter's Pure GRAPE WINE.

We cordially invite those visiting this market to examine our stock before buying. Our stock is all new and fresh, bought for CASH, and will be sold at close figures for CASH.

We offer special inducements to merchants visiting this place. Orders will receive special attention and satisfaction guaranteed. Will duplicate bills bought in Louisville, Cincinnati and Nashville.

Respectfully,
COULTER & ALLEY.
January 7, 1870-1y

DRUGS!

S. B. STEWART,
PUBLIC SQUARE,

Has always on hand a complete stock of DRUGS and MEDICINES, PHARMACEUTICAL PREPARATIONS, CHEMICALS, PATENT MEDICINES, OILS and DYE-STUFFS, PAINTS, PUTTY, GLASS, &c., &c., which he sells at the lowest figures. Physicians' perscriptions, and orders from physicians in the country, will have prompt and careful attention at this house. Feb. 25, 1871-1y

CLARKSVILLE
Boot and Shoe Manufactory.
R. C. HOWELL,
FRANKLIN STREET,
(Opposite the Skating Rink,)
CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

I beg leave to offer my services to the citizens of Clarksville and surrounding vicinity as a manufacturer of first class work from the best material the market affords, and at as liberal rates as the same quality of work can be executed for in the city. Footing, half-soling and repairing done at the cheapest rates, and work delivered promptly at the time promised.
Respectfully R. C. HOWELL.
May 21, 1871-1y

North Western
HORSE NAIL COMPANY,
(Established in 1862,)
Manufacturers of
Patented Hammered Horse Nails
From "BENZON" Iron,
The most reliable and popular horse nail in market, and a staple article with all leading houses.
OFFICE AND FACTORY,
56 to 68 West Van Buren Street,
CHICAGO.
A. W. Kingsland, Secretary.
march11, '71-1y

CRYING
FOR
GREENBACKS.

To the Public Generally and Everybody in Particular:

Having taken out license as AUCTIONEER, I am now ready at a moment's warning to sell any description of property at public sale. I will do the best I can for all who intrust their business to me.
Respectfully,
THOMAS McMANNUS.
Jan. 29, 1870-tf.

THE UNRIVALED
WEED
SEWING MACHINE!
W. H. ARMSTRONG, - Agent.
Beyond question the best in use. Call and examine these before purchasing others, at the Picture Gallery of W. H. ARMSTRONG & CO., Franklin street, Clarksville, Tenn. sept10-tf

You will always find a complete stock of Drugs, Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Paints and Painter's Material, Toilet Articles and Notions, Tobaccos, Cigars, Choice Liquors, &c. at
BYERS & BRO.

THE GOLDEN BOOT
JOHN MIDDLETON
HAS risen, Phœnix like, from the debris of the late fire, and has taken a shop on Franklin street, above Pitman & Lewis' store, where he has a large and elegant stock of leather, ready to make the finest and best
BOOTS AND SHOES,
cut in the latest style, and a perfect fit guaranteed. He invites his friends and former patrons to give him a call.
☞ Sign of the GOLD BOOT.
JOHN MIDDLETON.
April 23, 1870-tf.

D. DICK, JR. G. R. HARRI
D. DICK & CO.
NOTHING BUT
WHISKY
Always on hand in large lots.
DOUBLE AND TREBLE
COPPERED TENNESSEE
WHISKY,
Of all grades, for CASH. We keep no spurious LIQUORS of any kind, and will make nothing but GOOD TENNESSEE WHISKY. D. DICK & CO.
Call on G. R. Harris, Sheriff. jan14'71-1y

DRESS GOODS,
FULL LINE OF STAPLE GOODS,
SPRING GOODS!
E. GLICK,
No. 23,
COR. FRANKLIN & 1ST STS.,
CLARKSVILLE, TENN.
Call at the Cheap Store and get Bargains,
CLOTHS AND CASSIMERES,
Cheap as the Cheapest.
April 15, 71-tf

For Sale.

A splendid country residence and farm at Tait's Station, Tenn. I wish to sell my residence and all or any part of the farming lands attached thereto. The dwelling house is a fine two story brick, containing eight rooms and a large, fine conservatory. There are all the necessary out houses of every description. The farm contains 450 acres, on which there is a fine peach and appleorchard just beginning to bear fruit. Terms very reasonable. For further particulars apply to A. G. WILCOX.
sep 9 70-tf Tait's Station, Tenn.

THE LAST GOOD-BYE.

Farewell! farewell! is often heard
From the lips of those that part;
'Tis a whispered tone, 'tis a gentle word,
But it springs not from the heart.
It may serve for the lover's lay
To besing 'neath a summer sky;
But give me the lips that say
The honest words, "Good-bye!"

Adieu! adieu! may greet the ear
In the guise of courtly speech;
But when we leave the kind and dear,
'Tis not what the soul would teach.
Where'er we grasp the hands of those
We would have forever nigh,
The flame of friendship burns and glows,
In the warm, frank words, "Good-bye!"

The mother sends forth her child
To meet with cares and strife;
She breathes, through her tears, doubts and fears
For the loved one's future life.
No cold "adieu," no "farewell" lives
Within her choking sigh,
But the deepest sob of anguish gives,
God bless thee, boy! "Good-bye!"

Go, watch the pale and dying one,
When the glance has lost its beam,
When the brow is as cold as the inarble stone,
And the world a passing dream;
And the latest pressure of the hand,
The look of the closing eye,
Yield what the heart must understand--
A long, a last "Good-bye!"

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

It was the hardest of hard times. Old well-established houses were failing all around. No wonder that the smaller concerns were fairly swallowed up in the crashes going on in the business world. No wonder that Harry Tyndall, a young city merchant, sat in his office gazing with despairing eyes at the spectre ruin which stared at him from no great distance. He had weathered the storms of three brief years—he had soon hoped to weather this, but the loss of a thousand pounds held by a friend deprived him of the means of making a payment due in three days, and he felt that all was indeed lost, for his efforts to negotiate a loan in the present state of the money market had been worse than useless.

The prospect before him was not a cheerful one. It is rather hard to begin life over again at thirty, especially when one has reached that age after years of poverty, toil and self-exertion. In his younger days, Harry Tyndall had known want in its cruelest, most savage form; he had battled its grim legions and risen to independence; and now, at the threshold of a higher life, he was hurled back, with just a glimpse of the enchanted grounds within.

As he sat confronting the heap of papers on his desk, the office door opened and lady entered. Mechanically Harry rose and placed a chair; but as the lady threw back her vail, he exclaimed in surprise: "Miss Berwick!"

"Pardon my intrusion, Mr. Tyndall," said the most musical of voices. "I have been on the upper floor looking for the office of Graves & Waldron, and was told they were on this floor. I wish to give Mr. Waldron this package. May I ask you to deliver it? I will remain here. Of all things I dislike to lose myself in these d rk passages hunting for offices."

Harry took the package alacrity—was gone but a moment, and on his return found Miss Berwick standing by the window idly looking down the street. She turned at his entrance, thanked him with a smile and a bow, and then took her bright presence out of the room, and Harry was left to his meditations.

"I may just as well give it up. I have not a friend who could help me in this strait," he uttered after half an hour's deep thought. "I will make an assignment or go into bankruptcy, and then depart for America, where toil is better required."

And as he spoke he rose to his feet, his eyes falling on the floor. He was vaguely conscious of some dark object at his feet, stooped carelessly to lift it, and saw that it was a pocket-book—leather, and rather the worse for wear, but was very plethoric. He sat down again and opened it. There were various compartments, but all of them empty save one. That one contained just ten one-hundred-pound notes.

Just the sum that would save him from ruin. If it were his he could pay that bill falling due, sell off his stock, and seek a situation until the panic was past!

He looked the pocket-book over again. There was no clue to the owner, yet he felt convinced that it must of course belong to Clara Berwick. She was the only person who had been in his office that morning. It was a terrible temptation to Harry. Had his visitor been any other than Clara Berwick it is hard to say whether conscience or inclination would have prevailed; as it was, conscience won the day, and he started out after Miss Berwick.

She was not to be found, however; and Harry concluded she had gone home. So thither he bent his steps. Clara was an heiress and something of a belle, too. She was not classically beautiful, but she was young, and had a good figure, clear complexion, frank grey eyes, and very abundant hair; all of which good points she made the most of, as every daughter of Eve is bound to do. She came down in response to Harry's double knock, and looked quite surprised, though she endeavored to conceal it.

When Harry showed her the pocket-book she looked at it attentively, and laughed a merry peal of laughter.

"Why, Mr. Tyndall," she cried, "you must think I have poor taste, to own such a purse as that. See, that is my pocket-book;" and she drew out a dainty purple velvet purse, to which was appended a gold chain.

"But no one has been to my office to-day save you."

"Indeed! The pocket-book is certainly not mine," she responded very earnestly.

"What shall I do with it?" said Harry, in perplexity.

"Why keep it, of course," responded Miss Berwick, with a bright smile; and she seated herself upon the sofa and began a discourse on something else.

She and Harry had often met in society, but he had never called upon her before, and when he rose from his chair to go, she said: "Really, Mr. Tyndall, I ought to be grateful to the owner of that pocket-book, since it gained me the pleasure of a call. May I hope that you will repeat it some time when you have no stray articles to dispose of?"

Harry blushed, murmured something about the pleasure all being on his side, and hurried away.

"Oh dear," he said to himself, "she actually believes that I trumped up that story of the pocket-book for an excuse to call on her. Wealth privileges her to be impertinent. But oh, if I only dared to use it! And just the amount, too! But I must advertise it."

Harry Tyndall did not advertise the lost pocket-book, and when, three days later, his bill fell due, he paid it, and was a free man.

It is not necessary to recount the successive steps in temptation which finally led to the first dishonest act of a hitherto spotless life. How the pocket-book came there he could not even guess. But it was there; it just supplied his needs, he appropriated it, and was henceforth branded a thief in his own eyes.

Those months of financial embarrassment that followed were safely tided over, and then he devoted himself to his business with a melancholy desperation born of conscious guilt. He went little into society, and especially did he avoid Clara Berwick, who, with a perversity of mocking mischief, tortured him with allusions to the lost pocket-book whenever she chanced to meet him. She was thoroughly good natured about it, so utterly careless and trifling that he could not accuse her of malice; yet his own conscience was his sharpest accuser; he imagined knowledge of his guilt, when in reality there was none.

He did not conceal from himself that the desire to remain in Miss Berwick's sphere was the principal cause of his rash act; yet, now that he was still where he could meet her, he shrunk from making an avowal of his feelings—he dared not approach her with his love. So he argued to himself, thinking he was strong enough to withstand the temptation, although he knew he had yielded to a lesser one.

But, disguise the fact as we may, we are all creatures of circumstance. We say, "I will not do so," and lo! in a month or year we have done those very things, and it has become a matter of course that we should have done so. Even as, in spite of himself, Harry Tyndall had appropriated what was not his, also, in spite of his will, he was at last thrown into just such circumstances as forced from his lips a declaration of love to Clara, though he doubted as he made it.

Clara arched her brows a moment in pretended surprise (as if she had not known his struggles all along), then her old merry, mocking smile flashed over her face, and some bantering words rose to her lips; but they were unspoken; for there was earnestness enough, and enough of passion and pain in his face to subdue even her. He scarcely knew what she said; but he went away feeling as if his head would strike the stars, because Clara loved and would marry him; but as he walked along he thought of the pocket-book, and his ecstacy died away. Why should he, a common thief, rejoice because under false colors he had won a good woman's heart? But he must play the accepted lover, and he did so, forgetting when with her, his own unworthiness. Sometimes he thought to tell her all; again, he shrank from her scorn and the less of her respect.

But one day when they were together, after a short silence between them, Clara said suddenly, "Harry, did you ever find out whose purse that was you found in your office?"

He turned pale as death. Was his sin about to find him out last?

"No," he said, huskily.

"Was there no clue—nothing to indicate who was the owner?"

"None at all."

"Have you it yet, Harry? Well, I should like to see it. Will you go and get it?"

"I have it here," he said.

Like many criminals, he had never parted with the witness of his crime.

Clara took it in her hands.

"Now, Harry," said she, "I have a confession to make. I don't mind telling you that I fell in love with you at first sight; and that when I learned from my lawyer that you were on the verge of ruin, and that so small a sum of money would save you, I was grieved for your sufferings but rejoiced to think I might help you."

Here she opened the purse, slipped the penkife between the two compartments, dr w out a folded paper, which she handed to Harry, who read it:

"Use this money to take up that outstanding debt. A FRIEND."

He looked at her smiling face and light broke in upon him.

"So it was your purse, after all?"

"No, Harry, it was not my purse. I found the old thing in the garret; but it was money. Tell me, did it save you?"

"Yes; oh, yes! And all these years I have borne about a needless burden, and morning, noon and night called myself a thief, and dared not tell you of my love because of it. Ah, what have I not suffered?"

"And I am the cause of it all," cried Clara, throwing her arms around his neck, with a burst of tears, "Can you forgive me?"

"Forgive you?" said Harry fondly, "I would go through twice as much to save you a single pang! And, at last, I can hold up my head among them with a clear conscience."

"Of course you can. Don't you remember I told you at the time to use it? You might have known it was all right?"

"Yes, I might, but I did not. It would have saved me much sorrow if I had. However, I do not regret it now."

SAVE SOMETHING. — Save something, no matter how little it may be, always save something. Never turn away your head from small savings; they are the foundation of great ones. A penny is not much. Many a man would rather throw away a penny than pick it up, if it lay before him. Yet a penny a day is nearly four dollars a year, four dollars is the interest of nearly one hundred dollars capital. "Waste not, want not," is old saying; and he who is extravagant enough to cast idly away what can be made useful, tho' it be but a trifle, may expect to see the day when even that trifle would be acceptable.

SAYS the Psalmist: "He maketh my feet like hind's feet." A negro preacher read it "hen's feet," and proceeded to say, "dat a hen in the hen roost, when it falls asleep, tightens its grip, so's not to fall off. And dat's how true faith, my bredren, holds on to the rock."

A WAG, observing on the door of a house the names of two physicians, remarked that it put him in mind of a double-barrelled gun; if one missed, the other would be sure to kill.

THE following is an extract from Hon. G. H. Pendleton's speech at Loveland, Ohio, a short time since:

Three weeks ago to-day I was on the ocean. It was a dark, damp, disagreeable voyage. The sun and moon had not appeared for many days. Clouds and mist and fog hung around the ship, and the fog-bell tolled its fearful clang incessantly. I had recovered from sea-sickness, and naturally turned for some light and pleasant reading. A friend had sent me, to Liverpool, a package of American newspapers. I turned them over and my eye rested on the proceedings of the Republican Convention and the speech of Senator Sherman. I commenced it. The interest deepened as I read on. The fogs in the sky and the dampness on the deck were forgotten. What a picture he drew of this Republican Administration! What a picture he drew of national prosperity and felicity! All to be attributed to this Administration. The country and Government so great by reason of this Administration that they commanded the admiration and respect of every nation in the world! Our prowess and sense of justice such that no lately outstanding question had not been settled to our infinite honor and our infinite advantage! Our natural self-appreciation stimulated by the evident appreciation of others! At home there was peace "within our borders and prosperity within our gates!" A benign contentment pervaded all our people, attaching them to each other in fraternal love, and binding all in filial reverence and obedience to a paternal and beneficent Administratton! Liberty enjoyed in order! and laws passed only to secure that liberty! Just laws impliteitly obeyed! Peace, liberty and prosperity! a trinity of blessings! A brotherhood unbroken! The duties and obligations of a Government so light as to be known only by their blessings! Bad passions already subjugated, soon to be eradicated!!—Tariffs already light, soon to be made lighter!! Taxes already small, soon to be made smaller!! Public debt, already almost nothing, soon to be made less!! The Administration already pure, soon to be made holy!! And Grant, lately the mailed soldier, lately the incarnation of force, already become "one among ten thousand," and soon to become "altogether lovely!!"

Gen. Garfield followed Sherman. He was enthused by this glowing picture. Even his imagination could only supply a color or add a tint which the Senator had omitted. In a style of his own he soared in the empyrean and caught the rosiest hue which guilds the "bow of beauty and of promise." He descended to the lowest depths of ocean and brought up the tiniest and purest drop which lingered there, that he might catch its brightest sparkle as the sun kissed it on the crest of the billow. And with these he warmed the brilliant picture. I bowed my head in joy. I thanked God that the day of Millenial happiness had come. My surprise was equal to my pleasure. I knew our worthy President had tasted of saving grace in the pure air of Washington, and that, having added works to faith, he had escaped the condemnation that he who careth not for his household is worse than an infidel; and that having done so well at home he had turned his efforts to the islands of the sea. But I did not know that all our people were so happy; that all our country was so smiling; "that the mountains skipped like rams, and the little hills like lambs." My soul was filled with impatience to be at home. The ship seemed to move more slowly. The clouds seemed to become drearier, the mist still heavier. I felt, as the old hymn has it—

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, and cast a wistful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land, where my possessions lie."

But, alas! in an evil hour I read further. I read Morton's speech, in which he says that every bad passion is let loose at the South, and stimulated and fostered by the Democrats of the North; and that murder, assassination, rapine and discord fright honest men and honest capital from the land, and honest negroes from the polls. I read Perry's speech, in which he says that if this present rod, which is no bigger than a man's thumb, is not sufficient to produce order, the next shall be larger and heavier than a man's thigh. I read that the Ku-Klux Committee, having sat in Washington, felt it necessary to face these evils in their home, and to sit in Raleigh and Charleston and New Orleans. I read the Ku-Klux bill with its manifold contrivances, for destroying disorder by destroying liberty, and for avenging pretended crimes to individuals, upon the whole country by suspending the writ of *habeas corpus*, and by destroying the substance, and even the form of constitutional government. I read the election bill, which makes of free choice a farce, and subjects the returns of the elections to the manipulation of the creatures or to the Executive. I was amazed, I turned again to the speeches of Sherman and and Garfield, and I saw that they, too, had painted these horrors, but in the background and out of sight. I saw that there was nothing new under the sun. I saw their picture was one of those shifting scenes; when you look at it from one point it shows you the fair face and beautiful form of an angel; from another, the threatening face, the heavy horns and blazing fires of the devil. Whenever they desire to charm the simple by the beneficence of their party, they show the picture of smiling prosperity, which delighted my eye. Whenever they wish to stimulate every bad passion and arouse hatred and suspicion, and fan again into living fire the dying embers of the bitterness of the war, in order that they may snatch from the timidity of some, or the simplicity or love of vengeance of others, a continuance of power, they show the picture of discord and crime and desolation.

THE New Orleans Picayune of last Saturday, says: "Since our report of Tuesday, the sales embrace 121 hhds., in five lots, all on private terms, but understood to be at very full prices. We now quote lugs at 6¼a7¼c, low leaf 7¼a8c, medium leaf, 8a8½c, good leaf, 9a9½c, fine leaf, 10a10½c, choice selections 10½a11½c per pound.

SUFFICIENT returns received indicate with certainty the complexion of the Kentucky Legislature. It will stand as follows: House, 82 Democrats, 18 Republicans; Senate, 35 Democrats, 3 Republicans.

FLOATING OR ROWING.

It may be very pleasant to some—it is certainly a very lazy life, this

"Floating down the river,
On de O-hi-o."

The fact is, we *float* too much, and we *row* too little. It is this floating, instead of rowing, which draws us on and on to habits of indolence, unthrift, helplessness. "I couldn't help it," "I can't," simply mean floating. "I can" and "I will," mean *rowing* A young man will start out in life, resolved on having an easy time. He keeps this as he keeps no other resolution. He shuns real work, and seeks a position as bar-tender in a drinking saloon, or as a stage or carriage driver, so that he can ride rather than walk; or he seeks a situation as keeper of a toll-gate—it is not hard work to take and make change, you know. Or, failing this, he will offer his service to exhibit a horse, a machine, or take a situation in the custom house, where the duties are light, hours short, and pay enough to keep him in liquor, tobacco and second-hand clothing. He is not always expected to pay his board, for is not his "society" an ample equivalent for what he eats, and a place to sleep? He sings songs, plays on a fiddle, tells stories, and is entertaining. Another young man of like aspirations once joined a circus company, and traveled for a time; but it was too hard work, this "pulling up stakes," and changing places so often. The old anecdotes repeated by the clown were learned by heart, and as he was accustomed to do, were "fired off" for the amusement of stable-boys, loafers, bar-room loungers, and other idlers. At one time he concluded that he would go on a whaling voyage. Here, he thought, was an opportunity for a long and lazy voyage, with plenty to eat, and but little work. He returned after a three years' trip, sharing the luck of all lazy fellows, having got more experience than oil. He returned once more to his friends, and now relates his hardships, and begs for sympathy and support. Poor fellow, the fates are against him, and he resigns himself to a season of repose. When rallied about what he intends to do in the future, he replies. "I have nothing in view;" or "Business is dull; there is no work to be done; but if there were ever so much, the pay is very poor; and while the 'old man' has anything left, I prefer to stay with him; I may as well have it as any one." "But do you not intend to marry and have a home of your own?" "No; I can scarcely support myself, to say nothing of supporting a family. It costs me nearly all the change I can pick up for tobacco and something to drink." Poor fellow! what will he do for a home when the old folks depart? He has learned no trade; knows little or nothing of business, and is floating on towards the poorhouse.

The young man who starts out in life intent on working his way up," expects to climb hills, overcome difficulties, endure defeats, suffer reverses, and *row* against tide, currents and breakers. But he will never *float*. He hears the roar of the cataract in the distance, and exerts himself to keep clear of it. It is the lazy floating boatman who is carried over!

Parents owe it to their children to wake up, call out, and develop the latent powers with which they are endowed. We grant that the first duty, or business, or privilege, of childhood is to *grow*—to grow bodily rather than to overtask their brains or nerves. Still, they may—must—be trained to use their faculties in order to make headway in life. Over-indulgence is as fatal as over-work. Every boy and every girl should be thoroughly impressed with the fact that self-helpfulness is a *duty*, that idleness is a sin. It is true that

"Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

Give young children short hours for study; long hours for play, real earnest and hearty play, and all the time they need for perfect sleep—nature's sweet restorer. Lay out their work or studies, and see that they do it; so also their play and their sleep. If hard tasks be given to children, stand by them, encourage, and help them through. Never overload a colt, or you spoil the horse. Teach children that there is real merit in achievements. One success will be followed by another; and when the boy becomes a man, he will go through, not around, a hard task. He will tunnel the mountain, when in his way, or force his way "up the rapids," instead of lying on his oars and floating down the stream. It requires energy—combativeness, firmness, executiveness, and ambition to excel—to insure success in life. The absence of these manly qualities leaves the miserable creature among pitiable imbeciles and helpless paupers.

Young man, whither are you tending? Are you standing still, drifting on the tide, or lazily floating down the current? Are you already a miserable slave to nasty habits? Do you chew tobacco? smoke tobacco? snuff tobacco? and drink? Or, are you still clean-mouthed, pure-minded and unperverted? In the one case you are on the road which leads to dissipation, disease, crime, and premature death; in the other—if you live right you will rise in life, become a useful, successful, honored, and worthy citizen, growing in health, in grace, godliness, and will leave the world somewhat the better for having lived in it. Choose ye, whether you will *float* or *row* your way through life, and suffer the sorrows of a misspent life, or enjoy the happiness which comes of obedience to the laws of God.—*Phrenological Journal.*

A REPUBLICAN gentleman said yesterday, in our hearing: "You Democrats will carry Ohio, Pennsylvania and New York this fall. It is the only way that we who are opposed to Grant's renomination can beat him. If we lose these great States he will be quietly taken off the field, and a new man substituted who can be elected in 1872. We think it is better to be beaten this fall in three or four State elections than to lose the United States with Grant next year.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

NARROW-GAUGE railroads are now all the go. They are favored upon the score of economy in construction and in the running material. Admitting this, yet it is a step backward in the railroad line of progress. They are less commodious for passengers, whose care, comfort and security will be lessened by the proposed change. —*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

WRITING FOR NEWSPAPERS.—Some people estimate the ability of a newspaper and the talent of its editor by the quantity of original matter which it contains. The Literary Journal truthfully says: "It is comparatively an easy task for a frothy writer to pour out daily columns of *words—words* upon any and all subjects. His ideas may flow in 'one weak, washy, everlasting flood,' and his command of language may enable him to string them together like bunches of onions, and yet his paper may be a meager and poor concern. Indeed, the mere writing part of editing a paper is but a small portion of the work. The care, the time employed in selecting is far more important, and the tact of a good editor is better shown by his selections than anything else; and that we all know is half the battle. But, as we have said, an editor ought to be estimated and his labors understood and appreciated by the general conduct of his paper—its tone—its temper; its uniform, consistent course; its aims—its manliness—its dignity—its propriety. To preserve these as they should be preserved, is enough to occupy fully the time and attention of any man. If to this be added the general supervision of the newspaper establishment, which most editors have to encounter, the wonder is how they can find time to write at all."

Rules of Practice in Chancery Court.

It is ordered that the first Monday's of May and November be made rule days of this court, to which original and all other process, except final may be made returnable.

All decrees shall state upon their face the date of their pronouncement and be, by the solicitor presenting the same, plainly marked with the style of the case and nature of the decree, and date of same on the outside of each decree.

Whenever agreed decrees are entered they shall be signed, the solicitors agreeing thereto.

When lands shall be sold by decree of the court, deferred payments shall bear interest from the day of sale, unless otherwise ordered in the decree directing the sale.

Elections of 1871.

Though this is the odd year, in which the country is expected to enjoy comparative exemption from political excitement, important elections will, nevertheless, be held in several States. The following is a list of States and Territories to hold general elections and the time of election in each:

California	September 5
Wyoming Territory	September 5
Maine	September 11
New Mexico	September 11
Pennsylvania	October 10
Ohio	October 10
Iowa	October 10
Maryland	November 7
Massachusetts	November 7
Mississippi	November 7
Minnesota	November 7
Illinois	November 7
New York	November 7
New Jersey	November 7
Wisconsin	November 7

In California, Maine, Ohio, Iowa, Maryland, Massachusetts, Minnesota, New Jersey and Wisconsin, elections will be held for Governors, State officers and Legislatures, and in the first named for members of Congress also. In Illinois a Congress-man-at-large is to be elected, and in the other States mentioned State officers and legislatures.

A BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE TO VIRGINIA.—In a speech made last week at Louisville, Ky., the Hon. D. W. Voorhees, of Indiana, said:

"If I, on the other hand, was calling witnesses for the Democracy, I would point first to the old State of Virginia, the most afflicted of all, the most torn to pieces of all, with her male population driven away, her bosom thrashed with the thrashing machine of death from one border to the other. She has emerged as from a fire of ten-fold heat, but she has fallen into the hands of Conservatism and not of Radicalism, and no Radical, not even Ben. Butler, dares wag his foul tongue or point his talonious finger at her. [Cheers.] And this I said to him, too, on the floor of the House. Virginia, the very head and front of the struggle on the part of the South—she in whose bosom lies more buried valor than in any other equal space of ground the sun shines upon—[applause]—where heroes surpassing those that Homer sung of met and clashed their swords and bled and died—she on whose fate the whole South hung, who never faltered, and when her great leaders laid down their swords all others were laid down."

A FEW nights since, at a late hour, the speaking-tube at the office-door of one of the New Haven's popular physicians was used by some midnight wag, to the following effect:—The doctor was in a sound sleep, when he was partially awakened by a "halloo" through the tube, when the following dialogue took place: "Well, what do you want?" "Does Dr. Jones live here?" "Yes, what do you want?" Are you Dr. Jones?" "Yes." "Dr. Simon Jones?" "Yes—yes! what do you want?" "Why, how long has he been here?" "Some twenty years; why?" 'Why? why don't you move?" "If you stay there about ten seconds more you'll find I am moving?" and he bounded out of bed, but the "patient" was heard "moving" down the street at a rate that defied pursuit.

MRS. GEN. LEE.—A letter from the Rockbridge Baths, speaking of Mrs. Gen. Lee, who is a visitor there, says:

Mrs. Lee has won the hearts of all. She has a cheerful word for every one. Though seeking relief from a chronic malady, she forgets her own ills, and visits in her wheel chair the sick, and ministers by pleasant words of advice and encouragement to all. Bishop Leighton said, on returning from some impressive scene, that "he had met a sermon in the street." The serene faith and active benevolence of this noble lady touches the heart beyond all pulpit oratory.

W. J. McCORMAC,
PRACTICAL
PHOTOGRAPHER,
Franklin street, opposite the Court House.
Respectfully solicits a share of public patronage. Work done in every style of Photography, in a superior manner.
April 1, 1871-6m

SETTLE & SON
Wholesale and Retail
CONFECTIONERS!
—AND—
Family Grocers!
HARBISON & WALL'S NEW BUILDING,
Franklin Street,
CLARKSVILLE, - - TENN.
HAVE JUST RECEIVED AND OPENED at their new stand, a large and varied assortment of
Confectioneries, Toys, Fruits, and Family Groceries.
To an examination of which we invite the attention of the public generally.
Tobacco and Cigars.
We keep on hand the best quality and brands. Also a large assortment of
Brandies, Wines and Whiskey,
Of every variety.
BREAD, CAKES, Etc.
We have employed a most excellent workman, and will keep constantly on hand
Bread of Superior Quality,
Cakes of Every Description and Variety, Plain or Ornamented, in the finest style,
To which we invite the attention of the public generally. Families and parties supplied, at short notice, with everything needed. S. & S.
Oct 1, 1870-1

W. H. TURNLEY. W. J. ELY
T. H. PURYEAR.
TURNLEY, ELY & CO.,
TOBACCO
—AND—
General Commission Merchants,

FIRE-PROOF WAREHOUSE,
CLARKSVILLE, - - - TENN.
Advances made on Tobacco in Store.
Oct 2, '69-tf

H. WESTENBERGER,
MANUFACTURER OF
BOOTS AND SHOES,
Opposite Tobacco Exchange,

Clarksville, - - - Tenn.
Feb. 12, '71-1y

R. P. BOWLING. W. W. KIRBY.
BOWLING & KIRBY,
Commission Merchants,
COR. FRONT & MAIN STREETS.
Clarksville, - - Tennessee.
Solicit Consignments for Sampling and Selling Tobacco.
Sep 17, 1870-tf

Dr. H. E. BEACH,

DENTIST,
OFFICE AT RESIDENCE,
Next door to the
M. E. Church, Franklin Street.
Painless Extraction of Teeth.
I KEEP constantly on hand a supply of Pure Nitrous Oxide Gas, by the use of which I almost daily extract Teeth without pain. To those who so much dread the extraction of Teeth, I can recommend this as the safest and least injurious of any anæsthetic now in use. Everything done at my office will be warranted equal to any in America. Special attention paid to the preservation of Natural Teeth and the correction of irregularities of Teeth. Artificial Teeth mounted on any desired base, in the most beautiful and substantial manner. Diseases of the Gums successfully treated. jap15, '71.

LOOK OUT!
ANY one desiring the WALLACE PATENT GRATE, will please call on me, as I have purchased the exclusive right for Montgomery and Christian counties. Should any one buy elsewhere than of David Hoover, at Hopkinsville, or of H. P. Dorris, of Clarksville, with a view of using them in said counties, as a number have done, I will, in the future, prohibit their use, unless purchased of Mr. Hoover or myself.
dec27-tf H. P. DORRIS.

IDAHO SPRINGS.
Montgomery County, Tenn.,
Will be opened on the 15th of June for the reception of visitors and invalids. The waters of these five springs are excelled by none in their mineral virtues and adaptation to various diseases of the human family, such as dyspepsia, dropsy, liver complaint, indigestion, disease of the kidneys, gravel, chills and fevers of long standing, sore eyes, tetter, general debility, yield to nature's remedy, and most cases of delicate women and children. When all medical aid has failed, they are a specific remedy, and to those we would say, specially, come drink these sparkling waters and live!
BOARD.

Single Meals	$1 00
" Day	2 50
" Week	15 00
" Month	55 00

☞ Reduction for families for the season.
MR. & MRS. JAS. B. TURNLEY.
June 17, '71 3m.