CLARKSVILLE WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

VOL. 43.--NO 35. CLARKSVILLE, TENN., SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1873. WHOLE NO. 2,270.

BYERS keeps a complete stock of Drugs, Patent Medicines, Paints, Notions, Blank Books and Stationery, and is prepared to sell low at retail or wholesale.

W. H. TURNLEY. W. J. ELY
W. D. MERIWETHER, Jr.

TURNLEY, ELY & CO.

TOBACCO

—AND—

General Commission Merchants,

FIRE-PROOF WAREHOUSE,
CLARKSVILLE, - - - TENN.

Advances made on Tobacco in Store.

We have secured the services of Col. W. F. Young, the well-known auctioneer, who will sell all of our Tobacco for us.

We have erected a shed in New Providence, opposite the store of Messrs. McDaniel & Barbee, where we will receive tobacco and dray it to our warehouse free of charge for those persons who do not wish to haul it to Clarksville. Messrs. McDaniel & Barbee will receive, weigh and receipt for Tobacco delivered at our shed in New Providence.

Oct 1 '71 -tf.

W. A. QUARLES. W. M. DANIEL
G. M. QUARLES.

Quarles, Daniel & Quarles,
Attorneys at Law,
CLARKSVILLE, - - - TENN.
Will practice in the Courts of Montgomery and adjoining counties.
April 27, 1872-tf

EMOND B. LURTON. CHAS. W. TYLER.

LURTON & TYLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CLARKSVILLE, TENN.
Will practice in the courts of Montgomery and adjoining counties
June 15, '72-tf.

JAMES W. RICE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CLARKSVILLE, TENN.
Will attend the courts of Montgomery, Stewart and Houston counties.
Office on Strawberry Alley.
Jan. 4, 1873-ly

BARKER & COURTS,
WHOLESALE GROCERS
AND
QUOR DEALERS,
Franklin St., Sign of Sugar Hogshead.
Jan 18, '72-tf.

RICH'D ANDERSON. E. S. BRINGHURST.

ANDERSON & BRINGHURST,
DEALERS IN
COAL, HAY, GRAIN, BRAN, ETC.,
FRANKLIN STREET.
CLARKSVILLE, TENN.
Dec. 23, 1871-ly

National Hotel,
CLARKSVILLE, TENN.
T. D. SCOTT, - - - Proprietor.
This house is complete in all its appointments, and the table supplied with the best the market affords, at reasonable rates.
Jan. 29 '69-tf

JOHN MANNING
Is Always on ☞.

JOHN MANNING has discovered that the citizens of Clarksville and surrounding country needed a specific in the rarest game of the season, served up in European style on ten minutes notice, and as the canvass for the Presidency has now fairly opened, he keeps constantly on hand the choicest Wines, Liquors, pure imported Havanna Cigars and Cincinnati Lager Beer, to nerve all candidates on to victory. Restaurant and Saloon open night and day, where the most fastidious may be more than pleased.
Feb. 8, 1873-6m

Chas. Lehman,
(Roths' Old Saloon)
Having purchased the popular
Saloon, Restaurant and Billiard Hall,
Formerly owned by G. A. Roth, has had the establishment newly painted and refitted, and is now open to the public, where all are invited to enjoy the best of
Wines, Liquors, Cigars,
and other refreshments. Everything kept neat and orderly.
Aug 10, '72-tf

S. OPPENHEIMER,
DEALER IN
Hides, Furs, Wool, Ginseng, and all kinds of Metal,
Public Square, CLARKSVILLE.
I am no candidate for office, but will pay cash for all articles in my line. Come along with them.
Sept. 28, 1872-tf

The finest selection of imported Colognes, Handkerchief Extracts, Hair Oils, Toilet Soaps, Combs and Brushes of all kinds for sale by OWEN & MOORE.

TO OUR FRIENDS.—Having gone to great expense to give our readers a larger and better paper, we would urgently request all indebted to us, by note or account, to come up, without delay, and make payment. We need the money, and hope this modest appeal will not pass unheeded.
NEBLETT & GRANT.

Fine Cigars, also choice Virginia Smoking and Chewing Tobacco for sale by
OWEN & MOORE.

BYERS keeps the best Domestic and Havana Cigars, Chewing and Smoking Tobacco.

ROOMS FOR RENT.
A small family can be accommodated with two large rooms and hall between, centrally located, by applying at this office.
March 22, '73-tf.

J. J. CRUSMAN

Is now making large additions to his stock, and offers inducements to the Trade,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

EXTRA GOLDEN SYRUP,
in kegs, half barrels and barrels.

NEW ORLEANS MOLASSES.
Crushed, Powdered and Granulated

SUGAR.
New Orleans, Clarified and Brown

SUGAR.

NEW CAROLINA RICE.

FLINT HOMINY

GRITS.

MACCARONI.

TAPIOCA.

OYSTERS.

PICKLES.

WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE.

GELATINE.

Burnett's Flavoring Extracts.

DRIED BEEF.

BEEF TONGUES.

PEACHES.

BLACKBERRIES.

TOMATOES.

CORN.

COLMAN'S MUSTARD.

PURE CREAM TARTAR.

PURE BI-CARB. SODA.

Pure Spices, of all kinds

Horsford's Bread Preparation,

PURE CATAWBA WINE

Pure Cider Vinegar.

Old Sour Mash Whisky.

Old Peach and Apple Brandy.

Old French Brandy.

300 Bus. Clover Seed.

TIMOTHY SEED.

Orchard and Herds Grass Seeds.

BLUE GRASS SEED.

With all other goods to make a complete assortment.

J. J. CRUSMAN,
First and Franklin Streets.
Jan. 4, '73-tf.

WALTER McCOMB & Co

WHOLESALE

GROCERS

Franklin Street,

Clarksville, Tenn.,

Are daily adding new supplies to their large and well assorted stock of

Staple and Fancy

Groceries!

which they sell as low as they can be bought anywhere in the South or West.

They invite especial attention to their very large Stock of the Best Brands of Robertson County Whisky, Old Brandy and Pure Wines.

We are

SOLE AGENTS,

IN THIS MARKET, FOR

DRAUGHAN'S

CELEBRATED

Robertson County

Whiskey

particularly suited to those who want a pure article for medicinal or other purposes.

Orders promptly attended to and satisfaction guaranteed.

Walter McComb & Co.
March 22, 1873-tf

MONEY SAVED!

BY BUYING YOUR

BOOTS, SHOES,

HATS, CAPS,

Gent's Furnishing Goods

—OF—

V. L. WILLIAMS.

REAL BARGAINS

now being offered to make room for our Fall Stock. Please call and price our goods.
Very Respectfully,
V. L. WILLIAMS,
23 Franklin St.
July 12, 1873-tf.

W. M. POLLOCK. SAM'L JOHNSON.

POLLOCK & JOHNSON,

GENERAL INSURANCE

—AND—

REAL ESTATE AGENTS,

(Office Up Stairs)

CORNER FRANKLIN AND FIRST STS.,

CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE

Fire and Marine Insurance. The best and cheapest Life Insurance in the United States. The

OLD AND RELIABLE

New York Life Ins. Co.,

no new-fangled, untried, or experimental company, but one time tried and tested and ever found worthy. Undoubted indemnity at the

LOWEST KNOWN RATES CONSISTENT WITH SECURITY.

Be not deceived and misled. The best is the cheapest. If you wish to insure your life, choose a company of age, experience and ability, and you will select the "Old Reliable" New York Life.
Will give our attention to the buying, selling and renting of real estate,
March 15, '73-tf.

J. J. HAMLETT. H. P. DORRIS.

HAMLETT & DORRIS,
DEALERS IN
Stoves, Tinware, Castings,
Grates, and House Furnishing Goods.
Every description of Tinware made up in good style.
ROOFING and GUTTERING promptly attended to.
☞ H. P. DORRIS will superintend the workroom.
Feb. 1, 1873-tf

SETTLE & SON, Ag'ts,

GROCERS,

And Dealers In

Country Produce Generally

FRANTLIN HALL BUILDING,

CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

We keep every variety of

FAMILY SUPPLIES,

which we offer at the lowest market rates.

WANTED.

Country Produce of all kinds, Poultry, Eggs, Butter, etc., for which we will exchange Groceries or pay cash.
SETTLE & SON.
Jan. 25, '72-tf.

COAL! COAL!

We are delivering St. Bernard Coal, within the limits of the city, for 18 cents per bushel. Pittsburg Coal, for 30 cents per bushel. Terms cash.
F. P. GRACEY & BRO.
Sep. 2, 1871-tf

ICE CREAM AND SODA WATER

—AT—

LIGON & ELY'S.

We have opened our Ice Cream Saloon for the season, and are prepared to furnish any quantity that may be desired.

We have on hand a large and varied assortment of

CONFECTIONERIES,
FIREWORKS,
MASKS,
DOLLS,
TOYS,

and everything in our line that can be desired. Call and examine our stock.

LIGON & ELY'S BAKERY

is in full operation. Fresh Yeast, Bread, and every variety of Cakes, fresh from the oven every day. All orders promptly filled.

LIGON & ELY,
No. 33 Franklin Street,
Clarksville, Tennessee.
May 17, '73-tf.

HOME.

Home is where affection binds
Gentle hearts in union,
Where the voices all are kind,
Holding sweet communion!

Home is where the heart can rest
Safe from darkening sorrow;
Where the friends we love the best
Brighten every morrow!

Home is where the friends that love
To our hearts are given;
Where the blessings from above
Make it seem a heaven!

Home is where the sun will shine
In the skies above us;
Peeping brightly through the vine
Trained by those who love us!

Yes, 'tis home where smiles of cheer
Wreathe the brows that greet us—
And the one of all most dear
Ever comes to meet us!

SACRIFICE REWARDED.

"I will never wed him, papa, I tell you, plainly; I do not love him, and well you know that I am already a plighted bride."

"Violetta, my child, cease this rash talk, and listen. I am on the brink of failure, nay more, of disgrace, for when my affairs first became involved I forged the name of Monsieur Victor Verlais to checks for a large amount, hopeing thereby to prop my tottering business, and right the wrong I had done, ere it was discovered. But loss swiftly followed loss, I was unable to repay my error, I was discovered, and to-day I stand before you a ruined man, unless, mark me, Violetta, unless you marry Victor Verlais; for only on condition of receiving your hand will he spare or aid me, and now—what is your decision?"

"O father, is there no way of escape for you? Must I see you condemned to a felon's cell, or wed this odious monsiuer?"

"Alas, yes, my child, you, and you alone, can save me now."

"Then I—O God pity me, let me die; father," and she forced herself to speak calmly, "I cannot decide now; give me until to-night, and then you shall have my answer."

"Certainly, Violetta. O, my child, my child!" and the man's voice quivered with a mighty emotion, "that I should bring such misery to thee!"—And father and child were for a moment locked in a close embrace, and then Violetta tore herself away, and sobbing, rather than saying, "To-night father, you shall have my answer," hastened from the room. But, her own room gained, she wrung her hands in a voiceless agony, and rushed to and fro like some hunted animal. At last she murmured, "O Edgar, Edgar, how can I give you up? And yet it must be done; my duty is plain, I must wed this hated Victor Verlais to save my father; and yet—oh! would I might die! Would I might die!" she wailed.

For hours grief reigned uncontrolled, and then the violence of emotion gave place to the calmness of despair, and seating herself before her *escritoire*, she sighed.

"And now to say farewell to Edgar. Oh! God grant that he may outlive our brief, yet sweet, love-dream, and be—happy." With trembling hand she wrote:—

"Edgar:—Alas I dare not call you mine, that were now too sweet a privilege for poor unhappy me; know then, Edgar, that we must part, for reasons which I cannot disclose, even to you, I must wed Monsieur Verlais. Seek not to see me, or alter my determination, for it is unchangeable, and I write but to give you back your slighted troth, and to say farewell forever. Enclosed you will find the ring you gave me, and oh! my love, when you gaze on it think not with anger but pity of your unhappy VIOLETTA."

Kissing the little tear-stained note fondly, (for was it not going to him?) she placed it in her bosom, and sought her father; pale was her face, as if of chiselled marble, but in a low, firm voice she said.

"Father, I will wed Monsieur Verlais."

"God bless you, my child," was all he said as he pressed her to his heart.

Paler still was Violetta's cheek, when Victor Verlais pressed his first love-kiss upon it but in the glow of triumph at winning his fair English flower, he heeded it not, and, even if he had marked it, he knew not of the broken love-dream, and so would scarce have guessed its cause. He pleaded for an early marriage day, and Violetta, to whom all things were now unimportant, replied dreamily, "As you please, monsieur, it matters not to me," and though he marvelled at her indifference he attributed it to the natural reserve of her colder clime, and set a day two weeks later as the one which was to seal her doom, and as he supposed his happiness.

It came, a beautiful spring morning, and in Notre Dame the ill-mated pair were wedded, he with his bald head, his fifty years, and his money-bags, she, with her youth and beauty offered up like a lamb on the alter of Mammon. Snowier than the pearly lustre of her robe was her marble brow, and at the marriage *fete* all spoke of her pale loveliness, but few, if any, guessed its cause, and with a proud smile the bridegroom led his bride to the carriage which was to convey them on the first stage of their bridal journey. A crack of the whip—a rumbling of wheels, and they were gone; but hardly had the bridal guests departed, ere another equipage drew up before the door, and from it sprang a young man, dirty and travel-stained, but handsome withal, and bearing the true impress of a gentleman. He ran up the steps, and pulled the bell violently, and the door swung wide, opened by the bride's father himself, who had not yet quitted his parlors, and thought it was one of the wedding guests returned for some forgotten article; but when he saw who stood without, he started back with upraised hands, as if to ward him off; but the visitor pushed his way in, and then, noticing for the first time the evidence of merry-making, he turned upon his companion, demanding imperiously'—

"Where is she, where is Violetta, my betrothed bride?"

"My friend, I—I regret to say," stammered the old man, his face gastly pale, and evidently dreading the wrath of the young Englishman, "circumstances beyond our control rendered my daughter's marriage with Monsieur Verlais imperative, and this very day they were wedded, and started on their bridal tour scarce an hour ago; indeed my friend," he continued, as the young man staggered against the wall with a deep groan, "I feel for you, and had it been in my power, I would have ordered matters very differently; but it could not be helped; and what is done cannot be undone."

The visitor, Edgar Thompson, flashed a glance of contempt on the speaker; he divined that Violetta had been sacrificed for the father, for he knew that no other power than parental duty could have wrestled her from him; and so supreme was his disdain for the man who would accept such a sacrifice, that he only muttered, fiercely, "Silence!" as he strode from the hall.—But a deadly fear was upon the old man, and springing after Edgar, he caught him by the arm, gasping.—

"Nay, my friend, what would you do? Where would you go?"

"Go!" ejaculated the youth, angrily, "go! To perdition, mayhap, anywhere from this accursed spot! But since you ask, why—I follow the bride and groom, monsieur;" and with a sarcastic smile on his fine face, he bowed, then hastened down the steps, entered his carriage, and drove off.

* * * * * *

Monsieur and Madame Verlais were settled in their chateau near Rouen. The honeymoon was ended, and Violetta congratulated herself that now she would be in a measure released from the odious presence of her husband; the latter left her one day, quite early, saying,—

"Adieu, *ma chere*, amuse yourself well, and do not get dreary; I go to my bankers in Rouen, but shall return ere nightfall, so *ou revior*." And kissing his hand gayly he rode off, and his bride turned from the window with a shudder of aversion, exclaiming,—

"Thank heaven! I am at last alone; oh, would that he were to be gone years, instead of hours. Ha! a summons to the cell; can he have returned? But no—"

"A gentleman to see madame;" announced the obsequious servant.

"To see me; why, who can it be? I expect no one; well," and she roused herself, "I will be down immediately."

A gentleman rose as she entered the *salon* tall, fair, handsome, and with a glad light in his eyes as he held out his arms, saying,—

"Violetta, my darling!"

Forgetting that it was now a sin, forgetting all things save the joy of seeing him again, she sank upon his breast, sobbing only, "Edgar! Edgar!" and for a long time she lay thus, while he soothed her with tender words, and fond caresses; at last she remembered the awful abyss that now yawned between them, and withdrew herself from his arms, saying sadly,—

"Too late—too late! O Edgar! that I must say it! but your arms must not clasp me now, nor your lips press mine. I am a wife."

"Nay, dearest, call it not by that sacred name, a name which you should bear to none but me; say the word, my darling, one little word, and we will fly far away from here, and, in our own sunny England, live but for each other; wilt go?"

"Nay, Edgar, tempt me not; life with you were paradise, while here it is worse than death; but honor, Edgar, is dearer than all. O my beloved, ask me not!" and she turned shudderingly away.

"You are right; Violetta, my pure, beautiful love, pardon me for daring to breathe such words to thee; but I was wild, mad, darling, with this awful grief, and thought but of my love and loss. Am I forgiven?"

"Freely truly, Alas, I too suffer! But you must go, dear Edgar, and oh! we must not meet again; it but racks our hearts with anguish, and I tremble to think of the consequences to you, if monsieur mistrusted our love; farewell, and forever." And she extended her hand.

"One kiss, Violetta, one kiss for the sake of our lost happiness, to last me all the weary coming years; only this, and I will begone." And advancing to her side he took her hand, and gazing imploringly down into her sad eyes. What could she say—how refuse?

For answer she raised her quivering lips to his, but, as he bowed his head to press a farewell kiss upon that loved face, she burst from him with a shriek, and raising his eyes he met the fiery ones of Monseur Verlais, who stood in the doorway glaring upon them.

"*Bien!*" cried he, advancing, "so this is the way you amuse yourself, madame, in my absence? Had I not been obliged to return for a certain paper, I should not have made this charming discovery. Well, monsieur," and he turned inquiringly to Edgar, "who are you, and why are we honored with your presence?"

"I am an old friend of madame's," replied Edgar, cold, "and was about bidding her adieu; I sail for England next week, monsieur, and shall not have the pleasure of seeing this lady again."

"Ah, indeed; ha!" for Violetta, on hearing of her lover's intended departure, had stood for a moment as if turned to stone, then tottered back with a faint moan, "what is this, madame? Speak, I command you! What is this man to you?"

"He—he was my betrothed husband, monsieur, before I married you," she replied, faintly.

"And what broke the engagement?" again queried Monsieur Verlais, an angry light still blazing in his eyes.

"My marriage," acknowledged Violetta, fainter still.

"Then, madame, you did not love me?"

"Never!" she cried, indignant at the thought. "Never! I married you only to save my father from your vengence. I never loved you, I loved him alone;" and she pointed to Edgar, "And now, monsieur you know all, may I leave the apartment?"

"Yes, go," he replied, motioning toward the door, and with a last glance at Edgar, she obeyed. "And now monsieur, listen," continued Monsieur Verlais, turning again to Edgar; "were I younger, I should not hesitate, I should fight and kill you; but you would have now all the advantages of youth and agility, therefore, as you are to leave England so soon, I say you, but only on one condition: that you are never again to seek an interview with my wife, or in any way to communicate with her. Now go—but beware! Cross my path again, and die. I have said it, and a Verlais always keeps his word." and turning on his heel he left the apartment.

* * * * * *

It was war-time in France, the people versus the king, the commons against the nobility. "Down with the aristocrats!" was the rallying-shout, and the red tide of blood swelled broad and high. Just out of Paris stood the gray convent of La St. Verge within whose dreary walls the flower of many a noble house had bowed its head to don the sombre robes of the sisterhood. Toward the building, near sunset of a pleasant day (but one marked with bloodshed in the nation's history) a tumultuous crowd poured! shouts and threats resounded on all sides, and brawny, bared arms, and clenched hands, were raised threatenly toward the frowning, sightless walls. "*A bas les aristocrats!*" rings again on the air and then the great door yields 'neath the sturdy blows showered upon it, quivers—groans—and then falls inward with a mighty crash, and as it falls, the crowd, foremost among whom is a tall, fair-haired youth, rushes forward with shouts of triumph. But quicker even than they, a solitary man springs before them, and standing in the doorway, faces them with drawn sword uplifted, crying,—

"Back! back, I say, I say! She is here, and you enter not; begone!"

The mob thought the words addressed to them; they knew not that they were meant but for the handsome, pale youth at their front; a laugh of derision answered the speaker—a score of shouts rang out—and the sole opposer of their entry fell dead upon the stones. Over his body they dashed, and into the sacred retreats of the convent; and many a fair young head was laid low, many a cry for mercy stifled on trembling lips, as they rapidly stiffened in death.

The young man of whom we have before made mention was Edgar Thompson, who, being once more in Paris, was accidentally caught in the enraged crowd, and knowing it to be borne along as the passion-swayed mass willed. They pressed him on until he stood within the very walls of the convent; then, as they spread themselves through the building, he contrived to separate himself from them, and stole into an apartment which they had not yet desecrated with their presence; as he entered, he caught a glimpse of a female form, in the garb of a novice, crouching behind an altar; he advanced to reassure the frightened woman, but at his touch she recoiled, and throwing hereself at his feet, gasped, "Mercy! Mercy!" and to Edgar's horror and surprise he beheld in the pallid, terror-stricken woman his beloved Violetta.

Raising her to her feet, he embraced her fondly, crying,—

"Found, found, and all mine own at last. Look up, darling, it is no sin now to raise your dear eyes to mine; Monsieur Verlais is dead, and you are mine forever, in life, or in death; but hark! footsteps approach; we are lost, beloved, but at least we will die together.

"No! no!" panted Violetta, "this altar is moveable, and beneath it are stairs which lead to subterranean vaults below; help me to push this stone aside, and we are safe."

He did so; the altar slowly swung aside, revealing a dark stone stairway; they descended, touched a spring which caused the altar above to return to its place, and, safely clasped in each other's arms, heard the angry mob rage above their heads, until they went howling on, seeking other victims. Then, when all was still, Violetta told Edgar how, when her husband found that she loved him not, he had brought her to the convent of La St. Vierge, vowing that she should take the veil; and that despite her tears and supplications, she had already entered upon her novitiate, when now freedom had come to her, and she wept tears of joy on her lover's breast. To tell how they stole from the convent under cover of the friendly night, and finally made their way to England, is needless, for that they did so is all told in the fact that, under another name, they are living in England to-day, as happy a couple as the sun ever shone upon, or sorrow and trials rendered content to accept with thankfulness "the goods the gods promise," and ask no more.

Educating Girls.

Educating girls for household duties ought to be considered as necessary as instruction in reading, writing and arithmetic, and as universal. We are in our houses more than half our existence, and it is the household surroundings which effect most largely the happiness or misery of domestic life. If the wife knows how to "keep house," if she understands how to "set a table," if she has learned how things ought to be cooked, how beds should be made, how carpets should be swept, how furniture should be dusted how the clothes should be repaired, and turned, and altered, and renovated; if she knows how purchases can be made to the best advantage, and understands the laying in of provisions, how to make them go farthest and last longest; if she appreciates the importance of system, order, tidiness, and the quiet management of children and servants, then she knows how to make a little heaven of home—how to keep her husband from the club-house, the gaming table and the wine-cup. Such a family will be trained to social respectability, to business success and to efficiency and usefulness in whatever position may be allotted to them.

It may be safe that not one girl in ten in our large towns and cities enters into married life, who has learned to bake a loaf of bread, to purchase a roast, to dust a painting—to sweep a carpet, or to cut and fit and make her own dress. How much the perfect knowledge of these things bears upon the thrift, the comfort and health of families, may be conjectured, but not calculated by figures. It would be an immeasurable advantage to make a beginning by attaching a kitchen to every girl's school in the nation, and have lessons given daily in the preparation of all the ordinary articles of food and drink for the table, and how to purchase them in the market to the best advantage, with the result of a large saving of money, and increase of comfort, and higher health in every family in the land.—*Hall's Journal.*

HOME PATRONAGE.

We clip the following sensible correspondence from the Brownsville Bee:

There seems to be a general desire amongst the people of the South to go just as far away from home to buy such articles as they need, as they possibly can. They have not yet learned to support their home institutions: but have a general desire to get away from home to buy everything they want. No matter what facilities they have here at home, they have an idea—which is a very mistaken one—that they can do better somewhere else. If our farmers want a plow, rather than have one of our own blacksmiths make it, they send off from home for it, thinking perhaps, because it has a brighter finish and gaudily painted stock, that it must be better than they could get at home. If any of our citizens want a set of harness, rather than have them made here at home, they will send off and pay more and probably get bad and refused stock thrown off on them, while at the same time they have men trying to make a living and build up a business here at home.

If they want a carriage or buggy, they must have one from Cincinnati. To get one from there, with freight charges, it will cost more than they can get the same article for here at home, which are warranted by the makers, who are responsible for any deficiency in them. If they are swindled in these foreign articles, who will they go to for redress? They can't send the articles back North for repairs, and the consequence is, they have inferior buggies, inferior harness, inferior plows, and before they get through with the article, they are a little sorry that they ever bought them. The few articles herein mentioned do not cover the list. It extends much further, and over more history than we have space to enumerate.

The excuse for all this is, that they can buy everything cheaper away from home. This we doubt. It may be cheaper at first, but will it prove cheaper in the long run? Will it build up our country? What inducement has the mechanic to come amongst us?—He has no encouragement from the people. He knows that what he makes will be brought into competition with northern manufacturers, and he can't afford to work at the same prices. His material costs something to get it here, it costs more for labor, and then his reputation here at home is at stake. He knows that his work is here at home where it can be thrown back on his hands, if it does not come up to what he represents it. The northern mechanic knows that when his goods leave his house for the southern market, that he will never see, or probably never hear of them again, so what does he care what he throws off on the people. Northern city work is like a great many city people; it has a heap of polish and looks well, but when it comes to the solid work and use, will it stand the test?

Our people ought to be imposed upon. They deserve nothing more. If they will not encourage home industry and patronize home institutions, encourage the building up of home manufactories, the best thing for them to do, is to patronize foreign institutions and run the risk of getting swindled.

This home patronage is a good thing for our people to think about, and we hope that they may take it into consideration. Let us offer home institutions some encouragement and try to build them up, even if it costs us a little more to do it.

OLD women have recently been cropping out very extensively. The latest discovery of antiquated humanity has been made in North Carolina, as follows: "There is an old negro woman near Ridgeway, formerly belonging to the late Hon. E. G. Palmer, who is 110 years old. Her birth is recorded in the old family chronicle, and bears date 1763. She still retains her faculties, and is now able to hoe a quarter of an acre of cotton per day."

TRUTHFULNESS is a corner-stone in character; and if it be not firmly laid in youth, will ever after be a weak spot in the foundation.

THE Nashville Banner publishes the following advice to the citizens of that cholera-ridden city. It is good for any locality where the "prevailing disorder" may occur:

Bodies must be buried as soon as possible and in graves not less than five feet deep. Persons should never sleep in the same room with a corpse, nor occupy the same room where cholera has been until well disinfected.

By proclamation of the Mayor, every privy must be disinfected at least once a day, by pouring copperas dissolved in water into it. The copperas will be furnished by the city at the workhouse.

Clothing bedding, etc., of cholera patients should, in all cases, be disinfected by boiling in hot water. Cholera does not come from touch, but from foul air and excrements; so keep the air of the sick rooms pure by ventilation and the use of chloride of lime placed in various places. Remove at once anything that is unclean, and disinfect. Pour filth into the privy and put copperas water or lime on it.

The medical profession, generally, regard the use of vegetables at this time dangerous, and the same is interdicted by the Mayor.

In case a person is attacked no time is to be lost. Send at once for a physician. Till he comes, the most of the medical profession recommend the use of laudanum and camphor, ten to twenty drops each, repeated every time there is a discharge from the bowels. Each family should have some medicine of this kind to use, but only till physicians can be got to.

Good nursing is one-half in cholera, and none but a coward will leave a fellow being to suffer for lack of care. Let neighbors see to neighbors. Especially look after the poor in your vicinity. See that your premises and that of your neighbor is free from filth.

Cholera at Nashville in 1866.

There was a fatal case of cholera in Nashville on the 9th of August, 1866, being that of a negro woman who arrived there from Cincinnati, where cholera was raging in epidemic form. No other case occurred until the 31st of August, when the disease broke out and raged with great violence, from the middle to the close of September, at which time it begun to abate and to lose its fatal character, but did not totally disappear from the city until the 9th of October. The number of deaths from the pestilence during this period was 810; the highest number in any one day 70, which was the 24th of September.

The first appearance of cholera in Nashville was in 1833, during which year 174 deaths occurred from the desease. It appeared again in 1835, when 65 persons fell victims to it. In 1849, it swept off 311 persons. In 1850 it revisited the city, when there were 316 deaths from the disease. It again appeared in 1854. The statistics for that year are not reliable, but it is believed caused from 150 to 200 deaths. The city was exempt from cholera from the last mentioned date until 1866, when it reappeared with the result stated above.

We find these facts embodied in a carefully prepared article, which appeared in the Nashviile Dispatch, of Oct. 13th, 1866. What is to be the sum total of the present visitation remains to be seen. Why Nashville should be visited so often by this scourge, and with such marked mortality, is perhaps beyond present explanation. Is the solution to be found in defective sewerage, or some other predisposing cause of a strictly local character, which the city authorities have criminally overlooked and should hasten to remedy?

Gov. Jno. C. Brown.

We cannot surpress our surprise and regret that some of the journals of Tennessee have, as we think, done great injustice to Gov. Brown in the very severe criticisms they have fulminated against him and his relation to the funding bill, as well as other measures passed by the Legislature. We have no desire to shield him from any just blame that may attach to his official conduct during his administration. But simple justice we do ask for him and every official. It will be remembered that in the last canvass there was no issue between Brown and Freeman as to the policy of a funding act, while no special features of such an act were indicated in the canvass.—They both told the people that the public debt must be provided for, and Brown specially favored funding the debt, referring the details of the plan to the representatives of the people. When the present funding bill passed both houses by a fair majority late in the season, should Gov. Brown have interposed his veto, and the public debt have been left without any provision for its future payment; then from every quarter of the State we would have heard loud denunciations of Brown for having vetoed the bill. We do not know how far Gov. Brown endorsed the bill in its details, but to have interposed his veto, at the time and under the circumstances, would have been an assumption of a fearful responsibility, while by giving his signature, the responsibility was shared by the representatives of the people. Without an intention of shielding Brown from his just share of responsibility, we ask for him simple justice. We honestly believe that it has been the constant aim of Gov. Brown to serve the people of Tennessee to the best of his abilities, and to aid the representatives of the people in placing the State in a healthy and prosperous condition.—*Paris Intelligencer.*

Willing to Help Him Out of the World.

The South Bend Tribune has the following story of a wife who was not disposed to thwart her husband's desire to commit suicide: "A few weeks ago a farmer in Madison township quarrelled with his wife and left home. He returned in a short time, and the quarrel was resumed and continued to an extent that he expressed a desire to be out of the world. His wife intimated that nothing would please her better, and offered to do her part if the rifle were only loaded. He went into the house, got the rifle and ammunition, loaded it in the presence of his wife, but was very careful, when she was not looking, to slip the ball down his sleeve. After the gun had been capped he handed it to her and went into the yard, she following as far as the door, when she took deliberate aim and fired. The husband dropped in the grass, to all appearances dead, and laid there a short time before his wife came to him. It did not take her long to discover that he was "playing possum," and grasping an ax-handle she attacked him so fiercely that but for the interference of some of the children she would have crushed his skull. It is needless to add that there will be a divorce."

"Paragraphical."

Under this caption the Nashville Union and American frequently gets off a good thing. Witness the following. There are other places, besides Clarksville, which act in the same way, and yet if the local papers fail to glorify their "Commencement" exercises, they think it very singular:

There is nothing like building up home institutions and encouraging home enterprise. The Stewart College folks, of Clarksville, have their annual catalogue printed at Louisville, notwithstanding the fact that Clarksville boasts of several printing offices of her own.—*Jackson Whig & Tribune.*

TENNESSEE MOUND BUILDERS.

Paper Read Before Cincinnati Literary Club, by M. F. Force.

Before closing, I desire to say a few words about some works near Savannah, Tennessee, described in the Smithsonian octavo for 1871, by J Parish Steele. On the river bluff, about two miles below Savannah, is a group of these mounds of the ordinary type; but at the feet of the bluff, in the swampy land between it and the river, is a long intrenchment, not wholly obliterated. There is a ditch along its front toward the river. At regular intervals or at every eighty yards, the tracing of the embankment projects to the front, so as to make flank defenses, or rudimentary bastions, eighty yards apart. On the edge of the town, on the river bluff, is another group of mounds. This group of mounds is inclosed by a double line of intrenchments, each like the one just described. The flank defenses that project from the angles of the main embankment extend out thirty yards; the others extend out only twenty yards. One of the mounds, eight feet high, stands on a slope. In constructing it three trenches were first dug in the surface of the ground and then arched over with tempered clay, making three furnaces. Rows of upright sticks or logs appear then to have been placed between these furnaces, partly for the purpose of protecting them from too great pressure. The mound was then made by throwing on earth. But flues of tempered clay were made, some extending directly up to the upper surface of the mound, others sinuously winding through it so as to convey heat to every part. Logs of green wood were interspersed thickly through the mound, and bits of dry wood placed about them. When the mound was opened, all the wood was found reduced to charcoal, and the whole mound baked almost to brick. In another of the group were found fragments of burned clay flues and bits of charcoal. The first has the appearance of an elaborately constructed charcoal pit, from which the charcoal has not been removed; the other, one from which the charcoal had been taken. A tree, growing on one of the mounds, was found to be two hundred and fifteen years old. The other mounds were found to contain some bits of pottery and a few stone implements. While these are undoubtedly works of the natives, it is not easy to believe that the intrenchments and charcoal mounds were not made by Europeans.

De Soto, marching north across Alabama, reached a river which he crossed in boats that he built, in December, 1540. He took possession of the little Indian town Chiaca, and went into winter quarters. The Indians made a sudden night attack, set fire to the town, and the surprised Spaniards lost everything. De Soto gathered all the fragments of metal from the ashes, moved to another town half a league off, and then tempered the sword blades and made new lances, saddles and implements.

This Chiaca, has been generally supposed to have been in the northern part of the present state of Mississippi. But it may be that the works two miles below Savannah mark its site, while the group on the edge of the town of Savannah, including the charcoal mound, may indicate the place where De Soto repaired his armament.

A Clown's Sermon.

The Virginia papers report that during the exhibition of a traveling menagerie and circus in a town in that State, where there was at the time some religious convocation in session, the painted jester of the equestrian ring illustrated his own serious capacity and greatly affected an audience, in which many church members were present, by delivering the following homolty:

"MY FRIENDS: We have taken in six hundred dollars here to-day; more money, I venture to say, than any minister of the gospel in this community would receive for a whole year's services. A large portion of this money was given by church members, and a large portion of this audience is made up of members of the church. And yet, when your preacher asks you to aid in supporting the gospel, you are too poor to give anything. Yet you come here and pay dollars to hear me talk nonsense. I am a fool because I am paid for it; I make my living by it. You profess to be wise, and yet you support me in my folly. But perhaps you say you did not come to see the circus, but the animals. If you came to see the animals, why did you not simply look at them and leave? Now, is this not a pretty place for Christians to be in? Do you not feel ashamed of yourselves? You ought to blush in such a place as this."

The sensation following a speech like this, in such a place, from such a spenker, may be immagined. The local clergy availed themselves of the spirit thus produced, and a collection for foreigh missions resulted in four dollars and a half.

Patrick Henry.

Reminiscences of our country's great and good men of past generations must be interesting and instructive; and they might afford profitable study to some of the great men of today.

Patrick Henry, in his boyhood, went with his mother to hear the Scotch Presbyterian preacher, Samuel Davies, and the wonderful eloquence of that man produced an effect upon the boy's mind, which never lost its elevating power. Henry, through his manhood's life in the after years, often spoke of him in terms of reverence and admiration, and declared that any success which he himself had achieved was due in a large measure to the inspiring example of the pure minded orator of the Presbyterian church.

Patrick Henry's was a busy and stirring life. Once launched upon the sea of national affairs he became a great political chief and guide, and there were clouds as well as sunshine about his path. Whatever may have been the outward show, from contact with trying circumstances, we know that in his heart the faith was always kept.

When near the close of life, and in feeble health, he laid his hand upon the Bible, and addressing a young friend, said, "Here is a book worth more than all others ever printed; yet it is my misfortune never to have read it with proper care and attention until recently."

About the same time he wrote to his daughter, "I hear it said the *Deists* have claimed me! The thought gives me far more pain than does the appellation of *Tory;* for I considder true religion of infinitely higher importance than politics; and I find much cause to reproach myself that I have lived so long and have not stamped in my life an unquestionable proof to all men of my being a Christian.

ONE watch set right will do to try many by; but on the other hand, one that goes wrong may be the means of misleading a whole neighborhood.—And the same may be said of an example.

We hear a great deal about labor reform, but there seems to be a greater need of reforming some of those fellows who don't labor.

IT was wittily said of a beautiful French literary lady, that she had but one fault—her husband.

JOSH BILLINGS says, very truly: "You'd better not know so much, than to know so many things that ain't so.