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ELI & WHITESIDE, Dealers in Gents' Furnishing Goods, and Hats and Caps; The Home-made shirt. The Spiral Seam Drawer. Shirts made to order. 41 Cherry street, Nashville.

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COOKE, SETTLE & CO. Jobbers of Boots and Shoes, 36 Public Square, Nashville, Tenn. Watson M. Cooke, Joel W. Settle, Russell M. Kinnard. JAMES FORGEY, Salesman.

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JOHN V. WRIGHT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Columbia, Tenn.
Jan. 5—tf.

DAVID C. SHELTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
COLUMBIA, TENN.,
Will practice in the Courts of Maury and the adjoining Counties. Office second door from west corner, Whitthorne Block. [jun 25.

CHARLES CLEAR
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Columbia, Tenn.
Special attention given to the collection of claims. April 23, 1y.

J. T. L. COCHRAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND GENERAL COLLECTING AGENT
COLUMBIA, TENN.
March 17.

JOHN B. BOND,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
COLUMBIA, TENNESSEE.
Prompt attention given to Collections. de

A. M. HUGHES,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
COLUMBIA, TENN.
Will attend all the Courts to be holden in Maury and adjoining counties.
OFFICE—Whitthorne Block. [Feb24'71

HUGH T. GORDON. C. O. NICHOLSON.
GORDON & NICHOLSON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
COLUMBIA, TENN
Will practice in the several Courts of Maury and adjoining counties.
Prompt attention given to collection of Claims.
May 29, 1871.

W. VANCE THOMPSON,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
Office on Garden Street, nearly west and opposite Masonic Hall,
COLUMBIA, TENNESSEE.
Will practice in Supreme and Federal Courts at Nashville, and in the Chancery and Circuit Courts of Maury and adjoining counties.
Feb. 5, 1869.-tf

G. P. FRIERSON,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
COLUMBIA, TENN.
Will practice in the several Courts of Maury and adjoining Counties, and in the Supreme and Federal Courts at Nashville. Prompt attention given to collections. Office in Lawyer's Block, West Market Street, same formerly occupied by Frierson & Fleming. mar18y

R. P. CYPERT. Z. MACK CYPERT.
R. P. CYPERT & BRO.,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Waynesboro, Tennessee,
Will practice in the Circuit and Chancery Courts of Wayne and the adjoining counties, and in the Supreme and Federal Courts at Nashville. Collections promptly attended to.
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W. C. DORSETT, M. D.,
Respectfully offers his Professional services to the citizens of Columbia and vicinity.
OFFICE.—Whitthorne Block, corner of West Main and Garden streets.
my20-tf

H. S. COX,
Physician and Surgeon,
Office—Whitthorne Block
COLUMBIA, TENN.
July 29 '70

DR. J. P. HERNDON,
SURGEON DENTIST,
Office Photograph Gallery,
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DR. SAMUEL BICKNELL,
DENTIST.
Having permanently located in Columbia announces to the public that he is prepared to serve them in the various branches of Dentistry, in a skillful and scientific manner. His prices will be as moderate as circumstances will admit.
Office, in Whitthorne Block.
Jany. 14, 1870.

Marble Works
OF
WILLIAM SHIRLEY,
At W. Bland's old Shop, on the Mt. Pleasant Pike, near the Institute, where I shall keep on hand
MONUMENTS
AND TOMBSTONES,
Work made to order, Ornamental or Plain. All work Warranted to give satisfaction. Lettering made to order. June 20-1y

BOOKS! BOOKS!! BOOKS!!!
PERIODICALS,
STATIONERY, WALL PAPER,
Window Shades, News, Notions, &c., at
W. H. ENGLE'S,
West Side Public Square,
COLUMBIA, TENNESSEE.

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FUSSELL & STEELE,
REAL ESTATE AGENTS,
for the
SALE, PURCHASE AND RENTING
Of All Descriptions of Property,
COLUMBIA, TENNESSEE.
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TO TRAVELLERS.
THE NELSON HOUSE,
COLUMBIA, TENN.,
H. EDSALL, - - - - PROPRIETOR.
Keeps good tables, clean and comfortable beds and rooms, and the best of servants, all at moderate prices. [nov. 18, '70.



# COLUMBIA HERALD.

BY HORSLEY & FIGUERS. COLUMBIA, TENNESSEE, FEBRUARY 2, 1872. VOL. XVII.—NO. 22.



JACOB HARRIS,
*TAILOR,*
COLUMBIA, ... ... ... ... TENN.
Cutting done in the most fashionable manner, and warranted to fit.
Cleaning and Repairing done in an acceptable manner, on short notice.
☞ If you want a Suit handsomely made to order, bring me the cloth.
SHOP—Two doors above the Nelson House
May 21, 1871. 1y.

FRANKLIN HOUSE.
Columbia, Tennessee.
Having refitted and taken charge of this Hotel, I solicit a share of public patronage. My table shall be supplied with the best the market affords. Lodgings clean and comfortable. Prices to suit the time.
July15—tf JAMES L. GUEST.

RUSHTON'S
NEW YORK STORE,
PUBLIC SQUARE,
Columbia, Tenn.
Have just received a full stock of
Millinery Goods,
French and American Artificial
FLOWERS,
Feathers, Ornaments. &c., &c.
French, Swiss and Hamburg
Embroideries.
Plain and Embroidered
Sash Ribbons, Neckties, Bonnet Ribbons,
Entirely New Styles.
Real Thread, Gimpure, Valencia and Silk
LACES.
Ladies' Under-Clothing, Infant's Cloaks, Dresses, Caps and Bonnets,
of superior finish.
Varieties.
Lubin's Genuine Extracts,
Florida Water,
Bay Rum,
Colognes and Cosmetics,
Shaving and Fancy Soaps,
Cold Cream and Pomades,
Toilet Cases, &c.
Melton Gold and Real Whitby Jewelry in Sets, Ear Drops, Necklaces, &c.
And we are prepared to supply all orders at the lowest prices. We shall constantly receive the newest styles of fashionable and fancy goods from New York as they come into market. In the Northeast corner Public Square, next to Williams & Tyler's.
Nov. 3.-1y.

NEW HARD-WARE STORE.
We would respectfully announce that we have just opend a very large and complete assortment of
SHELF AND HEAVY
HARDWARE,
Consisting in part of
American and English
Table Cutlery,
Wostenholm, Wade and Butcher, and other celebrated brands of
Pocket Knives, Guns, Pistols
AND SPORTING MATERIALS,
Carpenters' and Blacksmiths' Tools
Implements,
BUILDERS' SUPPLIES, NAILS
BUTTS, SCREWS, &c., &c.
AXES, HATCHETS, BROAD AXES
CROSS CUT AND MILL SAWS,
HORSE and MULE SHOES,
HORSE NAILS,
And in fact every thing pertaining to the General Hardware Business, which we intend selling at the very lowest possible rates
FOR CASH.
Call and examine our stock and prices, and we feel confident that you will find it to your interest to favor us with your patronage.
Yours Very Truly,
S. P. NORTON & CO.
Columbia, Tenn., Sept. 18.-m67


### FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

[Ponce de Leon, an early Spanish navigator, who discovered Florida, received from the Indian aborigines the tradition that there was somewhere in the vast continent a terrestial paradise containing the waters of eternal youth.]

I.

They said that its waters flowed fresh and free;
In a fairy land, o'er the deep blue sea;
That rubies gleamed from the fountain's side,
And diamonds flashed in the crystal tide.
They said that the shining streamlet rolled
O'er rarest jewels and sands of gold;
And that the wanderer who should drink
Of the waters that shone by its mossy brink,
Should renew his youth forevermore
From the fount that flowed on that fairy shore,
And thither the travelers bent their way,
And fancy sought for the wondrous fount each day;
Their footsteps roved through the forest shades,
But they found it not in the green arcades.
Long did they seek for its crystal urn,
Amid emerald shadows of moss and fern;
Where bloomed rare flowers of radiant dye,
Under the beautiful Southern sky.
Nought but the Indian's foot had pressed
The sod where laid their heads to rest,
To dream at night that their search was vain,
To wake in the morning, and hope again.

II.

Listen, my darling, with eager ear,
The wonderful ancient tale to hear,
Of the wanderers o'er the sea who sought,
For the fountain of youth, and found it not?
Vain was the quest—they never viewed
Its clear waves gleam in the solitude;
Never upon their raptured sight
Beamed the spring of youth with its waters bright.
Beautiful dream of the days of old!
If ever some silver stand there rolled
A stream whose waters could wash away
The signs and tokens of youth's decay;
Render our faces like thine, as fair,
Smooth from our foreheads the lines of care;
Clear the mists from the wearied brain,
Send new life through each bounding vein,
While we hear the song in the morning sung,
The peans of bliss when the world was young:
Give us faith, undimmed by fears,
The innocent trust of early years.
The heart with happiness beating high,
The springing step and radiant eye,
We, too, would sail over a trackless main,
As the travelers from their sunny Spain,
Eager to drink, to cast away
Age, like a garment old and gray,
And wear, when the blissful draught was o'er,
The brightness of youth for evermore.
Thou hast strayed from its source with thy childish feet,
Thou hast drank of the fountain of youth, my sweet;
Thy cheek so fair, with its rosy tinge,
The light of thine eyes, 'neath their veiling fringe,
Thy face, unclouded by care or fear,
The merry peals of thy laughter clear,
Tell of the font on that wondrous shore,
Thou hast drank of once, but will never more
Till life shall pass, and is given to thee
Immortal youth in Eternity.

### THAT BABY.

Mrs. Whifflets was a pretty little married woman of some two or three years' standing, with a charmingly winning manner, which instantaneously captured the hearts of all male bipeds who approached.

I call Mrs. Whifflets pretty, though her features were not correct when tried by the standard of classical beauty, because of one smile which always lit up her face and transfused it with a subtle magnetic power of attraction there was no resisting. Strange, almost incredible as it may appear, she was no less a favorite with women than with men; whether it was on account of her intense womanliness, her ready sympathy with all questions of dress, her omnisembracing charity, or some more mystic and profound chord of nature, is a fact whose solution must be left to some abysmal psychologist.

But, although delighting to walk on *the* Avenue in the glory of bewitching costumes, adapted to dazzle and bewilder masculine eyes, and as fond of afternoon performances at the theatres as if she were born in the city which country editors think it funny to call Gotham, her mind and all its constituent parts were wrapped up in two objects. One of these objects was about six feet high, with red whiskers, blue eyes and brown hair, answering to the name of Jack Whifflets. It kissed her every morning with much unction, and then departed "down-town," that mysterious bourne from which so many travelers ne'er return, save with empty pockets. Mr. Whifflets, however, was sustained by the unfaltering trust universally placed in him, and his better-half never knew an ungratified wish—to be sure, her wishes were always moderate. The other object which shared her heart was a pink-faced, large-eyed, bald-headed anomaly, entitled indiscriminately Jack; Junior (by his father), precious darling (by his mother), pooly eetle sing (by bread-and-butter young ladies), the nuisance (by Mr. Whifflets' bachelor brother), and that Baby (by Miss Maria Quilts).

Almost holding it as a fortieth article, that her baby was the wisest, handsomest and altogether the most remarkable of its species that had ever honored the earth by appearing on its surface, Mrs. Whifflets was accustomed, when speaking of it, to withdraw the spigot of discretion from the barrel of love, and so deluge her friends with its praises that they sometimes vaguely wondered how it was possible so small a body could be such a gignatic bore.

With mothers and young ladies who were so young, it was of course an entirely different thing; they were never weary of inquiring and hearing about the last tooth, or of watching the infant's mentally tottering steps on the road toward intelligence. It was the young ladies who were not young that condemned the beautiful exhibition of a tender mother's artless love, and wished Mrs. Whifflets to understand that her baby was not so very different from those of other people, since all infants looked alike.

Chief among these ammoniacal critics of the boarding house was the Miss Maria Quilts already referred to; a tough, wiry virgin of some five or eight and thirty years, as near as could be guessed by one who durst not penetrate the Eleusinian mysteries of her "front." She had a room above that of Mrs. Whifflets, and there occupied a good portion of her time in the chaste solemnities of her toilet. It would be slander to say that she was angling for a husband, but it looked remarkably suspicious that when Mr. Potters, the theological student came to the house, she was greatly troubled about free will and predestination, and sought his advice with much assiduity. He was a weak-eyed, flabby young man, and on one occasion was heard to tell her, confidentially, that he thought St. Paul somewhat mistaken in his ideas about women. At which she smiled graciously.

Day by day Miss Quilts and the student became more friendly, and from discussing St. Paul and women in the abstract, had now come down—or ascended, as the reader may prefer—to considering the representative of all that is fair and graceful in her condition of wife.

"Ah," sighed Maria, with a side-long glance so arch that it nearly gave her strabismus, "what men need—which they rarely have sense enough to desire—when they marry, is a woman competent to take charge of a household and administer it with that fidelity and economy which unhappily are only too rare. So many, attracted by giddy frivolity and the gleam of an evanescent simulation, take to themselves as partners silly, empty-headed girls, that I sometimes tremble for the future of my beloved country. It is seldom that we meet one of those perfectly assorted couples where the inexperience of the husband is tempered by domestic knowledge of the wife, and the many mistakes of the male are alleviated by the wider experience of the female."

As can be perceived, Miss Maria used choice language; her favorite author was Johnson.

Mr. Potters thought this smacked a little of woman's rights, a subject of which he had a perennial horror ever since he had been called to account for the unlucky St. Paul by a ferocious nondescript who wore trousers and boots. So he inquired, timidly:

"You do not believe in woman's voting, do you?"

"I? Oh, no!" exclaimed the fair Maria, rolling her eyes heavenward. "Woman's place is in the family circle, presiding over the household altar and standing upon the domestic hearth. Such is woman's proper position. But you were saying—"

"Well?" asked Potters, as she paused bashfully.

"That you thought of selecting a partner."

"Was I? Well, I suppose I must marry. Would you—"

"Advise me," he was going to say, but she gave him no time.

"Oh, Elijah, how you make my heart beat. You should not have been so abrupt. We poor women are not so strong as you men"—she could have whipped him with one hand—"and any sudden emotion overpowers us. Yes, Elijah, I will be your wife."

Potters had hardly meant to propose, but since he had done so, as he thought, he made the best of it, and concluded that she would make a very good wife for him.

Miss Maria was overjoyed that she had at length landed her fish, and though he was in the least ardent, she sat that down, not altogether incorrectly, to his having seen but very little of women.

"Promise that you won't be angry with me, dearest Elijah," she whispered in the course of their conversation.

"Angry! Why should I be angry with you?"

"I have a secret which you shall know some day—not now. I couldn't help it; it was my misfortune. You are not angry?"

"No, no."

But still her words recurred to him at intervals, and made him reflect upon what might be this terrible secret.

The next morning was clear, bright and cloudless; the air clean and fresh, with just enough frostiness to be exhilerating. The streets were filled with the southward bent streams of men, all converging toward that great maelstrom called business.

Mr. Whifflets kissed his pretty little wife and departed, leaving her sitting by the window, holding upon her knee "Jack Junior," and endeavoring to arouse into giving some signs of intellect his vacant eyes and flaccid face. But all to no purpose; the baby was stupid to-day, and would understand nothing; he would not even, despite her pathetic beseechings, put up his arms over his head to "show how big baby is."

"Dear, dear," said Mrs. Whifflets, "he must be going to have more teeth."

While sitting thus, a lady and little girl were shown in.

"Oh, you dear sweet thing you, to come and see me!" cried Mrs. Whifflets, as her friend flew at and kissed her.

"Yes, and I want you to come and help me choose a dress. Henry told me that I might go to Stewart's and order a new one. I think I shall get a black silk, and have it trimmed with a velvet box plating round the bottom, and——"

Cackle, cackle for two mortal hours, while she described some of the visions of trimming which in endless number floated through her brain. Mrs. Whifflets sighed the heart-broken sigh of a woman who is deprived of the pleasure of shopping.

"It's real lovely of you to ask me," she said sweetly, but with the sadness of resignation. "I should dearly like to go, but I sent away my nurse yesterday and cannot leave baby."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed her voluble friend, "my little girl Rosa can take care of the baby very well indeed. She knows how."

Mrs. Whifflets called the child to her side, and, after inflicting upon her maternal catechism, and finding that she really knew how to tend babies, decided to leave the precious infant in her charge.

In a short time—an hour or so—Mrs. Whifflets was ready to depart upon the shop rummaging expedition. As her hand was on the nob she turned and said:

"Now, Rosa, be sure not to go out of the room."

"No, ma'am," was the ungrammatical and ambiguous response.

Left to herself, Rosa commenced by opening and tumbling over the contents of every drawer that was unlocked, while the baby lay very quietly sprawling on the floor. Then she tried on some of Mrs. Whifflets' false hair before the glass, rather liked the effect; and wished she were old enough to wear such beautiful braids that made such beautiful loops. This amusement failing, she took the stoppers out of all the bottles, deluged her handkerchief with new-mown hay, and saturated her forehead and hands with Cologne water; she tried to drink some, as she had seen her mother do, but it tasted dreadfully; covered her face with powder and plastered her hair with bandoline. Then she tried to crimp it with a cold iron, but could not succeed.

I think Rosa was a very bad little girl.

Having by this time about exhausted the resources of Mrs. Whifflets' room, Rosa began to think of fresh fields and pastures new. The house was perfectly quiet; the only sounds she could hear were those produced by passing vehicles in the street. Besides, there could be no harm in just going out for a minute. So she picked up the baby, opened the door, and ventured into the hall.

No one was in sight.

She went cautiously up stairs, looking about with the eager eyes of an inquisitive girl. On the next story she stopped and gazed at the different doors, wondering if they were locked or not.

She tried one; it opened, and she went in.

The room was small and sparely furnished. On the bureau was an open box, which at once caught her eye. She laid the baby down, ran to it and pulled out some corkscrew curls. These she tied on her head, and then commenced plastering herself anew with lily white and aromatic vinegar.

"Oh, ain't it fun!" she cried, dancing up and down in her glee.

Suddenly her recreations were interrupted by a violent box on the ear which made her reel, while the curls were snatched from her head, and a harsh voice cried:

"You naughty, wicked little wretch!"

Rosa looked, and saw what seemed to her guilty soul a gigantic specter, clad in white and yellow flannel, with a dingy turban round its head. She howled and fled incontinently.

Miss Maria Quilts locked the door and returned to their hiding-place the shameful evidences of her age. In doing so she noticed the baby and started.

Started with horror, for there immediately rushed into her mind all the instances she had ever heard or read of the dexterity used by people who desire to be rid of their offspring. She knew by heart the story of that unfortunate gentleman who is requested to hold a child for an instant, and is thenceforth saddled with it for life. What if this were a similar scheme adopted by some unnatural parent, and that wicked girl the artful emissary! Or—still more horrible thought—suppose it were part of a plan concocted by some designing individual to ruin her character! The perspiration broke out on her forehead.

What should she do?

She sat down to think it over, but for a long time she could come to no conclusion. At length she decided to take it down stairs and place it at Mrs. Whifflets' door.

"As she's so fond of babies," said Miss Quilts, grimly, "I'll give her another to take care of."

Now, it so happened that Mr. Potters, while wrestling with "fate, free will and fore knowledge absolute," had heard Rosa's yell, and at this very moment was standing at his door wondering what could be the matter. As Miss Quilts' door opened he closed his own, but remained looking through the crack.

His astonishment was unbounded at seeing his Maria in her fearful undress, which was, if possible, increased when he noticed her burden.

"A baby!" he whispered hoarsely to himself.

In his agitation he moved the door; it gave a slight creak.

"Goodness gracious!" thought Miss Quilts, "if anybody should see me!"

She laid the baby on the floor and scuttled back to her room.

Watching the hall she saw Mr. Potters come forth, take up the baby, and say, soothingly: "My poor child!" and so retire.

"Oho!" she said, wagging her head maliciously. "So it's *your* child, is it? I'll pay you for this when we are married. And you a theological student, too!"

With that she fell to preparing herself for public exhibition as rapidly as possible.

Meanwhile, Mr. Potters was walking up and down the room with the baby in his arms—he had heard that was the best way to quiet children—thinking of what he had just seen.

"And so this is the secret she would tell me when we were married and I could not help myself," he said, recalling her words of the previous day. "How could she imagine that I would ever live with her after knowing her disgraceful story? She ought to be ashamed of herself! How ugly she looks when not dressed! I never could have believed that a woman could alter herself so," he added.

He was very innocent.

At this moment the baby began to cry. He endeavored to hush it, but every instant its screams grew louder and louder.

In the midst of the noise came a knock at the door.

"Come in."

Miss Maria Quilts entered, but stopped short, with well-feigned amazement.

"Elijah, dearest!" she exclaimed. "You with a baby! What does this mean?"

"Hold, unhappy woman!" said Mr. Potters, sternly. "Your shameful secret shall remain forever buried in my bosom; but let there be no further question of love between us."

"What's that you say?" she shrieked.

"I say that I could never think of taking for my wife an unmarried mother."

Miss Quilts' not very equable temper took fire.

"I like that," she said scornfully, "when its your baby."

The sudden assault staggered him.

"My baby!" he gasped.

"Yes, your baby! A pretty minister you'll make! If you do not marry me, I'll cause a scandal, and expose you!"

"Infatuated female! beware how you draw destruction upon your head!"

The answer of Miss Quilts was to spring to the window, fling it open, and cry: "Police! police!"

In a few minutes the lumbering step of a burly blue-coated guardian of the peace was heard upon the stairs, and he came in, stolidly.

All this time the baby was yelling with the full power of his lungs.

"I want that man arrested," said Miss Quilts, pointing to Potters.

"What for?"

"He wishes to abandon his child."

"It's a lie—an infernal lie!" shouted Potters. "It's her baby."

"It's yours."

"It's yours."

"It isn't."

"It is."

"Ow!—ow!—ow!" from Miss Quilts; premonitory symtoms of hysterics.

"Come, now," said the policeman, "you don't play them points on me. Which of yer owns the babby?"

"He does."

"She does."

"I don't."

"You do."

The policeman rubbed his chin meditatively.

"I guess you'd both step around to Jefferson Market, and settle it there."

"Oh, my baby! my precious little darling! And did its naughty mamma go and leave it, so she did?" With which rather confused observation, Mrs. Whifflets rushed into the room, snatched the baby from Potters, and fell to kissing it extravangantly.

"So here's another on 'em," said the embarrassed policeman, who could find no other remedy for the situation than to repeat his former remark, that they had better step around to Jefferson Market.

Potters gave him a bill and he was satisfied.

"You horrid thing!" said Mrs. Whifflets, energetically, to the crushed and humiliated Miss Quilts. "This comes of old maids meddling with children." Flinging this rankling Parthian arrow, she withdrew.

"What is that terrible secret you spoke of yesterday?" asked Potters, gloomily, eyeing Maria.

"That—that—that is my *front*," she sobbed.

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to add that the engagement was broken, and Miss Quilts left her boarding house hat afternoon.

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THE San Francisco Morning Call thus adds another to the numerous remedies for a "balky" horse: "A horse drawing a grocery wagon up Pacific street, took a notion into his lean head that he had gone far enough, and in spite of urging, coaxing and whipping, stood stock-still, with his legs braced and his ears drawn back. The usual crowd surrounded him, and innumerable treatments were suggested and tried with no avail. They sawed his fore legs with a rope, stopped his breathing, twisted his tail, and pulled and pushed him; but he only braced himself the harder, and looked at the crowd with an eye of contempt. At last a tall Piker came along, and picking up a large handful of mud from the gutter crammed it into the brute's mouth. There was a scattering of the crowd as the old horse kicked and reared, and the scene ended in an exciting race by the young man after his horse and wagon as they tore up the street at a pace they had never equalled before."

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Alexis, like Daniel Webster, does'nt care much for money, but he thought $1,500 a little steep for sixteen hours' lodging and one meal at the Spencer House, Niagara Falls. The landlord, probably desiring to perpetuate the harmonious relations between the two countries, consented to take $1,000, which was paid. The people of that vicinity are greatly incensed at the disgraceful occurrence.

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THE building statistics of St. Louis for last year show that over $5,000,000 have been expended in the construction of new edifices, ranging from palatial business houses and elegant dwellings to homes of more moderate pretentions.

### ANDREW JACKSON.

**A Leaf from Henry A. Wise's Book—A Story for the Eighth of January.—Life and Death of Mrs. Jackson—Constancy and Devotion of the Hero of New Orleans.**

The now book of Hon. Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, "Seven Decades of the Union," etc., has many very graphic and interesting reminiscences in it of a personal character, in connection with the public men of the past, etc. We annex one or two, to-day, as follows:

LIFE AND DEATH OF MRS. JACKSON.

But we are anticipating events, by painting, perhaps out of place, the private characteristics and traits of a very great man, whose name belongs only accidentally to this memoir of one of his successors. Gen. Jackson was elected President in the fall of 1828. His domestic life had been scanned and scourged, and his beloved and honored wife had been most malignantly reviled and tortured by the forked tongues of his political opponents. She was happy in his love, and never aspired to the splendor of his fortune in life. She had fled to his manhood for protection and peace, and had been sheltered and saved by his gallant championship of the cause of women. He, and he alone, was her all, and of him it may be truly said that, in respect to "wassail, wine and women," he was one of the purest men of his day, and that, too, in an age of rude habits and rude, vulgar dissipation among the rough settlers of the west.

He was temperate in drink, abstemious in diet, simple in tastes, polished in manners, except when roused, and always preferred the society of ladies, with the most romantic, pure and poetic devotion. He was never accused of indulging in any of the grosser vices, except that in early life he swore, horse-raced and attended cock-fights. As for the wife of his bosom, she was a woman of spotless character, and an unassuming, consistent Christian; yet political rancor bitterly assailed her, and, not content with defamation, endeavored to belittle her by the contemptuous appellation of "Aunt Rachel," and held her up to ridicule for smoking a corn-cob pipe. She did prefer that form, not for the pleasure of smoking, but because a pipe was prescribed by her physician for her phthisis, and she often rose in the night to smoke for relief. In a night of December, 1828, she rose to smoke, and caught cold while sitting in her night clothes; and the story is that her system had been shocked by her over-hearing reproaches of herself whilst waiting in a parlor at the Nashville Inn. She had said to a friend, upon the election of her husband, "For Mr. Jackson's sake I am glad; for my part I never wished it. I assure you I had rather be a doorkeeper in the palace at Washington." She was not allowed to live in "that palace in Washington." Before the day of her husband's inauguration at the White House she was taken by her God to that "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

The 23d of December was the anniversary of General Jackson's greatest strategy in war. He had, without means, made preparation for the defense of New Orleans. He had arrested suspected persons by a strong arm; he had aroused the populace of the city, of all races and colors, to seize arms for defense; he had seized cotton bales to make him a line of impenetrable ramparts from river to lagoon for miles; he had manned gunboats to cooperate with the land forces; he had done wonders in making strongholds of nothing for the last ditches of defense; but the *coup de main* was, after making his last hold as strong as he could, in leaving his intrenchments to attack the invading foe in full force at night, with a handful of men, under Coffee and Carroll, on the 23d of December, and striking so hard a blow full in the face that he was staggered and made to hesitate and pause, giving Jackson sixteen days' time to recruit his forces and strengthen still more his defenses. Had the enemy marched directly on New Orleans on the 23d or 24th of December, the "beauty and booty" of the city would have fallen a prey to his lust and rapine. But Jackson pursued his "policy of rashness," struck unexpected and unseen, saved the city, and won immortal laurels.

This, the 23d of December, 1814—not the 8th of January, 1815—he counted his day of victory. Strategy was the successful forerunner of courage and force.

Preparations were being make in Nashville to give him and his lady a grand reception and celebration of the anniversary of this lucky day, and all eyes were bent toward the Hermitage to see the conquering hero, the then President, come with his cherished wife at his side, when lo! a messenger on "the White Horse" was seen, riding fast, to announce that his partner was—dead. She was no longer the afflicted, deserted one whom he had championed and married, and lived with in holy and lawful wedlock. She was no longer his angel bosom partner; she was no longer a target for this world's fiery darts of detraction; she was a saint. The day's gladness was turned to earthly mourning, and the day of rejoicing to the day of fasting.

Dr. Heiskel, of Winchester, Va., was just starting as a young physician in the neighborhood of the Hermitage, and was the first to minister to her relief, and attended until two eminent physicians were called in from Nashville. From him we learned that she had caught cold, and pleuretic symptoms supervened upon her constitutional nervous affections. She was sitting smoking her corn-cob pipe when she caught her last malady.

The day of burial came, and we witnessed the solemn scene. This we confidently testify, that more sincere homage was done to her dead than was ever done to any woman in our day and country living. Thousands from the city and from all the country around flocked to her funeral. The poor white people, the slaves of the Hermitage and adjoining plantations, and the neighbors, crowded off the gentry of town and country, and filled the large garden in which the interment took place. She had been a Hannah and Dorcas to every needy household. She has been more than mistress, a mother to her servants and dependents, and the richest and best were proud of the privilege of her sincere and simple friendship. She was, without question, loved and honored by high and low, white and black, bound and free, rich and poor; and that love was so unaffectedly expressed by a wail so loud and long that there was no mistaking its grief for the loss, not of the departed one, but of the living left behind her. From that same door of the northeast room of the house, near which the happy bridal party sat but a few short months before, her coffin was borne to the grave dug in the garden for her remains.

Following the pall-bearers came General Jackson, with his left hand in the arm of General Carroll, holding his cane in his right hand, not grasping it with hand over the head nor with the thumb up, but with the back of the hand up, and holding the point of the cane forward as he would have held a sword, and where he stopped at the pile of clay its point rested on the clods. Weeping and mourning was heard on every side, but at the moment of his coming up to that cold portal of clay a favorite old servant of Mrs. Jackson burst through the group around the pit, and tried to get into the grave with the coffin. She was about sixty years of age, robust and strong, and, falling near the brink, got both feet over the edge of the grave, when the sexton and others took hold of her and prevented her descending, and were trying to raise her up and remove her. Her cries were agonizing: "Mistress, my best friend, my love, my life, is gone—I will go with her!"

This was but a moment; but, close to General Jackson, we watched him intently. Every muscle of his face was unmoved; steady as a rock, without a teardrop in his eye or a quiver in his voice, he quickly raised his voice and said, "Let that faithful servant, weep for her best friend and loved mistress; she has the right and cause to weep, and her grief is sweet to me." The persons who had hold of her immediately released her and left her sitting over the fresh clods, weeping, and there she remained, hindering the burial, until after a while some of her friends pursuaded her to leave the grave and let the ceremony go on. The body was let down, "dust to dust" was said, the grave was filled up and shaped into the common mound which covers poor mortality, and Gen. Jackson was led away by Gen. Carroll back to the northeast room. The crowd followed and we got in close to the chief mourner. Arriving fairly into the room and pausing a few moments, he looked around him, and raising his voice, said:

"Friends and neighbors, I thank you for the honor you have done to the sainted one who remains now repose in yonder grave. She is now in the bliss of Heaven, and I know that she can suffer here no more on earth. This is enough for my consolation; my loss is her gain. But I am left without her to encounter the trials of life alone. I am now the President-elect of the United States, and in a short time must take my way to the metropolis of my country, and if it had been God's will I would have been grateful for the privilege of taking her to my post of honor and seating her by my side, but Providence knew what was best for her. For myself I bow to God's will, and go alone to the place of new and arduous duties, and I shall not go without friends to reward, and I pray God that I may not be allowed to have enemies to punish. I can forgive all who have wronged me, but will have fervently to pray that I may have grace to enable me to forget or forgive any enemy who has ever maligned that blessed one who is now safe from all suffering and sorrow, whom they tried to put to shame for my sake!"

This was uttered calmly, firmly, mournfully, and in such deep silence of the crowd that it was audible to every one in the room. We can never forget it. Could he? The answer to the question illustrates his leading trait of the policy of pugnacity.

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### The Sea-Lions of the Pacific Coast.

"Grace Greenwood," writing to the New York Times from San Francisco, thus describes a visit to the "Cliff House," on the sea-coast, six miles from the city:

The Cliff House has a long, broad verandah, facing the sea, and commanding fine views of the Golden Gate, of the dark, bold bluff of the peninsula, and of the rocky points beyond the curving beach. On this morning there were many sails in sight, some passing through the grand gateway, some coming up slowly before the soft wind, some melting into dreams of ships down the misty horizon. The Seal Rocks, three sharp, picturesque little islands immediately in front of the hotel, were crowded with sea-lions, their strange, dismal, discordant barking filling the air. These particular sea-lions are under the protection of the law, and such old customers, that *habitues* at the Cliff House are able to single out the leaders, the solid citizens, and have given them distinctive and distinguished names.

I must confess I watched them with an eager, childish interest and enjoyment. An English tourist at my side remarked with a happy command of words, "What an extraordinary sight! Really, you know, I had no idea of it! What extraordinary creatures! and what an extraordinary noise they make!"—which are my opinions better expressed.

Some of these sea-lions are monsters of their kind, weighing 1,000 to 1,200 pounds, they say. All seals, queer, grotesque, uncanny creatures, have for me a strange fascination—seeming like sinful human souls in wild torment—men, perhaps who have warred and wasted, and lived free hand high and fast, going through an uncomfortable metempsychosis, prisoned and pinioned in these flabby, slippery and clumsy forms. As you first see those on the coast, they seem continually to be flopping over the rocks or down into the water, and you say to yourself, "What a dreary thing it must be—an existence of flops!" But, as you watch them further, you see that a sea-lion's life is varied, for there is wallow in the water, and the hitch up on the rock, the *siesta* in the sun, and the bark. When he is awake *that* is incessant. Day and night his "bark is on the sea." Sometimes, when they are all barking at once it pleasantly reminds one of the House of Representatives. Doubtless the sea-lion has his mare-tsl relations; perhaps the plural style of marriage prevails in the thriving community, and all the middle-sized monsters grouped around the big ones were their consorts—"sealed" to them. If so, the ill-adjustment and discontent which nowadays seem almost inseparable from the blessed estate of wedlock, may account for some of the little unpleasantness observable on the rocks in the mildest and sleepiest times. Another reason why not here, more than in Congress, do we find peace and unity, is, perhaps, that here, also they have a "Sumner" and a "Ben Butler." Another big seal has been dubbed by some patriotic visitor, "General Grant." This is a very quiet old fellow, and sleeps most of the time. He has a sullen "deep-mouthed bay," yet I saw enough to be convinced that his bite is worse than his bark, for while I was regarding him as he lay in profound slumber, and enormous seal hitched himself up out of the water near by, made a careful reconnoissance, and deliberately went for him. You should have seen the old Phocidan majestically rear himself on his flippers, and heard his roar of angry defiance, which rang above the clash of the waves, and was echoed by every loyal seal on the rocks, except, perhaps, "Sumner." Then began one of the most exciting contests I ever witnessed. It seemed to come off in "rounds," like a prize-fight, the first assailant continually getting the worst of it. When he was severely "punished" by the General's tusks, he invariably fell back and lifted up his voice and wept. At last, after half a dozen disastrous attacks, he fell so far back that he flopped off the rock into the water, where he laid his sore head on the bosom of the deep and subsided. The victor gave a triumphant bark, turned over and went to sleep.

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Two hundred and sixty-one miles of railway were built in Minnesota in 1871.

### Professor Agassiz's Marine Investigations.

The following interesting letter, written by Professor Agassiz on board the coast-survey steamer Hassler, has been received by Professor Benjamin Pierce, superintendent of the coast-survey:

ST. THOMAS, Dec. 15, 1871.

*My Dear Professor:*—For several days after we left Boston I was greatly troubled by a sense of general weakness, so much so that more than once I thought I had undertaken more than I had strength for. But as soon as we got into warmer latitudes I felt better, and now I am actually improving beyond my condition at the start. As soon as we reached the Gulf Stream we began work. Indeed Pourtales organized a party to study the temperatures as soon as we passed Gay Head, and he will himself report his results to you, which are quite interesting. My attention was entirely turned to the gulf weed and its inhabitants, of which we made extensive collections. Our observations favor the views of those who believe that the floating weed is derived from plants torn from the rocks upon which sargassum naturally grows. I made a very simple experiment which seems to me to settle the matter. Every branch of the sea-weed which is deprived of its floats at once sinks to the bottom of the water, and these floats are