THE PULASKI CITIZEN.

J. W. McCORD, Editor and Publisher.

PULASKI, TENN.

FRIDAY MORNING, JAN'Y. 5, 1866.

To Printers.

A Printer wanted at this office badly.—Apply immediately. Good wages given.

THE NEWS.

We have no exchanges yet, from which to make up our news items. Our readers can readily appreciate the impossibility of making an interesting paper without something to make it of. We hope to have a full list of exchanges by next week, and, per consequence, a more readable number of the *Citizen*.

NASHVILLE MERCHANTS

Will find the Citizen a good advertising medium. Read our terms, and try it.

OUR PAPER.

Many of our old friends began to think we were not going to issue the *Citizen* again. True we have been a long time getting ready, but the delay would be kindly excused if those friends only knew how wretchedly out of fix our types and presses were, and the immense amount of labor and expense required to repair and replenish them. We hope to be regular in our issues from this time forward, and we intend to print on much better paper than this, just as soon as our orders can be filled at the mills. The paper is so inferior that it is almost impossible to make the matter readable.

OUR POLITICS.

The reader is familiar with our career before the war. He will remember that we professed to ignore politics in our paper. The resolution to stand aloof from parties was formed deliberately and carried out religeously. Our conscience approved the resolution when it was first formed, and we have never since had cause to regret it. We will, therefore, stand aloof from parties yet.

Our readers will also remember that in the late unhappy differences between the two sections—the exacting North and our beloved South—we took the Southern side—not because we believed in all the claims of extreme Southern men—but because we believed the South right and the North wrong—because we loved the South better than the North. But now, the unhappy conflict of arms has ended, and we have all returned to our civil pursuits, Sectionalism should be laid aside, and our prayers, hopes, fears and feelings become national in tone and temper.

As journalist—while we will ever demand honor and Southern chivalry, we will ever battle against political secession and sectional hatred toward the South—as regards the past four years of blood, we intend to adopt an old Italian proverb as our motto: *A causa persa, parole assai.* "When a cause is lost, there is enough of words," or, It is better not to discuss that which is already decided. In other words, we think "the past had better be buried with the past." There are things to cherish in memory—many not. Let us save the gold but burn the dross—preserve the happy recollections and bury the regrets—cherish the loves and forget the hates.

A DESTRUCTIVE TORNADO.

Our once lovely but now unfortunate town had not recovered from the rude shocks of war, ere she is visited by a terrible tornado, sweeping to destruction everything that chanced to be in its path. It was not enough that we should have been in the track of armies for the past four years—armies, the best of which seemed to glory in destruction—not enough to be bereft of loved ones as well as property by the desolations of war—but on the night of the 20th ult. the destroying breath of God sweep athwart us like a besum of destruction. We would not murmur or complain at the providence of God, for "He doeth unto us that which seemeth best in His sight." We can only wonder why it is we, as a community, are so singularly discouraged. The storm came upon us like a funeral knell on a joyous gala day. We were in the midst of Christmas festivities. The children were joyously gathered around a Christmas-tree at one place—matrons and sires were enjoying a social *tete a tete* at another, while terpsichore, and music and dance reigned at the third. But suddenly the dire visitor dashes into our midst, turning our "fruit to ashes" and our joy to mourning, and in an instant of time the festive scene is changed to one of sorrow and sadness.

The destroyer entered the town at the south-west side, with increasing volume at every step, laden with the fruits of his destructive errand in the country. Our friend and fellow-citizen John Marks was the last to feel his breath before he entered town. His house on his place was swept away, except one, and it was unroofed and severely damaged. Several negroes were hurt and one killed. [illegible] much headway [illegible] Dr. Clarke [illegible] facilities which [illegible] Jacob Rudd [illegible] though life has been [illegible] advertising is the tr[illegible] completely wrecked, but fortunately no one was hurt.

Maj. B. F. Carter's dwelling house was unroofed and the walls badly shattered. No one hurt.

E. W. Rose, Esq., was the next sufferer. His premises seemed to us, next morning, to be a total wreck, but we understand that an effort will be made to save the main walls Two negroes were killed, and one or two others badly hurt.

The west end of Rev. R. Caldwell's house was torn away, and nearly all the out houses destroyed. Nobody hurt.

James McLane's house was lifted from its foundation, turned half round, moved ten or fifteen feet and totally unroofed. Nobody hurt.

The house occupied by Willis Bramlett (colored), was next unroofed. Nobody hurt,

But now the picture becomes distressing. The house occupied by J. B. Stacy, Esq. and family, was utterly demolished. Miss Henrietta Braden, a niece of Mrs. Stacy's, was burried beneath the ruins, and her body was not recovered until 9 o'clock next day. Mrs. Johnson, the mother of Mrs. Stacy, and Mrs. Benson, a relative of Mr. Stacy, were both fatally injured, from the effects of which they died on the 28th.

Richland Factory was next in the path. The factory building was unroofed, and the walls considerably damaged. Two large brick buildings belonging to the factory and used as sleeping apartments by the hands employed there, were badly damaged. The damage to the factory is supposed to be $20,000, but the energetic and enterprising owners have gone diligently to work, and will soon have it repaired.

On and on the destroyer went, giving our old friend Frank Wilkinson, Esq., a slap and a kick as a remembrancer, demolishing several small tenements in the north-east part of town, passing into the country with same high-handed recklessness with which he entered town.

There are many curious and interesting incidents connected with the storm, one of which was the miraculous escape of Mr. Stacy's little daughter. Indeed there were a hundred miraculous escapes, but hers is inexplicable. She was up stairs, in the room with her grand ma and her aunt, both of whom were fataly ingured; but by some strange freak of the winds, she was lifted gently and harmlessly to the ground, and, although the heavens were thick with falling missels brought from other wrecks, she was found in the yard after the storm, unhurt.

The main track of the storm seemed to be about two hundred yards wide; but its wings extended several hundred yards on either side, damaging slightly many other houses, fences, &c., and frightening a good many people

School.—Prof. Rodgers.—Reader, does not the foregoing head to this paragraph make you feel almost like you did when "this old hat was new?" Does not the name of Col. Rodgers, in connection with the schools of Pulaski, bring to your imagination the influences and memories of other and better years? And will not the illusion be complete if we could but call up old "Giles College" from its ruins, and witness day by day the youth of the town and country, in merriment and glee, flocking to its hallowed halls to learn wisdom from its old teachers? Would not memories crowd upon us then? Its old professors are here, but where is the old College building? Its monumental walls stand naked and bare upon college hill, pleading to her alumni and to Heaven, more eloquently than *we* could ever plead, to be re-erected and restored to their former usefulness and commanding proportions. The old college professors have been learning wisdom themselves for the past four years. Competent as they were before the war, they are better qualified to teach to-day than they were then. Experience is a severe school—especially the experience they have had during the war—but they have acted as becometh good pupils, and come back from school wiser, better men,

Has it ever entered into the mind of anybody that Giles College should be rebuilt? We are sadly in need of schools here. The youth of the town and country are growing up in ignorance for the want of schools. True there are several small schools here, but the number of pupils is necessarily limited for the want of school *room*. Col. Rogers is about to open in a room of his dwelling house, because there is no other place for him to teach. He has the capacity and the will to build up a large school here—large enough to educate the youth of the whole country—but he has not the means necessary to erect suitable buildings. It is important, therefore, that steps should be taken to rebuild the college. We hope the Trustees will properly appreciate these suggestions, and show their approval by going to work at once in this important matter.

We commenced this article simply to call attention to the school notice of Col. Rogers, but have branched off into the subject of schools generally in Pulaski. The subject is one of interest and we intend to refer to it again. Read the card alluded to, and send your children to school.

The radicals of Iowa are circulating a petition for the [illegible] President Johnson. [illegible]

Colored Christian Aid Society.—Elsewhere we publish, as an item of interest to all our readers, the constitution and by-laws of this commendable institution. Its objects are praisworthy, and we hope to see it succeed. Let no man throw an impediment in its way, but let us all encourage our "colored brethren" in all laudable efforts to ameliorate the condition of their unfortunate race. Let us conjure them to live up to the precepts of morality and christianity. If they do this, we need have no fear of a conflict of interests between the two races. The author of the constitution, and, we believe, the founder of the Christian Aid Society, is T J Thornton, the teacher of the colored school here. His deportment in this community since he opened school here, has been unobjectionable so far as we can learn. He is sober, industrious, and educated far above the average of his race. He may be made an instrument for good among the negroes, by proper encouragement at the hands of the white population.

These are the means by which we should seek to harmonize the apparently conflicting interests of the races. Enforce the laws rigidly, frown down vice and immorality, suppress vagrancy, but when a promising germ shows itself above the surface, foster it, encourage it, graft it and transplant its seeds.

GENERAL STERLING PRICE.

Letters have been received in this city from General Price, dated at Cordova, Mexico, on the fifteenth of November. Governor Harris of Tennessee, the Honorable John Perkins, Jr., of Louisiana, Gen. Shelby of Missouri, and a great many other officers and men of the late Confederate army, were also at the same place; the district of Cordova having been selected by the Imperial Commissioners as the seat of the colony which those gentlemen propose to found in Mexico. We are permitted to quote what General Price says about the lands which have been set apart by Maximilian for this colony.

"They are about seventy miles from Vera Cruz, and on the railroad leading thence to the City of Mexico. This road is being rapidly constructed, and is now in operation to within fifteen miles of this place, and will be completed to the town of Cordova within a few months, and to the City of Mexico within two years. These lands are three thousand feet above the level of the sea, and are as fertile as any of the Platte lands. [Note.—the Platte purchase, which is the northwestern part of Missouri, comprises the richest lands in that State, and perhaps in the Union.—Ed. *News*.] They are unsurpassed in the production of corn, tobacco, coffee, vegetables of every kind, and all the tropical fruits. The lands, which lie between this elevated country and the coast, produce as much and as good cotton as the Louisiana lands. We are practically as near the markets of New York and New Orleans as the people of Central Missouri are, and the climate is the best in the world. The thermometer never rises above ninety degrees, nor falls below seventy. The water is excellent, and we can get ice from the mountains covered with perpetual snow, which are in plain sight, and about thirty miles distant. The Imperial Government has purchased the lands from the original proprietors, and sell them to us at one dollar an acre.

Our colony commences with about thirty Confederates, all of whom are in high spirits, and expect to make fortunes raising coffee. A gentleman who has lived here a few years, sold his last year's coffee crop for ($16,000) sixteen thousand dollars. It was produced on sixty (60) acres of land. He works only ten hands. He tells me that his fruit trees can supply his table with a different variety of fruit each day in the year. His coffee plantation, shaded with every species of fruit tree laden with fruit, and the walks bordered with pine-apples is certainly the most beautiful farm that I have ever seen."

Of course the letter from which the above extracts have been taken, was not intended for publication, nor do we know that its writer will approve our course in giving publicity to it; but the facts stated in it are so interesting to a great many persons in this country, and the writer is so well known, and his statements so perfectly reliable, that we have prevailed upon the gentleman to whom it was addressed to permit us to lay the foregoing extracts before our readers.—*N. Y. News.*

A COW WANTED.

"That which was painful to suffer, it is pleasing to remember.' This is an old Latin proverb, and sometimes true, on the ground that there is something soothing to a man in the recollections of his past misfortunes. Then ought *we* not to have pleasing memories crowding in upon us rapidly? We had the finest cow in town—or out of town either—but we suffered her to die at the same time we were suffering Sherman to drive us into the heart of Georgia. It was painful to suffer so. But how pleasing to remember that she was not the only cow in the world, and that Sherman drove a heap o' folks besides us. We want another cow! Isn't it delightful? We are obliged to have another cow! Isn't it *pleasing?* Sherman didn't catch us, nor he didn't drive us so deep into Georgia but what we get out! That is the *most* pleasing recollection of all.

But in fact, we do want to buy a cow—a *good* cow. Apply soon.

The winter has seen a new fashion in ladies' dress inaugurated in Paris. It consists in having the great-coats, which in imitation of the men, are now worn, fabricated partly of one color, partly of another—the body, for example, being black, and [illegible] blue.

The Union Press, a radical paper of Louisville, Ky., has terminated its existence, the patronage it received not justifying its further publication.

G. W. Bickley, President of the Knights of the Golden Circle, has been released from Fort Warren after two years and eight mos. imprisonment.

The report is revived that Secretary Stanton has tendered his resignation to President Johnson, and insists upon its acceptance. We advise Andy to let him go if he wants to.

It is stated that orders were issued by the President, several weeks since, restoring to their proper occupants the Episcopal Church edifices in Alabama, but they seem not to have reached military head quarters, as newspapers from that quarter are still complaintng.

Several leading Republicans of New York are urging she pardon of Ketchum the millionaire swindler, upon the ground of his respectability. He is too respectable to work in a penitentiary.

Henry Winter Davis, the well known radical politician of Baltimore, died on Saturday of pneumonia. He was a man of great ability.

The Sergeant-at-Arms of the Louisiana Senate is without legs, the Door-keeper of the House without arms, the Secretary of the Senate and Clerk of the House are both on crutches. Despite these misfortunes, these gentlemen all prove very efficient, capable and acceptable officers. We would be very much surprised to see a maimed rebel get any position of this kind in Tennessee.

The Alabama Legislature has adopted a resolution asking the President to withdraw the troops from that State. The memorial sets forth the fact that the freedmen of the State, the great majority of whom are under contracts for labor for the present year, are encouraged in their idleness, violation of contracts ond insubordination, by the soldiers, especially the colored portion thereof. The same resolution authorizes the Governor, in the event of the withdrawal of said troops, to tender to the officers of the Freedmen's Bureau the use of the militia companies recently organized by the Provisional Governor, to enforce their orders.

In the list of two hundred and thirty two members of the present Congress, sixty-nine were born in New England and forty-seven in the single State of New York, while the remaing places of nativity are equally divided between the Middle and Western States of the Union, excepting one born in Canada, one in Bavaria, one in Scotland and two in Ireland. On the score of professions, the law claims a large majority, while printers and newspaper men number no less than fifteen.—*Boston Courier.*

The Huntsville *Advocate* says, we are glad to find that our people are alive to the importance of farming operations for the next year and are getting ready to engage in the cultivation of cotton with energy. Small farmers are meeting with most success—those who work their own lands, and only hire help to a limited extent. This class, who have land of their own, can make more money farming now than ever before and will do so—will make money rapidly by persevering industry. Large land holders find it more difficult to farm now, because of the uncertainty of securing reliable labor for the whole year. They are willing and anxious to engage the freedmen at constant wages, but they want to be assured of having the labor all the time. The pay is secure—let the work be certain when paid for, and the battle is won.

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PROSPECTUS.

The *Citizen* will positively be issued on Friday, the 5th inst., and regularly each week thereafter. We invite our friends to call and get specimen copies. It is the official paper of Giles county—containing each week, besides the commercial and market reports, Congressional, Legislative and miscellaneous news from all parts of the country—a concise and reliable report of all local, County and State news, together with the proceedings of Courts and public meetings held in the county.

In sending out a prospectus for the Pulaski *Citizen*, we deem it useless to inflict upon the people of Giles county, who know us so well, a lengthy and unnecessary address, detailing its political status. You are all familiar with its career before the war, and are well acquainted with our ideas of government and political economy, as announced from week to week before the war. The *Citizen* will be the same paper that it was then, so far as it can be consistent with the new order of things. Of course it will recognize the death of slavery, and accord to the late slaves all the rights and immunities which their new situation entitles them to. Believing it to the interest of the white race as well as the black for friendly relations to exist between the two, we would exhort the former to be generous and liberal, and the latter to be patient, moral, industrious and provident—to raise themselves by industry and education to a higher standard morally, socially and intellectually. Let the white men of the South prove themselves the honest, best friend the negro has, and then let the negro prove himself true to the white man. We would not raise the negro to a social level with the white man. We believe social equality a humbug and an impossibility. Nor would we take from them the means of education and reform. Let them be educated if they can be, and they at once know their true relation to the other race. We will oppose negro suffrage, but under all the circumstances as they exist in Tennessee, we believe it best that they be admitted to the civil Courts to sue and be sued, plead and be impleaded.

We of course will not become the organ of any party, sect or individual, but will take high, independent ground—advocating that which seems to us best for our country, lashing parties and partizans whenever they come in the way. We were not a partizan before the war, and our friends may rest assured we are much less a partizan now. Our object will be to print a paper well filled with literature, market and financial reports, interesting miscellany and news from all parts of the world—eschewing party and doing everything we can for the interest of our town, county, State and country.

So far as President Johnson's administration has developed his policy toward the seceded States and towards the late rebels, we will give him our cordial approval. If he pursues to the end the course indicated by his recent acts and sayings, as we understand them, his administration will have been just, generous and statesmanlike, and the people of America will accord to him the honor of bringing order out of chaos, restoring civil and religeous liberty to the country, crushing out the germs of anarchy and confusion which had well nigh ruined us, and of restoring the government to its original purity. In contradistinction to the radical party who seek to rule his administration for base party purposes, the President has shown himself wise and good.

We commence the *Citizen* with a very small subscription list, and trust to the future for an increase of patronage. We request every friend of the enterprise to aid us in getting up a large list at once.—We hope no one will consider his services unnecessary, but let every true friend take a prospectus, show it to the country people and the town people, and let every man subscribe. Receive no name without the money.

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