

# CLARKSVILLE CHRONICLE.

VOLUME 9.

CLARKSVILLE, TENN., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1858.

NUMBER 48.

## THE CHRONICLE.

Printed Weekly on a double-medium sheet every Friday morning, by

NEBLETT & GRANT,  
Publishers and Proprietors.

TERMS OF THE PAPER,  
\$2 Per annum, in advance.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.  
FOR ONE SQUARE OF TWELVE LINES OR LESS  
One insertion \$1.00 Two months \$4.50  
Two insertions 1.50 Three months 5.00  
Three insertions 2.00 Six months 9.00  
One month .50 Twelve months 15.00

### MINNIE LAURIE—THE PASTOR'S DAUGHTER.

Come go with me, kind reader, to a quiet little cottage on the banks of the "bold Merrimack." It is a mild, lovely day, and the October sunlight is falling beautifully on this world of ours—the foot-stool of Omnipotence—and its softened light lingers lovingly around that little cottage home. Well it may, for this is the wedding day of sweet Minnie Laurie, the aged Pastor's cherished and only daughter. Her usually merry face and laughing eyes wear a thoughtful, subdued look, for she realizes that it is no trifling thing to promise to "love honor and obey" for life; but as she raises her eyes, half timidly, to the one standing by her side she feels that it will be no task, but a lifetime pleasure. And who could look upon the noble form, and proud intelligent face of the happy bridegroom, without saying mentally, if not aloud, "she has chosen wisely?"

Friends flock around the newly married couple to offer congratulations—the pastor stands apart with bowed head and quivering form; his heart swelling with a fervent prayer to God to guide them aright in their course through life, and to make them His earnest and true followers.

Seventeen years ago, when the spring flowers were blooming, he stood beside the open grave of his wife; she who had for more than half a score of years borne life's joys and sorrows, by his side, had gone to "join the angel through all robed in white," and had left to the care of the stricken father three little ones to be his companions and solace; Charles, a manly boy of ten years; Walter, aged six; and the baby, Minnie, whose little heart could not realize the loss she had sustained, but who crowded and clapped her tiny hands to hear the birds sing, even though they sang near where they were placing her mother in her dreamless home. Mr. Laurie mourned deeply for the mother of his children, but he knew that in God she had trusted—that she had passed through the dark valley, leaning upon His arm, and to the same God he endeavored meekly to commit the interests of himself and his little ones.

Years passed, and brought with them their thousand changes of time and place. A widowed sister of Mr. Laurie had taken a place in his home, and cared for his children as kindly as any but a mother could care for them. Charles and Walter had grown to manhood, and gone forth into the world to battle with its realities, and learn for themselves of its stern trials and soul-sickening disappointments. Minnie had become as lovely a flower as ever bloomed upon New England's shore. Her father loved her fondly, and earnestly, for she inherited not only her mother's features, but the same sweet, ringing laugh and amiable disposition that won his heart ere his head was silvered over by the frosts of many winters.

When she was entering her seventeenth year there came to the village Maurice Eldridge, a young lawyer, who "wooed and won" our Minnie. To him she gave, without fear or reservation, the wealth of a heart that was rich with love; and standing together, they looked through the long vista of coming years, fondly hoping that the future would contain for their hearts only happiness. Alas, that

"Clouds may dim life's glowing page,  
And beauty fade away!"  
Before the first anniversary of her wedding, Minnie, with her husband and brothers stood beside the still form and gazed upon the placid face of their father, who had laid life's burden down and gone to join the loved and lost in a supremely happy existence. His life had not been in vain, for around his inanimate clay assembled those whose love he had won by his kind interest and fatherly care—those with whom he had rejoiced in days of gladness, and who had received his tears and sympathy when sorrow's cloud hung heavy and dark. Many, too, for whom he had prayed when they drank of the worm-wood and gall of repentance, and over whom he had shed tears of happiness and thanksgiving, at their adoption into the fold of the good Shepherd. But they laid dear old Father Laurie to rest, mourning their loss but rejoicing for his great gain;

knowing full well that he had gone to an abundant reward.

In a few months after the death of Minnie's father, Mr. Eldridge, having fair prospects of success in a new field, concluded to make his home in the west, and next we find them in a quiet but flourishing little village on the Ohio river, where they bid fair to receive as much happiness as voyagers upon the sea of time ever come into possession of. For a time we will leave them to their enjoyment.

Ten years have passed away, and as we gaze upon the emaciated, grief-worn form of Minnie Eldridge, we should be led to believe that it were a much longer time. The face that once reflected only bright smiles from a happy heart, now wears a look of sadness which tells plainly of hopes blighted, and sorrow's cup well nigh drained. But to account for this, we will have to take a glance backward. For a time after they made their home in Indiana, all went prosperously. Maurice Eldridge, by his attention to business, natural eloquence, and knowledge of his profession, won for himself the confidence of all who knew him. The name of Judge Eldridge was known all over Indiana, and wherever it was spoken, it was with respect for his many integrity and just dealings. But his business and political engagements led him into the company of persons whose chief pleasure was derived from the exhilarating influence of the flowing bowl, and then there he learned to "look upon the wine when it was red."

For a time the influence of these associations was not perceptible, but gradually the spoiler wound his meshes around his victim, until the fiend intemperance was able to say, exultingly, "he is mine."—And shall we go and tell of the weeks, months, and even years of agony of that devoted wife—of the destitution of little Willie and Grace—beautiful children of God's own gifts; whose happy little hearts made sunlight in the home they once called their own—of the time when they were driven from that home to a miserable hovel—of their sufferings there until they had scarcely raime to shield them from the chilling blasts of winter, or food to sustain the life that had almost grown a burden. Oh! who cannot picture to themselves this scene? Who cannot call to mind some family once happy, that has been brought to distress by the demon Intemperance—the *Rum Evill*—the worst enemy humanity can ever have?

Tenderly and carefully had Minnie Eldridge been nurtured in her own home, but when her heavy trial came she bore it as only a woman can bear. But the end of her sufferings had well nigh come. She felt that the One who had been her strength in every time of weakness, would soon bid her "come home." And as she called her boy,

"Where infant feet had trod,  
Upon the blossoms of some seven summers,"  
to her bedside and told him of this world and its temptations, and of the bright home to which she was going—where he too with little sister must come—she had faith to trust God's promises to the orphaned. But oh, when Willie looked up through his tears, and asked "if Papa could not go too," a wave of anguish crossed her mind, and she felt that the world was dark once more.

An hour later, when Willie and Grace were quietly sleeping, their little bodies safely sheltered from the cold, although the mother felt its chilling breath, Maurice Eldridge groped his way into his dark and desolate home. Minnie knew from his step that he was somewhat intoxicated, but less so than usual, and she resolved to once more appeal to his better nature, before the death angel would separate them.

"I say, Minnie, can't you get up and get me some supper, for I am awful hungry?"  
"You will find something to eat in the little cupboard, Maurice, but I cannot get it for you. When you have eaten it, come and sit by me, for I am sick and must talk to you."  
After his supper was dispatched he tried to persuade Minnie that if she was sick, she had better sleep, and in the morning he would listen to what she had to say.  
"No, Maurice, morning may not find me here, and while I can talk listen to me my husband, for I am dying."  
Her words and manner sobered him instantly. He leaned upon her bed and gazed at her earnestly for a moment, then every feature of his face was convulsed in agony, and as he buried his face in the tattered quilt, and cried aloud, "Yes, dying, and I have killed you!" who can tell the anguish he suffered? For, although led far astray, his heart had not been altogether hardened, and he still loved his wife. Long, long, did Minnie talk to him, but not one word of reproach did she utter. She spoke of their early marriage life, and of the happy times she then enjoyed—of the bright-eyed little

Maurice, their first darling, who blessed them with his sunny presence two short years, and then when to dwell among the angels; and of the little ones who yet remained with them. She spoke of her faith in God, and of the home of which she hoped soon to be an inhabitant, and earnestly entreated her husband to turn from the course he had so long pursued—to be a father to Willie and Grace, and to make himself once more worthy the name of man. She told him that her fear for him was the only cloud that dimmed her dying hour, and pleaded with him to be a temperance man, a loving father, and a humble Christian. After a long pause he lifted his head, and his words sent happiness to the heart of the dying wife—"God helping me, Minnie, I will be all you ask."

"That vow was recorded in heaven above,  
And angels rejoiced when they heard,  
Ay, seraphs unnumbered, who hovering near  
To bear up each penitent word."  
Morning found the husband, physician and friends, who had learned of her changes, standing around the scarcely breathing form of Minnie Eldridge, and the rays of the setting sun stole their way silently into the room where she lay, a beautiful corpse.

Yes, she died! Dear reader, there is truth in our little story. A grassy mound in a village grave-yard not many miles distant, marks her quiet resting place. In the morning of life she was called hence, but we fondly believe that her death sleep was succeeded by an awakening in the world bright, beautiful and glorious.

Back to his early home, went Maurice Eldridge; and after the lapse of a few years, we again gaze upon him there. His body is bowed as if by the weight of years, and his hair has grown prematurely gray. His little ones are yet spared to him, and there is magic in their blithesome laugh and winsome ways to drive clouds from his brow. But when he thinks of the dark period of his life, and of the one who fell a victim to the sorrow caused by his great sinfulness, he is sad. He is earnestly endeavoring to walk worthy of his profession, that of a disciple of Christ, and is looking constantly, and eagerly forward to a re-union with his lost dear one.

"Where the light of deep love falls unclouded and bright,  
No sunlight, no moonlight, no starlight is there."  
WEBSTER MATCHED BY A WOMAN.—In the somewhat famous case of Mrs. Bodgen's will, which was tried in the Supreme Court some years ago, Mr. Webster appeared as counsel for the appellant, Mrs. Greenough, wife of Rev. Wm. Greenough, late of West Newton, a tall, straight, quietly looking woman, with a keen black eye—a woman of great self-possession and decision of character—was called to the stand as a witness on the opposite side from Mr. Webster. Webster, at a glance, had the sagacity to foresee that her testimony, if it contained anything of importance, would have great weight with the court and jury. He therefore resolved, if possible, to break her up. And when she answered to the first question put to her, "I believe," Webster roared out, "We don't want to hear what you believe; we want to hear what you know." Mrs. Greenough replied, "That is just what I was about to say, sir," and went on with her testimony. And notwithstanding his repeated effort to disconcert her, she pursued the even tenor of her way, until Webster, becoming quite fearful of the result, arose apparently in great agitation, and drawing out his large snuff box, thrust his thumb and finger to the very bottom, and carrying the "deep pinch" to both nostrils, drew it up with a gusto; and then extracting from his pocket a very large handkerchief, which flowed to his feet as he brought it to the front he blew his nose with a report that rang distinct and loud through the crowded hall. Webster—"Mrs. Greenough, was Mrs. Bodgen a neat woman?" Mrs. Greenough—"I cannot give you very full information as to that, sir; she had no very dirty tricks." Webster—"What's that, ma'am?" Mrs. Greenough—"She took snuff." The roar of the court house was such that the future "defender of the constitution" subsided, and neither rose nor spoke again until after Mrs. Greenough had vacated her chair for another witness.

OVERDOING THE THING.  
The Mobile Mercury gives an amusing account of a negro baptismal scene in Mississippi, wherein a negro known as Big Will figured conspicuously. Despite Will's irreverence, we publish the story:—"The bottom of the creek was of slippery soapstone, which, just beyond the point where a sufficient depth was obtained for a proper administration of the ordinance, broke suddenly into a deep hole. Big Will attempted to do as directed, but like his race in matters of religion generally, overdid the thing; his feet slipped from under him, and down he went into the deep hole, dragging the minister along with him. The astonished crowd was horrified as they both disappeared beneath the surface. For a few seconds bubbles rose to the surface to mark the spot where they went down, then Big Will reappeared snorting and spouting like a porpoise. As Will regained the shaly rock and made towards dry land the minister was discovered clinging to his leg with bull dog tenacity. They were both happily saved. As soon as Will's speech returned to him, he was heard to exclaim:—"Gosh, Gosh! A mighty, white folks, come on you gwine to lose a nigger wid nis foolishness!"

### ROSALIE—THE PRAIRIE FLOWER.

On the distant prairie where the heather wild,  
In its quiet beauty lived and smiled,  
Stands a little cottage, and a peaceful vine  
Loves around its porch to twine.  
To that peaceful dwelling was a lovely child,  
With her blue eyes beaming, soft and mild,  
And the wavy ringlets of her flaxen hair  
Floating on the summer air.  
Fair as a lily, joyous and free;  
Light of that prairie home was she.  
Every one who knew her, felt the gentle power  
Of "Rosalie," the "Prairie Flower."

On that distant prairie when the days were long,  
Tripping like a fairy, sweet her song;  
With the summer blossoms and birds at play,  
Beautiful and bright as they.  
When the twilight shadows gathered to the west,  
And the voice of nature sunk to rest,  
Like a cherub kneeling, seemed the lovely child,  
With her beaming eyes so mild.  
Fair as a lily, joyous and free;  
Light of that prairie home was she.  
Every one who knew her, felt the gentle power  
Of "Rosalie," the "Prairie Flower."

But the summer faded, and the chilly blast,  
O'er that happy cottage swept at last;—  
When the Autumn sun birds woke the dewy  
Little Prairie Flower was gone.  
For the angels wiper softly in her ear;  
"Child, thy Father calls thee, stay not here."  
And they gently bore her, rebled in spots white  
To their blissful home of light.  
Though we shall never look on her more,  
Gone with the love and joy she bore.  
Far away she's blooming in the fadeless bowers,  
Sweet "Rosalie," the "Prairie Flower."

### A GOOD ONE.

An anecdote in Harper, says the Vicksburg Whig, reminds us of a story we once heard of a revolutionary soldier who was running for Congress. It appears that our hero was opposed by a younger man, who had "never been to the wars," and it was the people of the "hardships he endured." Says he, "fellow citizens, I have fought and bled for my country—I helped whip the British and Indians—I have slept upon the field of battle with no covering but the canopy of Heaven. I have walked over frozen ground till every footstep was marked with blood." Just about this time one of the "sovereigns" who had become very much affected by this tale of woe, walks up in front of the speaker, wiping the tears from his eyes with the extremity of his coat tail, and interrupting him, says: "Did you say you fought the British and the Indians?" "Yes," responded old "revolutionary." "Did you say you had slept on the ground, while serving your country, without any cover?" "Yes, sir, I did." "Did you say you had followed the enemy of your country over frozen ground, till every footstep was marked with blood?" "Yes," exultantly replied the speaker. "Well, then," says the tearful "sovereign," as he gave a sigh of painful emotion, "I'll be damned if I don't think you have done enough for your country, and I'll vote for the other man."

### DANDIES IN DEMAND.

The following notice emanates from the Warsaw (R. I.) Telegraph:  
WANTED.—One hundred and seventy-five young men, of all shapes and sizes, from the tall graceful dandy, with hair enough on his upperworks to stuff a barber's cushion, down to the little up-start. The object is to form a Gaping Corps, to be in attendance at the church doors on each Sabbath, before the commencement of divine service, to stare at the females as they enter, and make delicate and gentlemanly remarks on their persons and dress. All who wish to enlist in the above Corps, will please appear at the various church doors next Sabbath morning, where they will be duly inspected, and their names, personal appearance and quantity of brains registered in a book kept for that purpose, and published in the newspapers. To prevent a general rush it will be well to state that none will be enlisted who possess intellectual capacities above that of an ordinary well-bred donkey.

ROBBING THE TREASURY.—The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Press says it is now beyond a doubt that an immense fund is almost publicly paid annually out of the postoffice printing to keep several Leconte organs that would otherwise go down. It is asserted, as no less true, that Mr. Appleton, of the State Department, is a recipient of part of this fund, and that Mr. Bigler, Senator in Congress, has paid into his hands some thousands of dollars per annum, out of the same fund, part of which, it is said, is to reimburse him for certain party advances. These are the *on dit* here, and may constitute the basis of some keen probing next winter.

DON'T FRET.—It is remarkable. A fretting man or woman is one of the most unlovable objects in the world. A wasp is a comfortable housemate in comparison; it only stings when disturbed. But an habitual fretter buzzes if he don't sting, with or without provocation. "It is better to dwell in the corner of a house top than with a brawling woman in a wide house." It is useless; it sets no broken bones, stops no leaks, gathers no spilt milk, repairs no broken glass, cures no spoiled hay, and changes no east winds. It effects nob dy but the fretter himself. Children or servants cease to respect the authority or obey the commands of a complaining, worrisome, exacting parent or master. They know that "barking dogs don't bite," and fretters don't strike, and they conduct themselves accordingly.

A clergyman of a country village desired his clerk to give notice that there would be no service on the evening, as he was going to officiate for another clergyman. The clerk, as soon as the service was ended, called out: "I am desired to give notice that there will be no service this afternoon, as Mr. ——— is going a fishing with another clergyman."

### THE MERCHANT'S FIRESIDE.

Napoleon never gave the vanity of the English aristocracy a harder or more telling thrust than when he described England as a "nation of shopkeepers." The sting point lay in the fact that what the military men said, is and ever must be true. The strength of England lies, and has ever lain in her trade. Take away that, and she would dissolve away into nothing, quick as the changes in a panorama show. One would suppose, therefore, that instead of being ashamed of trade, her chief men, her "learned seignors" and doctors, whether of politics, laws or divinity, would take a pride in that which they must know is the very corner stone of their greatness. This is far from being the case, however, and every sprig of nobility appears to regard contact with shopkeeping as a social plague—a badge of disgrace.

In a recent debate upon the Indian bill, as to the terms of admission of cadets in the army, Lord Ellenborough took occasion to sneer at the "rich grocers and linen drapers," meaning thereby the whole commercial class, as quite unworthy to be allowed to come into competition at all with the professional classes, and the elegant drones of society who consume, but do nothing but create. Speaking of the influence of the institutions in which the children of the more wealthy receive their education in comparison with that brought to bear upon the children of the "professional classes" at home, his lordship went on to say:

"But the education obtained in these cramming colleges is not the highest species of education; that which is attained at home by the example and conversation of good parents is by far the highest.—You cannot compare for a moment the education which the sons of clergymen and officers get with the education obtained by the sons of rich grocers and linen drapers, who will be successful in these competitive examinations. Depend upon it, this is a great and most injurious social revolution. Such a sentiment uttered in this country would fully entitle the speaker to a leather medal and an extra pair of long ears. Even in England the facts are against him. Many of the most cultivated and vigorous minds that England has ever produced, who have advanced her fame, her national prosperity, and exalted her literature, have sprung from those same shop keeping people. Sir Robert Peel, the greatest English statesman of modern times, was a trader and the son of a trader; Cobden and Bright are traders; Macaulay is the son of those whom his Flanckneyship would exclude even from the right to compete on equal terms with the pet classes. Grote the best historian of Greece, is engaged in mercantile pursuits; so was Rogers, the poet; Wakley, the chief thunder of the London Times, and indeed the most vigorous, pushing minds of the kingdom, have sprung from the same class. When Lord Ellenborough shows himself competent to approach the shadow of Macaulay, or to write a leader in the London Times, it will be quite time enough for him to sneer at "rich grocers and linen drapers."

But his sneer suggests an important thought for the thousands of American merchants of every kind and degree. What is the influence of the merchant's fire-side in this country? Amid the whirl and bustle which the intense activity of American minds engender, is not the fire-side in this country in some danger of being overlooked, forgotten? Is it not already neglected to a degree that bodes no good to the country? The anecdote of a New York lady who congratulated her husband upon the failure of the chief part of his business during the late crisis, because he would thereby "have time to become acquainted with his family," puts the matter in a strong light. It may have been, and doubtless was, a joke, but there is many a truth thus told, and we doubt if there are not many merchants and business men in all our large cities who, if not unacquainted with their families, at least scarcely know what the true and full significance of home is. Their lives pass in a perpetual and exhausting struggle that leaves them not a moment, or scarcely the power, to think of anything else. Is there any sense or philosophy in this? Shall a man make himself a mere drudge, a veritable packhorse, and allow himself to be constantly spurred and booted on, for what? If he takes no satisfaction as he goes along, what is the effect upon his family and children? Will they rise up to call him blessed, even if he leaves them in a fortune whatever they may mean, and at the same time by his neglect leaves them nothing else worth naming? How long will the said fortune last? Witness the prodigality, profligacy, and speedy descent into the shades of poverty and degradation, which the sons and daughters of multitudes of men in this country, who have made themselves miserable all their lives for the sole purpose of making these same sons and daughters rich, under the fallacious idea that with wealth left to them they could do anything. This has been so often shown by the stern facts of practical life to be a mere chimer, that it is about time for so suicidal a course to be abandoned for one that promises better, more rational results. It is an *ignis fatuus*, whose dim, flickering light, leads its victim far into trackless and intricate labyrinths of darkness and destruction.

The truth is, the American Home is our greatest, most sacred, most influential institution, and the American husband and father ought to devote to it a degree of attention, of time, of care, commensurate to its intrinsic value, its certain and lasting power. Whatever leads a man to regard his home as of secondary importance will not only detract from the sum total of his happiness and the happiness of his family, present as well as in the future, but it will recoil at last upon the real good, the true greatness and honorable elevation of his country. It is the aggregated condition of all its homes that constitutes the

real condition of the Republic at large.—If these are refined, educated, united, affectionate, that cannot be other than exalted and safe. The country will reflect the brilliant and chastened hues of its many homes, or exhibit their ignorance, their degradation, and the withering and lasting curses which they will inflict upon it.

Let patriots, countrymen, and lovers, look at their homes, as they regard their own happiness and fair names, and what ever there may be of the beautiful and good in earth to challenge their admiration, their affection and their devotion.—*New Orleans Bulletin.*

### MR. BUCHANAN'S SYSTEM OF SECRET SERVICE—HIS SPIES.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 22, 1858.  
When you and I knew Mr. Buchanan in the good old time, while he was dispensing refined hospitalities at his residence in Lancaster, and whilst a member of the Senate and Cabinet, in this city, the idea never entered his head to shake these hospitalities by party rules. And, although it is asserted that no single member of the opposition party was invited to dine at the White House since the Kansas somersault, I am still in hopes of seeing a satisfactory explanation of that affair.—But what do you think of the course of the Star newspaper here, edited by Wallace attacking certain Democrats in New York on account of an entertainment of which you were with them a participant? Reading the article of Wallace the other day, I was tempted to ask, "What is to be the next step in the mad career of unbounded despotism? Is it possible that spies are to hide in the shadows of our houses, cluster at our tables, in horrible shape like the skeleton at the Egyptian feasts—spies upon our steps like Porcchia's minions—is it possible that in human depravity there are those fallen so low in the social scale as to even pattern the spy at the hearthstone, whom Balzer has immortalized as an object of ineffable contempt, and the very creature of deepest hell? Is it really possible that no man holding office or expecting office shall be tolerated who looks an independent Democrat in the face visits his family, or returns the ordinary civilities of life? The Spanish officials of Cuba are compelled to this sort of espionage; so are those of all despoticisms—that, like Nero, intoxicated with his own power, would whelm a whole people in utter destruction, and laugh at it as a joke. These are the characteristics of despoticisms, but are they the characteristics of a free government? Informers thrive by this infamy, as did those of Ireland within the memory of even our young men. The most degraded wretches, characterless knaves—men who are expelled from decent society, and are tolerated by parties simply because they cannot be got rid of—see, in the encouragement which has been extended to this tyranny over the social circle, the convenient passport to official favor. Now surely Mr. Buchanan cannot approve the disgraceful attempt to intimidate and injure every independent man who refuses to allow the friendships of years to be severed by political differences. And yet precisely such a state of things must result from the course pursued by the accepted organs of the Administration. Defamation of high-toned citizens like Reverdy Johnson, Stephen A. Douglas, Henry A. Wise and Robert J. Walker, draws a line which cannot be overstepped, and makes every man a personal enemy of power, whether he will or no. And the parties to this scandalous practice are the men who charge you with revealing private conversations, when in self defence you came forward to vindicate your position before the country, against an atrocious crusade as the annuals of politics can show.

THE MAINE LIQUOR LAW—ITS CONSTITUTIONALITY TO BE TESTED IN THE U. S. COURT.—Some four years ago Constable D. Nott attacked a quantity of liquor in the store of David Clark, of Hartford, Connecticut, under the Maine Law, and that attachment has been followed by several trials in the Hartford courts, in which the jury have failed to agree. A son of Clark, sons of David, and doing business in New York, claimed the liquor, and contested the suits. They now see the constable in the U. S. Court, for illegally seizing their liquor, and the constitutionality of the Maine Law will be tried in the above court. The Clarks claim damages to the amount of ten thousand dollars.

TOBACCO.—The inspections at Petersburg, Va., for the year ending 30th September, 1858, were 15,154 hogheads, against 12,927 for the preceding year, and in loose tobacco 2,951,957 lbs.  
The stock on hand on the 1st instant was 2203 hhd.  
Richmond, Va.—The Tobacco Inspections for the Tobacco year ending 30th September, at Richmond, were 44,603 hhd., against 30,539 for 1857.  
Clarksville, Va., Sept. 30.—The Tobacco Inspections for the year closed are 1746 hhd., against 1613 for 1857.

A BILL FOR THE FIRE EATERS.—Jefferson Davis, in a letter to Mayor James Roach, says:  
"Politicians who disregard or cannot see the benefits of our constitutional Union, and who, for some minor grievance of their own, or from a fanatical spirit and arrogant assumption to pluck the mote from their brother's eye, announce their readiness to dissolve the Union, do in my opinion, trifle with a grave subject, and deserve rebuke from every reflecting citizen of the United States."  
A Canadian editor says they had a terrible winter there, but with three tons of coal and a pretty wife he got through it very comfortably.

Most people don't think; they only think they think.

TRANSFERENCE OF VITALITY.—The transference of vitality, which seems to occur when young persons are habitually placed in contact with the aged, is well attested by competent authorities. A distinguished author, Dr. James Copland, says:  
"A not uncommon cause of depressed vital power is the young sleeping with the aged.—This has been occasionally remarked. I have occasionally met with the counterpart of the following case: I was a few years ago, consulted about a pale, sickly and thin boy, of about four or five years of age. He appeared to have a remarkable decline of flesh and strength, and of the energy of the functions. After inquiring into the history of the case, it came out that he was very robust and plerotic up to his third year, when his grandmother, a very old person, took him to sleep with her; that he soon after lost his good looks; and that he continued to decline progressively, notwithstanding the medical treatment to which he was subjected."

THE DEMOCRATIC CURRENCY PLATFORM.—The editor of the Memphis Bulletin has the following notice of this latest nondescript of the Democracy:  
"I will be seen that all the talk about 'hard money' and radical anti-Bankism, that this democratic consultation 'fluffers' down into a compromise, worse than either extreme of policy that has been advocated in the bosom of the democratic party of the State. It is neither fish nor flesh.—It is neither 'hard' nor 'soft.' It is neither Bank nor anti-Bank. It is a hodge and absurd 'big lumber' attempt to reconcile what is irreconcilable. If banks are the monstrous bad things they are represented to be, the sooner they are done away with the better; and the State having absolute power over it, ought to abolish the Bank of Tennessee at once. If they are not such bad things, rightly organized and guarded, if it is sheer demagoguism to go on to abolish them by inches."

NO BILL FOUND AGAINST GEN. LANE.—The Lane and Jenkins affair was brought before the Grand Jury at its recent session in Lawrence, K. T., and they failed to find a bill against Lane. This will probably terminate all proceedings in the case.  
HONNELLVILLE, N. Y., Oct. 8.  
Three inches of snow fell in this neighborhood last night. Snow has fallen along the line of the Erie Railroad as far east as Great Bend.  
TRISLEY BAY, Oct. 8.  
No change whatever has occurred in the electrical indications from Valencia.  
OSWEGO, Oct. 8.  
The wind continues unabated and the sea on the lake is still swelling. Several vessels arrived to-day and last night, seriously damaged. Fears are entertained for the safety of those on t. The schooner Spray is a total wreck. The bodies of the mate and the captain's wife and child, which were washed overboard, have not been recovered.  
MEMPHIS, Oct. 8.  
The remains of Captain Elliott, of the United States, who died of yellow fever on his way to this place, were sent to St. Louis.  
There was a slight frost here last night.  
SONNERSVILLE, N. J., Oct. 8.  
The opposition of the Third Congressional district assembled here to-day, Judge Robeson, of Warren county, presiding. I was unanimously resolved not to make any distinct nomination. The opposition will support Garnett B. Adkins, the anti-Leconte Democratic nominee.

HOW TO SMOKE SAFELY.—It is well known that in Turkey, and in other countries, most elaborately contrived pipes are resorted to, to rid tobacco of its nauseous and injurious oil, while retaining the soothing influence of the weed itself—a weed by the way, that is abused and used in about equal proportions. Allowing the smoke to pass through a small globe of water has been found the most effective means of its purification. But the pipe with that apparatus is both costly and cumbersome. An ingenious American has contrived an equally efficacious smoking pipe, apparatus, adapted to cigars and to the ingenuity of which is equalled only by its economy and convenience. The pipe is a piece of sponge, which is moistened with water or with cologne or rose water. It is contained in a cup and can be cleaned or renewed at any time. We believe the inventor has christened it, "The American Snoker." In the sense of being unobtrusive it is essentially American; and if smoking can be converted into luxury, this invention converts it into one. We do not often refer to such instrumentalities with commendation, but the very simplicity and perfection of this invention are so remarkable as to deserve commendatory mention.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

COTTON.—We clip the following extract from the Courier and Enquirer, a paper as well posted in statistics as any in the country:  
One of the gratifying features of the commercial world is the renewed and steady demand for cotton—a demand that increases in a much greater ratio of demand and prices are such as to furnish an ample guarantee of remuneration to our Southern planters for few years to come. With all available sources of supply from Egypt, Asia Australia and South America, the cotton of the United States is not enough to meet the growing demand in Europe.  
THE HOG CROP.—It is estimated, says the Trenton Journal, that the loss to Dryer county, Tenn., by hog cholera, the present season will reach two hundred thousand dollars.