CLARKSVILLE CHRONICLE.

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A WIFE'S APPEAL.

You took me, William, when a girl, unto your home and heart,
To bear in all your after fate a fond and faithful part;
And, tell me, have I ever tried that duty to forego,
Or pined there was not joy for me when you were sunk in wo?
No; I would rather share your tear than any other's glee,
For, though you're nothing to the world, you're all the world to me.
You made a palace of my cot, this rough-hewn bench a throne;
There's sunlight for me in your smiles, and music in your tone.
I look upon you when you sleep, my eyes with tears grow dim;
I cry, "O Parent of the poor, look down from heaven on him;
Behold him toil from day to day, exhausting strength and soul;
Oh, look with mercy on him, Lord, for Thou canst make him whole."
And when at last relieving sleep has on my eyelids smiled,
How oft are they forbade to close in slumber by by our child!
I take the little murmurer that spoils my span of rest,
And feel it is a part of thee I lull upon my breast.
There's only one return I crave, I may not need it long,
And it may soothe thee when I'm where the wretched feel no wrong:
I ask not for a kinder tone, for thou wert ever kind;
I ask not for less frugal fare—my fare I do not mind;
I ask not for attire more gay—if such as I have got
Suffice to make me fair to thee, for more I murmur not.
But I would ask some share of hours that you on clubs bestow,
Of knowledge, which you prize so much, may I not something know?
Subtract from meetings among men each eve an hour for me;
Make me companion of your soul, as I may safely be.
If you will read, I'll sit and work, then think when you're away;
Less tedious I shall find the time, dear William, of your stay.
A meet companion soon I'll be for e'en your studious hours,
And teacher of those little ones you call your cottage flowers;
And if we be not rich and great, we may be wise and kind;
And as my heart can warm your heart, so may my mind your mind.

FLORIDA CORRESPONDENCE.

PALATKA, Fla., Aug. 9, 1872.

We have had some exceedingly warm weather during the past two weeks—in fact everything seemed to be "red hot." The "oldest inhabitant" even suffered more than ever before, and declares it the hottest "spell" he ever experienced in this climate. His views are certainly correct on warm weather.

Palatka has improved wonderfully since my visit here some fifteen months ago; and the spirit of improvement is still being pushed forward.—Many new houses are being erected, and there is a general "fixing up" going on preparatory to the winter campaign. Ample accommodations will be made for visitors, and everything will be done to make their visit pleasant and enjoyable during their sojourn in this beautiful country, and unsurpassed climate.

The weather during the past few days has been very pleasant, and the fine breeze is truly delightful.

The orange trees are laden with fruit and indications point to a large crop.

Below I give an article on the Indian River country, which is from the pen of a resident of that section:

INDIAN RIVER COUNTRY, FLORIDA.

Indian River, as is well known, is an arm of the ocean lying parallel with it, west of north and east of south, about one hundred and sixty miles, varying in width from half a mile to three miles. It is perfectly straight in the centre, and is navigable for boats drawing six feet water. There are numerous inlets connecting it with the ocean, the most important of which is opposite Fort Capron, about eighty miles below its northern extremity. This inlet is sufficiently large for vessels of any size not drawing over eight feet water, and is easy of access in fair weather. The current of the inlet is very swift, both in and out, as the tide ebbs and flows, creating a tide in the river for about forty miles each way. The water in the river is said to be more salt than the ocean, made so by evaporation, and is without any current, except what is created by the winds.

There are a store and a hotel at Fort Capron. The Indians from Lake Okochobe come to this place to trade, bringing large quantities of dressed deer skins, other skins and honey. The honey is brought in the skins of deer so ingeniously taken off as not to be broken, except at the neck and feet. They look like dead swollen deer, and you could scarcely persuade yourself that you were not inhaling particles of putrid venison. There is a considerable business done at this place in winter, catching green turtle, which are kept in crawls, and fed on mangrove leaves, and shipped North in April.

For fifty miles above this place almost the entire bed of the river is a solid oyster bar. The oysters are the finest which reach the Jacksonville market. A very small business has commenced, taking them to Sand Point in small boats, and down the St. John's on steamers to Jacksonville. The thoroughfare to this river is up the St. John's two hundred and sixty miles by steam from Jacksonville to Salt Lake. The trip is made in two days and nights at a cost of fourteen dollars. Six miles in a hack brings you to Sand Point, a village which has grown from nothing to its present importance in four years. It has now four stores and a good hotel, (always crowded except in the summer months,) a wind mill, a steam saw-mill, a school, a minister, and several hundred inhabitants. There are several enterprises in agitation, one is to put a steamer on the river, and another is to locate a seminary of learning at Sand Point.

The travel from Sand Point now is by sail boats, and the scenery is beautiful and varied. The clean, white beach, the lines of many-shaped coquina rocks with the second bluffs rising abruptly, with their many glittering shells, to the height of thirty feet, then again gradually rising to the height of one hundred feet above the water, its flowers, innumerable birds, and the rich foilage of its evergreen forests, all help to make it beautiful and attractive.

Cape Canaveral Lighthouse, said to be the most expensive in the United States, is one hundred miles south of St. Augustine, and twenty-five miles south-east of Sand Point. It is situated on the main land between Banana river and the ocean. Its moon-like light can be seen for many miles on Indian river. Banana and Sykes rivers run out of and into Indian river again, forming Menett's Island, which is ten by thirty miles, and is attracting considerable attention on account of its rich soil and adaptibly to the raising of the more tropical fruits, caused by the ameliorating influence of the water upon the north winds. Indian river and Mosquito river, are connected near the northern extremity of the Government in the Indian river, and through which the U. S. mail now passes from Smyrna to Miami.

At this place, and open to the winds on either side, is Dummitt's orange grove of 1,200 trees. Many of these trees have borne 10,000 oranges, while two of them have borne over 11,000; he sells them from 15 to 20 dollars per 1000 as they hang upon the three. This grove is kept by one man, at a cost of $16 per month.

The lands immediately along the river are generally high, and in places rolling, all the water within half a mile of its banks running rapidly north to the St. John's. These lands may be divided into four classes—characterized as hammock, pine, scrub and prairie. All the tropical fruits, as the semi-tropical, grow easily and in great perfection, especially the Citrus family. The common species of the orange and lemon may be grown here with less outlay of capital, time and labor, than in any part of the known world. The sweet orange bears fruit certainly from the planting of the seed without manure, and very little attention in seven years. It is not definitely known how much over 100 years a tree will live and bear fruit, nor how many thousand, with good attention, it might be made to bear.

Sugar-cane, guava, citron, grape-fruit, pine apple, and many other fruits, are grown abundantly in the same field without manure.

Corn, oats, potatoes, pumpkins, onions, and cabbages, in fact almost every variety of field crop and vegetable, are grown to the greatest perfection, almost without labor. Cabbages weighing fifteen to twenty pounds; cane fifteen feet long; lemons weighing two and a quarter pounds; citron ten pounds; potatoes, both Irish and sweet, of great size, are common products of the natural soil.

Game in the woods, and fish in the water, are abundant and of superior quality; while hundreds of ducks, and orther birds, may be seen at a sight.

The climate is delightful and pleasant. The ever-moving winds which rule from the south-east off the ocean in summer, keeps the thermometer under 80° in the shade, and tempers the rays of the sun until you scarcely feel it. When it is calm, which seldom occurs, the sun is warm, but not oppressively so.

There are all along the banks of Indian river springs of the purest and coolest water, and many mineral springs of various kinds.

The health of the people is excellent all the year. The cool, bracing breezes, fresh from the bosom of the ocean, keep you renewed all the while and prevent fatigue.

There are many orange groves being started on the river, some of which are commencing to bear fruit, and will soon yield a handsome profit; meanwhile the inhabitants plant corn, potatoes, sugar cane, vegetables and bananas, which, with the abundance of fish and game, give them a good living.

Hogs and cattle are very fat all the year round, and increase very fast. Cattle increase thirty-three and one-third per cent. per annum, after taking out all required for beef.

All Hands Below.

A good story is told of a parrot, who had always lived on board a ship, but who escaped at one of the southern ports and took refuge in a church.

Soon afterwards the congregation assembled, and the minister began preaching to them in his earnest fashion, saying there was no virtue in them, that every one of them would go to hell unless they speedily repented. Just as he spoke the sentence, up spoke the parrot from his hiding place:

"All hands below!"

To say that 'all hands' were startled would be a mild way of putting it. The peculiar voice and its unknown source, had much more effect on them than the parson's words ever had. He waited a moment, and then a shade or two paler, he repeated the warning.

"All hands below!" again rang out from somewhere.

The preacher started from his pulpit and looked anxiously around, inquiring if anybody had spoken.

"All hands below!" was the only reply, at which the entire panic-stricken congregation got up, and a moment after they all bolted for the doors, the preacher trying his best to be the first and during the time the mischievous bird kept up his yelling:

"All hands below!"

There was an old woman there that was lame, and could not get out as fast as the rest, and in a very short time she was left entirely alone. Just as she was about to hobble out the parrot flew down, and lightning on her shoulder, yelled in her ear:

"All hands below!"

"No, no Mister Devil," shrieked the old woman, "you can't mean me. I don't belong here. I go to the other church across the way!"

PUZZLE FOR GROWN FOLKS.—The American Lutheran offers its readers the following puzzle, which editors are able to to make out with the greatest ease:

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At a mass meeting of colored people at Nashville yesterday, resolutions condemning the course of Mr. Sumner were adopted.

The passenger and freight tariffs on the English railways have increased in consequence of the advance in the price of coal.

For the Chronicle.

JUDGE W. A. PEFFER.

Four years ago in the excitement of a great political campaign, I had occasion to review in the National Union, of South Bend, Ind., the political course of W. A. Peffer, formerly of Clarksville, Tennessee. That review was based partially upon matters that did not come within my own personal knowledge; and in one or two particulars, I have since become satisfied was incorrect, though believed to be true at the time. Thrown in with his little family, between the grinding millstones of a terrible civil war, the very press of circumstances, at times no doubt forced him into equivocal positions more easily realized than explained, while facts of a personal nature have within a few days come to my knowledge, that I must own make me regret exceedingly the publication of the matter referred to.

Four years, too, of quiet thought, and a sincere desire to do justice to, and be at peace with all men, have made me charitable. Perhaps could we have looked down into the heart of the man, and have seen the secret workings of his soul, many things that appeared wild and inconsistent, would have seemed strangely different.

The consciousness that I have added a heavy weight on the life of one already too heavily burdened, and the fact that it is still used to injure him, is my excuse to the public, for penning the above.

JOHN M. PEFFER.
Mishawka, Ind., Aug. 10, 1872.

The Young Colonel and other Stories

We have a supply of this entertaining book, written by our senior editor, Mr. R. W. Thomas, and will furnish a copy of the book and the CHRONICLE for one year, for $2.50, or we will furnish the book alone for $1 00 per copy. Here is a chance to secure the CHRONICLE and an interesting work for a small sum. The proposition is open alike to old and new subscribers to our paper.

Letter by Emerson Etheridge.

NASHVILLE, TENN., Aug. 13.—Emerson Etheridge has addressed a letter to the Memphis Avalanche, declining to accept the position of candidate for Presidential elector on the Liberal ticket, for which he was nominated last May. He, however, supports Greeley as the true representative of the prevalent ideas and needs of the times, and not to restore any party to power. He advised the true friends of Greeley to make no objection to the personnel of the electoral ticket. "We know," he adds, "the reluctance with which many of his followers in Tennessee have agreed to obey orders issued from Baltimore; we should therefore pardon the harmless arrogance they display toward Mr. Greeley's early and steadfast friends. Let us charitably believe that these things are not designed to injure his prospects abroad." He does not believe that they can do so to an extent sufficient to defeat his election. Mr. Greeley has too much reputation to fall an easy prey to unjust suspicion, too much popularity to be crushed by the silly garrulity of uninvited guests who declaim at Chappaqua, and too much good sense to be grateful to gushing orators who ratify his nomination by eulogies upon Jefferson Davis or tears for the lost cause.

SPEECH BY ANDREW JOHNSON.

Last night, whilst on a visit to J. P. White of Edgefield, Andrew Johnson was serenaded by a large number of citizens, and, in response to repeated calls, made a speech of some length, repeating briefly the points of his Knoxville speech, and expressing his love of the Democracy. He had pardoned and amnestied many men, but was now himself one of the proscribed, and hoped that amnesty would not be denied him longer. The speech was well received.

A Negro Poisons Twenty-Six Persons at a College Commencement.

NEW YORK, Aug. 13.—A Greensboro, N. C., dispatch says a negro named Jim Johnson was arrested there yesterday for an attempt to poison a party of 26 on the occasion of the commencement of Rev. Fontaine's academy at Reedsville, on the 6th inst. Johnson, to avenge himself for a supposed grievance by Fontaine, poisoned the ice cream which he had been directed to freeze, and the entire party of 26, including many young ladies belong to the elite of society, were subsequently seized with poisonous symptoms. No one has yet died, but physicians say several will not recover. When arrested, Johnson called upon the negroes to rescue him. The community threaten him with lynching.

Remarkable Longevity.

The Fayetteville Observer of the 8th inst., says: "Samuel Jones and Rachel Brown, natives of North Carolina, were married in Georgia in the year 1802, removed to Lincoln county, Tennessee, in 1808, with three children, and settled on Coldwater Creek, on the south side of Elk river, ten miles below Fayetteville, and about one-half mile from where they now reside, and have resided ever since coming to this county. They have had fourteen children, seven sons and seven daughters, of whom two sons and five daughters are now living.

Samuel Jones is now ninety six years old, and his wife eighty-six years old. They have lived together as man and wife seventy years. The old man frequently walks to Camargo, three miles from his home, and back.

Daniel Jones settled in this county in 1806 or 1807, is now ninety years old, and lives three miles north-east of Fayetteville, on Norris' creek.

David Jones, also one of the pioneer settlers in this county, lives thirteen miles southwest of Fayetteville, on Coldwater creek, and is eighthy-two old. No two of these old men are related."

LEXINGTON NO MORE.

The Greatest of Race-Horses Gone Beneath the Turf.

The announcement of the death of Lexington, the sire of Kentucky, Harry Bassett, Tom Bowling, and numerous other flyers, will no doubt carry the aged sport back to 1853, 1854 and 1855, when the gallant son of Boston and Alice Carneal swept all before him. That Lexington was a wonderful horse one has only to refer to the racing records of this country for the last twenty years to ascertain, and also that the get of Lexington has won a majority of the races run. He was bred by Dr. E. Warfield near Lexington, Ky., and was foaled March 17, 1850, and was unexceptionably bred.

As a racer he won in all $56,000. He won mile heats at Lexington May 23, 1853, two-mile heats, May 27, of the same meeting. Up to this time he was known as Darley. Mr. R. Ten Broeck then bought him for $2,500 and removed him to Lexington. He shortly after beat Sallie Waters, three-mile heats, easily, she being the favorite two to one before the start. April 1, 1854, he beat Lecompte, Highlander and Arrow, four-mile heats, time 8:08¼, 8:04. Eight days after Lexington and Lecompte came together again over the Metiarie, and Lecompte won the four-mile heats in two straight heats, time 7:26, 7:38¼. The next Spring Lexington ran against 7:26, the following being the summary of this great race:

New Orleans, April 2, 1855.—Match $20,000; Lexington to beat the fastest time at four miles, 7:26.

R. Ten Broeck's b. c. Lexington, by Boston, four years old, 103 lbs., 3 lbs. extra; (Gilpatrick) won. Time of first mile, 1:47½; second mile, 1:52½; third mile, 1:51½; fourth mile, 1:48¾; total, 7:19¾.

In the first mile Joe Blackburn was started to make the running, but Lexington left him so far behind as to render Joe useless. In the second and third Arrow did the work, and in the fourth Joe again came into action. During the last mile Lexington lost his left fore-plate and Gilpatrick had no little difficulty in keeping him on his course, Lexington making violent efforts to swerve to the right, where it was soft and heavy.

He shortly afterwards defeated Lecompte in 7:23½, running so fast in the first and only heat that Lecompte was only just inside the distance, at the conclusion of which the owner of Lecompte withdrew his horse, and Lexington was left the winner of not only the fastest four miles on record, but the winner of the fastest four miles made in a race against another horse on record.—*Naash. Banner.*

THE following extract is taken from Andrew Johnson's speech at Knoxville, a few days ago:

The Democratic Party.

I believe that it is the greatest party that ever existed. The public mind is now ripe for a change. They have had enough of corruption. The managing conventions in this contest have gone to the Republican camp for a candidate. I believe that if the Democratic party had nominated a candidate Grant and his party would have been overthrown. The Democratic party is the best one that ever existed. I love it still. I am in favor of Horace Greeley in the approaching contest. [Great applause.] I might say I am for him on the principle of general pressure. [Laughter and applause.] I shall support him without regard to former antecedents. While he and his friends support the right principles, his people shall be my people, and his God my God. The country needs relief. There has been much said about the bloody chasm. I am for closing it. Find the cause and stop it and close it forever. Do not shrink back from the cries and groans of the past, but close it for principle's sake and magnanimity. Let not our eyes see it forevermore. Let our colors be peace, forbearance and charity.

Elections to Come.

California leads off on the 1st of September with an election for county officers. These elections generally bring out a full vote, but are not of political significance.

Vermont follows on the 3d of September. Republicanism has been omnipotent in the State. The Liberals have been doing good work, but they have to encounter a Republican majority of 21,000.

Maine holds an election on the 9th of September for Governor, Legislature and State officers. The Republican majority in 1871 was 10,621. The campaign has so far been active and exciting; both parties are putting forward able men on the stump, and much interest has been awakened in the result. Gen. Kilpatrick and Theodore Tilton, formerly Republicans, have aroused much enthusiasm in favor of Liberalism, and the prospect for gains appears encouraging.

Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Nebraska and Iowa, hold elections on the 8th of October. The result in the first three will have an important bearing on the Presidential election in November. The Liberals will contest every inch of ground, and at present the prospects of success are good. Ohio is the least hopeful. But it can be carried if the opposition to Grant do their whole duty.—*Nash. Banner.*

Greeley's View of the Situation.

BOSTON, July 13.—A special from Washington to the Traveler says that Greeley has written the following to one of his political friends in this city:

BRADFORD, N. H., July 13.

Dear Judge:—Yours of the 3d finds me here. The news from North Carolina did not justify the first reports, but if we work hard I am sure we will carry it in November. We shall carry New Hampshire, Connecticut, New York and New Jersey. This is the extent of our work in the East. The rest will have to be done in the South and West. Yours very truly,

HORACE GREELEY.

GORHAM, N. H., July 13.—Horace Greeley arrived this morning and was escorted to the hotel, where he made a speech, after which he left for the Glen House. He was received with music and made a few remarks. Greeley leaves to-morrow for Portland, where a formal reception awaits him.