CLARKSVILLE WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

VOL. 42.--NO 26. CLARKSVILLE, TENN., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1874. WHOLE NO. 2,178.

FURNITURE!

OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,

AT NO. 38 FRANKLIN ST.,

OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE,

JNO. F. COUTS & SON.

UNDERTAKING!

In connection with our Furniture Business, we keep a full assortment of Metalic and Wood Burial

CASKETS AND CASES.

We have excellent Hearses for city and country use. Will furnish Hacks when desired, and supervise preparation of Graves.

Jno. F. Couts & Son.

Feb. 21, 1874-tf.

BLOCH BROTHERS,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS,

Nos. 11 and 12, Franklin St.

Clarksville, - - Tennessee

We ake pleasure in informing the public that we have now open the most complete stock of DRESS GOODS,

SHAWLS, SKIRTS, FLANNELS, NOTIONS, ETC.

to be found in the market. Special attention has been paid to the selection of our

Boot and Shoe Department

Custommade and Eastern for Ladies, Gent's, Misses and Children, and we are enabled to offer rare inducements.

IN MEN'S AND BOY'S CLOTHING,

Piece Goods and Hats, we have the most attractive line ever exhibited in his market. Our

Ballou's Shirts

are as popular as ever. In the purchase of stock our means give us rare advantages in securing our selections at the lowest figures, which fact enables us to furnish our patrons with supplies at the most reasonable prices.

Notwithstanding the gloomy outlook we have purchased very largely, and we intend to offer our goods at prices that will move them; they are marked down to suit hard times, and if our friends will favor us with a call they will be convinced that we mean what we say. Country merchants will be supplied at the lowest market rates. Respectfully,

Bloch Brothers.

Our Salesmen are A. SLOAN, W. W. VALLIANT, ROB'T. MAINHART, L. STRAUS, G. LEHRBERG, BAILEY BARKSDALE, W. T. AVERITT, CHAS. D. RINGGOLD.

Sign, Two Shade Trees.

Oct. 3, '74-tf

New FALL Stock

—OF—

MILLINERY

MRS. HODGSON & MISS MACUIRE,

Are offering a Large and Elegant Assortment of Latest Novelties in

Hats and Bonnets,

Trimmed or Plain. Also a Choice Selection of Fine

PARIS FLOWERS, LACES

—AND—

Ribbons,

Novelties in Ruffs, Ties, Scarfs, SASH RIBBONS, FANS PARASOLS, KID GLOVES, VAILS, ETC.

LINEN COLLARS AND CUFFS,

CORSETS AND LADIES' UNDERWEAR,

Real Hair Goods,

Choice Selections, all of which will be sold at Popular Prices, at

HODGSON & MAGUIRE.

Oct. 10, 1874-tf

HARRISON & SHELBY,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

GRACEY HOUSE,

(IRON ROOF,)

CLARKSVILLE, - - - TENN.

SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO SAMPLING AND SELLING LEAF TOBACCO ☞ Liberal Cash Advances made on Tobacco.

Jan. 3, 1874-tf.

JOB WORK

OF ALL KINDS

NEATLY EXECUTED!

V. L. WILLIAMS,

AT HIS

NEW STORE,

NO. 25 FRANKLIN STREET,

IS SELLING

Boots, Shoes, Hats, &c.

--AT--

LESS PRICES

than any house in this country, before or since the war. He offers his entire Stock at less than cost if necessary in order to successfully compete with any house in this market. Now is the time to buy your goods, and WILLIAMS' is the place to buy them. Price others' goods in town, and then price mine, and see who sells the cheapest.

As I am going out of the Furnishing Goods business, I offer a large stock at about half price. Don't buy your Boots, Shoes, Hats, &c., until you have seen mine. A great many goods are now being offered at less than any house in town, and for none do we charge more.

Remember the place, NO. 25 FRANKLIN STREET, and give me a trial.

Very Respectfully,

Oct. 24-tf.] V. L. WILLIAMS.

FALL!

HARRISON, MASSIE & CO.

ARE NOW RECEIVING THEIR

FALL and WINTER

DRY GOODS,

WHICH WE PROPOSE TO SELL

FOR CASH,

AT AS LOW PRICES AS ANY HOUSE IN THE UNITED STATES.

Our stock is large and well assorted, including all the novelties of the season.

Black Alpacas and Mohairs

WE CHALLENGE THE WORLD ON.

Ladies purchasing these goods will find it to their interests to examine our stock before buying.

We wish to call attention of merchants to our new brand

BROWNSVILLE AA, 4-4 BROWN

SHEETING!

Of which we are agents and will supply you

AT FACTORY PRICES.

Yours Very Respectfully,

HARRISON, MASSIE & CO.

Oct. 3, 1874-tf.

THE

IRVIN WAGON.

ALWARD & ORRELL,

(Successors to J. A. Irvin.)

Manufacturers of the Celebrated Irvin Wagon,

At the Old Stand, just East of the Methodist Church.

These wagons are known throughout the country, and recommend themselves. The present firm have been connected with the Old Establishment for the past seventeen years. They claim to be thoroughly acquainted with the business, and pledge themselves to make as good work as can be procured in any market, and at competing prices. REPAIRING done with dispatch, and all work done in a satisfactory manner, at prices as low as any. A share of patronage respectfully solicited.

Oct. 3, 1874-6m] ALWARD & ORRELL.

A CARD.

I respectfully tender my thanks to my patrons and friends for their liberal encouragements for the past twenty-eight years, and would commend my successors to the public as good workmen and deserving gentlemen. J. A. IRVIN.

D. EMERIE. M. C. MILLION.

LIVE AND LET LIVE.

NEW CARRIAGE FACTORY!

EMERIE & MILLION,

Cor. Commerce and Third Sts., Clarksville, Tenn.

Having a good stock of material, we are prepared to furnish the public any kind of vehicles on short notice. All work warranted

FIRST-CLASS IN STYLE, MATERIAL AND WORKMANSHIP!

We respectfully solicit a share of the public patronage. REPAIRING promptly attended to, and charges reasonable [sep. 5, 74-6m

STOVES, TINWARE, HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS,

CHINA, GLASS AND QUEENSWARE.

KINCANNON, WOOD & CO.

Are now in receipt of the largest stock and most complete variety of above Goods ever brought to this city, which they will sell, at wholesale or retail, as

LOW AS ANY HOUSE IN THE WEST!

Special Attention to Roofing and Guttering.

PRICES LOW. SATISFACTION GUAANTEED.

March 21, 1874-tf.

CLARKSVILLE MARBLE WORKS,

ESTABLISHED 1852.

SAM'L HODGSON,

Manufacturer and Importer of all Descriptions of

Monuments, Statues, Vases, Mantles, Headstones.

I am importing direct from the Manufacturer, at ABERDEEN, SCOTLAND, the celebrated

SCOTCH GRANITE MONUMENTS

RED and GREY, which for durability and finish is unsurpassed. Persons desiring work will find it to their advantage to see my work and prices before purchasing.

Orders solicited and SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. Large stock of finished work on hand to select from. PRICES AS LOW as any establishment in the States.

Aug. 30, 1873-tf.

Written by the late Hugh R. Pleasants.

ÆOLIAN HARP.

The everlasting power is given
To steal away from earth the heart,
And yield it up to Heaven,
Say, art thou not a holy thing?
This thus with magic fingers,
To rapture wak'st slumbering string,
Where sound ecstatic lingers.

Thy strain is not the voice of mirth,
Forever fraught with folly;
'Tis far too sweet for ought on earth
Save holy melancholy:
Far as it gently floats thro' air,
Upon the breath of even'
No sound of earth is mingled there,
It breaths alone of Heaven.

It seems to speak of happier hours,
Of joys forever fided,
Of paths once bright and strewed with flowers,
Bare nad by sorrow shaded,
Oh! angels selves might not disdain
Thy silver tones to borrow,
And mourn in thine own melting strain
Man's doom of endless sorrow.

LILLY'S MISSION.

BY FRANCES HENSHAW BADEN.

"Must you go?" asked a sweet, flattering voice. And Stanley Morely turned, a look of annoyance on his handsome face, and answered, in a slightly impatient tone:

"I really must. Well, what is it?" he asked, as the beautiful eyes sought his, with such an appealing expression.

"Oh? I cannot tell, Stanley; if you would only stay with us to-night! You know I have not asked you for a long, long time. I am impressed with such a weight of gloom—of some coming sorrow. I hardly know how to express my feelings. But do not go from us, my husband."

She came to him, and clasped his hands as if to hold him back.

It had been a long time since she begged him to stay, or remonstrated against his neglect. Stanley Morely remembered it well. And for an instant his heart was touched, and he felt that he would rather remain with his wife and child, than go to his accustomed place of resort. But his word was pledged, and go he must. In a kinder tone, placing his arm around her, he said:

"Oh, you are nervous, that's all. Cheer up! I will not be late to-night. I wish I could remain at home. But, Nellie, my word is given. You know, a man of honor cannot break his word. Now smile. I will not go out to-morrow night. In fact, I must do better than that. I'm getting tired of the club-room. Nay, not another word," playfully putting his hand over her mouth; "I must keep my word."

And her lips moved to tell the thought that filled both brain and heart then! His word could not be broken to his fellow-man; has honor was involved. Where were the promises whispered in the ear of a trusting, confiding woman? Where, the vows made at the altar of God? Where? Gone—strewed to the winds; disregarded and forgotten. Before Heaven a guilty, perjured man. With his companions, the world, his honor still untarnished. He put her gently from him, and approached the lounge, and bending lovingly over his little girl, asked:

"Are you asleep, Lilly? Bye-bye. Papa's going now."

She raised her sweet face to his, and whispered:

"Most to sleep. Must Papa go?" stroking his face.

"For a little while, darling. Kiss me now good-bye, for an hour only."

As the room door closed, and his steps were heard in the hall, the mother caught Lilly up, and whispered hurriedly:

"Call papa, Lilly, and beg him not to forget to come back soon."

The little lips were parted to do her bidding, but only a hoarse sound came fourth, and Lilly whispered:

"Mamma, you call. Lilly's got a cold; she can't call. Lilly will whisper to papa."

"Stanley, stop a moment; Lilly wants you," called Nellie, as his hand was on the door knob.

He came back, holding out his arms, into which his darling sprang, clasping him lovingly round the neck.

"Papa, do come back soon. Lilly's most mind to keep her arms around papa's neck ever and ever, and hold him, so he can't go to those bad men, and stay from mamma and Lilly," she whispered in his ear.

"My little treasure, I will not stay long. Nellie, she has taken cold; give her some drops. Let me go, that I may come back soon."

With another kiss, he gently unwound the little clinging arms, and placing her in Nellie's hurried out.

Five years before, when Stanley Morely married the lovely Nellie Howard, every one declared her most fortunate in having secured a man of such brilliant prospects; the only child of wealthy parents, and one of the promising young lawyers in the city.

How it was Stanley was first induced to leave the society of his beautiful wife, or whether he had acquired a fondness for the gaming table before his marriage, it is difficult to tell. If the latter, he had guarded his secret well; for he was believed beyond reproach. For several months he was all that the most exacting wife could have wished. Gradually it came; first one and another excuse for his absence and late hours. "A meeting:" "the lodge;" "our club-night." Then more frequent, until excuses ceased; and every night, with the remarks. "Well, I'm going to the club now," he left his wife and little girl.

With a trembling heart, Nellie saw his business neglected, his health failing. Almost daily she was subjected to the deep mortification of having impatient creditors pressing settlements of their claims. In vain she had plead with him; until at length, despairing of any change for the better, she sank into a state of quiet submission.

When Stanley bade his little girl good-bye, he fully intended going to the saloon, excusing himself, and returning immediately home. But his companions would listen to nothing of the kind. And one ventured the remark that "Mr. Morely feared a reverse of his good fortune of the night before." Stanley has been in high luck then, and the speaker had suffered much in consequence. Others sang out, Yes, yes; you must give him a chance of revenge." He could not resist. Throwing himself into a seat, he began to play.

An hour passed, another and another, and still fortune favored him. He could not withdraw. Insinuating remarks reached his ear, that made him remain and play on.

At twelve o'clock he grew uneasy, dreadfully so. A sweet voice was sounding in his ear, calling him home. Wilder, more beseeching it grew. The little arms seemed about him then, drawing him away. He started up. He must, he would go home. The luck had changed. He knew it not. Mechanically he had thrown down the cards. His thoughts were of the sweet child at home. Again a cool well-directed, shaft reached him. The voice has grown weaker that seemed calling him. Pshaw! he was nervous; so much loss of sleep had made him so. No sound reached his ears then, but those of his companions. The baby's pleading tone, had ceased. He began again, and played until all were willing to stop.

Leisurely he traversed the streets homeward. There was no need of haste then. The weary eyes had long since ceased their watching; and were closed in sleep, he hoped. Yes, Lilly's eyes were closed; she was sleeping. They would not seek his, with a reproachful look, on his return.

He neared the house. From the opposite side of the street he saw, through the partially drawn curtains, strange forms moving about his room

His heart gave a quick bound of terror. Something was wrong. Was Lilly ill?

With hasty strides he crossed the street. With trembling fingers he placed the key in the lock. As he entered the hall, low, piteous moans disturbed the stillness of the night. Another instant and he was standing beside the bed where Nellie was kneeling, her arms still clasping the little lifeless form of her child. His child, his Lilly, whose loving caress seemed still warm about him, her pleading voice still sounding in his ear, lay still, pale and cold before him. Her pure spirit had fled to a Father, whose love never faileth. Her frail little life had yielded, a speedy victim to that terror of all mothers, croup.

For weeks after this terrible shock, Stanley Morely plunged more wildly into scenes of dissipation and vice—drinking more frequent of the wine cup. Friends gathered round, earnestly endeavoring to reclaim him, but in vain. The poor stricken wife still clung to him. Every night she watched and waited his coming—her heart ever filled with dread of some new sorrow.

It was a wild, terrible night in November—such a wild, terrible night that no human would venture from shelter, except forced by the direst necessity. Never was music, with its soft and sweetest strains, so soothing as those wild, tempestuous sounds from without, as they filled Nellie Morely's ears. That night he would be safe with her—that night her eyes cease their watching, her anxious heart grow still.

Stanley threw himself on a lounge, and was soon lost in slumber. He had not been drinking as much as usual that day, and his sleep was sweet and quiet. Nellie watched him as he lay. His expression was different from the usual one. She shaded the cheerfully burning fire, and turned low the gas, that he might sleep on. And then she knelt and prayed—prayed as she had not for a long, long time. And a spirit of peace grew in her; she hoped again; she prayed once more with faith.

How long she knelt she know not. She was aroused by a slight movement of her husband. Looking up she saw his arms extended, and heard him murmur:

"Lilly, come to papa."

Again he grew quiet. She knew he was dreaming of his child. There was a sweet, gentle smile playing about his lips, and frequent words of endearment escaped him. He dreamed on; the smiles faded away. A weight of sorrow gathered on his still handsome face. His lips trembled, and from beneath the quivering eyelids tears stole gently down, bringing the tidings of a heart touched and softened by some magic power.

"Oh, God grant it might be thus in his waking hours" Nellie murmured.

A little longer, and he sprang up from his slumber, gazed wildly into the mirror opposite, and cried out:

"Tis no dream. Lilly my darling you are with me, your dear arms still clasping me. No more—never again will I grieve your gentle heart!"

He sank back again upon the lounge, passed his hand again and again over his brow and then called softly:

In an instant she was beside him.

"Have I been sleeping?"

"Yes, dear."

"And dreaming?"

"Sweetly, Stanley: dreaming of our child."

"Would to God that dream had been forever; that I had fallen into that last sleep! You would be happer then, Nellie."

She came to him in the fond, loving way of days gone by, and said:

"Look at me, Stanley!"

He gazed with an inquiring look on the face upturned to his. The old, weary, suffering look was gone. Never, in the early days of her fresh, bright beauty, was she so lovely as then. An expression inexpressibly sweet—a patient, hopeful, aye, peaceful look, was on her pale face. Clasping her to his bosom, Stanley said sadly:

"Poor child! you have been dreaming too—dreaming of days that may never come again."

"Nay, my husband; if I have dreamed, mine were waking dreams, that have filled my heart with peace."

"And Lilly—has she been with you? Oh, that was no dream! Never in the days when she was with us, did I ever see her plainer."

She would not strive to dispel the delusion, or tell of fitful shadows thrown about the dimly lighted room fashioned, by the thoughts that filled his brain into the form of his darling child. No, no; vision or delusion, it was in all wisdom sent.

Stanley Morely was a changed man from that night. The old haunts knew him no more. The reformation was sudden, but complete.

Nellie, prudent little woman, asked no questions. She believed some time her husband would tell of that dream. And so he did. When, many months after, she placed in his arms another little child, a bright, beautiful boy, he said:

"Another link in the chain to hold me firm against temptation. Another whose little arms will cling around me, and draw me back from evil. One on earth, and one in heaven—Lilly, whose spirit seems ever with me. Nellie, ever since that night, as in the dream then, Lilly's arms I feel about me, her sweet face pressed lovingly to mine, while she pleadingly whispers: 'Dear papa, don't take Lilly there, among bad men: it hurts Lilly, frightens her so much!' That dream, my wife, and the vision as I woke were my salvation. Never again could I enter such scenes as I knew would distress and terrify her pure spirit, which I truly believe is as a guardian angel sent."

Happiness as true as earth can give was Nellie's evermore. She no longer mourns Lilly's loss. Now she feels why she was sent to them to fill their hearts with love, and why recalled to her home among the angels.

CHARLES P. THOMPSON, the man who has made himself immortal by defeating Butler, seems to be a most desirable kind of a man to have in Congress. He made a speech at a jubilation meeting in Gloucester, and in it ttered these unmistably sound ideas:

I stand now as no partisan. I am not the servant of the Democratic party; I am not the servant of the Republican party. I shall advocate those measures, and only those measures, that I believe to be for the common good. I shall never advocate a principle upon party grounds. I shall be unworthy of the confidence that has been placed in me, if I understand what the Democratic party meant when they put me in nomination, which was that I should carry out those principles which I believe to be right—that I should serve my country first, and by serving my country I know I can best serve my party. In this canvass there are some important questions. One of them is the financial question. I know that my Republican friends who voted for me did so because I was sound upon that question. You may ask me if I am in favor of the colored man. I answer, Yes, I am in favor of the white man and the colored man. I believe they are both entitled to equal rights under the Constitution. I believe in equality of rights and equality of duties. I would not go for a law that would discriminate in favor of a white man or a black man. I want the same law for all.

A GENTLEMAN having his hair cut was asked by the garrulous operator, "how he would have it done."—"If possible," he replied, in silence."

PENNSYLVANIA politicians say that the Hon Jeremiah S. Black will be elected United States Senator by the new legislature of that State.

OUR GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.

Tennessee's Future in Her Own Hands.

An Admirable Letter from Col. J. B. Killebrew.

The following open letter has been addressed by Col. J. B. Killebrew, Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, to Col. C. A. Charlton, editor of the Grange Outlook, and head and front of the Order of Patrons of Husbandry in East Tennessee:

NASHVILLE, Nov. 12, 1874.—Col. C. W. Charlton: I read to-day with great pleasure your open letter addressed to Dr. Maxwell on the subject of immigration. It meets with my most hearty approval. There never was a time within the history of the State—certainly not within the past quarter of a century—so opportune for procuring immigrants as the present, and to this conclusion I am led from the very extensive correspondence I have had with the people of the North and Europe. The reasons for my convictions are:

1. The low price of land in our State—cheaper than it has been for twenty-five years.

2. The great anxiety of a large class of farmers to sell off a portion of their lands, which they cannot, under the present labor system, cultivate with profit, and which rests as a burden upon them.

3. The failure of the West to meet the wants and expectations of a large class of emigrants that have been deluded by glaring misrepresentations, and are greatly dissatified. There is, therefore, a reflux in the tide, and Tennessee is attracting special attention from this class.

4. The warm welcome which our people have, within the past year, been extending to all seekers after homes.

5. As a result of the recent elections, the increased confidence which the people of the North will have in the future prosperity of the South, and their greater willingness to invest money in the State.

6. The distinct enunciation of our people, as shown by the election, that the plighted faith of the State shall be preserved at all hazards.

7. The depression in the price of iron in all the markets of the world is bringing about investigations as to where iron can be made cheapest. It is now a conceded fact that it can be made as cheaply in the State of Tennessee, as at any other place within the bounds of civilization, and with facilities for transportation. English iron-masters are now turning their attention to this State, and with proper efforts on the part of the next Legislature, and the hearty concurrence of our people, thirty millions of dollars will be engaged in the manufacture of iron in Tennessee within five years. Coal and iron ore are here found in juxtaposition, both easy of access, and nothing but the blight of a dishonored name can prevent capitalists from seeking investment.

These are few of the many reasons why I think the time is highly propitious for the invitation of capital and labor. Our people need them. We are land poor. Rich in all the elements of wealth, we lack the means to transmute these elements into wealth. Said a very intelligent Englishman, a few days since, after visiting one of the iron regions of the State: "Sir, you have a country rich in everything except capital and labor. Bring these, and the sun will shine upon no land more prosperous or more plentiful." Let us reach out, then, and grasp these keys, which will alone unlock for us all the hidden treasuries of our mountain chains, and our fertile valleys. Let Tennesseeans prove worthy of their heritage, and not slumber forever in obscurity and poverty, when the glories of the golden age are within their reach. Development of our resources means low taxes, and improved agriculture, an extension of our commerce, a multiplication of our industries, a utilization of our wasted forces, and a growth of our cities and towns. It means more—it assures an increased intelligence and all the blessings of a rational existence, and of a higher and more benign civilization. Believe me, there is but one way to reduce taxes, and that is to increase the wealth of the State by immigration, by labor and by the introduction of capital. Any other plan than this, consistent with honor, is the delirious dream of a visionary and shows a signal lack of statesmanship.

There is a growing demand for copies of the work on the Resources of Tennessee. Very truly,

J. B. KILLEBREW.

The Story of a Steamer.

"Speaking about fast running steamboats," said Mr. Thomas Hartshorn, recently, rolling his quid into his larboard jaw, and giving his Tuckapaw trousers a hitch, (Mr. H. served as cook on the ram Queen of the West,) "I suppose you never heard of the old Elephant, that used to run between Cincinnati and New Orleans? She was a beauty. I suppose that when she was tied to the bank with a sternline and towline she was one of the fastest boats on the river.

She made one celebrated trip from New Orleans, I think in '47. Her time was made a matter of record. It was seven days, six hours and three weeks. Comin' up from Orleans once, the captain was sittin' at the table, and he noticed several big hulks of fellows servin' as cabin boys. He called the steward to him, and says he, 'Don't you think it would look better to have boys waitin' on the table? I don't like to see men fillin' the place of cabin boys. Let 'em go, and get some young chaps.' 'Why, blast it, captain,' says the steward, 'them fellows were boys when we left New Orleans.'

"The Elephant," continued Mr. Hartshorn, clinging to his nautical reminiscence, "was pulling out from Memphis one day, on a down trip, and somehow she got mixed up with a raft of sawlogs. She broke one of the logs loose, and it floated out into the stream. Then was one of the nicest races you ever saw. There was a good stage of water, and the log loomed along quite lively. For about a week they held together party well, but the Elephant had to land at the mouth of White River, and the log beat her into New Orleans about twenty minutes. There was something wrong with the Elephat's boilers, and she couldn't make steam properly. That's what the captain said. She was a nice boat to ship green fruit on."

The Iron Market.

The Cincinnati Gazette says: A feeling of despondency seems to be gaining in the pig iron market. The sacrifice of lots, on which holders felt themselves compelled to realize, has almost made quotations unreliable, and produced a species of demoralization. On the other hand, producers are taking such positive action to reduce the supply, and to keep their metal out of the market, as must sooner or later result in a very decided reaction and higher prices. It is likely that one extreme will follow another.

"Do you know why you are like the third term?" said Susan Jane to her brother, who lingered to talk with her Adolphus after the old folks had retired. "No, I don't." "Well," replied his saccharine sister, "it is because you're one too many."

A Philadelphia officer, who is very fond of a joke, got up a jury of cross-eyed men, and it took the judge some time to decide whether to fine him for contempt of court or to laugh. He concluded to laugh.

THE DEMOCRATIC VICTORY.

An Eloquent Expression from Col. Stoddard Johnston on the Subject.

Referring to the glorious triumph of the Democrats in the elections last week, Col. Stoddard Johnston expresses himself in the following eloquent terms in the Frankfort Yeoman. He says:

"Every teaching of history, every principle of human nature, every precept in religion, taught us to believe that there would one day be an awakening in the North, and a thorough political revolution. It has been deferred longer than we, in our weaker human judgment, thought it ought. But Providence in its omniscience has seen fit to postpone the day, and thereby make the victory more complete. The delay has enabled the viciousness of Radicalism to show itself in its boldest forms, to ripen in its foul corruption, to culminate in its blackest crimes against the rights of the States, and to put to shame decency itself by its multiform sins against honest and fair government. Thank God, it has come at last, and the patriot can take a good long breath of relief that we are the end of all the political villainy through which we have lived so long. At last we may look for justice to the South and a consequent revival of its industries. At last we may begin to contemplate the day when Congressional legislation will be equal to all the States and all the people; when the public money will be applied to the public debt and legitimate expenses of government; when a tariff for revenue shall tax only the articles necessary to raise money, and be taken off from those which fatten pampered monopolists at the expense of the toiling people; when under a just and enlightened policy commerce shall revive, and the products of our soil and factories compete in foreign markets with those of other countries less blessed; when the farming class, who originate all wealth, shall cease to be threatened with serfdom under unequal taxation, and secure a just return from their labor; when the currency shall become stable, and gold and silver resume their place in circulation; in short, when the centralizing, jobbing, speculating, grabbing system under which the machinery of this government has been run shall give way to one based upon the Democratic principles of Jefferson, under which the country prospered for more than half a century.

HIS ULTIMATUM.

A Story of Andy Johnson and James Gordon Bennett.

A correspondent sends us a good story of James Gordon Bennett the Elder. A few months after Andrew Johnson had become President he sent for Gen. James B. Steedman, of Ohio, to come to Washington. He was anxious, he told the General, to learn what course the New York Herald would pursue in dealing with his Administration, and whether it intended to support him in the controversy with Congress, which was then looming on the horizon. Bennett was still in control of the Herald, and its vigor and influence were greater than ever. Gen. Steedman came to New York, and found the editor at his house at Fort Washington. Stating his mission, he was received very cordially, and after a long conversation, as the General rose to take his leave, "Tell Andy Johnson," said Mr. Bennett, "the first thing necessary to be done is to change his whole Cabinet. A change would promise improvement. The people would approve of it. Tell Johnson to do this, and he may be sure of the hearty support of the Herald."

Every one who knew Mr. Bennett can imagine the funny twinkle of the eye with which this ultimatum was delivered, as well as the amazement of Steedman at such a message. But Johnson did not see it, and the result was the most bitter contest in our political history, ending with his impeachment and trial, and his deprature from office with scarcely a friend left. —*New York Sun.*

How To Treat Strangers.

A Sabbath school missionary in the West, while addressing a Sabbath school noticed a little girl, shabbily dressed and barefooted, shrinking in a corner her little sunburned face burried in her hands, the tears trickling between her small brown fiangers, and sobbing as if her little heart would break. Soon, however another little girl, about eleven years old, got up and went to her and taking her by the hand, led her towards a brook, then seated her on a log, and kneeling beside her she took off her ragged sunbonnet, and dipped her hands in the water bathed her hot eyes and tear-strained face, and smoothed the tangled hair, talking in a cherry manner all the while.

The little one brightened up, the tears all went, and smiles came creeping around the rosy mouth.

The missionary stepped forward and said. "Is that your sister, my dear?"

"No sir," answered the noble child, with tender, earnest eyes; "I have no sister, sir."

"O, one of the neighbor's children! replied the missionary; "a little school mate, perhaps?" "No sir, she is a stranger. I do not know where she came from. I never saw her before."

"Then how came you to take her out and have such a care for her if you do not know her?"

"Because she is a stranger, sir, and seemed all alone, and needed somebody to be kind to her."

Sunset in the North.

Major Butler, in his "Wild North Land," gives the following picture of sunset in the north land: "He who rides for months through the vast solitudes sees during the hours of his daily travel an unbroken panorama of distance. The seasons come and go; grass grows and flowers die; the fire leaps with tiger bounds along the earth; the snow lies still and quiet over hill and lake; the rivers rise and fall; but the rigid features of the wilderness rest unchanged. Lonely, silent and impassive; heedless of man, season or time, the night of the Infinite seems to brood over it, and only in the hours of day and night a moment comes when this impressive veil is drawn from its features, and the eye of the wanderer catches a glimpse of the sunken soul of the wilderness—it is the moment which follows the sunset. Then a deep stillness steals over the earth, colors of wondrous hue rise and spread along the western horizon. In a deep sea of emerald and a range of fifty shades, mingled and interwoven together, rose-colored isles float, anchored to great golden threads, while far away, seeming above and beyond all, one broad flash of crimson light, the parting sun's last gift, reddens upward to the zenith."

A WONDERFUL SHEEP.—Lewis Hurt, col., of this county, a celebrated fox hunter, owns a black sheep, that answers to his hunting horn as promptly as a dog, and when the game is up runs with the hounds, bleating in chorus with their cry, and continuing in the chase to the end. He commenced hunting with the hounds when a lamb and the older he grows the fonder he seems of the sport. He is now an active and valuable member of the pack, whose sagacity and pluck frequently saves the dogs from being put out.—*Jackson Courier-Herald.*

Immigration.

M. C. C. Giers, of Nashville, who was recently elected to the Legislature, has written a letter upon the subject of immigration, from which we make the following extract:

"Unfortunately too many of our people think more about politics and electing certain men United States Senator, or to some other lucrative office, than they do about the ways and means to bring our State back to a prosperous condition. I believe that the subject of immigration to this State, encouraging manufacturing, and relieving our farmers and merchants of all burdensome taxes, is of more importance to every good citizen who has the welfare of our State at heart, than to know who is to be United States Senator.

"One word as to our Representatives in Congress. These gentlemen are well paid for their services, and if they care as much for the prosperity of the country as they profess they do, let them, after the adjournment of Congress, visit the manufacturing districts of several of the Eastern States, make our resources known, and induce manufactures to come out here, and see for themselves; let them also call upon the Commissioners of Immigration at the different sea-ports and see if they cannot turn a portion of the immigration in this direction.

And now, after the Democracy has done such wonders in the late elections, let us forget all bitter party feeling, take our Republican friends by the hands, urge them to invite their friends from all sections of the country to come here, and say to them that the people of Tennessee will receive with warm hearts and open arms all good, industrious new comers, without regard to their political opinions.

A Widow's Witness.

It was told of old that the cackle of a goose once saved Rome. It is now related that a swallow won a suit in court away down in Texas. A poor widow and her daughter had a suit for damages before a court in Houston. The counsel for the plaintiff introduced into his pleading the fable of the swallow that built her nest and reared her young under the eaves of the temple of justice. The lawyer enlarged upon the swallow's trust in the protection of her home the place afforded, and very aptly made the application to the case before the court. When the counsel was about finishing his illustration a swallow actually flew into the room and alighted upon the Judge's desk. It then hopped away and found rest for the sole of its foot on the railing of the jury-box. In its circuit of the court-room it halted for awhile on a pile of law books, then hovered a moment over the heads of the plaintiffs, and flew out of the window and away. The counsel concluded by saying: "Behold the witness," and as the witness could not be called back by the opposing counsel, the case was given to the jury pretty much as the swallow left it. The jury could not ignore the bird's evidence, and gave a verdict for the widow. The story is a little birdy, but not in the least fishy. If it was a preconcerted plan of the lawyer it was very happily arranged and nicely carried out, and deserves a place among court reports and curious pleadings.

Where Did Columbus Land?

Harper's for November has a clever article on the Bahamas, which says: In all probability it was not Cat Island which Columbus named San Salvador, but Watling's Island—a smaller isle a little more to the southward and eastward. The facts in the case are these: Contrary, probably, to the general opinion, it has never been definitely known which was the island entitled to the honor; but about fifty years ago, when historians were busy with the history of Columbus, they undertook to settle the question by comparing his journal with the imperfect charts of the Bahamas then existing. Navarette fixed on Turk's Island, which latter investigation has proved to be erroneous, while Irving, supported by the strong authority of Humboldt, argued for Cat Island, and since then this has been generally accepted as San Salvador, and is so designated on our charts to this day. But the English reversed their opinion some time ago, and transferred the name of San Salvador to Watling's Island, and it will be so found on their latest charts. The reasons for this change seem conclusive. Lieut. Beecher, of the English navy, proves conclusively that Cat Island answers the conditions required better than any other island lying in the track of Columbus. His two strongest reasons against Cat Island are that Columbus states that he rowed around the northern end in one day. The size of Cat Island makes this physically impossible there, while it is quite feasible at the other island. He also speaks of a large lake in the interior. There is no such water on Cat Island, while such a lake does exist on Watling's Island.

Dry, Indeed.

An honest old farmer from the country gave his recollection of the hot spell as follows: "It was so dry we couldn't spare water to put in our whiskey. The grass was so dry that every time the wind blew it flew around like so much ashes. There wasn't a tear shed at a funeral for a month. The sun dried up all the cattle, and burned off the hair till they looked like Mexican dogs, and the sheep all looked like poodle puppies, they shrank up so. We had to soak all our hogs to make them hold swill, and if any cattle were killed in the morning they'd be dried beef at dark. The woods dried up so that the farmers chopped seasoned timber all through August, and there ain't a match through all the country—in fact, no wedding since the widow Glenn married old Baker three months ago. What few grasshoppers are left are all skin and legs, and I didn't hear a tea-kettle sing for six weeks. We eat our potatoes baked, they being all ready, and we couldn't spare water to boil em. All around the red-headed girls were afraid to stir out of the house in daylight. Why, we had to haul water all summer to keep the ferry running, and—say, it's getting dry; let's take suthin'."

The Hog Crop.

Papers in the large cities that make their support from the banks, rings and trades, are trying to make the impression that their is an average number of hogs for the market this winter, and that hogs will be sold at five cents live weight. The Cincinnati Price Current says hogs can be had at five cents in December. It may not be aware that the farmers have some information as to the number of hogs for market as well as porkpackers. Purchases are now being made for November delivery in the interior of this State at six cents gross. Farmers, inform yourselves and watch the market reports. The hogs that the farmers sold last season at four to five dollars are now bringing in the Louisville market from fifteen to eighteen cents, or about three hundred per cent more than the growers of the hogs received. A correspondent of the Shelby Sentinel, writing from Flod's Borks, says: "There are scarcely hogs enough in this vicinity to make meat enough for home consumption. A great many farmers who have heretofore fed large lots, have to buy enough to feed for meat, though the cholera has affected but very few lots for several years."—*Louisville Southern Agriculturist.*