CLARKSVILLE WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

VOL. 44.--NO 4. CLARKSVILLE, TENN., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1873. WHOLE NO. 2,291.

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.

Captain Jack Captured!

Owing to the Breaking of a Worthless Bridle.

If he had purchased one of Joslin's make he could have bid defiance to Gen. Davis and the dynasty at Washington.

I have a splendid stock of Saddles, Bridles, Harness, Buggy Whips, Etc., of any kind desired at prices which defy competition. Nothing but the best material used, and none but the best workmen employed. So come along and get the worth of your money.

When you want anything in the above line, be sure to call on

M. L. JOSLI,

Saddle and Harness Maker,
June 14, '73-1y.] Clarksville, Tenn.

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

EDMOND R. 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.
an 18, '72-tf.

H. WESTENBERGER,

MANUFACTURER OF

BOOTS AND SHOES,

Opposite Tobacco Exchange,

Clarksville, - - - Tenn.

Feb. 22, '73-1y

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

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

BAKER D. JOHNSON,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE.

Will practice in the various Courts of Houston, Stewart, Robertson and Montgomery counties. Prompt attention given to past due claims, which will be collected in all parts of the United States.
Nov. 1, 1873-tf.

$5,000 TO BE GIVEN AWAY!

THE LOUISVILLE

WEEKLY COURIER-JOURNAL.

A First-class Family, News, Political and Commercial Paper, national in its aim, reputation and circulation. In addition to its usual quantity and variety of matter, it will publish ORIGINAL STORIES and NOVELETTES, and, commencing with its issue of Dec. 3, will, each week, for a year or longer, publish a series of

LECTURES ON BIBLE HISTORY,

delivered by Rev. Dr. STUART ROBINSON revised by himself expressly for this paper. On the 1st of January, 1874, the publishers will distribute

$5,000 IN PRESENTS

among its subscribers. All who wish to avail themselves of the opportunity of securing a gift worth several hundred dollars can do so by sending in their subscriptions prior to that time.

Great inducements to subscribers and agents.

Circulars, with full particulars, posters, and specimen copies, sent gratis on application. Address

COURIER-JOURNAL CO.,
Louisville, Ky.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE CHRONICLE AND COURIER JOURNAL.

DRUGS! CHEMICALS! DYE-STUFFS PAINTS! Oils, Window Glass, &c.

FOR THE MILLION

S. B. STEWART,

at his new store, on Franklin street, nearly opposite Court-house, call and examine stock and prices, as I propose to keep a full stock of all goods in my line, and will not be undersold by anybody.

Special attention will be paid to the prescription department, which is in charge of Mr. Geo. Vaillant, and persons sending prescriptions to me may rely on having them prepared with accuracy and promptness at any time, day or night.

S. B. STEWART.

Jan. 11, '73-tf.

Millinery!

MRS. WM. ROSENFIELD,

Takes pleasure in informing the public that she is now supplied it with a large and varied stock of

FALL AND WINTER

MILLINERY

—AND—

Dress Trimmings,

Fancy Goods, of all kinds;
Fans, of every variety;
Bonnets and Hats, of every shape;
French Flowers; Point Apliques;
Gimpure Laces, etc.;

SCARFS,

Real Hair Braids

and all goods to be found in a first class Millinery establishment.

DRESS MAKING,

in all its details, by **Mrs. Estes**, an accomplised dress maker, at reasonable prices.

Ladies are invited to call and examine my stock.

Respectfully,

Mrs. Wm. ROSENFIELD.

Sept. 20, 1873-1y

Cash Buyers

Will find it to their interest to call on

L. FROEHLICH,

who has one of the

Largest and Best Stocks

in the city, which he will sell to those who have the

MONEY

at the very

LOWEST FIGURES!

PRICES ARE

NO OBJECT!

He wants money and must have it. Bring along your greenbacks, and get goods at

PANIC PRICES!

Nov. 15, '73-tf.

MANHOOD; HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED.

Just published, a new edition of **Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay** on the *radical cure* (without medicine or SPERMATORRHŒA or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Losses, IMPOTENCY, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc.; also, CONSUMPTION, EPILEPSY and FITS, induced by self-indulgence or sexual extravagance.

☞ Price in a sealed envelope only six cents.

The celebrated author, in this admirable essay, clearly demonstrates from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine, or the application of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

☞ This lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, post-paid, on receipt of six cents, or two post stamps. Address the Publishers,

CHAS. J. C. KLINE & CO.,
127 Bowery, New York, P. O. Box, 4586.
Oct. 25, 1873-1y.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Having qualified as Administrator of B. F. Clardy, dec'd, I hereby notify all parties indebted to said estate to come forward and make settlement; also all parties having claims against said estate to file them with me within the time prescribed by law, or they will be barred.

D. R. CARLISLE, Adm'r.

Nov. 15, 1873-4w*.

Coal! Coal!

We have been appointed agents for the Diamond Coal and Mining Co., and will commence delivering Coal here about the 15th of October. We intend to supply a good article of Coal at as low a figure as will justify us in handling it; will try to be prompt and accommodating in every way, but we must have the Cash for Coal when delivered. Orders left at our office, accompanied by the cash, will be promptly filled, all others will have the bill sent with them. We respectfully solicit a share of the public patronage.

ANDERSON & BRINGHURST.

Sept. 28, '72-tf

WE offer the CHRONICLE and the Rembrandt picture for $4—when the picture alone, if ordered from Mr. McCormac, would cost you $5.

ATTENTION!

REMOVAL!

JNO. F. COUTS & SON

Have this day purchased Geo. W. Hillman's elegant stock of

FURNITURE!

and will immediately take possession of the Furniture House heretofore occupied by Mr. Hillman. With the united stocks of the two firms, and large additions now being received, we will have the largest and most elegant stock of

Furniture

ever in Clarksville in one season. We invite all persons in need of any article of

FURNITURE OR BEDDING

to call and examine our stock. Especially would we call your attention to our excellent

Chamber Sets!

in all grades, from the plain serviceable styles to the finely carved and marble-topped sets. In addition to our usual full stock of

Mattresses, Comforts, Blankets

etc., we will pay special attention to the making and filling

Feather Beds, Pillows, and Bolsters,

with the best feathers and at prices as low as can be found anywhere. We will pay the highest market price for good feathers and warrant our lady friends that we will use the nicest and best quality in their pillows, etc.

We will also keep on hand a good assortment of

White Curled Hair, Moss, Cotton, and Excelsior Mattresses, Bolsters and Pillows,

to which we invite careful attention. Also Bed Sheets and Pillow-Cases at short notice. The latest and best styles of

Patent Bed Springs!

we keep constantly on hand.
We have an excellent and

Most Satisfactory Method of Supplying

Parlor Furniture!

Be sure to call and examine, if your Parlor needs furnishing.
We will still continue our

Undertaking Business!

keeping on hand the best qualities of

METALIC and WOOD

CASKETS and CASES!

We will pay careful attention to all burials in town or country. Can furnish hacks when desired, and see to preparation of graves. Call at

HILLMAN'S BLOCK,
(Near Court-House)
Clarksville, Tennessee.

J. F. COUTS & SON.

Nov. 1, 1873-tf.

CLARKSVILLE

FEMALE ACADEMY!

The next Term of this Institution will open Sept. 1st. The Scholastic year is divided into two Terms of twenty weeks each.

FACULTY:

Rev. J. M. WRIGHT, President and Instructor in Mental and Moral Science.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

Mrs. WRIGHT,
Mrs. GUNN, Miss P. A. TARRANT,
Miss V. DRYDEN, Miss A. V. CHILDS,
Miss A. DRYDEN. Miss LIZZIE FRAZER

LATIN AND FRENCH.

Miss BELLE DROMGOOLE.

MUSIC DEPARTMENT,

Miss S. E. HUGHES, Miss A. SPEAR,
Miss E. S. HALL.

ART DEPARTMENT.

Miss KATE CARNEY.

GOVERNESS.

Miss ANNA BENNETT.

Others will be added to this corps as they may be needed. Our organization shall be complete, and thoroughness will be our aim in every branch.

TUITION—Per Term—Primary, $15; Preparatory, $20; Collegiate, $25; Incidental Fee, $2; Board, $80; Washing, $1.50 to $2 per month. Optional branches at moderate rates.

All charges must be paid on entering except by special contract.

Send for Circular.

Rev. J. M. WRIGHT, Pres't.

June 28, '73-tf.

FOR RENT FOR 1874.

A desirable house, situated on corner of College and Kellogg streets, containing six rooms, out houses and good garden attached. For terms, apply to

WELLBORN MOONEY,
or H. M. ATKINS.

Nov. 15, 1873-tf.

SKIN DISEASES!

I will send free receipt for my VEGETABLE BALM, removing Pimples, Black Worms, Blotches, Freckles, Moth and Tan, leaving the skin clear and with a healthy glow. Also, sure process for the growth of HAIR on bald heads or smooth faces. H. Pratt, Chemist, 42 Pine st., N. Y. P. O. box 5,126. (Send stamp.)

Oct. 18, 1873 2m.

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, 1873-tf

Owen & Moore can furnish you with Papers, Magazines and Periodicals of all descriptions, at publisher's prices, by the year or single copy.

Books! Books! Books!—Go to Owen & Moore's for School Books, College Text Books, Blank Books and Stationery.

Low Prices! Good Goods!

POPULAR PRICES!

TO SUIT THE HARD TIMES!

"Live and Let Live Prices" in Earnest.

No Longer are the Indispensable Boots and Shoes held at Fabulously High Prices!

But are Down! Down! Down! to Fabulously Low!

Take the Word of no One, but Examine for Yourself.

CLARKSVILLE, TENN., Nov. 22, '73.

A new era has been introduced in the Boot and Shoe Business of this place by the reductions in price of these necessary articles of Clothing from the false high prices which they have attained during and since the war to the more solid and just basis of "live and let live prices." In other words, we will give our goods to our patrons at prices in proportion to what they received for their money producing effects. I know people are bound to have these articles, Boots and Shoes for winter wear, let the times be hard or easy, and in view of these hard times, I will sell my goods at such prices as will insure to all a just and liberal compensation for their money. I ask only a careful inspection of my goods and prices before buying, as I am willing to accord to all the privilege of comparing my goods and prices with any in the market.

Don't buy Ladies' Calf Shoes until you have seen mine. Unequaled all Calf Shoes, vamp and quarter, at $1 50 per pair. Don't buy Men's Kip Brogans until you have seen my full stock, double sole Brogans at $1 50 per pair. Don't buy Men's Kip Boots until you have seen my nonpareil stayed seam Kip Boots at $3 50 per pair, and my extra long legged English Kip Boots at $5 00. No man can offer you better bargains in Boots than I can, prices ranging from the $3 00 Kip Boot to the fine French Calf, hand-sewed Boot at $11 00 per pair. To old gentlemen, who want broad bottom, low heel boots for comfort, I would say, look at my "COMMON SENSE" Boot before you buy any other. Children's Boots and Shoes in great variety, at very low prices. A child's splendid pegged Shoe, copper tipped, at 90c. per pair. Boy's Kip Boots from $1 50 up. These prices are not given on damaged boots and shoes, nor on old stock boots and shoes, but upon new, fresh goods, just received, and selling smoothly along at regular prices. A full stock of Arctic Overshoes, for warmth and comfort, as well as the Gum-tipped for damp, muddy weather, both for ladies' and gentlemen's wear. Give these Shoes a trial, as I am sure you will be pleased with them.

To those who have been buying elsewhere, I ask you to satisfy yourselves, by EXAMINING MY STOCK, that my best advertisement is my goods, and that it does no harm to "look around."

If you want a real CHEAP and GOOD hat, don't buy until you have seen mine. You will find a large assortment of all the fashionable styles, as well as the staples.

A full line of comfortable winter Gloves, Wristlets, Scarfs, Comforts, Ties, Collars and Gent's Furnishing Goods generally, at low prices.

I ask you to please do me the favor to call and examine my goods and prices, and compare them with any others in the market, whether you want to buy or not. I will show you my goods with pleasure.

Remember the place, Williams' Boot and Shoe Store, and be sure to call and greatly oblige,

Yours Truly,
V. L. WILLIAMS,
No 23 Franklin St.

Nov. 22, 1873-tf.

J. J. HAMLETT

Manufacturer and Dealer in

STOVES, TINWARE,

HOUSE-FURNISHING 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

And Tilton's

Steam-Washer; or Womun's Friend.

☞ All kinds of repairing done.

☞ H. P. DORRIS will superintend the workroom.

Aug. 9, 73-tf

M. C. PITMAN. ED. H. LEWIS.

PITMAN & LEWIS,

Dealers in

CLOTHING,

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

TRUNKS, VALISES, ETC.,

FRANKLIN STREET, OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE,

CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE.

Oct. 4, 73-1y.

JNO. F. HOUSE. H. C. MERRITT

HOUSE & MERRITT,

ATTORNEYS---AT---LAW,

CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

Oct. 11, 73-6m.

FOR SALE, or RENT FOR '74.

Four farms on the south side of Cumberland river, one of which is the best in the county. Address, at Clarksville, Montgomery county, Tenn.,

M. G. GHOLSON.

Oct. 4, '73-3m.

Livery and Feed Stable.

S. O. W. BRANDON

Has not sold his stable on Third street, but is still there, and will furnish old and new customers with good horses and vehicles at all times, or feed horses at reasonable rates.

Aug. 16, 73-tf.

R. B. TARPLEY,

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER,

SHOP ON COMMERCE ST.,

Clarksville, Tennessee.

Nov. 1, 73-3m*

By investing $4 now, you receive the full worth of $7.

A PROPHETIC POEM.

BY THERON BROWN.

We copy the following remarkable poem from an exchange.

Its significance no one will fail to appreciate; if it be carefully read—we make no apology for its length.—ED. CHRONICLE.

THE WRECK OF THE VRYHEID.

Out of the harbor of Amsterdam,
With pennon apeak and canvas white,
New-coppered, and calked, and painted gay,
And warranted fit for storm as calm,
On a breezy, brown November day,
Sailed the old ship Vryheid.

Out of the bosom of Zuyder Zee,
(Fresh on her quarter the wind all right
Blew till evening, and half that night,)
Into the turbulent German Ocean,
Scherman, the master, steered away,
And carried, never to bring again,
A regiment of three hundred men,
And wives and children, whose brave devotion
Followed for good or evil then
In the old ship Vryheid.

Ho for the sweet East Indian Isles!
And I trow every heart on board was light;
For the crew were bold, and the young marines
Thought of their homes 'mid tropic scenes,
And the fraus that night to their kinderleens
Sang dream-songs in the cabin, whiles
Off Haarlem, seventy English miles,
Sped the old ship Vryheid.

Brief, blest sleep—and bitterest waking!
Foreland beacon was lost in sight,
And over Brabant the day was breaking
When the storm came—came madly, ah, me!
And shook every mast and rib and knee
Of the old ship Vryheid.

Down with the top-gallants! Shivering bare,
The vessel fled like a child in fright;
But faster now, in the morning gleam,
The wild gale, tossing the waves in air,
Followed aback and drove a beam
On the old ship Vryheid.

By Ramsgate, shooting the Kentish shore,
By Castle Deal and the Goodwin Sands,
Off and on with struggling hands
The lowland sailors weathered and wore,
And, hour by hour, at his painful post,
Grim, and haggard, and splashed with brine,
Scherman the master scanned the coast;
He needs a pilot—but makes no sign.

Past the morning, and past the noon;
But the storm has gathered a fiercer might,
And the doom it threatens will strike too soon.
Crash! went the mainmast—shroud and stay—
By the board, and carried five men away!
And the wail of women frenzied quite
Rose with the wind in awful tune.
Ah, women must wail, and children shriek
The hold is filling! A leak!—a leak!

With groaning pumps, and stanchions' strain,
And tempest's roar, and terror's crying,
With white distress-flag wildly flying,
Faded again the terrible day.
Fell once more the terrible night;
And hard by the entering of Hythe Bay,
Tugging at every anchor chain,
Rocked the old ship Vryheid.

Tugging, rocked at the harbor-gate,
While horribly, through the stormy gloom,
The thundering sea swell over her pressed;
And ever, out of her laboring breast,
The groaning pumps and the stanchions' creak,
And the shouted call and quivering shriek,
And the signal-cannon's dismal boom,
Rose and fell on the midnight bleak.

Tugging she rocked at the harbor-gate,
Till the wind that a moment seemed to rest,
Suddenly veered to the sou'—sou' west,
And blew a hurricane up the Strait;
And the Vryheid snapped her right-bower chain
And swung her head to the sea again.

Who shall help but her hull must drift,
And the waves her living freight o'erwhelm
When thus on their foaming horns they lift
And toss her forward so dearly swift,
And her decks and quarters wrench and rift,
And her whole crew toiling mountain hard,
By pump and tiller and rope and yard,
Can barely bring her to mind her helm.

Who shall help when her captain, blind
To his own wo-signal flying tore,
And deaf to the watch-cry thrilled from shore,
Flings his one life-hope to the wind,
And hazards the last that a madman may
Rather than yield his own small way!

Forward he stood in the awful dawn,
And out of the rack of the plunging surge
He saw the prow of a boat emerge,
And a voice rang up as the boat leaped on—
"Work back! work back, with might and main,
To Castle Deal or to Hythe again!"
But vainly the Dover pilot yarns;
Chaptain Scherman his counsel scorns.

"I'll ride till the gale wears out," thinks he,
"And save my pocket an English fee."

He grasped the wheel with a stubborn clench,
And, blindly laying his course ahead,
Desperate, down the wind he sped,
Till the boldest sailor began to blench
To hear the surf of the Buckinage tread.
Oh for the sleight of a native hand
To shun the perils that line the land!

Another voice, like a sudden bell,
Hailed, and a pilot-boat once more
Hove in sight on the fearful swell,
Sent from Deal by the Commodore.
But vainly again the warning spoke,
And the loud "lay to" of the pilot's gun
Passed astern in a puff of smoke,
And never a word from the ship save one—
"Pay no attention! let her run!"

So on, on, on, all crippled and blind,
Drove the poor transport down the wind
With her struggling crew and fainting freight—
And the Dutch commander who sealed her fate,
Friendly counsel, monitor's cry,
Women and children weeping nigh,
Ruin shadowing fore and aft
Every span of the falling craft,
And the pounding seas that round her roar
And ring her death on the rocky shore—
Not all the signals of grand disaster
Broke the strange madness of the master.

Stolid, sufficient, obstinate,
He swears the tempest will soon abate,
And still in offered anchorage sees
Only the Downs and Dover fees,
Or he dreads the Castle roadstead rate,
And, penny wise, on a bargain stands
With the lives of hundreds on his hands,
Until too late, too late, too late!

For hurling blast swept over the deck
(The storm on the channel has reached its height)
And leveled the mizzen mast and the fore,
And left the vessel a floating wreck
That never will mind her rudder more,
Then, helpless amid the breakers white,
With her crew, and the soldiers brave and tall,
And the shrieking babes and mothers, all
Straight and sheer upon Dymchurch Wall,
Drove the old ship Vryheid!

Full head she struck on the crunching piles,
And the multitudinous cry of prayer and fright
That followed the shock that fatal night—
Over the roar of the stormy mole
Kneiled up like the cry of a single soul,
And eastward, westward, for many miles,
Scattered ashore, lay the wrecks in sight,
And sudder, under their watery pall
The dead lay heaped at the gloomy Wall
For of all that company, brave and bright,
Four hundred and three-score and ten,
From the Zuyder Zee, but eighteen men
Survived the old ship Vryheid.

Toll, ye mourners of Amsterdam,
Toll the bells for matron and knight,
Gallant sailor, and children gay;
And chant the mass, and the funeral psalm,
And weep for fallen beauty and might—
But not for the Captain whose willful way
Sank them all under Dymchurch Wall
In the oldship Vryheid.

Shame on the official pride, too nice
To hear a warning or take advice!
Shame, that ever, on land or ship,
The touchy stiffness of conscious rank
Should chafe to listen and scorn to thank
A clever hint from a humble lip!

"We must right her, sir," the carpenter said;
"The ports are dipping, the ship will keel!"
As he mended the Royal George just laid
At Spithead down, "by parliament heel."
And the starched lieutenant with gruff disdain,
Ordered him back to his work again:
Nor heeded him, till too late to save
Nine hundred souls from an ocean grave.

"Better lie to, and wait for day,"
Said the quartermaster off Sambro Light,
Where the proud Atlantic steamed astray,
With none to put her reckoning right.
And the sailing officer checked his flight,
And snubbed the truth in a lordly way—
"Captain and mate my work may touch,
But you are neither, and know too much."
And the ship, with her sleeping lives below,
Sank at Marr Island's rock of wo.

"You're nearing land, or the sea-weed lies;
The Gulf Stream near to the South must run,"
Said a sailor-passenger, old and wise,
To the mate of the city of Washington,
Feeling her way seven dismal days
The vessel had groped through fog and haze,
And not a man of her captain's mess
But swore to her foundering, nevertheless;
And they jeered the wise old man. "Oho,
Keep your advice till better you know!"
"Those weeds—lord pity you sir! They show
A child could enlighten you in a minute—
This is the Gulf Stream—We are in it!"
Nine hours longer they held their boast—
And struck on the Nova Scotia coast.

Has it come to this, when terrible need,
And sudden doubt of the way and deed,
Smiten a human cause or trust,
And the titled leaders falter and shrink,
That the helpful word, or the judgment just,
Or the thought worth a thousand lives to think
Which offers the victory and escape,
Must back in the uttered throat be thrust
If it comes in an unofficial shape?

So might it be; and each blunderer bold
Wearing badge and button, should die unshod,
Ah, so might it be, all good men say,
And the sooner conceit would have its day
If the arrogant, who no counsel take,
Plaged fool with only themselves at stake.
But where are the laws whose power shall bind
The fools, whose suicide slays mankind?

This plain lesson, at least may live:
You'll learn it Pride, in spite of your scoff;
Since your will is dear at the price you give,
Why, spare, on occasion, a trifle off,
And flatter a fellow-being's pains,
By serving yourself with his heart and brains?
And whatever order, or "right divine,"
Or mission the devil for you may forge,
O'er any Atlantic or Royal George
To sink the craft with its freight of souls
Off some Marr Island, or Gull Rock Shoals,
Henceforth humanity's voice and sign
Shall claim authority great as thine;
And justice reason and God demand
That whoso stretches a royal hand
On ship, or market, or school, or State,
To rule infallible, and make claim
To greatness, independently great
O'er old men's counsel, and young men's blame,
And the common people's yea and nay,
Shall earn it by knowing more than they.

MABLE CLIFTON'S REWARD.

Mable Clifton sat before one of the windows of her father's magnificent mansion, and a servant stood in waiting.

She was making out a list of articles wanted for the next day. Coming footsteps arrested her attention. She raised her eyes from the paper and looked out. The crimsoned flush deepened on her bright young face as "Oh!" in a tone of deep regret, escaped her lips.

She turned a around for an instant of thought and said:

"John, I am not just ready to finish this list, and shall not send it for an hour yet: If you have anything to do in the meantime you can do it."

Mr. Clifton had been reading in a distant part of the room.

Hearing the door close after John's departure, he said:

"You have not forgotten to send for those wines I spoke of, my dear?"

"He has not gone yet, papa."

"Ah, well, do not make it too late. They will be very busy to-night," her father said.

"Papa."

"Well?"

"A boon, papa. Promise to grant me, this last day of the year, my boon!"

"What is it love?"

"Promise to grant it first."

"Not in ignorance, my child."

"Trust me, father."

She had an eager, earnest, noble look in her eyes that her father did trust in, and he promised her.

"Well, you shall have your way."

"Father, let us abstain from having wine to-morrow!"

"What! No, no; I can't grant you that. No wines! Why, child, have you gone crazy? For twenty-five years past I have offered my friends wine on New Year's day and have never felt that I was doing wrong. What has come over you?"

"Oh, father, I have never felt just right when offering men wine, and just now, when I was making out this for John, I chanced to raise my eyes just as Edger Livingston was passing. It needed but a glance to see that he was under the influence of liquor. His mother is a widow: he her only child; all her earthly hopes are in him. Will they not be wrecked, think you, if he indulges in the wine cup? To-morrow he will make many calls. Beautiful women will offer him wine. He will not have courage, or possibly wish, to decline. To-morrow night, most likely, then, he will return home to his mother's heart with sorrow. I don't want to contribute one drop to the bitter cup."

"My dear, whether we have wines or not, with him it will be all the same. As you say, he will make many calls."

"Father, if you had a son you would talk differently. Think how many men of the brightest future have failed; nay, worse, won disgrace and early graves from the love of wine. I feel as if Edger Livingston stood on the brink of a fearful precipice. Father do stretch out your strong arm to draw him—if only step by step. If we do not save him, it will be a comfort to think that we urged him not forward on his fatal course."

"Why, Mable, you are very much interested in the young man. Am I to conclude——"

"Nothing more than for his own and mother's sake. I would endeavor to save him or any other young man in his danger, father. Here will be one of his first calls. Possibly I can detain him long enough to prevent him visiting many places where he would be exposed to great temptation. Oh, father, please grant me this?"

"Really, dear, I feel disposed to grant this wish, but so many will be disappointed. Besides I have not the courage to make the change and set the neighbors at work speculating about the cause of it. Some will declare I am about to fail; others that I have grown penurious. Ah, John, what is it?"

Just then the servant entered and handed him the envelope, and said:

"A telegram, sir."

Mr. Clitton tore it quickly open, read it, and exclaimed:

"Really, this is too bad, but I must go. John, here——"

And hastily writing a few words for a return dispatch, he handed it to the servant, and turning to Mabel said:

"My old friend Hartwell is dying and begs that I hasten to him; I cannot deny him. So you will have to entertain my friends to-morrow, and explain to them the reason of my failing to see them, the first time for so many years."

"And—well, dear, you can do as you please about the bill of fare. As I shall not be at home the folks will not hold me responsible for what happens in my absence."

"Oh, thank you, papa, for permission to do as I choose. I will willingly take all unkind remarks if any one feels like making them. But I am confident that all who have sons will give me the kindest wishes for withholding temptation from their boys. And to the young men I shall try to make myself agreeable, and have our cook make our coffee so very fine that they will go away quite as well pleased and with their brains a good deal clearer than if I had entertained them with wine."

An hour after that Mr. Clifton was on his way to his dying friend, and Mable sat down and wrote:

December 31, 18—.

DEAR FLORA:—Come and help me receive my friends to-morrow. Papa has been called away, and I must have you with me, as I am particular anxious to have my reception a success.

Lovingly, MABLE.

"Edger likes Flora, I can plainly see, and I think she is not wholly indifferent to him. Together I think we can manage to hold him here to-morrow, and thus save his mother a great sorrow, likely," said Mabel.

Mable Clifton was one of the loveliest girls in P——.

Friends had wondered that her heart had not yielded to some of her many suitors. They did not know that she had no heart to yeild to any of those who had sought it.

The first season she appeared in the select circle in which her father's great wealth and position had placed her, she met Earnest Addison.

He was a noble young man, talented, with a heart and mind alike filled with true resolve. To Mable he had been very attentive, and she grew to love him, feeling sure the time was not far distant when he would tell her of his love.

Months rolled by and he spoke not. Gradually his visits grew less frequent, until finally they ceased.

What it was that had come between his love and hers she could not think, but she felt perfectly sure that he did love her, and, so hoping that time would solve the mystery and bring a balm to her wounded spirit, she watched and waited for his coming.

New Year's day came, bright and beautiful. Mable and her friend Flora never looked lovlier. Mable explained her wishes and fully infused her own spirit into her friend.

It was impossible for an indifferent person not to feel their powers of fascination.

To Edgar Livingston, who was one of their first guests they were quite irresitable. He lingered on notwithstanding the efforts of a young friend who accompanied him to draw him off.

"Do stay and help us," said Mabel, and when Flora's beautiful eyes repeated the wish, Edger yielded.

Few, if any went from the Clifton house dissatisfied. Everything that the heart could desire or mind suggest, in the way of delicacies and luxuries of the season, Mabel offered her guests, but as the father said, many tongues were busy speculating upon it and in a few hours it was widely known that Miss Clifton was giving a temperance reception.

Eagerly Mable's eyes sought the door on every new arrival of guests. She had hoped for the coming of one. But the hours passed, and when it grew late in the day the hope faded and almost died out.

She had seated herself wearily in an arm chair, when the same greeting that had fallen on her ears so many times that day, "Happy New Year, Miss Clifton," caused the bright light to return to her eyes and the beautiful flush to her face, as she arose to receive Earnest Addison.

There was an expression in his fine eyes when he received from her hand the fragrant cup of coffee that relieved the suspense of years. Her heart bounded with new hope.

Edger Livingston had drawn Flora to the window. They were looking out on the passers by.

Reeling along the sidewalk, shouting a drunken song, came Edger's companion of the morning. Flora turned from the sickening sight. Edger following, saying:

"But for you and Miss Clifton, I might have been one of the party."

And going to Mabel he said:

"Miss Clifton your slumber to-night should be peaceful. You have helped to cloud either heart or brain of your friends to-day. Accept my warmest thanks for having saved me from both."

Edger saw an expression in Earnest's eyes that made him think it would be quite as agreeable to all parties if he would take Flora back to the recess window, to the piano, or anywhere out of hearing, just then.

A few moments after his fine voice was blending with hers in a well chosen duet.

Then Earnest told Mable of the love which had been hers since he knew her.

"I came one night to lay my heart before you. You had many guests and offered them wine. You noticed that I placed my glass untouched. I left early. I dared not woo the heart of one that had such a fearful temptation before me; why you will know when I tell you the fearful truth. My only brother went down into a drunkard's grave, the woman he loved urged him on.

"For a time mother and I won him from his fatal passion. He was doing well. We believed he would fulfill the bright promise of his early youth. He grew to love a beautiful girl. She was wild and thoughtless, and once, at her father's she urged him to drink.

"One glass; every one but you take wine," she said.

He resisted. She taunted him about having to abstain entirely because he d not the self-control to use wine in moderation.

He yielded, accepted the fatal glass from her hand, and drank, first moderately, then on and on, in the old fearful way, until the end came—a ruined life and a mother's broken heart.

"Do you wonder that I fled from you?—Every hour yearning to return, yet daring not.

"To-day I heard what you were doing. Earnestly thanking God that light had dawned upon you, I hastened here to lay my heart before the only woman I ever loved. Will you be my wife, Mabel?"

Her heart was too full of joy—she could not tell in words how happy she was; but her little hand lay still in his.

She raised her eyes a moment and he saw the love of years beaming there. He needed no answer.

Judging from the low tone into which the voices in the room had fallen, I judge some other hearts had found their mates. But the parties were separated, or rather joined again, by the return of Mr. Clifton, who entered, calling out:

"Mable, dear, to me these rooms look rather dark. Let us have the gas turned on, if you please."

"Certainly, papa."

And when there was light enough for Mr. Clifton to look into his daughter's eyes, he saw a bright light shining there. Another moment, when Flora came to greet him, he said with a pleasant smile:

"Ah! I see why you young folks know nothing of the surrounding darkness—guided by the light within. Well, have you had a pleasant day?"

"A happy day, father; there are no regrets to steal in to mar it," said Mabel, with a bright smile.

"I am glad of your resolve, Mabel."

"How glad you will know when I tell you that this morning I closed the eyes of a father whose only son was away in some drinking saloon. How my heart ached for that father! And what a balm it was to think at that time my daughter was not holding the fatal glass to any young man's lips," said Mr. Clifton, his voice trembling.

Before another New Year's Day, Mabel and Flora each presided over an establishment of her own.

The happy remembrance of their reception is never clouded by the cup of bitterness which so many wives, mothers and sisters have to drink—the cup of sorrow that is so often prepared for them by sister women.

STATE PROSECUTIONS.

Judges and District Attorneys Called to Make Needed Reforms.

COMPTROLLER'S OFFICE,
NASHVILLE, TENN., Nov. 26, 1873.

After consultation with some of the Judges and District Attorneys of the State, I have concluded to request a meeting of the Judges having criminal jurisdiction, and District Attorneys, in this city, on Tuesday, the 13th of January. Your presence is earnestly solicited.

As you are aware, the expenditure for State prosecutions amounts to nearly one-half the entire annual expenses of the whole State. I believe that this amount, with due allowance for the growth of the State, can be greatly reduced by the concurrent action of yourself and associates. At least some uniform rules as to the manner of taxing costs in the different circuits can be adopted, and some needed reforms be fairshly presented to the Legislature.

The time appointed will interfere with the holding of some of the courts of the State, but I am sure that the importance of the subjects to be discussed, and the good to the people of the State which will certainly follow, will justify the adjournment of a term until a suitable time for the holding of a special session.

I sincerely hope that you will attend. Come prepared to spend the week in discussing, digesting and perfecting the work for which the meeting is called. In the meantime I shall be pleased to receive any suggestions which you may think proper to make relative to the purposes of the assemblage.

Respectfully,
JOHN C. BURCH,
Comptroller.

THE payment of $5.25 to this office now, secures the full value of $9.00.

A WHITE MAN'S COMMONWEALTH.

White Men in North Carolina 500 Years Before Columbus Discovered America.

Congressman A. M. Waddell, of North Carolina, delivered his lecture at Wake Forest College, on the 15th instant, in which he attempts to show that the State settled by whites 500 years before the discovery of America by Columbus. The Wilmington Journal gives a brief report, as follows: "Mr. Waddell insisted that 500 years before Columbus was born the Irish discovered and settled North Carolina, and called it Great Ireland. In support of this somewhat startling proposition, the lecturer showed that the Esquimaux informed Lief, the son of Eric the Red, in the year A. D. 1000, that white men lived south of Chesapeake Bay; that the chronicles of Ireland prove that at this early period Christian men inhabited Hvitramanna and—the White Man's Land—now North Carolina; that when Amades and Barlowe visited Roanoke in the year 1584 they found among the aboriginies children with blue eyes and auburn hair—proving their Caucasian descent—and that the natives of this region spoke the Gaelic language, and claimed that some of their ancestors were white men and 'talked in a book.' The future historian of the State was urged, before entering upon his pious task, to examine with care the records of Northern Europe, the contemporaneous narratives of voyages, and the ardhæology of the Icelanders, and he would most assuredly find, by the aid of these 'Northern Lights,' that the history of the old State begins long before the period usually assigned to it. An eloquent appeal was made to the State pride of his bearers. Hypsometry had shown that Carolina's mountains were lottier than any others east of the Mississippi River; geology had proved that the first gold ever deposited was to be found in her sediments; the testimony of the rocks had established the fact that created life made its first appearance within her borders; and now, to complete her glory, we find that she was the first dwelling place of Europeans on this continent. In conclusion, the spea