CLARKSVILLE WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

VOL. 43.--NO 40. CLARKSVILLE, TENN., SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1873. WHOLE NO. 2,275.

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 auctioner, 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 23, '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,

22 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

Manufacturer and Dealer in

STOVES, TINWARE,

HOUSE-FURNISHIG GOODS, ETC..

Franklin Street—Dorris' old stand,

Clarksville, Tenn.

Every description of Tinware made up in good style.

ROOFING and GUTTERING promptly attended to.

Special Agent for

Wallace's Patent Grate

☞ All kinds of repairing done.

☞ H. P. DORRIS will superintend the workroom.

Aug. 9, 73-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.

OUR MOTHER.

Our mother's lost her youthfulness
Her locks are turning gray,
And wrinkles take the place of smiles—
She's failing every day.
We gaze at her in sorrow now,
For though we've ne'er been told
We can but feel the weary truth—
Our mother's growing old.

Our mother's lost her youthfulness,
Her eyes grow dim with tears,
Yet still within her heart there shines
Some light of other years;
For oft she'll speak in merry tones,
Smile as in youth she smiled,
As o'er her heart some memory steals
Of when she was a child.

Our mother's lost her youthfulness,
The light step has grown slow,
The graceful form has learned to stoop
The bright cheek lost its glow.
Her weary hands have grown so thin,
Her dear hands tremble now;
"Passing away," in sad deep lines,
Is traced upon her brow.

Our mother's lost her youthfulness,
Her smiles are just as kind,
Her tones to us are soft as erst—
Where should we dearer find?
But as we note the trembling tongue,
And mark the stooping form,
A sad voice whispers to our hearts—
"Ye cannot keep her long."

Our mother's lost her youthfulness,
We see it every day,
And feel more drearily the truth,
She soon must pass away.
Ah! even now the "boatman pale"
We fear is hovering nigh;
Waiting, with white sails all unfurled
He will not heed our cry.

But gently bear the wearied form
Into the phantom bark,
She will not fear—CHRIST went before,
The way will not be dark;
And safe beyond the troubled stream,
Her tired heart's strife o'er,
Our angel mother, glorified,
Will grow old nevermore.

From the Waverly Magazine.

"GOOD-BYE SWEETHEART."

BY JULIA M. HILL.

"And this is your final determination? Aimee, darling, consider well! Remember it was your father's chief desire—his dying request."

"Remember? O, Ralph! If I could onty forget! Does it not haunt me sleeping and waking—has it not made me so unhappy? But, Ralph"—and Aimee crept closer to the stalwart, dignified form of her guardian, Ralph Latham, as if secure in the thought that he could shield her from all harm; "you who are so much older, so much wiser, you surely would not counsel me to marry one I—"

"One you do not love," finished Ralph. "But, Aimee, child, do not ask me to decide for you; for, loving you so well, I could but counsel you to obey your father's request."

"But, Ralph, I do not love you—at least in that way. When my father asked me if I could love and respect you, I could but laugh; for did I not already love you very, very dearly?—But when he asked me to think of you as my husband, I shuddered at the thought; but still I promised—and Ralph, I have tried—oh, so hard—but I can only think of you as my dear old Ralph, who used to fondle and pet me as a child, and who has always been a true and devoted friend. O Ralph! be true to yourself—to that voice that must whisper to you that nothing but misery could result from a marriage like this."

I have thought it all over, Aimee, time and time again, and I can only repeat my declaration that you alone can free yourself from this hateful marriage. I can not give you up; but should you refuse to obey your father's wish you have only to make known your decision to your father's old lawyers, Latimer and Morrow, and I can but acquiesce."

"But, Ralph, you surely will not leave me? You will still act as my guardian, still be my best and truest friend? O, Ralph! I can not give you up!" And Aimee, remembering all that she had lost, all that she was about to lose, wept in a perfect abandonment of grief and despair.

"Your best and truest friend," repeated Ralph Latham. "Always that, I trust, wherever I may be. But it would be impossible for me to remain here. The programme we had agreed upon in the event of our marriage, shall be carried out—only I shall leave you behind when I commence my wanderings."

"But you will not stay long? You will return soon!" sobbed Aimee, as she endeavored to arrest his departure until he had given her one word of consolation.

"The future, Aimee, is with God alone," answered Ralph, and the words sounded cold and comfortless.

Oh the dreary days that followed Ralph's departure! Aimee wandered from room to room, listless, dejected and unhappy. And when, in a few days she received a letter from her father's lawyer, announcing his intention of an early visit to "Idlewilde," she could but know that her guardian had carried out his intention to the very letter, and that he had left her, perhaps forever, without a word of forgiveness.

When Richard Latimer followed his letter a few days later, he could but be surprised at the great change that had taken place in the once merry, light-hearted Aimee Atwood. And it was not very long before the keen-sighted lawyer had an insight into affairs, and deeming Aimee's grief to be caused as much by the absence of the living as her sorrow for the dead, he hastily indited a letter to his old friend, telling him all his fears, and counselling a speedy return.

Ralph Latham smiled in quiet content when he received the letter dispatched in such haste from Idlewilde; but deeming Aimee's sorrow at the sundering of all old ties as but natural, and to be expected, he consoled himself with the thought that, as soon as time should reconcile her to the change, she would thank him that he had placed a barrier to their future intercourse and association, at least until all the old unpleasantness had been forgotten, and all the old wounds healed.

Nine months passed and Ralph's wanderings had at last brought him to a quiet little village in Switzerland, and here he found peace and contentment, if not happiness.

It was with a feeling of half regret that he received one day a large packet of letters that had followed him from place to place for months, and, almost overcome by a feeling of languor and inertia, he decided to leave them unopened, when the sight of a familiar handwriting caused his heart to thump as it had not done for many a day, and he was obliged to wipe away the mist that had gathered in his eyes many times before the letters became legible.

Poor Aimee! Could he but have seen the wan, pitiful face that bent over that letter, and the trembling little hands that almost refused to guide the pen, his feeling of disappointment would have been lessened. For Aimee wrote of Idlewilde; of the changes great and small that had taken place during his absence; of everything save herself. And yet, in the pathetic closing of her long letter, lay the burden of her whole life.

"In a short time," she wrote, "I shall be nineteen. Why is it, dear Ralph, that I so often forget eighteen years of happiness to remember one of misery and trouble? Last year I had my dear father and my dear old Ralph; this year I will be alone."

Ralph read his letter over and over again, and, when he at last folded it, it was to place it reverently next his heart, but he sighed to think he was so soon forgotten, and he quite resolved to end his days in this peaceful little village, forgotten and forgetting.

"Man proposes, but God disposes," is a trite, but true saying. And Ralph Latham, prostrated upon a bed of sickness, was a very different man from Ralph Latham well. His languor and exceeding distaste for all mental exertion, could now be attributed to physical rather than mental causes, and the longing for home increased day by day. Oh the passionate craving for the intoxicating odor of the honey-suckle—for the ghostly rustling of the maple leaves, as they descended in showers of crimson light on the green sward of Idlewilde! For the noisy buzzing of the honey-bee, as it flitted from flower to flower; for all the well-remembered scenes of home. He could now see in another and a clearer light the events of the past months. How selfish and how cowardly seemed his desertion of what ought to have been to him a sacred charge! But he would return; he would once more be the friend and adviser of his little ward, and act by a look or word would he recall the past.

Oh the longing for health and strength sufficient for the journey. But hope is a good physician, and Ralph slowly gained strength for an early departure.

Did time ever fly fast enough for anxious lovers? Ralph's impatience increased tenfold as he neared home, and when he at last reached the gate that led into the well remembered grounds of Idlewilde, it was with a light heart, and the bouyant step of youth.

Entering the house unannounced, he could but be conscious of the change that had taken place during his absence. How quiet and deserted the grounds seemed. Surely some premonition of what he was to meet caused his hand to tremble as he essayed to open the door, and he stopped to stay the loud beatings of his heart ere he at last entered the room. What a vision of loveliness he encountered. He could scarcely believe it was the last scene of Aimee Atwood's life enacted almost in the presence of Azrael—dark angel of death. How vividly bright were her lips and cheeks—how bright her lovely blue eyes. And when, at the sight of him, she raised herself from the pillows with an exclamation of joy, Ralph could but wonder what had caused this grand transfiguration.

"Oh, I knew you would come," sobbed Aimee, "though they told me it was a forlorn hope. O Ralph! I have prayed fervently for this—and now I have only seen you to say good-bye."

"Why, Aimee, you must not talk so; you are not going to die. Surely, this is some horrid dream." And Ralph pressed his hands over his eyes as if to exorcise the fearful spell.

"Yes, Ralph, I have only a few moments to live; Doctor says so."

Ralph then for the first time saw his old friend, Dr. Stanley, standing near Aimee's dying bed; but he returned the look of agonizing appeal that met his in recognition with one of despair, and Ralph could only gaze into the face now settling with the peace of death with a perfect agony of horror.

Aimee passed her hand caressingly over the head bent beside her on the pillow, and endeavored to soothe the loud sobbings, as Ralph at last realized the horrible truth that his repentance had come too late.

"Do you remember the words of that old song, Ralph—

I'm wearing awa', Jean, to the land of the leal?

I have thought of it so often lately—'To the land of the leal.'"

The voice grew fainter and fainter, and Ralph, raising the slight, attenuated form in his arms, received the last look, and caught the last faintly uttered words of Aimee Atwood.

"Closer, father! Hold me closer." And she fell asleep to awaken in his arms.

The grass seems to grow greener and the rain fall with a softer touch on the little grave at Idlewilde. And Ralph Latham, sorrow-stricken and remorseful makes many a pilgrimage to this lovely shrine. But Aimee heeds him not. She is past all love—rapt in immortality.

Brigham Young.

Brigham Young is doing the domestic lecturing himself just now. Here is an extract from one of his little family talks:

"I wish my women to understand that what I am going to say is for them as well as others, and I want those who are here to tell their sisters; yes, all the women in the community. I am going to give you from this time to the 6th of October next for reflection, that you may determine whether you wish to stay with your husbands or not, and then I am going to set every woman at liberty, and say to them now go your way. And my wives have got to do one of two things, either round up your shoulders to endure the afflictions of this world, and live their religion—that is polygamy—or they must leave; for I will not have them about me. I will go into heaven alone rather than to have scratching and fighting about me. I will set all at liberty.—What, first wife, too? Yes, I liberate you all. I want to go somewhere or do something to get rid of the whiners."

Scotch Points.

It is related of a noble Scottish lady of the olden times, who lived in a remote part of the Highlands, and was noted for her profuse liberality, that she was sometimes overburdened with habitual "sorners." When any one of them out-stayed his welcome, she would take occasion to say to him at the morning meal, with an arch look at the rest of the company, "Mak a guid breakfast, Mr. ——, while ye're about it; ye dinna ken whaur ye'll get your dinner." The hint was usually taken, and the "sorner" departed. For a short time after the Disruption an unkindly feeling existed between the ministers of the Established Church and their protesting brethren. Several "free" parishioners of Blackford, Perthshire, waited on Mr. Clark, the Established minister, and preferred the request that they might have the services of a non-Erastian sexton. "Will you allow us, sir," said one of the deputation, "to dig our own graves?" "Certainly, gentleman," said Mr. Clark, "you are most welcome; and the sooner the better!"—Allan Ramsay lived for some years in a fantastical house of octagonal form, which he had built for himself on Castle-hill of Edinburgh, and which he considered a perfect paragon of beauty. This house he was induced by his vanity to show to Lord Elibank, who had both acuteness and wit; telling his lordship at the same time that his friends said it resembled a goose-pie. "Indeed, Allan," replied his lordship readily, "now that I see you in it, I think the term is very properly applied.—Two candidates for the pulpit of a church in the North of Scotland, named respectively Low and Adam, preached their trial sermons on the same day. Mr. Low preached in the morning, and delivered an excellent and edifying discourse from the text, "Adam, where art thou?" In the afternoon, however, to his discomfiture, his opponent selected as the subject of his sermon the words, "Lo, here am I," and the excellence of his matter, together with the cleverness of his retort, gained him the appointment.—The Hon. Henry Erskine met an acquaintance who dealt in hard words and circumlocutious sentences. Perceiving that he was lame, Erskine asked the cause. "Why, my dear sir," answered the wordy lawyer, "I was taking a romantic ramble in my brother's grounds, when, coming to a gate, I had to climb over it, by which I came in contact with the first bar, and have grazed the epidermis on my skin, attended with a slight extravasation of blood." "You may thank your stars," replied Mr. Erskine, "that your brother's gate was not as lofty as your own style, or you would have broken your neck."

THE New York Mail tells us that a favorite hotel is to be kept this season at one of the watering places "by the widow of Mr. ——, who died last summer on a new and improved plan."

THE PLATFORM.

The following platform was adopted by the Democratic Convention of Ohio:

Resolved, That the Democratic party seeks to revive no dead issues, but stands by its principles, which are suited to all times and circumstances. It supports the Federal Government in all its constitutional authority, and opposes nullification and secession. It defends the reserved rights of the State and people, and opposes the centralization that would impair and destroy them. In order to maintain and preserve these rights, it insists upon the strict construction of the Federal Constitution. It resists all attempts of one department of the Government to usurp or destroy the constitutional rights or independence of other departments. It opposes all interference by law with the private affairs or business of men, not required by the public peace or safety, and advocates the greatest individual liberty consistent with public order.

It believes in the capacity of the people for self-government, and opposes property qualifications as conditions to the right of suffrage or eligibility to hold office.

It favors liberal laws for the naturalization of foreigners.

It insists upon equal and exact justice to all men.

It opposes all monopolies, and denies that it is within the province of the Government to legislate for the benefit of particular classes at the expense and to the detriment of the rest of the community. I therefor oppose the system by which a large portion of the profit producing wealth of the country is exempt from taxation, and demands that all constitutional means shall be used to remedy this injustice.

It insists that our tariff laws should be framed with a view to revenue, and not to tax the community for the benefit of particular industries.

It recognizes the evils of irredeemable currency, but insists that, in returning to specie payments, care shall be taken not to disturb the business of the country or unjustly injure the debtor class.

It appreciates the benefits conferred by railroads, but opposes all combinations by railroad companies to prevent competition and thus enhance the cost of transportation.

It opposes all laws that give to capital any advantage over labor.

It requires honesty and economy in every department of the Government, Federal or State, and it condemns corruption, whoever may be the guilty parties.

It is in this very nature, and as a necessary result of its principles, a party of progress, and supports all measures of reform or improvement that are sanctioned by justice and commanded by sound practical wisdom.

Resolved, That the wealth of the country is the product of its labor, and the best use of capital is that which gives employment and liberal wages is the producing classes. Hence every just measure that tends to protect them from oppression, and improve their condition and dignify their calling, deserves and receives our sympathy and support. And that we cordially recommend the conservative resolutions adopted at the recent National Labor Congress at Cleveland, favoring arbitration and co-operation.

Resolved, That, although always constituting a large majority of the American people, agriculturist have never demanded of the government, State or Federal, any special privilege, have never infested the halls of Congress or Legislature with lobyists and rings, but on the contrary have suffered under discriminating and unjust laws until forbearance has ceased to be a virtue. We hereby pledge our sincere and honest efforts to obtain for them redress of grievances and equal and exact justice.

Resolved that the public lands should be severely reserved for actual setlers who will dwell upon and cultivate them, and that we will continue to denounce and oppose, as we have always denounced and opposed, all gifts of such lands by the Government to incorporated companies.

Resolved, That the greatest danger to free institutions is the wide-spreading corruption that threatens the utter destruction of public virtue.—When Credit Mobilier frauds pass unpunished, when those engaged in them are elevated in high official positions, when seats in the Federal Senate are notoriously purchased, when vast sums of money are corruptly employed in popular elections, when any army of office-holders, with the sanction of the Government, use their official influence to control elections, when bribery of custon-house officers is an established usage, when rings of plunderers are the recipients of millions of money appropriated for public use, when official defalcations are of such frequent occurrence as scarcely to excite attention, when Presidential pardons relieve defaulters from mental punishment and presidental appointments reward Credit Mobiler and salary grabbing Congressmen, and when a Congressional investigation is generally a whitewashing affair, it is not strange that men begin to lose confidence in free institutions, and that the fame of the great republic is tarnished throughout the civilized world.

To remedy these evils, we insist that the receipts and expenditures of the Government shall be diminished; that its patronage shall be curtailed and all useless officers abolished; that it shall cease to usurp functions to which it has no title; that official misconduct and fraud and corruption in elections shall be rigorously punished, and that the public virtue shall be upheld and the want of it condemned by the united voice of the people.

Resolved, That we condemn without reserve the late act of Congress granting additional salaries as unjust and unjustifiable, and demand its immediate and unconditional repeal; and we denounce every member of Congress, whether Republican or Democrat, who supported the law or received and retained the money produced thereby. And we especially denounce the conduct of President Grant in using the influence of his high position for its passage, and whose official signature made it a law.

Resolved, That the act of the President in setting up by the bayonet a government in Louisiana not chosen by her people and having no title whatever to rule over them, was a flagrant violation of her rights and of the Federal Constitution.

Resolved, That under the time-honored Democratic banner, with this declaration of principles inscribed on its folds, we engage in the conflict. And we earnestly appeal to patrotic men of every class, without regard to party names or past differences, to unite with us on terms of perfect equality in the struggle to rescue the government from the hands of dishonest men and redeem it from the flood which threatens its ruin.

GIRLS.—Girls are marvels of beauty and wonderfully made. Though fashioned by the hands of the Creator, they are shaped by dress-makers and milliners. It takes exactly two hundred and eleven pounds of flesh and blood, thirty-two yards of dress material, ninety-seven yards of yellow ribbon, twelve pounds of cotton, twenty-four copies of the Coach, sixteen feet of horse-hair, thirty-three ounces of flour, two boxes of red paint, and a bottle of night-blooming seriousness to prepare the average Rocky mountain girl for church. They know less in an hour, and can tell more in a minute, than any other person on earth.—*Colorado Coach.*

REMINISCENCES OF PROMINENT CHARACTERS.

Henry Clay, James Buchanan, Gen. Jackson, Thomas H. Benton, Joel R. Poindexter.

There is a paragraph going the rounds of the press, stating that Jas. B. Clay, the grandson of Henry Clay, has presented to the museum of Ashland, Ky., the coat which the statesman wore as one of the Commissioners to make the treaty of Ghent in 1814. This garment is said to be excellently wrought and elaborately trimmed with silk and braid.

When Gen. Jackson, in order to get rid of the intrigues of Buchanan, sent the Pennsylvania politician into genteel exile by giving him the mission to St. Petersburg, that functionary inquired of Clay, one night at a whist party in Washington, what style of dress he should wear at the Court of the Czar. The Kentucky Senator informed the Minister that as they were about of a size—Buchanan had not then grown so stout as he appeared later in life—the coat he wore as one of the United States Commissioners at Ghent was at his service. "But it has been worn, Mr. Clay," was the response to the offer. "Oh, that is nothing—you can turn it, Buchanan, you're used to it." Ever after the writing of the famous letter of Buchanan, charging "bribery and corruption," and "bargain and intrigue" between Clay and John Quincy Adams, when the latter was elected to the presidency by the House of Representatives, Clay never lost an opportunity of retaliating upon the author of this charge, both in and out of the Senate. In the course of a speech in this body on one occasion, Buchanan stated that when a young man he joined a volunteer militia company that marched from Lancaster to the relief of Baltimore, when the Monumental city was threatened by the British, during the war of 1812. Upon reaching Hagerstown, however the troops learning that the invaders had been repulsed at North Point, returned home without further participation in the war. At this point Clay arose and addressing the Chair, expressed a desire to ask the speaker a question. "Certainly," was the courtious response. "I would like to inquire of the Senator from Pennsylvania," remarked the Great Commoner, with that inimitable twist of his catfish mouth, "whether the gentlemen marched to the relief of Baltimore because he had learned that the British had left, or whether the British left because they heard the gentlemen from Pennsylvania was coming?"

One great secret of the personal popularity and political success of the great Kentuckian was his remarkable memory of names and faces; he never forgot either, although his only acquaintance was a casual introduction in a throng of presentations. After a lapse of years he never failed to recognize a party introduced under such circumstances, readily calling the individual by name.

A citizen of a town in Ohio, where the writer resides was a passenger on the steamer from New Orleans upon which Clay took his passage to his home in Kentucky, when returning from his participation in the treaty of Ghent. It being the winter season, the steamer was frozen up a short distance above the mouth of the Ohio, and remained ice bound and isolated for some weeks. During all this time the Kentucky statesman—always famous for his exurbance of spirits—was the life and soul of the crowd—not only in the cabin, but of the deck passengers and steamboat hands.—Among the passengers was an antiquated Frenchman, who opened a game of "keno" in the cabin. There chanced to be a bright and sprightly boy on board the boat, to whom Clay had taken a great fancy, and he would frequently buy a card for his young favorite. After the game had progressed for some time, and all were intent upon their individual interest, Clay would call out "keno," and claim the pool for his youthful *protege*. The aged Gaul, completely dumfounded and mystified by the logic of the great orator, would generally pay over without demurrage. Some years after, as Clay was passing through Ohio, on his way to attend a sitting of the United States Circuit Court at Columbus, the citizens at Lebanon gave him a public reception. At the time of his arrival our informant was standing on the pavement in front of the hotel where he was to stop, not entertaining for a moment the idea that he would be recognized in the crowd. Stepping from his carriage Clay singled him out, and shaking him heartily by the hand, laughingly remarked: "C—— do you recollect the old Frenchman and his 'keno' game?

While the three United States Commissioners, John Quincy Adams, Henry Clay and Albert Gallatin, were in London, on their way to Ghent, the party were invited to dine with Viscount Costleraugh, the British Premier. After the dinner the illustrious host, criticising his guests in his curt and concise manner, repeatedly remarked; "I like the Kentucian the best! I like the Kentucian the best!"

Clay had a standing joke which he never failed to perpetrate at Adam's expense, when he caught his Massachusetts colleague in a congenial crowd. Adams was afflicted during his whole life with a disease of the lachrymal duct, which caused his optics to be constantly watery. The two occupied the same apartment, and a rosy and buxom Swiss damsel attended the room. Clay's story was that upon his attempting to snatch a kiss from his handsome chambermaid he was bluffed off with—"Oh, Mr. Clay, you must not, for Mr. Adams a few minutes ago begged me with tears in his eyes for a similar favor, and I refused him."

It is a well-known fact that in early life, as these parties were launching forth on the sea of politics, there existed a bitter feud between Gen. Jackson and the Bentons. This at last culminated in a tavern fight with pistols and sword canes in Nashville, Tennessee, in which Jackson, with his friend Col. Coffee and the two Bentons—Thomas H. and Jessie—participated. The result was that Col. Benton planted a bullet in the fleshy part of Gen. Jackson's arm, which the old hero carried until his second presidential term, when it was extracted br Dr. Jackson, a celebrated Philaielphia surgeon. During the closing years of his presidential term, Gen. Jackson had occasional and violent attacks of hemorrhage of the lungs, and Dr. Lewis Field Linn, of Missouri, the colleague of Col. Benton in the Senate, was his physician. The bitter feud having long before been settled, Col. Benton was a frequent visitor at the White House, and was specially attentive during the illness of his former foe. On the occasion of one of these visits, Dr. Linn, feeling himself justified by his intimacy with the parties, ventured to ask their version of the Nashville rencountre. "Benton, you tell it," was the response of Old Hickory. "No, Jackson, I'll leave it to you, for your account will be correct," and pending the discussion, the two ancient foemen were crying like children.

A beggar posted himself at the door of Chancery Court, and kept saying—"A penny, please, sir! Only one penny, sir, before you go in?" inquired an old country gentlemen. "Because, sir, the chances are you will not have one when you come out."

Josh Billings says that "the lion and the lamb may possibly sumtime lay down in this world together for a fu minutes, but when the lion kums to get up the lamb will be missing."

A submerged forest has been discovered in the Thames.

THE BANKRUPT DISTRICT GOVERNMENT.

From the Nashville Banner.

The territorial government of the District of Columbia was created especially to reward the partisans of the Grant administration, and it has been piling up debt at a fearful rate during the short time it has been in existence. Desperate efforts have been made by the Republican officials to conceal the true amount of the debt thus created. Referring to the statement sent from Washington some time since by the associated Press, to the effect that the debt of this District was but nine millions of dollars, Forney's Sunday Chronicle of the 3rd inst., publishes a carefully tabulated statement showing that the debt is already seventeen millions, and that it will require eight millions more before the present improvements are completed. In despair of paying this immense debt without the aid of the government, this administration paper moralizes as follows:

"No sane man will admit that the taxable property of the District can bear the burden of a debt of twenty-five millions, as it will reach his figure before we get through, and at the same time carry on the present system of government. Our only hope is for Congress either to assume the whole or at least one half of our debt, and in the future to assume the expenses of the District over and above what is realized by a tax of one dollar and fifty cents per one hundred dollars on taxable property. This the people could bear without sacrifice, and would be a fair proportion of what they should be held liable for. As a step toward this reform let the present Government be wiped out, or if the people are to govern let all the officers be elected, and not humbug us with the miserable farce with which we are afflicted at present, which from its very origin, has been the source of profligacy and expense largely in excess of the expenditures of many of the State Governments of the country. This is a subject entirely in the hands of the people, and if they move with the proper spirit the remedy can be easily reached. It is rumored, and and in fact semi-officially announced, that the Governor and Board of Public Works intend to retire at the meeting of Congress, giving as an excuse that they are tired of the job, or in other words, that the old ship has more freight than she can carry, and the best that can be done under the circumstances is to scuttle her and let her go. Well, anything for a change, even if the old craft should have to be rebuilt."

PRODUCTION OF IRON.

How Our Iron Interests May Profitably be Advanced.

From the Nashville Banner.

The Tracy City blast furnace is not an experiment in making hot blast iron, but is to test and prove the idea as to whether pig iron can be profitably produced with a farnace so small as this one. As Rev. Dr. Baird states, and he ought to know, as he sat by it for nearly a week and saw the whole operation, it has proved perfectly successful.

It is not presumed that iron can be produced as cheap in so small a furnace as in a larger one, but there is margin enough in the price of raw material at this point, and the present high price of iron, to justify the erection of small furnaces. Iron can be produced in Nashville, at three tons per day, $5 per ton cheaper than it can be produced in Pittsburg at forty tons per day. Modifications may yet be introduced to make the small furnaces as economical as large ones. The present furnace will make three tons of iron per day, with 80 bushels per ton of Sewanee coke. The only excess is in the labor account. But the difference in the interest account between a $10,000 investment and a $150,000 investment, will, I think, go a long way toward balancing the excess in labor.

We have waited for years for capitalists to develop our resources. There are untold millions of mineral wealth undeveloped, in the shape of coal and iron in Tennessee, and it is the comparatively poor man that must bring it out. This small furnace at Tracy has been built for this special purpose, and it has successfully proved that a man with less than $100,000 can build a profitable blast furnace.

SAMUEL E. JONES.

The Poorest Man in America.

Wealthy men are often credited with greater riches than they possess, and frequently, after diligent inquiry into their resources, find that they have set too high a limit to their possessions. It therefore rarely happens that a man astonishes himself with his own wealth; yet a little on dit attributes a bit of this amazement to Mr. A. T. Stewart. It is probably generally known that Mr. Stewart took steamer for Europe last week.—It is not so generally known that before his departure he made his will.—Prior to making his will it was thought advisable to prepare a schedule of his real and personal estate, with its valuation. Upon the completion of the schedule, much to the surprise of Mr. Stewart, and to the greater surprise of his friends, it was found that he was worth one hundred million dollars. That any American citizen should be possessed of so great wealth almost surpasses belief, but the truth of the foregoing statement is well authenticated.

I Can't Bear to be a Liar.

Two boys were in a school-room alone together when some fire works, contrary to the master's express prohibition, explored. The boy denied it; the other, Bonnie Christie, would neither admit nor deny it, and was severely flogged for his obstinacy.—When the boys got alone again, he said:

"Why didn't you deny it? asked the real delinquent.

"Because there were only two, and one of us must have lied," said Bonnie.

"Then Why not say I did it?"

"Because you said you didn't and I would spare the liar."

The boy's heart melted—Bonnie's moral gallantry subdued him.

When the school resumed, the young rogue marched up to the master's desk and said:

"Please sir, I can't bear to be a liar; I let off the squibs," and burst into tears.

The master's eyes glistened on the self-accuser, and the unmerited punishment he had inflicted on his school mate smote his conscience. Before the whole school, hand in hand with the culprit, as if they paired in the confession, the master walked down to where Christie sat and said loud with emotion:

Bonnie, Bonnie, lad—he and I beg your pardon; we were both to blame.

The school was hushed and still, as other schools are apt to be when anything true and noble is being done—so still that they might have heard Bonnie's big boy tear drop proudly on his copy-book, as he sat enjoying the moral triumph which subdued himself as well as the rest; and when, for the want of something else to say, he gently said, "Master, forever!" the glorious shout of the scholars filled the man's eyes with something behind his spectacles, which made him wipe them before resuming his chair.