Wh

THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.

The Whig and Tribune

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Local Notices 20 cents per line for each insertion.

CITY AND COUNTY DIRECTORY.

Madison County Directory.

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Meets 1st Monday in January, April, July and October.

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CHANCERY COURT.

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I. O. O. F.

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Rev. E. C. SLATER, Pastor.

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Rev. W. M. Patterson, Pastor.

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Rev. C. R. HENDRIXSON, Pastor.

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Rev. R. McNAIR, Pastor.

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Rev. W. S. McMAHEN, Pastor.

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Father VEALE, Priest.

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"OLD HUNDRED."

THE COURIER-JOURNAL
—FOR THE—
CENTENNIAL YEAR 1876.

During all the century of our national existence, no one year has perhaps embodied so much of interest and importance as will be compassed within the twelve months of the Centennial Anniversary. The year 1876 witnesses in the popular Congressional body the return to power of the great National Democracy, which will be watched with intense interest in its every movement. The great Centennial Exposition, illustrating and emphasizing every phase of the nations progress, side by side with the development of universal civilization, will afford a constant fund of incident and information, only to be reflected by the newspaper of broad scope and commanding resources. The Presidential contest of the year, with the great diversity of interests and opinions, and the anomalous alignment of men, and parties, and sections, will be fought with a skill, energy and weariness only equaled by the momentous results depending upon the great struggle.

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LOUISVILLE COURIER-JOURNAL

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The Courier-Journal combines the experience, ability and material resources of three old-time Louisville newspapers of national repute—the Louisville Courier, Louisville Journal and Louisville Democrat—and is fortified in the respect and confidence resulting from nearly half a century of their individual and combined success. Its thoroughly independent Democratic position will be fully maintained, and all its departments will be most carefully prepared. It gives, in the course of a year, several attractive serial novels, romances, etc., written expressly for its columns; its telegraphic summary faithfully reflects all the news of the world; able special correspondents write from all the great capitals; the financial and commercial reports are copious and trustworthy; the agricultural department is becoming more complete and interesting; the Patrons of Husbandry have in the Courier-Journal the advantage of a great newspaper, published in the city of their National Headquarters, with a grange department written by a member of the order, whose devotion, ability and prudence are universally acknowledged; wit, satire, gossip and paragraphic pungency are represented in many varied departments.

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WHEN THE COWS COME HO

When klingle, klangle, klingle,
Far down the dusky dingle,
The cows are coming home;
Now sweet and clear, and faint and low,
The airy tinklings come and go,
Like chimings from the far-off tower,
Or patterings of an April shower
That make the daisies grow;
Ko-ling, ko-lang, kolinglelingle,
Far down the darkening dingle,
The cows come slowly home.
And old-time friends, and twilight plays,
And stary nights and sunny days,
Come trooping up the misty ways,
When the cows come home.

With jingle, jangle, jingle,
Soft tones that sweetly mingle,
The cows are coming home;
Malvine and Pearl and Florimel,
DeKamp, Red Rose and Gretchen Schell,
Queen Bess, and Sylph, and Spangled Sue,
Across the fields I hear her "loo-oo"
And clang her silver bell;
Go-ling, go-lang, golinglelingle,
With faint, far sounds that mingle
The cows come slowly home.
And mother-songs of long-gone years,
And baby joys and childish fears,
And [illegible] hopes and youthful tears,
[illegible]

With ringle, rangle, ringle,
By twos and threes and single,
The cows are coming home;
Through violet air we see the town,
And the summer sun a-slipping down,
And the maple in the hazel glade
Throws down the path a longer shade,
And the hills are growing brown;
To-ring, to-rang, toringleringle,
By threes and fours and single,
The cows come slowly home.
The same sweet sound of wordless psalm,
The same sweet June day rest and calm,
The same sweet smell of buds and balm,
When the cows come home.

With tinkle, tankle, tinkle,
Through fern and periwinkle,
The cows are coming home;
A loitering in the checkered stream,
Where the sun-rays glance and gleam,
Clarine, Peachbloom and Phebe Phillis
Stand knee deep in the creamy lillies,
In a drowsy dream;
To-link, to-lank, tolinklelinkle,
O'er banks with buttercups a-twinkle,
The cows come slowly home.
And up through memory's deep ravine,
Come the brook's old song and its old-time
And the cresent of the silver Queen,
When the cows come home.

With klingle, klangle, klingle,
With loo-oo, and moo-oo, and jingle,
The cows are coming home;
And over there on Merlin Hill,
Sounds the plaintive cry of the whip-poor-will
And the dew drops lie on the tangled vines,
And over the poplars Venus shines,
And over the silent mill.
Ko-ling, ko-lang, kolinglelingle,
With ting-a-ling and kingle,
The cows come slowly home.
Let down the bars; let in the train
Of long-gone songs, and flowers, and rain,
For dear old times come back again
When the cows come home.

MY TEN DOLLAR BILL.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

It was a glorious October afternoon when she first came to us—one of those afternoons when the air is full of yellow haze, and the tall plumes of aster and golden rod along the edge of the woods scarcely stir in the breeze—when the scent of ripening grapes floats on the atmosphere, and the locusts wind their tiny silver-tuned horns in the grass.

I lay in the hammock on the piazza, reading Carlyle's French Revolution—a favorite book of mine—and my aunt Priscilla was nodding over her worsted work in the back parlor beyond.

"If you please, sir, can you give me a little work?"

"Work?"

I reared myself in the hammock, and taking the spectacles off my nose—I'm a little near-sighted—looked full at the applicant.

She was tall and slender, with large dark eyes, where a violet light stirred faintly, like the scintillations in some of the very dark amethysts one sometimes sees on a jeweler's counter, and bronze brown hair, parted low on her forehead, and brought to a compact knot at the back of her head. Pretty and neat, and modest-looking, but for all that I cast no favorable glance upon her.

"Work?" I repeated, irefully. "That's what you all ask for! I've heard the story before. You are number three, young woman. There was a man here this morning that wanted work. He said he was starving, but he looked tolerably round and plump for that sort of thing. I proposed to him to go out into the field where the men were husking corn, but he said the hot sun always gave him vertigo. I told him the well wanted cleaning out, but he said he wasn't used to that sort of work. Then I told him to go about his business. He hadn't been gone five minutes before there appeared a woman who wanted to raise money to bury her child. At least that is what she said. She was willing to do any kind of work, but she couldn't wash on account of rheumatism, and she couldn't scrub because her wrists were weak. I've no sort of faith in such people. It destroys my confidence in human nature."

The girl stood listening until I concluded my harangue, a deepening color on her cheek.

"Those people were impostors, sir," said she. "Try me. I can wash, and I am willing to scrub."

I put on my spectacles again and eyed her keenly.

"What are your references?" said I.

"I have no references, sir. I worked in Bailey's Mills until they closed work on account of the hard times. Before that I was a nursery governess, and my mistress sent me away because she thought I took a lady's pocket handkerchief. Afterward, it was found out that it was taken by the lady's-maid; but my mistress never took the trouble to give me the recommendation I asked for. People don't generally feel kindly toward those whom they have treated wrongly and unjustly."

"You are frank," said I.

"There is no use in being anything else," said she. "Can you give me work, sir? I can read French, play the piano, embroider like a Parisian, and I can cook, iron shirts and make butter."

"If you have so good an education," said I, incredulously, "why don't you teach?"

"Teach?" she repeated with a little quiver of a smile breaking out around her mouth. "When there are ten applicants to every vacancy among those who are well-known and respected, what earthly chance should I stand?"

"That is true," said I, rather liking the violet glitter of the frank bright eyes. "What is your name?"

"Annie White, sir."

"Aunt Priscilla!" said I, to an old lady, who had heard every word of the colloquy behind the leafy screen of the green vines.

"Yes," said my aunt Priscilla.

"Betsey is gone?"

"Yes," said aunt Priscilla, "Betsey is gone."

"Shall we try this girl in her place?"

Now my aunt Priscilla is an excellent judge of character, although she knows nothing of physiognomy, and is profoundly ignorant of the doctrines of Spurzheim. She has that sort of instinct which is commonly attributed to children and dogs. So when my aunt Priscilla said "Yes," I knew that the matter was settled.

"Come in," said I to Annie White. "Take off your things. There is the kitchen. I want baked potatoes and chicken pot-pie for dinner."

The pot-pie was light and delicate—the potatoes baked to a charm.

"Good!" said I to myself—"she is a good cook. And she dresses neatly, steps light as a feather, and has that soft, low voice which the poet assures us is 'an excellent thing in woman.' Now, then, this is the question—is she honest?"

I am a man of expedients, and one night, when Annie had been two weeks with us, I placed a ten-dollar bill back of the clock, in a careless sort of way, as

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nig AND Tribune.

JACKSON, TENNESSEE, SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1876.

if it had fallen there. Then I went to bed.

"This shall be the test," said I, within myself. "Aunt Priscilla thinks Annie is perfect. If she is, she'll bring that money to me to-morrow. If not—"

Somehow I did not quite like to think what would happen if the ten dollar bill was not returned to me; so I turned over on my pillow and went to sleep.

The next morning, when I came down stairs, as usual, I could see, at the first glance, that the bill was gone.

"Good!" quoth I to myself. "She'll bring it to me presently."

But breakfast-time came, and Annie took her place behind the britannia coffee-pot, without the least allusion to my money.

The morning wore away and still she went about her work, singing softly, in her ordinary fashion, and my heart grew as heavy as lead within my bosom.

"I would rather have lost twice the money, out and out," said I to myself, "sooner than be compelled to believe that girl a thief!"

Still I said nothing.

"I'll give her until to-morrow," thought I.

But to-morrow came, and still Annie [illegible] to the bill.

"Annie," said I quietly at sunset of the second day, "you have been here about two weeks. We paid our last girl eight dollars a month. Here are four dollars. I think we had better part."

Annie started as if some one had struck her a blow, and grew white as death.

"But, sir," she gasped, "don't I give satisfaction?"

I shook my head.

"But, please, sir, tell me how I have offended!" pleaded poor Annie. "Miss Priscilla seemed pleased with me, and—"

"I prefer not to have any words upon the subject, Annie," I coldly interrupted.

"But, at least, I may stay until Miss Priscilla returns!"

"What would be the good of that?" I demanded, sharply. "No! Get your hat and go at once!"

"Will you not tell me why?"

"No, I will not!"

I spoke somewhat brusquely—for, to tell the truth, I was beginning to be out of all patience with her show of ignorance and artlessness.

She turned away, with a quivering lip and silent, appealing eyes, that went to my very heart.

When aunt Priscilla came home, Annie was gone.

"I'm sorry, aunt Priscilla," said I, "but you'll have to look out for another girl."

"Another girl!" echoed aunt Priscilla. "Why, where's Annie?"

"Gone."

"Annie gone!—and why?"

"She has stolen a ten-dollar bill. I left it there, behind the clock case, on Tuesday evening, as a test of her honesty. On Wednesday morning it was gone—"

"Of course it was gone," breathlessly interrupted aunt Priscilla, untying her bonnet strings, and using the bonnet itself as a sort of impromptu fan," of course it was gone, for I took it myself!"

"You, aunt Priscilla?"

"Why, of course I did. I wanted to teach you a lesson, for what I supposed was your carelessness. 'I'll just hide the bill,' says I to myself, 'and let him think he's lost it.' Here it is now."

And aunt Priscilla, diving into the depths of her pocket, fished out the identical ten dollar bill.

I started first at her and then at it.

"Well," said I, in accents of calm deliberation, "I have discharged Annie for stealing that bill."

Aunt Priscilla began to cry.

"Poor dear Annie!" sobbed she; "and I had grown so fond of her."

I glanced at my watch. Barely half an hour had elapsed since Annie White had gone. There was but one road she could have taken. I believed it was possible to overtake her, and strode away as if I were on a first-class pedestrian match.

Yes, that was she, in the shadows of the purpling dusk, sitting on a fallen tree-trunk on the roadside, her head in her hands, her bonnet lying on the grass beside her.

"Annie!"

She started up with a low cry of surprise.

"Come back to us, Annie. Forgive us! We have misjudged you cruelly!"

And then I told her all, and asked her pardon.

Need I say that Annie White came back to us? Or is it necessary to add that she became my dear and cherished wife at Christmas tide? I think not, for life is full of such strange, sweet romances.

Full details of the unfortunate affair of Mrs. Dingle's hired girl have not yet come to light, but enough is known to warrant the statement that a more lamentable accident has rarely occurred in St. Louis. Mrs. Dingle lives in a nice house on Benton street, goes in good society a good deal and dresses well, and, as a matter of course, the hired girl imitates her mistress as far as possible in the attention she pays to personal adornments. Mrs. Dingle appeared in a pull-back the other morning, with a bustle, which attracted the hired girl's admiration, and as it was Thursday, and she would have the afternoon to go out in, she resolved to appear in a bustle like that of her mistress at all hazards. She went at once to constructing the attachment to her dress, but found great difficulty in making the bustle in its outlines follow the depressions and convolutions of the one she was imitating until the happy thought occurred to her to utilize the clothes-line in giving form to the obstinate protuberance. She went out and and took the clothes-line down and ascertained subsequently by winding the coil of rope up closely that it made the perfection of stuffing for the bustle, springy, undulating and pliable. She used sixty-three feet and a half of rope in all, and was perfectly satisfied with her work. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon she started out for a promenade and to keep an engagement with her young man, a street-car driver, at present out of business. The hired girl did't take a street car, but walked down town, feeling that after taking so much pains, she was too fine a figure of a woman not to show herself. She enjoyed the walk immensely until she had nearly reached Franklin avenue, when she felt a slight twitch in the rear. She turned but didn't notice anything. Around the corner, though, she heard a boy calling out "sassingers!" and another one across the street yelled "snaix!" She went on her way with scorn, when she felt the twitch again, and looking around this time she saw something. She saw a small rope reaching back around the corner, and from the manner in which it moved she knew that a boy must have hold of the other end of it. The dreadful clothes-line in her bustle had become loosened at one end and the boys had got hold of it! She knew they hadn't got it all yet, for she could feel it paying out like hose from a reel. At first she nearly fainted away, and then she started to run, but it was of no use. The boys played her as a fisherman would a trout, and showed a great deal of science, keeping a moderately taut line but running along near enough to the hired to prevent too great a strain on the tackle. They would have landed her somewhere, probably, but that she had presence of mind to snatch up a hay-knife on exhibition in front of a hardware store and cut the rope with it. No sooner was she free than she darted for a street-car and went home again. She wouldn't meet her young man with a flat bustle, and the loss of her clothes line had left her absolutely without any style whatever. When she got home she had a high fever, and it was in her delirium that she gave to Mrs. Dingle all the details of the distressing occurrence.

The Democratic party of the South are in full sympathy with the national Democracy. Southern Democrats know no North, no South, no East, no West—nothing but the Union, one and indivisible. Secession, slavery and the payment of the Confederate debt are discussed by nobody but a few Bourbons who hate Democracy, and would aid the Radicals by denouncing dead issues which no Southern Democrat proposes to revive.—Memphis Appeal.

University Definitions.

Professor.—Define an Editor.

Student.—An Editor is a male being, whose buzzness it to navigate a nuzepaper. He writes editorials, grinds out poetry, inserts deaths and weddings, sorts out manuscripts, keeps a waste basket, blows up the "devil," steals matter, fites other peoples battles, sells his paper for a dollar and 50 cents a year, takes white beans and apple sass for pay when he can get it, raizes a large family, works 19 hours out of every 24, knows no Sunday, gits damned bi everybody, and once in a while whipped bi somebody, lives poor, dies middle-aged and often broken hearted, leaves no munny, is rewarded for a life of toil with a short but free obituary puff in the other nuzepapers. Exchanges pleze copy.

Professor.—Next, define a school master.

Student.—A school master is a man after the image of His Maker, without enny wife. He works for 16 dollars a month, and eats here and there, just az he kan ketch it round the neighborhood. He iz loved by no one, and suspekted bi everybody. He cums hiz hair 3 times per day, and uses hog lard for pomatum. He iz a long-lived [illegible], and has to move into an [illegible]. He iz az cross az an old she goose, setting on a lot of broken china, to all the young scholars, but dassent sass the big ones. He wears a paper collar a whole week without washing it, and darns his own stockings. He never seen three hundred dollars in hiz life in one pile, and never will; and when he dies hiz assets seldum exceed a 3-bladed Rogers pen knife and a bulls eye watch.

Professor.—Next, define an Alderman.

Student.—An alderman iz a philanthropist and philosopher ov uncertain reputashun. He works for nothing, and don't kare whether other pholks likes the job or not. He loves rich phood, and swears by the contingent fund. He iz az pompous az an undertaker with too funerals on hand at once, & one ov hiz greatest prequisits iz a free ticket to a negro minstrel show. Hiz family looks upon him as the greatest man that haz ever lived since the days of Kristopher Columbus, but the community looks upon him as a cheap investment, and generally turns him out at the end ov the first year, and puts sum other saloon keeper in hiz place. Republicks are always ungrateful, and aldermen hav alwuss been looked upon as bummers bi natur. I have been an alderman myself once, und kno how the thing works.

Professor.—Next, define auctioneer.

Student.—An auctioneer iz an unfortunate individual who doz other people's lieing for 10 dollars a day, and boards himself. He haz got az much jaw az a wolf trap, and az much cheek az a 19 year old mule. He takes up the profeshun quite often upon the same principle that a hoss doktor doz hiz, not bekause he is fit for the bizzness, but just to have one in the naborhood. Hiz greatest pride iz to mingle what he calls humor with hiz harangue when he iz on the block, but hiz jokes are generally az level az a cold slap jax. He iz at the hite of hiz ambishun when he haz worried a laff out of the bistanders, and uses the same retorik and silliness when he sells out an estate that he doz when he closes out an old one-eyed detter under a chattel mortgage in front ov the court house. The village auctioneer iz the hero of the 19th century; he iz supposed to be az cunning az a fox, and to be in hiz konfidence and taste ov his secrets iz az hi up in the skale ov importance az the common citizen expekts to reach. A kuntry auctioneer and a kuntry hoss jockey are two wonderphul men in the rural distrikts.

Professor.—Next, define a quack.

Student.—A quack knows ho iz a dead beat, but he also knows that mankind luves to be cheated. He iz entirely different from a Pedant, and would az soon take rats bane az to take his own pills. He alwuss haz sum speciality, and the more difilkult the diseaze the more brazen iz he in hiz offers to kure. He preys upon the poor and unfortunate, and it would be az diffikult and improfitable to prove malpraktiss agaidst him az it would bigamy against a warf rat. They are the vilest frauds upon earth, and like all other common enemys should be hunted with dogs and guns out of the land.

Professor.—Next, define an old maid.

Student.—An old maid is the last gooseberry left on the bush, ded ripe and ready to phaul oph at the fust shake. She iz sometimes a leetle hard to suit, but iz right often the most charming relic in the neighborhood. They are all ov them diamonds, and the reason they are not set and worn iz, that they have either a flau in them, or are oph color. This iz only a trick of the experts, and I don't believe a word ov it. Next to mothers-in-laws old maids hav bin abused more than ennything human, but they all ov them hav a shiny spot somewhere in their hearts that everybydy iz welkum to kraul into and sun themselves. If I could hav mi way they should all hav the husband they chooze to pik out, and then should hav a dozen little yung maids and yung bachelors to make their glory more perfekt. Old maids and mothers-in-law hav bin trod on enuff, and I am going hereafter to strike out from the shoulder in their behaff, and sumbody iz going to git it if they don't look out. Yes they am.

Professor.—Next, define a ghost,

Student.—A ghost iz about 5 foot 7 inches in height, and weighs from 4 to 6 ounces. They are ov the masculin and feminnie natur, but principally nutur. They aint afraid of nothing, and will hang around a graveyard az kareless az a school boy will around an orchard in green apple time. They are like a grate menny other things in this world often heard ov but never seen. I will give 15 hundred dollars to see a ghost and 250 more to own one, but I want it kaught whole, and not hurt. Mi friend Phineas T. Barnum will take a whole drove ov them at the same price per ghost, and not quarrel about the gender. Therefore bring on your ghosts. Ghosts alwuss dress in a white nite gown sort of a rig and are the quickest things that hav ever been trotted out yet. Their ordinary gait is a mile in a seckund, but it iz said for a purse they kan beat this handy. I would really like to see one go in publik for munny, private time is alwuss suspishus.

Whi can't some of our agrikultural hoss trot associations offer a puss, free for all ghosts? It would draw like a mustard plaster in the month of August. So it would.

Professor.—Next, define Judas Iskariott.

Student.—Judas Iskariott is one of the 12. He was the meanest man that ever et hash for breakfast. He sold out hiz chance here and hereafter for 30 bits ov silver. We have no ackount of the size of the pieces, but probably they was worth about 10 cents each. He got 3 dollars for the basess akt ever imagined, or did, and then hung himself before he had time to spend the munny.

Professor.—Next, define an old bachelor.

Student.—An old bachelor iz born in a masculin gender, but changes his base to the nutur. He iz a long-lived bird, and generally dies a sloven. He iz az full of particulars az an indictment for petit larceny. He thinks he has got a good lone hand, but in playing it almost alwuss gets ukered. He sometimes, late in life, makes up his mind to git marrid, and then invariably there is two parties who gits cheated. I am glad ov it.

Professor.—Next, define a deacon.

Student.—A deacon iz a fust lutenant in a meeting house. He iz a good Christian man, but hiz kreed iz too often az much bother to him az a yoke iz to old goose. He iz az phull of bizzness as a wimmin's rites convenshun, an mourns heavy for the sins of the people. He has more pity than brains, and often more fuss than either. I luv the average deakon, he iz an ornament to hiz brigade, he luvs his flag. He makes a good fite, and if he gits whipt he don't know it. A good deakon in a naborhood iz a substantial blessing, and bad deakons hav alwuss bin scarce. When I grow up to be a good man I would like to be a good deakon and ride to church Sundays in a top buggy.

Professor.—Next, define a tin whistle.

Student.—A tin whissel is a wind instrument. It iz about the bigness ov an

old fashioned brass button, iz bilt duble, and haz a hole on each side, exactly in the center. It iz a good thing to play a noise on, but a bad one to play a tune on. It iz the oldest musik I kno ov, and the boy that never played one ain't born yet. Daniel Webster played hiz fust refrain on a tin whissel, so did Kristopher Columbus, so did Martin Van Buren. They kost one cent, and fust one a boy haz iz nearer wuth the munny than ennything on earth. If there is ennything that kan beat a tin whissel in aktuat value it iz a stik ov molasses kandy. I think that tin whissels will be in fashun az long az boys am.—[Josh Billings.

TENNESSEE NEWS.

The Brownsville States is strong for Tilden.

N. C. Warren, of Friendship, Crockett county, fell dead from rheumatism of the heart, while mending a plow a day or two ago.

The work on the Holly Springs, Brownsville & Ohio Railroad is progressing rapidly towards the Forked Deer river.

Steel-making has been successfully inaugurated in Roane county, East Tennessee, and is progressing at the rate of one thousand pounds per day.

Greenville New Era: The wheat crop in upper East Tennessee was never more promising than now, and with the prospects for an abundant crop of apples, our people may look for a season of prosperity.

A great tobacco fair is to be held at Nashville, Tenn., commencing June 13th and continuing five days. Six thousand dollars will be awarded in premiums. The tobacco grown in Tennessee is unexcelled in quality, and a vigorous and united effort is being made to greatly extend the area now in cultivation.

The Lebanon Herald has a full account of the hanging of a negro, Burr Beggarly, on Friday last, for the murder of Mr. Hamilton in Wilson county, on the night of March 19th, 1876. The convict died protesting his innocence before God and man. There were 5000 persons on the grounds to witness his execution

Dyersburg Gazette, May 27: Last Monday our fellow-countyman, Mr. Newt. Warren, dropped dead in his front yard. He was in the enjoyment of excellent health, but died of heart disease, with which he had at intervals, been troubled for some time.

Nashville Banner: Miss Ellen Starr, a young lady living in Knox county, while walking in the yard, Saturday, stooped to pick up a flower. As she touched it, a copper-head snake which was concealed in the grass, bit her on the hand. She was soon raving distracted, and suffering excruciating pain. It is thought that she can not live.

Dresden Democrat, May 26: Mr. A. E. Gardner brought to our office one day last week, the stuffed skin, or rather "shed" of a snake known as the "rattlesnake's pilot," which measured six and a half feet in length and six in circumference around the largest part of the body. He had seen the snake which he supposed cast the "shed" about the same place, a day or two before, in company with another nearly as large, but was unable to kill either of them.

Nashville Banner: Gov. Porter was waited upon this morning by the joint committee from Davidson and Wilson counties, who announced their readiness to turn over to Comptroller Gaines, Tennessee bonds amounting to $156,000, in pursuance of the purchase of the road on the 8th day of May, by Gen. Geo. Maney, representing a portion of the stockholders. This amount represents the debt owed by the company to the State, leaving $14,010 to be paid at some future date. As this is the last of the twenty days allowed the purchasers to pay their bid, Maj. Thos. O'Conner notified Gov. Porter that if the payment was not made, he would claim the road at his bid, $166,000.

GENERAL NEWS.

California taxes church property the same as any other.

Dallas, Texas, has increased its population of 1,000 in 1871, before a railroad touched it, to 17,000.

Galveston, Texas, is becoming the port of exportation for the productions of the Mexican mines.

The New York Sun figures that to pay back the moneyin it there must be a daily attendance at the Centennial of 100,000. It will not average half this.

Dr. Wm. W. Hall, the well known editor of Hall's Journal of Health and Medicine, died from an apoplectic stroke recently.

Charleston, S. C., has been paying $32,000 per year for having her streets lighted, but a company has secured a contract to give better light with kerosene for $10,000.

The growth of Presbyterianism in this country has been very great. In 1700 that church had only three clergymen in the colonies, 1776 there were 100 Presbyterian preachers in the United States, and there are now 8,000, and the church has altogether about 1,000,000 members.

Gen. Hooker, in his late reunion of the Army of the Cumberland, referred to the Confederate army, against which he had fought, in these terms: "Search the world over and you will not find the like of them. I have had an opportunity of seeing some of the armies of Europe since then—the French, Prussian and Austrian—and I tell you it will be down-hill work to fight them, compared to our late foes."

The Senate, the Administration, and the Ring courts at Washington have all combined to thwart and to defeat further investigation into the frauds and corruption which have thus far astounded the country. The Republican leaders perceive that if the exposures continue to be made as they have begun, defeat at the Presidential election is certain. They know how much is yet concealed, and they dread the consequences that must follow new proofs of an organized system of robbery and rascality, such as has already been found in almost every branch of the public service.

The Houston (Texas) Telegraph indulges in the following sensible remarks: A nut for railroads to crack. An average acre of ground produces, say, half a bale of cotton. Forty bales make a car-load. To produce 400,000 bales requires 800,000 acres, and to transport it employment is given to 10,000 cars. This 800,000 acres of land, if cultivated in wheat, would produce sixteen million bushels, and to transport that would give employment to 40,000 cars. Every acre of land in Texas that the railroad companies can get changed from cotton to wheat is an increase of employment to them of three dollars a year, and of net profit at least one dollar. This is also a good nut for ship owners to work on, and for merchants to consider, and for the exchange to discuss, and for bank parlors to talk about. There is more in it than appears upon the surface, and if such talk leads to a largely increased acreage in wheat the coming fall, it will be worth more than half a million of immigrants and two constitutional conventions.

* * *

The following are some of the reasons of the St. Louis Republican for preferring paper money to silver:

When you tell your wife that you have no money she will say you lie, for she heard it jingle.

The baby will swallow a dime a day.

Sleepy men will put buttons and lozenges into contribution boxes as of yore.

The interesting game of tossing 'heads or tails' for drinks will become as popular as before the war.

Every body will—but dod-rot silver anyhow.

* * *

California has 2,500,000 acres in wheat this year, and expects a yield of 50,000,000 bushels.

TENNESSEE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

SONG OF EVENING.

I come, I come when the sunbeams fall
'Neath the blue sea wave to their crystal hall;
When the distant shadows are dark and dim,
And I hear the breath of the twilight hymn;
And the dove's low wail and the vesper star
Call me away from my home afar.

I come when the mists of the closing day
Have veiled the earth and the ocean spray;
When each bird and bee has gone to rest,
And the daylight fades in the glowing west,
And the flowers have folded their leaves of bloom
From the dark'ning night and its hours of gloom.

I come o'er the earth, but my hour is brief—
I shed the young dew on each fragrant leaf;
I lull the shrill winds to a dreary rest,
And the waves flow smooth on ocean's breast;
And the wildwood whispers a tranquil sigh,
And echo repeats the melody.

All these are mine—and oh! more than these;
But I must away o'er the tranquil seas,
For Night is come, with her starry train—
The young May moon is bright again—
And a voice is heard from yonder dell—
It calls me away—farewell! farewell!

Tennessee River News.

Editors Whig and Tribune:

W. T. Power has declared himself a candidate for County Court Clerk, D. Tony Street is also a candidate. Either of these gentlemen would make a good Clerk, both having filled county offices. Mrs. E. D. Martin received the ordinance of baptism by immersion at the hands of Rev. John Moore last Sunday, near Loyd Straun's. The Missionary baptists washed feet at Pleasant Ridge Sunday. Simon Martin lost his pocket-book a few days ago at Adamsville—it contained about forty dollars in currency—he thinks it was stolen. Mr. J. K. McAfee, Bethel Springs, has furnished me the files of the Tribune for April, 1870, which entitles him to my thanks, and a dollar. F. M. Freeman and J. B. Williams have purchased the buildings formerly occupied by Thrasher's mill. They expect to put a mill in there this Summer.

The following gentlemen have registered for the Centennial from Adamsville: Mark H., D. A. H., E. T. P., F. M. F., J. C. W., and M. R. A. They have not decided how they will go. The plan agreed on now is to walk, each carrying a quilt to snooze on at Philadelphia, thereby saving a good large hotel bill. They will not start until blackberries ripen. Persons desiring to go with this crowd will send in their names, fighting weight and starving capacity by the 15th of June. They will give a blast of Centennial music at all the important towns on the way. The following instruments have been selected to stir the nations: Three tin bugles, four cow-bells, two gongs, three repeating rifles, and a bushel of miscellaneous noise. It is the avowed purpose of these gentlemen to make a noise in the name of the "old volunteer State," loud enough to be heard at the Centennial. Mark H. will now and then, as occasion may require, give a squirt of Centennial oratory. D. A. H. has written a poem on the value of onions as an American product. He expects to read it on the 4th, in Independence Hall, just after Longfellow says his little piece. E. T. P. will do the cheering for the whole "lay-out." A bottle of patriotic eye-water will be taken along to be used on occasions requiring a good deal of gush. Boom! Boom!!

Capt. C. F. Lewis, late of the "Tennessee River News," collapsed, writes from Golconda, Ill., that political excitement is high at that place. He thinks Hayes is the coming man on the Republican side.

Any person desiring a walking cane, made from the timber of Shiloh church, can procure one one by applying to A. V. McDaniel, Pittsburg Landing.

The amount of school money apportioned to Hardin county this year will be about one dollar per scholar. This means that there will be about one month of free school in each district.

Substantial evidences of regard, received at the hands of G. W. Sipes, are herewith acknowledged. Long may he live to bless humanity, and measure calico. By the way he is receiving, weekly, fresh lots of goods, and is keeping his stock fully recruited.

This section was visited Sunday by a splendid rain. Crops are looking unusually promising just now.

Quite a sensation was produced in the Gilchrist neighborhood recently upon the announcement that there would be a gathering of the neighbors at a certain man's house, for the purpose of raising a smokehouse. This individual had always held that smokehouses were a nuisance, and detracted from the appearance of a nice home. He had always argued vehemently, and sometimes eloquently, against smokehouses, and when it was circulated that he had concluded to build one, everybody thought that he was verging on mental aberation, or that somebody was trying to perpetrate a huge joke at his expense. At any rate the house went up, and therefore another wife is made happy in her old age. "The wise may change, but fools never do."

The question, "Does the Bible uphold and teach plural marriage, as practiced by latter day saints?" is being fully discussed in these parts. I have not seen a woman whose mind was not fully satisfied that the bible teaches no such doctrine, but the men hold different opinions from their wives upon the subject. Just now the family discussions are not as pleasant as they sometimes are. I can hardly think that there will be a starting westward movement to the paradise of American Polygamy as the result of the teachings of its disciples in these parts. An old preacher held that he could always estimate the amount of good his preaching accomplished by the stir it produced in the devil's camp. If this be a correct standard of measuring results, the old ormMon follower, who has been preaching through this country for a month, can solace himself with having done a good work, for he has caused a stir in the camp of his foes. One old lady, in a rage of passion, produced by discussing the subject of plural marriages, with her nearly converted husband, said she would like to be favored with the opportunity of tying the rope around his neck. At another time there was strong talk of closing the doors of a church against the old heretic as they styled him, but reason prevailed and he was suffered to preach. I am not an advocate of plural marriage, I don't believe that Joe. Smith was a prophet, or that Brigham has any such gifts, but I do believe that the Mormons have done more to demonstrate the capacities of fallen man to labor, endure and suffer, than any sect or race of people now living. They have exhibited a daring willingness to bear the severest hardships, and the most unrelenting persecution for the "faith that is in them." They have been tried in the fire, but have not been found wanting in determination to do and die for the maintainance of their principles. By their unbending resolution and tireless energy, they have solved a problem that will bring millions of wealth to the U. States. Before the Mormons left Nauvou, the "Great American Desert" was styled as a place where no man could live. I remember reading that on the banks of the rivers were to be found the bones of animals poisoned from drinking the water, In the midst of this inhospitable waste dwell a thrifty, self-sustaining people of 150,000 souls. However heretical these doctrines may be, they are justly entitled to praise for having solved this great problem. I don't care what a man's orthodoxy is, let him proclaim it. He will bring out some new truth, or remove some grave error, and will set men thinking. This would be a monotonous world, if we all held the same views of religion, social life, politics, finance, agriculture, &c. Difference of views develops more truths, and thus the world is kept moving on to a higher and better life. Let us not persecute because we differ. Down with the "bloody shirt."

Prof. James Combs is teaching near W. C. Haley's residence, and is well patronized by that community. In case he should find it necessary to use the hickory on the "big boys," their legs would suffer mournfully, because as he is only about thirty-four inches in height, it would be out of the question for him to attempt to punish their backs, unless he had a way of coaxing them to proper level. RAGGED EDGE.

May 25th, 1876.

The Great West.

GLIMPSES OF TEXAS—ITS IMMENSE RESOURCES, ETC.

Texas extends from the 29th to the 36th parallels of the north lattitude, and lies between the 16th and 30th meridians of longitude, west from Washington. It embraces an expanse of country that reaches within one-half degree as far south as the most southerly limit of Florida, while its northern boundary is on the same parallel as the northern boundary of Tennessee. A section of country so located must necessarily comprise within limits every variety of soil and climate. The substantial cereals of the northerly sections of the United States, the best fruits and products of the Middle States, and many of the fruits of the Tropics flourish in Texas. In point of climate, the thermometer never ranges as high as in the latitude north of us. For the past twenty-five years the thermometer at the city of Houston and other places, has never shown a temperature above 95° F., whilst at but one time in the coldest weather has it reached as low as 10°, and rarely indeed does it go below 20°. Never has there been a case of sun stroke in the city of Houston or Austin, and but one is now remembered Galveston. The average of the heated term, one year with another, for 24 hours is about 84°. The climate and seasons are eminently conducive to the production of sugar, corn, cotton, tobacco, wheat, oats, rye, millet and all the vegetables of the garden—cabbage, Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes, onions, lettuce, radish, beets and every other variety that could be mentioned—apples, peaches, peas, figs, grapes, plums, etc.

The soil varies in fertility according to location. While the greater portion of the country is prairie, either level or rolling, and its soil is as productive as any land of that character, and far more productive than any unmanured land in New England, New York or the British islands, and the continent of Europe. There are considerable portions of the country bordering on the rivers of the most inexhaustible fertility. This soil is alluvium, resting upon a stratum of marl and clay; the soil itself is oftentimes from 10 to 40 feet in thickness, and a crop of corn, year after year for forty years, upon the same ground, has failed to weaken its resources. Fertilizers are almost unknown. Even the open prairie, of which millions of acres, now unfenced, can be had at from 25 cents to one dollar per acre, has capacities of production fully equal to the maintenance of a dense population. In the wheat region the average production has been 15 to 30 bushels per acre. This wheat region is of very broad extent; it embraces in expanse of country, equal to 60,000 squre miles, of which, doubtless four-fifths is arable lands. This 60,000 square miles is capable itself of supporting a population of five millions.

The wheat in all this region ripens in May, and can be harvested and sent to New York before the wheat crop of that State begins to grow in the spring.

The cotton region is co-extensive with the wheat region, and embraces besides near 20,000 miles of territory not adapted to the production of wheat.

The cotton crop raised by the owner of the soil and with his own labor, is as profitable as any crop in the country. Twelve bales have been raised to the hand, ten bales is not unusual, and six may be considered a fair average, besides corn and other crops. And with the improved machinery which is fast flowing into the country, it will not be out of place to consider the possibilities of production far above what has yet been experienced. The crop of the State in 1870 was about half a million bales, in 1875 about three-fourths of a million.

The population of the State is near two millions, having increased near half a million during the year 1875. The export value of the cotton crop alone is over thirty dollars for every inhabitant, and when to this is added sugar, beef, hides, wool, pecans, wine, etc., it will amount to fifty dollars to each inhabitant. What other State, North or South, East or West, can make such a showing for its agriculture?

What shall we say of the gardens—tomatoes seven months in the year in the open air; beets, cabbage, lettuce and yam potatoes the year round; beans, peas and other vegetables nine months; strawberries four months in the year; and dewberries three months. These are a few of the inducements Texas offers to the immigrant. We do not mention stock raising, by which such vast fortunes have been made, nor wool which can be produced at a cost of seven or eight cents per pound, nor wine from native grapes of which millions of barrels now mature and are untouched every year.

To recite the list of productions open to the enterprising agriculturalist, would require far too much space. Special mention will be made of staple production further along. Notwithstanding the immense influx of people from the older States for the past five years, lands are still abundant in the market, and obtainable at lower rates than in any other State in the Union. So wide an area will be long in filling up, and not until our census shows several millions of people, may we look to see choice lands difficult

ADVERTISING RATES,

	3 MONTHS.	6 MONTHS.	12 MONTHS.
1 square,	$12.00	$20.00	$30.00
2 "	20.00	30.00	40.00
3 "	25.00	40.00	50.00
¼ column,	30.00	50.00	75.00
½ "	50.00	80.00	100.00
1 "	80.00	150.00	200.00

One inch space constitutes a square.

Where advertisements are ordered to be unusually displayed they will be charged for according to the space they occupy; one inch to constitute a square.

Sheriffs, Clerks and Rangers who send us their patronage will receive the Whig and Tribune without charge.

CANDIDATES.—For announcing candidates for County Offices and the Legislature, $10; for Congress, $20; for Municipal and civil district offices, $5—all in advance.

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to obtain. Texas invites the honest yeomanry of the seaboard States as well as the north and west, to come and occupy her soil. We need men, who having been good citizens all their lives, will be good citizens here. We need men accustomed to obey the laws. We need the muscle and skill of the Eastern and northern farmer, accustomed to dig his living out of an unwilling soil, to bring our rich lands to their capacity. Texas willingly offers a home and encouragement to the immigrant from Europe, desirous of engaging in either agricultural or mechanical pursuits. We offer as a home and field for enterprise to the southern farmer, far surpassing anything to be found east of the Mississippi.

To all good men of whatever religion or politics or nationality, a hearty welcome is extended. C——.

A WORD TO THE WISE.—The shrewd advertiser does not waste money on advertising schemes that promise well but pay nothing. It looks very well to placard the side of a bridge, or the paling of a [illegible] It is quite artistic, and suggests no doubt that descendants of the ancient Egyptians inhabit this land, unless they take it for specimens of aboriginal picture writing. Such advertisement, cheap as it is, is utterly worthless. Advertising is not something you force the public to read, or lie in wait for it and seduce it into reading. Advertisement is plain, practical, and business-like, or else it is worthless. That is, it is something for a community who purchase to read because they want to purchase and read for information. The public forms its opinions from advertisements, and one thing will strike one class, another, another class, and everybody will be very well suited in the end. The public may be fooled, it may make mistakes, but it don't make very grievous blunders. It is a tolerably shrewd, sharp public. The entire tendency of to-day is away from picture writing and hieroglyphics on walls, fences and bridges. Shrewd, sharp men used it once, and it was attractive, singular, and had its effect. Others follow the beaten path, long after the shrewd, sharp men have seen that any benefit from that source is over, and have adopted new methods. At best it benefited mainly quack medicines.

Advertising in newspapers, on the contrary grows as business increases, and trade multiplies. The oldest and most thoroughly worked business communities show the largest advertising in newspapers. In New York it is larger than any where in this country, and the Herald contains massive, crowded columns of small advertisements in small type. In London, an older and a more crowded business community, the Times issues four pages with nothing but small crowded advertisements. Shrewd business men do not throw their money away, nor put it where there is no return week after week and year after year.—They put it there because it pays, because there are men who are as anxious to buy as they are to sell, and who will read advertisements.

Any man can advertise his business on a gate post, on a rock, on a bridge, on a log, on a tree, but who reads them? Nobody. We don't seek information there. Any man can do that. It costs but little. It requires, however, a certain business standing to advertise in a good newspaper. It requires a business that is worth something, or that its proprietor expects to make worth something, to advertise in newspapers. The quack can't do it long, for he will break down, and fail to come up to his professions. The merchant who is not doing a straightforward, honest, safe business, keeping his stocks up to all he represents them to be, can't advertise long in a newspaper, for every advertisement is bringing the end of his career that much closer, because he is advertising one thing and doing another. It is the solid, safe business man who can best afford it and him it pays best. The shrewd community is a vast deal sharper than many people give it credit for. It does not look to the fences or bridges where any man can put his card for a mere song and keep it there for nothing, but to the newspapers, where only a steady, good business can afford a steady advertisement. We have a direct, personal interest in this, of couse, but it is plain, common sense, and justified by the experience of shrewd business men.

Centennial Data.

100 years ago—American Independence.

200 years ago—King Philip (the Indian) defeated and slain; habeas corpus in England.

300 years ago—Massacre of St. Bartholomew; Spanish Armada preparing.

400 years ago—Printing invented; Isabella the coming queen.

500 years ago—The days of Tamerlane, the Turk, and Chaucer, the English poet.

600 years ago—Ballel and Bruce, Richard Bacon, St. Thomas Aquinas; House of Hapsburg founded.

700 years ago—Richard Cœur de Leon and Saladin, Sultan of Egypt, measuring swords in Palestine.

800 years ago—William the Conqueror of England.

900 years ago—Hugh Capet, the Frenchman.

1,000 years ago—Alfred the Great.

1,100 years ago—Charlemagne and Haroun Al Raschid.

1,200 years ago—Mohammedanism established and making lively work in Constantinople and other places.

1,300 years ago—Old Chosroes, the Persian, lives by murder, and the pope is made a secular judge among kings.

1,400 years ago—The Saxons make lively work in Brittainy; Clovis establishes the French monarchy and the Visigoths conquer Spain.

1,500 years ago—The Roman Empire having legislated many years in favor of capital and against labor, divides and begins to fall to pieces.

1,600 years ago—The world had nothing better to do than to broach and denounce heresies and get up religious persecutions.

1,700 years ago—Marcus Aurelius, Tacitus and Plutarch made a smart trio of philosophers.

1,800 years ago—Jerusalem destroyed and Herculaneum and Pompeii were buried in the ashes of Vesuvius.

1,876 years ago—All the world was at peace, and Christ was born.

6,000 years ago—Adam, only a common clod, rose to the dignity of a large real estate owner, but by poor management was driven into involuntary bankruptcy.

NUMBER ONE.—One hour lost in the morning by lying in bed will put back all the business of the day.

One hour gained by rising early is worth a month in a year.

One hole in the fence will cost ten times as much as it will to fix it at once.

One diseased sheep will spoil the whole flock.

One unruly animal will teach all others in company bad tricks.

One drunkard will keep a family poor and make them miserable.

One wife that is always telling how fine her neighbors dress and how little she can dress, will look pleasanter if she talks about something else.

One husband that is penurious or lazy and deprives his family of necessary comforts, such as their neighbors enjoy, is not as desirable a husband as he ought to be.

One good newspaper is one good thing in every family, and

One who don't take a good paper and pay for it, disregards the best interests of his family.

The Atlanta Constitution says the prospect is that Georgia will not send many visitors to the Centennial, the people being too sensible to spend money unnecessarily in these hard times.

Greenville Intelligencer: The apples and cheries are blooming out finely in this section, and give promise of an abundant crop, with a pretty fair sprinkle of peaches.