THE CHRONICLE

R. W. THOMAS, Editor.

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TOBACCO MARKET.

Upon what data do they base their calculations, who argue that Clarksville is too firmly established, as a tobacco market, to be shaken by rivalry or the want of facilities for the transportation of the leaf to this point on the Cumberland? When New Orleans was the receptacle of all the tobacco raised in this section, Clarksville was the shipping point and the river teemed with craft to convey it down the Mississippi. But our patriots and political economists have chosen New York as the great tobacco mart, and as railroads to that point, have superceded the river as a commercial channel, the revolution has placed every village, on the lines of railroads, on an equal footing with Clarksville, so far as location is concerned, and the proper energy and public spirit can make of every such village a tobacco market. Thousands of hogsheads now go to Hopkinsville, which would once have been brought here. Russellville is making an effort to erect itself into a tobacco market, and what is to prevent its success? It is on the same line of road with Clarksville and will soon have another outlet to the North and South, doubling its local advantages and its capital and energies are guided by enlightened public spirit, it too, will become a formidable rival. Wherever tobacco is congregated, buyers will go, and planters will haul to the nearest accessible point to save time, labor and cost of transportation.

Then, if Clarksville wants to sustain its character and business as a leading tobacco mart, it must do something to induce farmers to visit it for other purposes than the mere privilege of selling their crops here. It must prepare itself to furnish to the grower of tobacco, such articles as are of prime necessity to him. Now he sells his tobacco here often without coming in person; receives his pay and sends to Louisville for his supplies. And why does he do this? Because, in Louisville he can get all that he wants—cheapened by competition and skill and labor saving machinery. Hence it is that Clarksville has, as a tobacco market, no special hold upon the section that grows it. And if Hopkinsville, or Russellville will pay as well as Clarksville, those who are nearest to the two former will go there—the case would be different however, did Clarksville hold out inducements such as draw trade from this vicinity to Louisville and Cincinnati.

We make these remarks not because we attach any particular importance to the tobacco trade as a specialty, contributing in any perceptible degree, to the wealth and prospective growth of the town, but with the hope of inducing those who think differently, to reflect upon the facility with which that trade is being seriously lessened, and to devise the means by which it may be increased and, with it, the prosperity of the town. Louisville, and St. Louis are tobacco markets, but a glance at the machinery employed in diversified manufactures, will satisfy any one that their tobacco trade is a mere incident, and that the direct profit from it, is derived from its manufacture. They who stem tobacco here, are benefactors to the town because they employ and pay laborers and thus indirectly, promote various other interests. Apart from this, what are the benefits derived from the trade? A few dollars to inspectors and auctioneers; a few dollars to the few employees of the warehouses, and the tale is told. We wish the trade could be quadrupled, but even then, with the present indifference of capital and enterprize to the future of the city, we should gain nothing in wealth and population. Carloads of gold currency might pass through the city without leaving a dollar as a memento, unless it had to be stored here, prior to reshipment, then, like the tobacco trade, it would pay a trifling toll on its way to points where enterprise and public spirit, will make it available to the great ends of local and general prosperity. This illustration is no exaggeration of the course of the tobacco trade in this, and every other town through which the staple passes, leaving no trace of benefits conferred, in the shape of multiplied population and progressive prosperity.

THE Radicals of Virginia, backed by natives in the pay of Tom Scott, are exerting themselves to split the Conservative party on the question of Railroads, or rather the enactment of a railroad law that will enable the Pennsylvania Central to bridge over the State and carry its legitimate trade to northern ports. It is a villainous scheme and the object is so palpable that it is seen and spurned by every true Virginia patriot, and the only hope for its success lies in the influence of northern money over mercenary Virginia politicians. We trust, however, that the war waged with so much vigor and ability by the Richmond Whig, will defeat both the scheme to divide the Conservatives and the scheme to cheat the old Dominion out of its legitimate trade. The true issue in every State is between the farmers and Railroad monopolies, if the latter flourish the farmer must suffer.

The administration displays watchfulness in one respect, at least. If a weak-kneed southern patriot shows the signal of distress, he is at once, secured as a Radical by promotion to office. The two latest case are those of Williams, of Louisiana, converted by a mission to South America, and Maj. Griswold, conservative Provost Marshall at Richmond, whose reward is a sinecure in the postal service.

Not content with its own corruption, Radicalism seeks to drag as many as possible down to the level of its own degradation, and especially those of the South who were once trusted and honored, but are now ready to betray. Thank God! the number of such is small and their example, so far, not contagious and their rewards not sufficient to salve their wounded honor, or to buy the position in society lost forever by their treachery.

GEN. SCHOFIELD has been instructed to try the Modocs. A few more massacres of the prisoners will relieve him of much trouble.

RADICAL MORALITY.

It is singular how differently questions of morality are viewed from the arbitrary stand-points assumed by individuals. For instance, Grant may steal from the Treasury, perjure himself by disregarding the provisions of the Constitution and trampling under foot law and justice, and still be eulogized for his integrity, his wisdom and patriotism. All this has been doing from his first inauguration to the present day; yet now, that his habit of beastly drunkenness is becoming too notorious to be concealed, his pious worshippers in the North, feeling his and their own degradation, dare to speak of his impeachment for the sin of drunkenness which, culpable as it is, is a virtue compared with his crimes against liberty, humanity and justice. But the genuine Radical can be very liberal to the sins, he is inclined to, whilst horrified at those that are venial, or rather at their habitual and too public manifestation. We believe the truth to be, that the cry of impeachment is raised by those aspiring leaders who fear that Grant will be a candidate for a third term. If they can get him out of the way upon the charge of drunkenness, it will be no impeachment of Radical doctrines and will leave his successor free to do as Grant has done—no adverse precedent being established by arraigning him for any of the higher crimes he has committed by, and with, the sanction of his impatient rivals for power.

Whether the foregoing view is correct, or not, there is something more in the movement than appears on the surface. It has been known for years that Grant was a drunkard; yet with this knowledge, the people of the North twice elected him President, and have no better right to condemn him now, for a vice to which they knew him to be addicted, than they had at the time of his firts nomination. And unless this movement covers a scheme to get him out of the way of some other aspirant, there is neither sense nor consistency in it. But if this be the object, it is consistent with Radical character for treachery and meanness, and it may be instrumental in winning for the party, a regard for morality, though under palpably false pretenses. If they plead in justification of impeachment, a regard for the honor of the government, it will be another false pretence, for they know that the government can be sunk to no lower depth of degradation than it has already reached. We take no stock in this speculation and have as little to expect from a lying and thieving Colfax, as from the present besotted and equally corrupt incumbent of the Presidential chair. Grant's keepers are hurrying him from point to point, either to sober him or to prevent his committing some official blunder that may damage the party. His associates in Washington are very corrupting and to escape their influence is the reason he is permitted to stay so little there, but if he can get into any worse company, than when by himself, he will have to follow Ward's ducks to find it.

The Pall Mall Gazette says good-naturedly: "The Americans seem to be hard at work reconstructing their navy, though it is difficult to imagine why they should take so much trouble when future differences can be so easily adjusted by arbitration."

The Gazette evidently intends the above as a good-natured fling at the British government, for being so easily overreached in the adjustment of the Alabama claims. This government is rebuilding its navy in anticipation of no war, either defensive, or offensive, the sole object being to give fat jobs to hungry partizans.

HENRY A. WISE, in a four column letter, makes an ingenious bid for Radical support, as an independent candidate for Governor. He knows that the Conservatives will make a nomination, and therefore proposes that if either party will decline to make a nomination he will run against the nominee of the other. He knows too, that Grant's policy is fixed, yet as douceur to Radicalism, says that he and Virginia will give a cordial support to the administration provided it will recognize certain dogmas which he enunciates. Another case of emotional insanity.

WE are pleased to announce that the villainous attempt to depose Gov. Baxter of Arkansas has failed. In these days of corrupt tyranny, one such example of judicial integrity inspires hope of a better future. What a Radical Court, in a Southern State, has refused to do, Grant was base enough to do, by illegal force, in an adjoining State. Whether he will reverse the case in Arkansas is not yet known, but as he is judge, jury, and executioneer and drunkard, Baxter is by no means secure in his seat.

A DISPATCH, on Wednesday, announced that Mrs. Woodhull, the woman's rights broker, was lying unconscious, under an attack of heart disease, and with little prospect of recovery. Having heard nothing further, we presume that, like Stokes, she has been allowed a new trial and may escape death, for the present.

THE New York "South" of May 24th, devotes its eight broad pages to Tennessee, and gives much valuable information about its leading interests—their present and prospective condition and importance.

THE State superintendent of common schools will call a convention of county superintendents as soon as the county courts, in July, complete the list.

DOUBTS are suggested as to whether Senator Mitchell, of Oregon, is entitled to his seat, in consequence of his bearing an assumed name. If this fact forfeits his title, will it not do the same for the Vice President?

SEVENTEEN Modoc prisoners, on their way to camp Boyle, were waylaid and murdered by—it is supposed—Oregon volunteers. It was a dastardly deed, and all doubt as to the perpetraters should be removed by prompt and close investigation.

BROWNLOW, when his Senatorial term expires, is going to revive the Knoxville Whig, that he may pitch into D. H. Hill. But suppose the term for which he has sold himself to the devil should expire first—is he foolish enough to believe that he can renew the compact indefinitely?

EIGHTEEN Congressmen are said to have their fingers in a fat paving job in Washington City. Only eighteen?

WE publish the following excellent essay upon "Shoes," read by Miss Annie L. Childers, of Pulaski, Tenn., at the graduating exercises at Clarksville Female Academy. It is replete with good humor and occassional touches that cause the tenderest emotions. To be appreciated it must be read:

SHOES.

"Some to the sun their wings unfold,
Borne by the breeze on clouds of gold;"

and I see the start of surprise at the *simplicity* shown in the selection of my subject. I assure you, I made earnest effort to *get footing* elsewhere. The search for "Gamer Gurton's Needle" was not more tedious, trying and exasperating. It is not what *literary* people call a *taking title*, but *novelties* in *literature* furnish the chief topics of the times. With the *imagination* of an *auctioneer* I might invest my theme with artistic and artificial attractions; deficient in this, my *sole* object shall be to treat the subject in such style that all may have a *proper understanding* of it.

It is not my purpose to take you to Lynn, or to any other place extensively engaged in the manufacture of Shoes. That would involve French frauds, English embezzlements and Chinese labor. An *artless* American with tender toes would prefer that these topics of Domestic Economy and Foreign Relations be left to Ministers of State, Monopolists, Capitalists, The Bureau, Tax Assessor and Revenue Collector.

Mr. Darwin, on Relations and Expressions, advances some interesting items on the *present dress* of man *as relating to a former state*. His history of the coat is curious, yet almost any article of apparel can be made to prove *man's origin* just as conclusively.

I shall not attempt to *ante-date* the Shoe. That it had an early introduction into *civilized* creation there can be no doubt. What the *changing creations* wore for the protection of their *pedal appendages* is puzzling to speculation. It must have been *hard to get a fit*, and I find *no remains of a Shoe Store in that primitive period*. Shoes, like everything else, are plain and figurative—*real and ideal*. To run a parallel and bring out in charming contrast the beauties of the different kinds, I will not try, but step here and there as fact or fancy may invite.

From earliest times it was considered a mark of *dishonor*, or social or *family* degradation to go *barefoot*.

The marvelous story of Cinderilla and her Slippers excites a *suspicion* of this in the mind of the child too young to understand it; and all t he sympathy of her soul goes out to the little girl who was not suffered to wear Shoes. This feeling *intensifies* as the girl grows, and turns to softest sorrow as she reads the story of Maud Muller and realizes

"That the *barefoot* maiden raking the hay,
Decided the balance of right and wrong."
With Shoes well laced, of softest skin,
The judge's bride she might have been.

The barefoot prodigal returning to his father's house is a very pathetic picture. "And the father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe and put it upon him, and put a ring on his hands and Shoes on his feet." *Restoring* the Shoes was a token of *reconciliation* and restoration to family privileges and social rights. If men *can* or *must* walk, *Shoes* are in some sort a *necessity*; unless we suppose the ways of life to lie only in pleasant paths.

They teach us much of the state of society, degree of civilization and moral condition of a people.

Shoes were used in the *transfer of property*, so that the old custom of casting a Shoe after the newly wedded, signified something more than *good wishes*, and God save you from the witches!

Sir John Mandeville, the first prose writer in English literature, gives us a quaint picture of Chinese life among the "Noblesse." He says: The noblesse of the women is for to have smalle feet and litelle, and therefore anon as thei ben borne, they leet binde there feet so streyte that they may not growen halfe as nature woulde."—This cruel custom, although originating among the heathen Chinee, was partially adopted by other nations, *claiming to be christian*. One writer exclaims, "Shame on the fair folk who wear Shoes so small that they are neither useful nor ornamental!"

A little before this period a French historian speaks of Paris as the resort of the most vain and frivolous among men; they respected neither faith nor promises of peace; their manners and dress were disorderly; their *buskins* shamefully fashioned. The Shoes worn by the ladies were small and not wanting in cunning contrivances.

The French, ever *first in folly* and fast in fashion, then declared that a man's rank must be known by the length of his Shoes. A prince might wear them two and a half feet long. A simple knight was reduced to eighteen inches, and a plain citizen to twelve. Hence, their proverb, "*Etre sur un grande pied dans le monde*;" to be upon a *great* foot in the world; or as we more pertinently put it—"good footing in society."

This fashionable foible had its origin in the personal *deformity* of a noble, but to such enormous excess was it carried that the Catholic clergy of the day, ever on the alert for *small sins*, raised the cry of "heresy," and earnestly exhorted the ladies not to lie, nor cheat, nor steal, nor wear *long Shoes*. The *pious* Pope imposed heavy penalties for the wearing of such Shoes, so the wearers went from one ridiculous extreme to another, for to avoid payment of the penalty, they took from the length and added to the *breadth*.

The Israelites had reached the lowest depths of debasement and oppression, when we hear the eager enquiries, "When will the new moon be gone, that we may sell corn? and the Sabbath that we may buy the poor for silver and the needy for a *pair of Shoes*? their punishment was not turned aside, because they sold the righteous for silver, and the poor for a *pair of Shoes*."

Shoes may point a moral or adorn a tale.

My son, said a Persian prince, Shun the Shoes of the silly: as if quoting, "Go not in the way of fools."

The *cupidity of worthless sons* is pointedly expressed by the popular adage, "waiting for dead men's Shoes;" or, more literally and ungraciously, "it is *long* to wait for dead men's Shoes." "The latchet of whose Shoes they are not worthy to stoop down and unloose." No matter what the form of the foot, there is a Shoe to fit it. The *smart* man struts around in Solomon's Shoes, and never suspects that his neighbor, over the way, supposes he has some of the *same sort*.

Empedocles had on a pair when he threw himself into Mt. Ætna that people might think him a god! His *body* was burned, but volcanic fires can not destroy the *divine essence* of wisdom, and his *old Shoe* was cast from the laboring mountain like Minerva from the brain of Jupiter. This was significant, say the seers of that philosophy too *deep to be divined*, too divine to be understood—save in the school where quite extinct the genus fool.

Foot-prints of St. Peter are preserved in cathedrals all over the world. His Apostolic Successors aver he had a *finely formed foot*, and show by sundry signs that his Shoe has come down in a *regular line* for *more* than eighteen hundred years—a sort of HEIRLOOM into which the foot of no *false prophet* can *by any means come*. From the toes as ye may, the Shoe will not go on!

The sandal was adopted in all eastern countries. Its name is not insignificant. It protected from the burning sands, yet was so lightly constructed that it never became *heavy* upon the feet. It was *always taken off in the presence of royalty*. The poet makes happy allusion to this custom in the Hebrew's Prayer—

"And always when I felt Thee near,
My Shoes were off my feet."

It is also called the Sacred Shoe, because, worn by the blessed Savior when He went about doing good.

Persons who had suffered in any extraordinary manner had the *sign of the cross* under their sandals. This was specially true of the Jews after the coming of the Romans and the overthrow of their cherished city. The cross was to them, indeed, the sign of suffering, shame and sorrow. In "The Wandering Jew," wherever that mysterious man appears, there is seen in sand, or snow, or yielding earth, the *imprint of the cross*. O, symbol sweet and sad of suffering souls and fainting feet! We look through travels and tears to the time when the pilgrim shall put his sandals by, and put on the crown!

Mercury, the messenger of mischief, the framer of lies and stealer of character, still flies with winged Shoes up and down the earth, stirring up discord, strife and death; "whose feet are *swift* and lead to destruction."

Joab yet sheds the blood of war in times of peace, and puts the blood of war upon his girdle and in his Shoes that are upon his feet."

Vulcan, the divine artist, is still at the flaming forge making golden Shoes with which we may tread the earth, air or water, with the speed of wind or thought!

Shoes pressed by the heavy feet of sorrow! where are they not found? Said Richelieu—"I cut down with my Cardinal's cloak all that come in my way;" but for twenty years I have *heard the sound of invisible feet*. They have *overtaken* and *crushed me, and I am passive*. Some sad souls lift up their feet to perpetual desolation. Life is all desert, without a flowing fountain, a fragrant flower, or glimpse of green.

They sit sighing, crying
The dreary day away.

But—

"Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,"
Hunts in most delightful measure,
Through hastening hours the passing pleasure."

Shall we speak of the sentiment suggested by Shoes? Many a little thing moves to mighty results. Hood's Song of the Shirt, the very pathos of passion, poverty and pain, sung by *starving* lips in the low alleys of London, touched the great heart of the nation, and was a better regulator of wages than all the terse essays on Political Economy and labor.

So Shoes have tricks of tenderness for those tampering with temptation!

A child's Shoe—in a saloon of one of the most corrupt cities in America—gave an impetus to the cause of temperance all other agents had failed to do. It was an incident in the life of a laboring man, who, the day's work over, had gone with his wages for a *drink*. While he waited, for he was only a *poor fellow*, whose *custom* was *certain*, and *credit poor*, two women entered, one his own wife, the other the wife of the liquor dealer. Each carried a child. A shadow of bitterness seemed to fall upon the man at sight of the women and children.—"Please, John," said the keeper's wife in a flinpant tone, "baby wants some Shoes, *they cost only the price of a drink* and *he is waiting to pay it!*" It was one of those moments the memory of which lasts through all time. The tears gathering in the eyes of the woman whose life he had wasted, but who would not see him scorned—those little feet, bare and cold, purple and pinched, could he ever forget their *dumb eloquence*, their mute appeal!—"No, Sir," said he, "I'll buy those *Shoes* for *my own child*, and they shall teach Temperance to all the weak wretches who buy your poison!

So much for the classification of Shoes—real and ideal, and the sentiment suggested.

What shall I say of the long row of *empty Shoes*, sitting in the silent chamber of memory? Ah! they are in nearly every household and anguished thought flies back

To the time, we *sat waiting,*
Wistfully waiting, for the feet
That never came!

Fathers' Shoes, mothers' sisters', brothers'. The time has been *so long*, we may have forgotten how the dear dead faces *looked*, but those Shoes bring back the patient tread of untiring feet, and set to divinest music all the memories of undying love.—The mother cherishes the cast-off Shoes of her buried baby more than all the fine raiment of the living.

She thinks of the night when the angel came
And she could only weep and let it go!

I saw a pair of soldier's Shoes, sent from Rock Island—blood-bespattered and gnawed by prison rats. Many Aprils have brought the birds back to the lawn, since that Southern soldier shouldered his musket and left his mother's side. Manassas, Seven Pines, Malvern Hill, Williamburg, the Rappahannock, the Wilderness, Chicamauga, Gettysburg, all tell how valiantly he fought—

And the Past with waves of blood
Surges her heart like a mighty flood.

Those fields of carnage possess an interest for the *public*, but those *old Shoes* awaken all the suffering of her *personal sacrifice*. They speak to her of the long march and *tired feet*—feet that found no rest save on the dismal prison rock!

"Rock overhead—rock under feet,
Nothing but rock, the eye to greet,
But the iron on his door."

They came back to her with the quaintly pathetic words: "Mother, I am on *my last march*—shall not need my Shoes! The Captains' *gone*, and I see the camp-fires in the distance!

What *lesson* shall we learn from the Shoes? The Psalm of Life is set to very solemn music,

"Our lives like hastening streams must be,
That into one engulfing sea
Are doomed to fall,
Life is the *running of the race*
And *death* the *goal*."

Our Shoes may become old with a long journey, or when a few stages are run, they may be set aside, and life's glories fade away. Let us wear them wisely and well, leaving *fair* footprints, the *tiniest* of which will be *fixed*, just as we see on rocks of the present the forms of fishes, ferns, mosses, vines and creepers of a past creation. We know they *were*, and *what* they were. The rock itself will *after awhile soften into soil, but* our *foot-prints along the shores of Time*, not even the *waves of Eternity will wash away!*

Letter From Grantville, Tenn.

EDITORS CHRONICLE: Having seen an invitation in the columns of your valuable paper, soliciting items from various parts of the country, I herein send you a few, which, if deemed worthy, you can publish, and if so, we will feel very well remunerated for the so-called trouble of writing.

McAdoo is now, and has long been, noted for its hospitality and hard-working, energetic citizens. By the way, we have some of the best tobacco raisers here old Montgomery affords, judging from the way in which they handle it, the amount raised per acre, and the accounts given of the sales in the papers. We feel gratified to know that the farmers here keep pace with farmers in other parts of the county. A good many are done setting out tobacco, and others just waiting for a good season, and from what we can see and hear, there will be a very large crop set out this year, nearly all setting out more than in previous years. The wheat is ripening very fast, and but for the rust, which has attacked it in the last ten days, the prospect would be very flattering for a large yield.—Hopes are entertained that the crop is two much matured to be injured seriously by it.

The people here are still making improvements. Just beyond McAdoo, a new sawmill is being erected by Smith & Bro., where they expect to saw "oodles" of lumber for the people. They are clever men and deserve the patronage of the community. Just beyond this a short distance, there are two stores, one of them recently put up. I wish them both success. From the store of Mr. Grant, the people receive the mail weekly, greatly to the convenience of the community.

There is one thing in which we see a great deficiency in the community, that is a good school, which is so essential to every community. The people see the error they have committed and now fully realize the necessity of a good school in their midst. I hope soon to see a desire manifested by every parent, to go to work and build up a good school here. Now is the time to build a good school-house, and avail ourselves of the free school law. I hope, if the people do not take the requisite amount of interest, that the County Superintendent, when elected, will arouse the people on this subject. For Superintendent, we need an energetic, working man, of a literary turn of mind, and one well versed in textbooks. There is a fine Sunday school in operation at McAdoo church, between fifty and sixty in attendance and still increasing.

According to previous arrangement, there was a public speaking at Bethel, some two miles distant from McAdoo, last Saturday night, on the subject of education. The house was nearly full, mostly young ladies, who looked as pretty as the goddess of love when she stooped to kiss the sparkling wave.—The opening exercises were conducted by Dr. Brown, after which the following gentlemen spoke: J. W. Burney, Nick Parish, Dr. Moody, Jr., and Rev. W. A. Turner. Each of whom spoke upon an average half an hour. The audience seemed well entertained and to appreciate the efforts made by the speakers. By the time the audience was dismissed, pale Cynthia had almost attained her meridian height, and her soft and mellow rays, doubtless assisted some faint hearted youth, as he accompanied his bonny lass home, to talk of the bright and golden dreams of love. OBSERVER.

Grantville, June 9, 1873.

Proceedings of the Recent Convention in Ballard County, Kentucky.

At a meeting of a Farmers' and Mechanics' Convention of the county of Ballard, Ky., held at the Courthouse in Blandville, on the 26th of May, 1873, F. D. Bailey was called to the chair and J. S. Petree appointed secretary. The chairman explained the object fo the meeting, and thereupon the following resolutions were offered and adopted.

Resolved, That we adhere to the principles of government enunciated by the fathers of the republic, that the States of the Union are co-equal in their powers, and have the right to regulate their domestic institutions in their own way; that the Federal Government exercises none but delegated powers, and that all powers not delegated are reserved to the States or the people, that in the construction of the Constitution no latitude should be indulged, but in its construction we should adhere to the literal meaning of the instrument and give no power to the Federal not clearly delegated by the States or the people.

Resolved, That we, the farmers and tillers of the ground, the men upon whom the world relies for subsistance, do now come boldly to the front and demand that the gross injustice inflicted upon us by the politicians, salary grabbers, monopolists and ringmasters of the land must and shall come to an end.

Resolved, That we, the farmers, mechanics, and all classes of laboring men, do declare that if we are faithful to ourselves and to each other, we shall constitute a power in the land, a power which, when exercised through the ballot box, will accomplish any reform which we as good citizens may reasonably demand, and, while we beg to say that we as a body proscribe no class of men, yet nevertheless, we say to all that "our name is legion," and we "mean business," and in the transaction of our business we must be consulted.

Resolved, That we will meet again on the 4th Monday in June, 1873, for the purpose of further organization and the nomination of a candidate to represent us in the General Assembly of the State. All are invited to attend.

F. D. BAILEY Chairman,
J. S. PETREE, Secretary.

Cholera in Nashville.

NASHVILLE, June 11.—Continued abatement is evident in cholera here. The cases prove quite conquerable in nearly every instance. Mortality decreasing.

CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

About Her Educational Institutions, Male and Female—Clarksville Enterprise—The Bar, Etc.

Correspondence of the Courier-Journal.

CLARKSVILLE, TENN., June 3.

Clarksville could well boast of its schools, even were every other of its enterprises second-rate. Two well-organized colleges, each with a thorough corps of teachers, are features to be proud of in a city of only 6,000 inhabitants. Stewart College, named for a learned amateur scientist who lives near Clarksville, is under the general supervision of the Presbyterian church, with Rev. J. B. Shearer, president, and a faculty equal to any in the country, North or South, as will appear when I mention the names of Jas. Dinwiddie, late Professor of Mathematics in the University of Virginia; Judge W. W. Legare, of the South Carolina family of that name; D. M. Quarles and others. The site of Stewart College surpasses any location in the State, as it is sufficiently removed from the noise and bustle of the city, and crowned with the most beautiful grove of primeval oaks to be seen anywhere in the southwest. Steps have been taken to increase the present endowment largely, and the character of men engaged in the work offers every assurance of success. The students number one hundred and fifteen this session, representing seven States, to-wit: Tennessee, Kentucky, California, Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas and Mississippi. The course of study is thorough and carefully selected, embracing the higher branches of pure and applied mathematics, the languages, the natural sciences, metaphysics, &c., and will compare with either the Virginia University or Harvard. In addition to this, Dr. Shearer has instituted a Biblical course, disassociated from doctrinal theology, and intended to drill the student thoroughly in sacred history—without a knowledge of which no man can be educated, in the best sense of that term. Judge Legare has recently added an air-pump, of his own invention to the college laboatory, and large additions of mineral specimens will be furnished the cabinet. I was surprised to find such an institution as this in Clarksville. It appears to rely alone on its own unpublished merits, modestly withholding the ordinary means of soliciting patronage. Too many so-called colleges (mere money-making machines) have been established since the war, depending on the magic of some big, military name to sustain them—with the catalogue of professors running something after this fashion: "Lieutenant General Willie Pecksniff, President, and Professor of Political Economy and Military Tactics; Major General Yuba Dam Smith, Professor of Moral Philosophy, &c., &c."

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THE CLARKSVILLE FEMALE ACADEMY, in respect to location and course of study, is all that its friends and patrons could wish. Rev. Joseph B. West, D. D., president, is assisted by an experienced corps of thirteen teachers, including teachers of music and ornamental work. In these two branches the pupils certainly excel, as those can testify who witnessed their splendid display of painting, wax-work, etc., last Friday evening. There were not less than two hundred specimens of painting and ornamental pieces on exhibition, and the walls of the main hall were decorated with a perfect wealth of handiwork, creditable alike to the skill and taste of teachers and pupils. To-night sixteen young ladies will receive diplomas, to wit: from Kentucky, Miss Mollie Boon, daughter of Judge Boon, Mayfield; Miss Fannie McCrory, Adairsville, and Miss Lizzie Sebree, Paducah; and from Tennessee, Misses Bettie Humphreys, Sallie Mizell, Belle Moore, Emma McLean, Jennie Stewart, Ruth Wisdom, Sue McLean, Pauline Cralle, Annie Childers, Fannie Irwin, Clarksville; Sue and Annie McDermott, Murfreesboro, and Misses Mattie Hunter and Sallie Moore, of Montgomery county. After the exhibition to-night, to consist of music, compositions and dialogues, Hon. G. A. Henry, the "Eagle Orator of Tennessee," will deliver the annual address and a poem will be read from the facile pen of Dr. R. L. C. White, of the Lebanon Herald. Expectation is on tip-toe for a rare treat in these performances.

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CLARKSVILLE ENTERPRISE.

I find here a number of stores, warehouses &c., which would compare favorably with Nashville or Louisville. The hardware houses of Kincannon, Wood & Co., and Hamlett & Dorris containing a variety of cooking stoves and tin ware; which could supply even a larger market than this. D. W. & C. L. Cooke have an elegant assortment of diamonds, watches and queensware, while the meat market, supplied by T. H. Jackson & Bro., is one of the evidences of the highest order of civilization. The city has recently purchased a first-class fire-engine, and organized a hook and ladder company of her best citizens. The bar is one of the oldest in the State, embracing such legal lights as Hon G. A. Henry, "the eagle orator," Gen. W. A. Quarles, James Bailey, Horace Lurton and others equally prominent at the bar. Among the business men of the first enterprise are B. F. Coulter, D. N. Kennedy, president of the Northern Bank of Tennessee; W. P. Hume, cashier of the First National, and Sterling F. Beaumont, president, and T. D. Leonard, the railroad agitator and long-time citizen of Clarksville.

AN INTERESTING LAW-SUIT.

The Hon. Gustavus A. Henry is in his seventieth year, his eye (I put it, quite apropos, in the singular number, since he unfortunately lost his left eye entirely a few months ago from neuralgia) is as bright as ever when he recalls the wordy ware of his more youthful days. He related this morning an incident in his practice which ought to go to record, and I give it, as near as possible, in his own words:

Fifteen or twenty years ago, said the Eagle Orator, I was attending the Circuit Court of Robertson county at Springfield, when a sad, heart-broken woman of about five-and-twenty years, came into my office and inquired whether I recognized her. I did not. She was the daughter of a venerable friend of mine, and I had known her when she was just budding into womanhood, when "grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye, and in every gesture dignity and love." But now, how changed! She seemed the very picture of mute despair, and her features revealed the story of her wrongs ere her lips repeated it. She told it without any affectation of modesty, rage or tears, and but for the occasional quivering of her thin, bloodless lips, one, to have simply heard without beholding the narrator, might have immagined her reciting the woes of another. She had been beautiful, talented, accomplished, her father Mr. S——) having lavished both the wealth of his purse as well as his affection upon the idol of his heart. But the spoiler came in the person of young W——, whose father then dead, had also been a particular fried of my own. Under promise of marriage, and after importunities, which were backed by what the law should denominate absolute physical force, she yielded wholly to him she loved so unwisely well. 'Tis but the old, old story, over and over again; for man, all the pleasures of passion, for woman, the sorrow and pain. The wretch not only refused to perform his vows, but he fiendishly mocked her prayers and defied her tears—refusing to make the only reparation in his power for the great wrong which had plucked the luster from her eye and the rose from her cheek. The child born of this unholy love had died, her old father went about with bowed head, heart-broken, unable even to advise what course to pursue, much less to avenge his daughter. Hence she was left helpless and wretched, and it was in this frame of mind she approached me for counsel. My energy was fired and aroused at once. "I will institute suit for damage and breach of promise at once, poor girl," I cried in the indignation of manhood. "Money will but poorly repay your sorrows, yet in so far as a verdict for $10,000 will do so, you shall be avenged."

Soon as suit had commenced, Mr. W. began his siege on me. He first tried flattery. His old father, he said, would turn over in the grave if he could but know that Maj. Henry was prosecuting his son. Finding nothing could ever damp my ardor in behalf of the poor, injured girl, and that spite of our previous friendship, I now held him in supreme contempt, he set about his defense, and being wealthy, engaged all the best legal talent in Nashville and Springfield. When the day for trial came I advised him to give me a judgment, *pro confesso*, for $5,000, and I would dismiss the suit. I assured him he would regret the exposure of a public trial, and would care worse to spurn my proposition; and that I was thoroughly aroused, and should handle him without mercy. He laughed in my face at the suggestion, and defied me even to get $5,000 damages, for he felt perfectly assured of a verdict in his favor.

George Boyd was my associate counsel, a sound lawyer, well-read and pains-taking. He opened the argument, laying down the law in plain, forcible language, and was followed by defendant's counsel. When the last of these closed it was about dark, and I begged of the court the privilege of making my speech at once. I detained the jury for but little over an hour, in the best speech of my life, and made by candle-light. I was warmed up as I had never been before. Her father was in the court-room, his long hair falling about his shoulders, and his ruined daughter sitting, with her bowed head by his side. From the beginning my speech to its close you could have heard a pin drop—in fact there was no other of sound but my own voice, save now and then the broken sobs of old and young in the audience. In less than five minutes after beginning I had the crowd, judge, jury and spectators completely in my hands, felt myself master of the occasion. I was only sorry I had not demanded $20,000 instead of $10,000. I portrayed the cold, sly, snakey steps of the seducer, the importunities, the final overpowering mastery of his stronger mind and body. I dwelt upon woman's trusting love and unselfish devotion and constancy; drew the picture of the poor girl as I had seen her but a few months before, and dwelt upon the contrast now. I depicted the heart anguish of the old father tottering to the grave under the cruel blow of the man he had trusted as a son. I hurled anthemas against the seducer—I protested, in the name of our common manhood, against the wrong inflicted upon our mothers, wives and sisters in the person of that poor girl, and demanded of the jury whether *they* could be bribed into cowardly silence by the villainous author of all these woes. I closed with this apt and forcible quotation from Scott:

Where shall the traitor rest,
He, the deceiver,
Who could win maiden's breast,
Ruin—and leave her!
In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle
With the groans of the dying,
There shall he be lying.

Her wings shall the eagle flap
O'er the false-hearted:
His warm blood the wolf shall lap
Ere life be parted!
Shame and dishonor sit
By his grave ever;
Blessing shall hallow it,
Never, Oh never!

The effect was electrical. When the Judge could compose himself and the crowd sufficiently to charge the jury to retire and make up their verdict, the foreman asked that his honor should retain his seat, as they would return in five minutes. Sure enough, in less time, they brought in a verdict giving damages to the whole amount asked, $10,000. This completely broke up and ruined the seducer, and he moved out of the country. If the very curse I had invoked in the words of Scott had been directly visited upon him, misfortune could not have followed sooner or more signally. He died a few years ago, scorned of all men and women; while his victim afterwards married a clever gentleman and is today a happy wife and mother.

C. E. M.

THE COMING WHEAT CROP.

From the St. Louis Democrat, June 5.

The magnitude of the coming wheat crop, if it is safely gathered, may be approximately learned by understanding the crops of 1871 and 1872. According to government reports, the wheat crop of the United States for 1871 amounted to 237,722,000 bushels, and there was an abundance and to spare the world over, and prices at no time ranged high. The crop of 1872 was 249,971,000 bushels, showing an increase of 12,275,000 bushels over the crop of the preceding year. If there had been no failure of wheat in Missouri, Kansas and Southern Illinois, there would have been a much greater increase in the crop, because the crop in the Northwestern States alone was 26,230,000 bushels; whereas the increase on the crop in the whole country was only 12,275,000 bushels. If there had been a corresponding increase in the winter wheat producing States as there was in the spring wheat regions of the Northwest there would have been a heavy gain to have been added to the above, let us say 10,000,000 bushels making the aggregate gain in the wheat crop of 1871 over that of 1872 36,250,000 bushels. This year the Northwestern States bid fair to grow at least 25,000,000 more wheat than they did last year, as the area sown to wheat has been greatly enlarged. By adding 25,000,00 bushels to this crop it would amount to 117,298,000 bushels. If nothing happens to the winter wheat between now and harvesting, the increased yield may be safely put at 10,000,000 bushels, making the crop of the United States over 284,000,000 bushels, by far the largest crop of wheat produced by any one country on the face of the earth. According to Milwaukee figuring, there is in the Northwestern States about 17,000,000 bushels of spring wheat to come forward from first hands. We think this is an under-statement, and that the allowance for food and seed is too high. With corn at 20 and 25 cents per bushel, and wheat at $1@$1.10 on the farm, the farmers will sell the wheat down very close, and live upon the corn. Depend upon it, the Northwestern farmers have done this very thing, and more than twenty millions of bushels yet remain to be sent to market; and now, that a still greater crop is at hand, it will most likely come forward very freely What the price will be no one can foretell, though it will most likely go quite low, so that "sell the year," at the rates now prevalent in Chicago, would prove most likely a good deal. There is one thing in this connection we desire to say to Missouri wheat-growers. When in threshing wheat, rye or barley, the top and bottom bundles of the stack ought always to be thrown out and shelled out separately for chicken feed. If permitted to go through the machine with the balance of the stock, it will deteriorate the whole crop 10 to 15 cents per bushel. Better throw these top and bottom bundles entirely away than suffer this to happen.

OLD Dinah, our colored laundress, passed a just criticism on fashion when one day, in a gossiping mood she asked, 'What do you tink o' dem panyahs what de ladies wears ahind 'em?" "We think they are very ugly," we replied. "Reckon dey am!" she exclaimed, "why, if dem air tings growed dere, dey'd have all de doctors in Boston a cutting on 'em off, if it took a bar'l of floricorn to do it!"

ATLANTA, GA., has been selected as the place for the next meeting of the National Agricultural Congress, to be held on the second Wednesday of May, 1874.

Obituary of a Western Editor.

Ye editor sat in his rickety chair, as worried as worried could be, for ye devil was grinning before him there, "copy!" ye devil sayed he.

Oh, ye editor grabbed his big quill pen, and it sputtered ye ink so free, that his manuscript looked like a war map, when—"Take this," to the devil spake he.

He scribbled and scratched through the livelong day, no rest or refreshment had he; for the devil kept constantly coming that way, and howling for more "cop-ee."

Day after day he scissored and wrote, a sa