COLUMBIA HERALD.

BY HORSLEY BROS. & FIGURES. COLUMBIA, TENN., FRIDAY, APRIL, 26,1872. VOL. XVII—NO. 35,

MAURY COUNTY DIRECTORY.

BERKSHIRE SWINE.

W. E. GREENLAW, Breeder of Thouroughbred Berkshire Swine; Spring Hill, Tenn.

R. P. LEDBETTER, Breeder and Importer of Pure Berkshire Hogs; near Columbia, Tenn.

HENRY JONES has Berkshire Pigs for sale at $100 each, Mt. Pleasant, Tenn.

L. H. ESTES, Breeder and Importer of Pure Blooded Berkshires, Columbia.

DURHAM CATTLE.

GEO. W. POLK, Breeder of Thoroughbred Durham Cattle, Columbia, Tenn.

NASHVILLE DIRECTORY.

CENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

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.

BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

PAUL & TAVEL, Booksellers, Stationers, Printers, and Bookbinders, No. 48 Union street, Nashville, Tenn.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

F. L. DAVIES & BRO., Dealers in Watches, Jewelry, and Silverware, corner of Church and Summer streets, Nashville, Tenn. ROBERT SHERGOD, Salesman.

E. WIGGERS, Practical Watchmaker and Jeweler, No. 3½ North Cherry street, Nashville, Tenn. Goods sent C. O. D. for examination, also watches, etc. for repairs received and returned by Express.

HOTELS.

BATTLE HOUSE, Gen. Joel A. Battle Proprietor, Church street, Nashville.

MAXWELL HOUSE, Nashville, Tenn., M. KEAN & CO., Proprietors.

BOOTS, SHOES, &c.

COOKE, SETTLE & CO. Jobbers of Boots and Shoes, 56 Public Square, Nashville, Tenn. Watson M. Cooke, Joel W. Settle, Russell M. Kinnard. JAMES FORGNY, Salesman.

T. E. WINSTEAD & CO. Dealers in Boots, Shoes, Satchels, Valises, and Trunks, No. 7 Cherry street, opposite Maxwell House, Nashville, Tenn.

LIQUOR DEALERS.

CHEATHAM & WOODS, Nos. 1 and 2 South College st, corner of Church, Nashville, Tenn.

WM. H. TIMMONS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
COLUMBIA, TENN.
Special attention given to all business entrusted to him. [mar. 29—1y.

H. P. FIGUERS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
COLUMBIA, TENN.
Will practice in the Courts of Maury, Williamson, Marshall and Hickman Counties.

C. S. HILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
COLUMBIA, TENN.
Will practice in the Courts of Maury and adjoining counties.
Office in the Whitthorne Block. [March15-1y

JOHN V. WRIGHT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Columbia, Tenn.
Room in front of Looney & Hickey's

DAVID C. SHELTON. ALBERT W. STOCKELL.
SHELTON & STOCKELL,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
COLUMBIA, TENN.
Will practice in Maury and the adjoining counties. Collections promptly attended to.
OFFICE—Front room (up stairs) over J. H. James' Jewelry Store.
Feb 2 '72.

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 A T
COLUMBIA, NN.
March 17.

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

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

GH 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 20, 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 in Nashville, and in the Chancery and Circuit Courts of Maury and adjoining counties.
Feb. 5, 1869.-tf

G. P. FRIERSO
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

W. C. DORSETT, M. D.,
Respectfully offers his Professional services—both SURGICALLY and MEDICALLY—to the citizens of Columbia and vicinity.
OFFICE—Whitthorne Block, corner of West Main and Garden streets.
my 20-tf

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

DR. J. P. HERNDON,
SURGEON DENTIST.
Office Photograph Gallery,
COLUMBIA, TENN.

R. SAMUEL BICKNELL,
DENTIST.
Columbia, Tennessee.
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
MONUMENT
AND TOMBSTONES,
Work made to order, Ornamental or Plain.
Allwork Warranted to give satisfaction
Freestone made to order. June 20-1n

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

J. H. FUSSELL. S. W STEE L.
FUSSELL & STEELE,
REAL ESTATE AGENTS,
for the
SALE, PURCHASE AND RENTIN
Of All Descriptions of Property,
COLUMBIA, TENNESSEE.
Office—Whitthorne Block. oc21tf-1

TO TRAVELLERS.
THE NELSON HOUSE,
COLUMBIA, TENN.,
H EDSALL, - - - - PROPRIETOR
Keeps good tables, clean and comfortable bed and rooms, and the best of servants all at moderate prices. [nov.18,'7.

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.
Ladie's 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 opened 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,
ALL KINDS FARMING IMPLEMENTS.
PLOWS, HOES, HAMES & TRACES.
And in fact every thing pertaining to the General Hardware Business, which we intend selling at the very lowest possible [illegible] for CAS
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. 918??.-m

SINCE YOU AND I WERE YOUNG, JOHN!

BY MAJASSA.

The times have strangely changed, John,
Since you and I were young,
And Parson Wellmore spoke the words
That made our lives as one.
Our two wee rooms were sparsely filled;
I smile as I recall
Your wedding coat, of homespun blue,
That hung upon the wall,—
But *then* it was the fashion.

The years passed on—you plowed and hoed,
I churned and baked and spun,
While Johnny played about the yard,
With Ruth, the little one.
Oh, those were happy days, John,
But yet for fancied gain,
We left the dear old homestead
For that small village lane—
For 'twas, you know, the fashion

The village grew and put on airs,
I would not be behind,
And often did things that I'll own
Were not just to my mind.
But Squire Burnap lived right across,
And rich folks down the street,
The children must do like the rest,
As they would daily meet—
And so I followed the fashion.

Both John and Will soon left our home,
They're money-making men,
Oh, could I have but for one hour
My merry boys again.
Sarah and Ruth—perhaps 'tis best,
They live in style I know,
And yet I wish that life for them
Was not all dress and show,
And running after fashion.

Eva was married long ago,
Our youngest and my pride,—
I heeded not your wishes, John,
But put them all aside,—
And toiled, ah yes, beyond my strength,
That she my pet might shine,
A brilliant star among her set,
Alas, this child of mine,
Leaves *me* now for the fashion.

And Sunday mornings, John, you know,
When they were fair and young,
Our children filled the corner pew,
Folks said "how well they sung."
We never dreamed we'd sit alone,
Because far up the street,
The rich and stylish led the way,
And took each higher seat;—
Must *Faith* yield to the fashion?

Our home is grand, but lonely now;
John, do the children think
That old folks can have other wants
Than clothes and food and drink?
How pleasant if they'd sometimes ask
Their parents out to tea,
With half the smiles they gave to-day
To that weak General B.—
But Generals are the fashion.

The times have strangely changed, John,
Since you and I were young,
And Parson Wellmore spoke the words
That made our lives as one
We're old and feeble, John, you know,
And to the times must bow,
But one thing I can plainly see—
We should be cared for now,
Could it but be the fashion.

THE BAR.

BY D. X. JUNKIN, D. D.

The "bar" is always supplied with the choicest liquors.—Hotel Advertisement.

Why call it a bar? Say, whence is derived
This name for a *depot* of spirits of evil?
Was the name by some sly friend of virtue contrived,
Or, like the thing named, did it come from the Devil?

Be this as it may, 'tis a capital name—
Short, easily said, and of meaning most pregnant;
I rather suspect from the Devil it came,
For e'en to his friends he is slyly malignant.

But what is its meaning? Why call it a bar?
Because, *prima facie*, it bars from the liquor.
But that's not its full, honest meaning, by far;
Just jingle the money, the rum fol ows quicker!

I'll tell what it means: 'tis a bar to all good,
And a constant promoter of everything evil;
'Tis a bar to all virtue—that is well understood—
A bar to the right and a fort for the Devil.

'Tis a bar too all industry, prudence and wealth;
A bar to reflection, a bar to sobriety;
A bar to clean thought, and a bar to sound health;
A bar to good conscience, to prayer, and to piety.

A bar to the sending of children to school,
To clothing and giving them good education;
A bar to the observance of every good rule,
A bar to the welfare of family and nation!

A bar to the hallowed enjoyments of home;
A bar to the holiest earthly fruition;
A bar that forbids its frequenters to come
To the goal and rewards of a virtuous ambition.

A bar to integrity, honor, and fame,
To friendship and peace and connubial love;
To the purest delights that on earth we may claim
A bar to salvation and Heaven above!

BRIEF MENTIONS.

Anti-temperance meetings are a common diversion in Illinois.

The Czar of Russia fears assassination, and is at times in very low spirits.

The name of the town of Alexandria, in Illinois, has been changed to Alexis.

The famous spring at Tuscumbia, Ala., discharges 17,724 cubic feet of water per minute.

The large figured Spanish lace is to be used this season for bridal veils.

"Sunday evening teas" are the latest style of entertainment.

A Boston paper calls a fog an "air apparent."

Seven thousand women belong to the German International.

Tortoise shell handles are the freshest parasol oddity.

Dies are engraved now; in Cæsar's time the die was cast.

What is better than a promising young man? A paying one.

The Indians are driving the buffalo as far west as they can.

A religious excursion train runs from Leavenworth to Topeka.

Some of the lakes of Switzerland are over one thousand feet deep.

An Indianapolis machine makes flower-pots at the rate of nine a minute.

England has recommenced flogging her criminals.

In United States woolen mills $60,000,000 is invested.

Dolly Varden jewelry is the latest form of fashionable insanity.

Cats are to be taxed in Paris at the rate of $1.25 each per annum.

The town bell at Saratoga can be heard at a distance of twelve miles.

The real estate of Savannah is said to be controlled by 1,700 persons.

Capital punishment was abolished in Norway nearly twenty years since.

There is more Rhine wine made in this country than there is imported.

Scranton, Pa., has a society of Mormons numbering over fifty members.

Nilsson paid $5,000 for the best single diamond for sale in St. Louis.

White muslin, lace, and silk neckties are the most fashionable at this season.

The Prince and Princess of Wales will return from the Continent in June.

Fontana, Kansas, has struck oil, and a $20,000 company has been formed.

There are 2,000 rag-pickers in the New York streets, some of whom are well off.

London is known to have existed as a town more than two thousand years ago.

New Haven is said to be considerably the wealthiest town in the State of Connecticut.

The Empress of Austria implores Minnie Hauck to make Vienna her life residence.

Nearly one quarter of the people of the United States make habitual use of tobacco.

Natchitoches, La., has just been made a city after an existence of one hundred years.

Statistics show that the negro race in this country is decreasing, especially in large cities.

The old Irish language is dying out; only one-fourth of the Irish people can speak it now.

The population of Switzerland is said to be gradually diminishing, principally by emigration.

The latest estimates make the population of Russia aggregate as high as 70,000,000.

The population of Great Britain is placed at 31,000,000, while that of France is 37,000,000.

Astronomers are now busy in preparing to observe the forthcoming transit of Venus across the sun.

THE STORY OF COELIO.

Philip II., King of Spain, like many other powerful monarchs, loved to lay aside the insignia of royalty, and, following the example of Caliph Haroun Alraschid, roam the streets of his capital of a night, accompanied by a faithful servant in disguise. He was thus often enabled to discover himself causes of popular discontent, trammels of conspiracies, or wishes for reform; also, to perform many acts of munificence towards the poor and meritorious.

In the year 1549 Philip paid a visit to the capital of the Netherlands, Brussels, where he resided some time, and was entertained in a manner which recalled the magnificence of the days of chivalry. He was still the idol of his people, who hoped that the son of Charles V., by treading in the footsteps of his illustrious father, would continue towards them the favors and wise policy which had rendered both Spain and the rest of the empire so unusually flourishing. How Philip responded to these expectations belongs to history. I will only mention that at the period of the action of this story he was in the zenith of his popularity.

One night, when the ceremonies of the court were over, Philip summoned his faithful servant, Ruy Gomez. Masking his face with a long grey beard, and enveloped in a great Spanish cloak, he and his attendant went forth into the dark streets of Brussels in quest of adventure.

They had not proceeded far in the direction of the river, when their attention was drawn to a person hurrying with rapid but uncertain steps to the bridge. By his excited gestures the king thought he was some unfortunate creature driven by despair to seek a watery grave. He, therefore, hastened after him, and, together with Gomez, arrived just in time to prevent his leaping over the parapet into the river.

"Stop! for God's sake, stop!" cried Philip II.

"Who may you be? Let me alone, I say. My life's my own, and I suppose I may do as I choose with it."

"That you may not. It belongs to God, who gave it. He alone may take et."

"Wherefore then does He not provide me the wherewithal to sustain it? He feeds the vermin, but leaves man so dependent that he may die of starvation, as I am doing. Unhand me, I say, unhand me!"

The desperate man sought for his rapier, but it was gone.

"What misfortune has driven you to this rash extremity?" asked the king.

"Sir, this is my misfortune, and may it never be yours. I have not tasted food for two days."

"Alas! poor youth." He was a tall, lank young man, who, had he been properly fed and clothed, would have been remarkably handsome. His bony frame was elegantly built, slender and graceful, yet strong. His eyes were black and fiery, his brow broad and intellectual, his features regular, but at present much marred by their extreme meagerness. The expression of his countenance, under favorable circumstances, would have been open and engaging, but misery had stamped it with a haggard, careworn, look, piteous to behold. The King of Spain, putting his hand firmly on the young man's shoulders, again sighed, "Alas! poor boy."

"Don't stand there sighing and looking at me. In the name of the saints in heaven, can you give me food—food and employment? If not, let me end my miseries."

"Young man, look into my face. See, does it look careworn?"

"Very much so."

"Well, young sir, when you have gone through as much of agony as myself then may you think of leaving this world in search of another, where, as just punishment for your crime, a worse fate awaits you in eternity. Who are you? Whence came you? Above all"—here Philip searched for the tiny crucifix that hung from the rosary he wore round his wrist, "are you a Catholic?"

"Who dares to question it?" exclaimed the young man, haughtily. "I am."

"Are you a gentleman?" again questioned the king.

"By my patron saint, I am, sir—as true a gentleman as ever wore a sword."

"Gentleman or not you are a Christian. Come, follow me, and I will give you some supper and a bed for the night. To-morrow we (continued King Philip who, accustomed as a sovereign to speak in the second person plural, had difficulty to adopt the first person singular in his disguise)—that is, I will further question you as to what you can do to earn your livelihood for the future. There, Gomez, lead the way."

Holding the rescued youth by the hand firmly, lest he should escape, Philip, preceded by Ruy Gomez, bent his steps toward the palace.

On his way curiosity, one of the strongest passions of this great sovereign, got the better of his charity, and, notwithstanding the young man was so weak as to render his answers almost inaudible, the King obtained from him the outline of his history. He was, he said, one Alfonso Sanchez Coelio, a native of Portugal, and a portrait painter by profession. He had been driven from Spain by order of the Marquis Don Louis de Mariavalle, Governor of Badajos, for the crime of falling in love with his excellency's daughter, Dona Estafania, in whose company he had been much thrown during a considerable time employed in the execution of her picture. He had wandered to the Netherlands in the hope of obtaining work. But although he had done all in his power to earn his bread, he had in every case failed, and for two days had not tasted food. He was too proud to beg, and, maddened by want, had sought to free himself of his miseries by a violent death.

The king provided Coelio, as he promised, with a substantial meal and a good bed, and the next morning he awoke much refreshed, to find Ruy Gomez by his couch, holding in his hand a handsome suit of clothes for his service. Vainly did he question the shrewd Ruy as to the condition of his unknown benefactor. Ruy informed him that the gentleman was named Don Paez; that he was in the service of his Catholic Majesty, and that presently, when he had finished his collation, the Senor Don Paez would come to him, and talk of his prospects for the future.

Accordingly, when Sanchez Coelio had dispatched an excellent breakfast, the king, still wearing his disguise, entered.

The first impulse of the grateful young man was to raise the hand of the supposed venerable Don Paez to his lips and thank him for his kindness, above all for having prevented his committing so fatal a crime as suicide. Don Paez listened to him with kindness.

"Young gentleman, we—that is, I am convinced that the fearful act which you contemplated last night was the result of famine, which had deprived you of your reason. As we have taken some interest in you, and are desirous of providing for your future, we—that is, I am willing, since you say you are a painter of portraits, that you should take a likeness of myself. But on one condition, that it be finished by the feast day of our daughter Maria. It wants one month to the holy day of Our Lady Mary of Mount Carmel. We intend this picture as a present to our—my—daughter. Can you paint so rapidly?"

"I can, sir."

"My servant will pay you two hundred ducats in advance for the said picture. He will also escort you to a lodging I have prepared for you, and to which I will repair for the sittings for my picture. I am, as you have doubtlessly discovered, employed about the person of His Most Catholic Majesty, and our sovereign often passes through these apartments; and as he objects to the scent of paint, oil and turpentine, I think it more becoming that my portrait be painted without the palace. As I am in service about the king's person in the day, I can only come to you at night. Can you paint by lamplight?"

"I can, sir."

"Above all things, mention to no one, I beseech you, that we—that is, that I am having my portrait painted. Mention my name to no one. Guard your tongue, and never come to the palace to inquire for me; I object to persons coming here on business. If you require anything ask it of Ruy Gomez; he has orders to serve you in all things. To-night, at 9 o'clock, I will be with you. Farewell."

Before Coelio could answer, the disguised king had disappeared. Ruy Gomez escorted the painter to the spacious apartment, situated in a remote part of the city. There he discovered painting materials—canvas, easels, pencils, and colors ready prepared for his use. That night, and for many nights following, Philip arrived punctually at nine o'clock; if detained over night, he came very early in the morning. The portrait was executed with such finish and fine coloring that the king, who was a good judge of art, pronounced it a masterpiece.

About a week before it was finished, Philip informed his new protege that he had mentioned him to His Catholic Majesty, who appointed the following day, at noon, for the purpose of becoming acquainted with the new artist, and also to fix an hour for sitting for a portrait of his royal self. I will not venture to describe the feelings of joy with which Coelio heard this news, or his vision of future glory, culminating in a brilliant marriage with Dona Estafania.

Punctually at the stroke of mid-day, Coelio found himself, with beating heart, in the presence of the King of Spain. It would have been impossible for him to have recognized the aged Don Paez in the stately sovereign who stood before him. Philip was at this time in the bloom of youth, as Titian has presented him to us. So slenderly, yet so well proportioned, that although he was not above the middle height, he appeared tall. His hair and beard were exceedingly fair, his brow broad and intellectual, his eyes blue, clear and penetrating, and his expression majestic and commanding. He wore a suit of black velvet slashed with satin, and upon his head a black cap with feathers. Beneath his ruff of fine lace hung upon his breast the gorgeous collar of the Fleece of Gold.

"Sanchez Coelio," he said, in a somewhat stern tone, "we hear from our good servant, Don Paez, that you are an artist of some skill. It is our purpose that you paint our portrait."

"Your Majesty," said Coelio, bowing low.

"Silence! interrupt us not. This picture must be finished by the day of St. Philip, our holy patron. There wants three weeks to the time."

"Your Majesty," again broke in Coelio.

"Speak not until we have said our say. We intend to be painted in the character of our holy patron, St. Philip, and will take our first sitting this very day. What is it you would say to us?"

"This much, your majesty, and no more. I cannot undertake the task to paint your majesty's picture by St. Philip's day, because I cannot begin it for at least a week, although it is the greatest honor and ambition of my life to serve your majesty in this matter."

"Our servant, Don Paez, assures us that you paint with marvellous rapidity."

"Save your Majesty!—I have promised to finish the likeness of the Senor Don Paez by the festival of his daughter. He saved my life, and he paid me in advance on condition it is finished on that day. I have given him my promise; I must fulfill it."

"Sir, Coelio," said the King, assuming a terrible aspect, "know that we have some reason to suspect that you are an imposter, and have deceived our most worthy servant Paez. There are those within who know you better than you think for."

"Let them appear!" exclaimed Sanchez Coelio, with impetuous indignation. "Let them appear; I do not fear them, whoever they may be. Never has a lie passed my lips; never have I committed an action for which I need blush—never but once, and then I was driven by want and misery to seek to free myself from a life which had become an intolerable burden. Your servant, Don Paez, saved me. I impose upon him? No! I would die first. Bring forward those who know me better than I think for; and then, King Philip, truth shall put calumny to the blush."

The king struck three times heavily upon the floor with his sword. Suddenly the door opened and who should appear before the astonished Sanchez Coelio but the Marquis of Mariavalle, leading in Donna Estafania!

The young lover stood like one under a spell. Presently he opened wide his arms, and folded them again, pressing the beautiful Estafania to his heart. He led her to the king, who drawing from beneath his cloak the gray beard and locks of his disguise, held them up before the astonished painter,

"Philip of Spain and Don Paez are one and the same. May Sanchez Coelio, whom Don Paez has learned to love, be ever true to Philip. Marquis of Mariavalle, we ask of you the hand of your daughter, Estafania, for our court-painter, and beloved friend, *Don Alfonzo Sanchez de Celio.*"

"That which the king asks, a subject may not deny," answered the old courtier, bowing low before his sovereign.

"God bless you Sanchez, said Philip, as he placed the hand of Estafania in that of Coelia. "May you both be as happy as I"—here he lowered his voice—"as I am wretched." —*From the Aldine.*

Master and Man in Japan.

No feature in Japanese society is more curious than the relations between master and man. The master admits his servant (provided, of course, that he be of the military class) to his intimate society; but the servant never assumes a liberty. He takes his place at dinner with the utmost humility, and having done so, bears his share of the conversation, addressing freely not only his master, but even guests of the highest rank. The master will pass his own wine-cup to his man, as if he were an honored guest, and for a while they would appear to any one not acquainted with a language most fertile in subtle distinctions to be on perfectly equal terms. Yet, the moment the feast is over, the man retires with the same profound obeisance and marks of deference with which he entered, and immediately relapses into the servitor; nor will he in any way presume upon the familiarity, which, having lasted its hour, disappears until occassion calls it forth again. Feudalism strips service of servility, and although the feudal system is a thing of the past, its traces must long remain. —*Cornhill Magazine.*

A Mechanical and Agricultural Fair Association has been organized in Fannin county with a paid up capital of $1,500. A county Fair is to be held in October.

Anecdotes of Public Men.

When New York was the political capital of the United States, which embraced but one winter—that succeeding the formal ratification of the Constitution—President Washington's ill-health, the death of his mother, and other circumstances, prevented him from attending public balls, and Mrs. Washington had little inclination for such amusements, and was never present at grand entertainments. She was a plain, old-fashioned person, and rarely figured save in the subsequent Presidential receptions in Philadelphia, after the removal of the capital to that city.

Mrs. John Adams, wife of the second President, removed, while her husband was Vice-President, from Boston to Philadelphia to her new residence at Bush Hill, which she describes as a very beautiful place. She was fond of the theatre, having acquired the taste during her sojourn at Paris. "She was not without tenderness, and womanly, but her distinction was a masculine understanding, energy, and decision, fitting her for the bravest or most delicate periods of affairs, and in an eminent degree for that domestic relation which continued unbroken through so many changeful years, herself unchangeful—always making her own lot a portion of her husband's, in a manner that illustrates the noblest ideas that we have of marriage." She remained in Paris and London four years, and was forty-five when summoned to America by the election of her husband to the office of Vice-President. She was very intimate with Martha Jefferson, Thomas Jefferson's daughter, who had been entrusted to her care in Paris, and spoke of her as a young woman of uncommonly delicacy and sensibility.

Mr. Jefferson kept a liberal table for his friends, but there is little note of the ladies who figured at his dinners. He was a widower when he entered the Presidency. He married Martha Skelton, the widow of Bathhurst Skelton, of Virginia, and daughter of John Wayles. The marriage took place at "The Forest," in Charles County. The bride was left a widow when very young, and was only twenty-three when she married Mr. Jefferson. She is described as having been very beautiful, a little above the middle height, with a lithe and exquisitely formed figure. She was well educated for her day, and a constant reader—inheriting from her father method and industry, as the accounts kept in her clear handwriting, still in the possession of her descendants, testify. Several other prominent men aspired to her hand, but Jefferson carried off the prize. She did not survive to enjoy the brilliant career of her husband, but died on the 6th of September, 1781, after the birth of her sixth child, leaving three female children.

Mr. Jefferson thought it becoming a republican that his inauguration should be as unostentatious and free from display as possible; and such it was. An English traveler, who was in Washington at the time, thus describes him: "His dress was of plain cloth, and he rode on horseback to the Capitol, without a single guard, or even servant, in his train, dismounted without assistance, and hitched the bridle of his horse to the palisades." He was accompanied to the Senate Chamber by a number of his friends, where, before taking the oath of office, he delivered his inaugural address, whose chaste and simple beauty is so familiar to the student of American history.

Congress opened December 7, 1801. It had been the custom for the session to be opened pretty much as the English Parliament is by the Queen's speech. The President, accompanied by a cavalcade, proceeded in state to the Capitol, took his seat in the Senate Chamber, and the House of Representatives being summoned, he read his address. Mr. Jefferson, however, on the opening of this session of Congress (1801) swept away all these inconvenient forms and ceremonies by introducing the custom of the President reading a written message to Congress. Soon after his inauguration he did away with levees, and established only two public days for the reception of company, the 1st of January and the Fourth of July, when his doors were thrown open to the public. He received private calls, whether of courtesy or on business, at all other times.

We have had preserved to us by his great-grand-daughter an amusing anecdote of the effect of abolishing levees. Many of the ladies of Washington, indignant at being cut off from the pleasure of attending them, and thinking that their discontinuance was an innovation on former customs, determined to force the President to hold them. Accordingly, on the usual levee day they resorted in full force to the White House. The President was out taking his habitual ride on horseback. On his return, being told that the public rooms were filled with ladies, he at once divined their true motives for coming on that day. Without being at all disconcerted, all booted and spurred, and still covered with the dust of his ride, he went in to receive his fair guests. Never had his reception been more graceful or courteous. The ladies, charmed with the ease and grace of his manners and address, forgot their indignation with him, and went away feeling that of the two parties, they had shown most impoliteness in visiting his house when not expected. The result of their plot was for a long time a subject of mirth among them, and they never again attempted to infringe upon the rules of his household.

Madison succeeded Jefferson as President, and his wife, Dolly Payne, the Quakeress, is still remembered by surviving statesmen like Reverdy Johnson and Horace Binney. She was born in North Carolina, but had been educated under the strictest rules of the Friends of Philadelphia, where, at an early age, she married a young lawyer of this sect named Todd; but when she became a widow she threw off drab silks and plain laces, and was for several years one of the gayest and most attractive women in the city. She had many lovers, but she gave the preference to young Madison, whose wife she became in 1794. To this day there are anecdotes told of her peculiar fascinations in Washington City, and especially at dinner parties and receptions. Mrs. Stephen A. Douglas (now Mrs. General Williams) is one of her descendants. She made a jolly and happy social administration.—*J. W. Forney.*

Politeness and Truth.

Expressions of "love, friendship, esteem, and admiration," are unavoidable in social intercourse, but they are not necessarily "lying words." "Let love be without dissimulation," said one of the highest authorities that has ever spoken upon the amenities of social life. "Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honor preferring one another." "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." There is a high, sweet, Christian, ay! *human* kindness, which finds its natural expression in every gentle courtesy; a large hearted charity which makes the comfort and welfare of no human being a matter of indifference. This is the substance, of which the forms of etiquette are merely the shadow; the substance, so long buried in the form that it is well nigh forgotten. It requires a certain elevation of character, no doubt, but let us thank God it is *possible* to be polite and at the same time sincere.

Useful men—The Kind the World Needs.

From the Rural New Yorker.]

"What profession or vocation shall I choose?" That wherein and whereby you can be of most use to your fellow men. Let him who would rank highest among his fellows learn to render them the best service—let him make himself essential to them. If the object of such a man is fame, this course is the surest, and the fame acquired the most lasting. Franklin is an oft quoted example of a useful man; and his fame is more to be desired than that of any of his cotemporary military heroes. Morse, lying dead, has more immortality than other men, just in proportion as his usefulness has been greater. His work has been to utilize what others had discovered. He harnessed the lightnings to our messages and it became our messenger. Scarce any man has performed greater service, or done more to revolutionize the social relations of mankind and place them upon the basis of mutual interest, comity and peace. The nerves of the system he has established reach the remotest countries; and a touch of the finger, makes all men bow with respect in memory of, and to honor a USEFUL MAN.

We might rehearse the list of useful men whose work ameliorated man's condition, and added to his happiness and prosperity. The field for such effort is constantly enlarging. The demand for thinkers and workers never ceases. The requirements for such men to-day are extraordinary. No literary, political, or professional field presents opportunities for young men, broader in their reach and influence, and richer with promised harvests, than the fields for Scientific Investigation and Practical Application. Just as Morse bridled and saddled electricity, so the different physical sciences must be harnessed, the better to supply us with the increasing necessities of our daily life.

We are passing, or have passed, through the Era of Words, in this country. The day for which thoughtful men have longed—the Day of Deeds—seems dawning. The man of words, with his garrulity and volubility, has lost his power; people have lost faith in talk, and believe more in silence and acts. We want fewer talkers, and more thinkers and doers. We don't want the class of thinkers who think only of and for themselves; we want such as comprehend the Economy of Life and of Living, and who can furnish us more and better facilities for enjoyment;—more time to enjoy, and at less cost of money and vitality;—in other words, men who will teach us how, and help us, to squeeze out of this life the highest and best enjoyment it is capable of yielding.

Talkers tax us; workers do not. We ask for an army of volunteers—young men and women—who will not touch a study they cannot use, any more than they would buy a horse they could never hope to harness. The possessor of knowledge only, that is not productive, is a leech upon society. And his only income is derived from sitting down and propagating the same knowledge and producing other leeches. Such are like wild horses foraging in a beautiful clover field; they are two wild to be caught and rendered useful, but will and do consume the food. They are not harnessed to the plows, drills, cultivators, and compelled to tickle the soil. The knowledge of the schools must be harnessed and trained to work. Less school knowledge and more observation of natural phenomena, and study of natural laws in their relation to the practical affairs of a busy people, will help to a higher standard of excellence in what we produce, and to higher and better types of men than now clamor for petty offices and political power.

About Marriage.

Men and women, and especially young people, do not know that it takes years to marry completely two hearts, even of the most loving, and well-sorted. But nature allows no sudden change. We slope very gradually from the cradle to the summit of life. Marriage is gradual, a fraction of us at a time. A happy wedding is a long falling in love. I know young persons think love only belongs to brown hair, and plump, round crimson cheeks. So it does for its beginning, just as Mount Washington begins at Boston Bay. But the golden marriage is a part of love which the bridal day knows nothing of. Youth is the tassel and silken flower of life; age is the full corn, ripe and solid in the ear. Beautiful is the morning of love with its prophetic crimson, violet, purple and gold, with its hopes of days that are to come. Beautiful also is the evening of love, with its glad remembrances, and its rainbow side turned toward heaven as well as earth. Young people marry their opposites in temper and general character, and such a marriage is commonly a good match.

They do it instinctively. The young man does not say, "My black eyes require to be wed with blue, and my over-vehemence requires to be a little modified with somewhat of dullness and reserve." When these oppositions come together to be wed, they do not know it, but each thinks the other just like himself.

Old people never marry opposites; they marry their similars and from calculation. Each of these two arrangements is very proper. In their long journey these young opposites will fall out by the way a great many times, and both get away from the road; but each will charm the other back again, and by-and-by they will be agreed as to the place they will go to and the road they will go by, and become reconciled. The man will be nobler and larger for being associated with so much humanity unlike himself, and she will be a nobler woman for having manhood beside her that seeks to correct her deficiencies and supply her with what she lacks if the diversity be not too great, and there be real piety and love in their hearts to begin with. The old bridegroom, having a much shorter journey to make, must associate himself with one like himself. A perfect and complete marriage is, perhaps, as rare as perfect personal beauty. Men and women are married fractionally, now a small fraction, then a large fraction. Very few are married totally, and they only, I think, after some forty or fifty years of gradual approach and experiment. Such a large and sweet fruit is a complete marriage, and it needs a very long summer to ripen in, and then a long winter to mellow and season in. But a real happy marriage of love and judgement, between a noble man and woman, is one of the things so very handsome, and if the sun were, as the Greek poets fabled, a god, he might stop the world in order to feast his eyes with such a spectacle. —*Theodore Parker.*

The Paris correspondent of the *Nation*, who knew Mr. Renan well, testifies that his private life is that of a true philosopher. He has married a niece of Ary Scheffer, and lives in modest aparments on the third floor, where there is hardly room enough for his books. His time is spent at the institute, in his study, and in a small circle of intellectuall friends. Even his bitterest enemies can bring no other political reproach against him than his intimacy with Prince Napoleon and his semi-reconciliation with the Empire. If we come to religion, we should find many people who regard him as the last incarnation of Satan.

The members of the press in Houston are making preparations for the "Press Convention," to be held in Houston during the State Fair, in May.

Humble Beginnings.

From the Memoirs of Robert Chambers.]

My progress in compositorship was at first slow. I had to feel my way. A defective adjustment of the lines to a uniform degree of tightness was my greatest trouble, but this was got over. The art of working my press had next to be acquired, and in this there was no difficulty. After an interval of fifty years, I recollect the delight I experienced in working off my first impression; the pleasure since of seeing hundreds of thousands of sheets poring from machines in which I claim an interest being nothing to it! If the young and thoughtless could only be made to know this,—the happiness, the dignity of honest labor conducted in a spirit of self-reliance; the insignificance and probably temporary character of untoward circumstances while there is youth, along with a willing heart; the proud satisfaction of acquiring by persevering industry instead of by compassionate donation,—how differently would they act!

I think there was a degree of infatuation in my little attachment to that jangling, creaking, wheezing little press. Placed at the only window in my apartment, within a few feet of my bed, I could see its outlines in the silvery moonlight when I awoke; and there, at the glowing dawn, did its figure assume distinct proportions. When daylight came fully in, it was impossible to resist the desire to rise and have an hour or two of exercise at the little machine.

With an imperfect apparatus, the execution of my song-book was far from good. Still it was legible in the old ballard and chap-book style, and I was obliged to be content. Little by little, I got through the small volume. It was a tedious drudgery. With my limited font I could set up no more than eight small pages, forming the eight part of a sheet. After printing the first eight, I had to distribute the letter and set up the second eight, and so on throughout a hundred pages. Months were consumed in the operation. The number of copies printed was seven hundred and fifty, to effect which I had to pull the press twenty thousand times. But labor, as already hinted, cost nothing. I set the types in the intervals of business, particularly during wet weather, when the stall could not be put out, and the press-work was executed late at night or early in the morning. The only outlay worth speaking of for the little volume was that incurred for paper, which I was unable to purchase in greater quantities than a few quires at a time, and therefore at a considerable disadvantage in price, but this was only another exemplification of the old and too well known truth that "the destruction of the poor is their poverty," about which it was useless to repine.

When completed, the volume needed some species of embellishment, and fortune helped me at this conjuncture. There dwelt in the neighborhood a poor but ingenious man, advanced in life, named Peter Fyfe, with whom I had already had some dealings. Peter, a short man, in a second-hand suit of black clothes, and wearing a white neckcloth, which he arranged in loose folds so as effectually to cover the breast of his shirt, was from the west country. He had been a weaver's reed-maker in Paisley, but having been unfortunate in business, he had migrated to Edinburgh, in the hope of procuring some kind of employment. Necessitous and clever, with an inexhaustible fund of drollery, he was ready for anything artistic that might come in his way. Peter did not want confidence. I am not aware of any department, in the fine or useful arts, of which he would have confessed himself ignorant. At this period, when few knew anything of lithography, and he knew nothing at all, he courageously undertook, in answer to an advertisement, to organize and manage a concern of that kind, and by tact and intuition gave unqualified satisfaction. Peter was just the man I wanted. Although altogether unacquainted with copperplate engraving, he executed, from the descriptions I gave him, a portrait of the Black Dwarf, from my account of that singular personage; which sketch has ever since been accepted as an authority.

I now applied to this genius for a wood-engraving for my song-book, which he successfully produced, and for a few shillings additional he executed a vignette representing some national emblems. Invested with these attractions, the song-book was soon put in boarsd, and otherwise prepared for disposal. I sold the whole either in single copies at a shilling, or wholesale to other stall-keepers at a proper reduction, and, after paying all expenses, cleared about nine pounds by the transaction.

Nine pounds was not a large sum, but it served an important end. I was able to make some additions to my scanty stock of types, which I procured from an aged printer with a decaying business. To be prepared for executing posting-bills, I cut a variety of letters in wood with a chisel and penknife. For such bold heading, therefore, as "Notice," "Found," or "Dog Lost," I was put to no straits worth mentioning. One of my most successful speculations was the cutting in wood of the words "To Let," in letters four inches long, an edition of which I disposed of by the hundred at an enormous profit, to dealers who sold such things to stick on the fronts of houses to be let.

Sick Headache.

Those who have ever had this distressing complaint need no description of it. Its attacks are often so sudden and severe as to make one helpless for awhile. If possible, put the feet in a warm bath (coming well up the limbs) to which two tablespoonfuls of wood ashes have been added. But this cannot always be done, as the person may be away from home at the time of the attack, or have no one to wait upon him or her, and be too sick to wait on themselves. But a remedy may be kept on hand, that has always eased me when I have tried it; it may be carried in the pocket, so that if attacked from home, as one often is, by taking it, one may soon be relieved. This remedy is boneset blossoms, and I take them in this way; take what would make, when pressed together, a bunch as large as a chestnut; put it in the mouth and chew, swallowing the juice; as the bile begins to circulate in the stomach a sort of chill is often felt, and the excess of blood circulates from the head to other parts of the system.

I suppose I need not give a decription of this plant, as it is so generally known, though often called by different names. Boneset, or Thoroughwort, is called *Eupatorium perfoliatum*; The Whole Plant, though for headache I use only the blossoms, which appear in August; and I prefer them before they fully blossom, as they are not so easily rubbed off and wasted. It grows wet pastures, and should be gathered when well budded for blooming, or about the first of August. It may be tied in bunches and hung up out of the way, where it will keep clean and dry.—[*Hattie Hopeful.*

Some of the banking and insurance companies in England are beginning to employ women as clerks. The Prudental Assurance Company, which has the largest staff of clerks of any London office, has created a department for female service, for which only the daughters and widows of professional men, merchants, and gentlemen engaged in public office re eligible.

SOUTHERN GLEANINGS.

Lowndesboro, Ala., is organizing a lodge of Good Templars.

Hog cholera is making pork scarce in Jackson county, Ala.

Eufaula has an ordinance prohibiting auction sales on the streets.

Mr. Saffold Berney takes charge of the Eutaw "Whig and Observer."

A Council of Friends of Temperance has been organized at Tarboro, N. C.

Jonas Gline has been sheriff of Catawba county N. C. for a quarter of a century.

More fertilizers have been sold at Talladega, Ala., this season than ever before.

There was frost and some ice at Talladega on the mornings of the 1st and 2d.

The Odd Fellows at Grenada will give a grand ball on the 25th.

Pneumonia is prevailing to an alarming extent in and about Holly Springs, Miss.

A woman supposed to be insane, hung herself in the Columbus, Miss., jail a few days ago.

The prisoners in jail at Elyton journeyed for parts unknown last Sunday morning.

St. Augustine hopes to have a railroad straight through to Jacksonville before very long.

Twenty thousand dollars have been subscribed to the stock of a new hotel company in Birmingham.

The city hall in Huntsville, on which work will soon commence, is to be adapted for seating 1,200 persons

The Tupelo, Miss., "Journal" establishment, including building, is offered for sale—price, $1,800—terms, cash.

The McKenzie "Times" learns that steps are on foot to locate a U. S. Court at Huntingdon.

It is reported that Laurens is to be raided upon—nearly 300 military warrants having been issued for citizens of that county.

The Round Mountain iron works, in Cherokee county, have been sold to Major Shelby Seymour, of New Orleans, who will at once rebuild them.

The printing press and fixtures with which the "Independent Free Thinker," of Greenville, is now printed, will be sold at mortgage sale on the 15th.

A negro mail agent, running between Oxford and Holly Springs, has been arrested and lodged in jail for stealing a box of knives. His name is Step Miller.

The Macon "Saturday Night" has suspended publication. It was one of the best-conducted papers of its class in the South, and did not fail for want of patronage.

The venerable Dr. Lovick Pierce preached an anniversary sermon in Greensboro, Ga., March 24th—that day being his eighty-seventh birthday.

An effort is being made to raise a fund for the erection of a monument to the memory of the late poet and novelist, Wm. Gillmore Simms.

The two Clinton (Louisiana) papers, the "Patriot" and Democrat," have been consolidated, and will be henceforth published under the heading of "Patriot-Democrat," as a semi-weekly.

An excursion party starts from Greenville to Pensacola on the 1st of May. They have a special train and the cost of the round trip is three dollars.

Rev. Wesley P. Kramer, a well-known Methodist minister, is about to connect himself with the Episcopal Church.

Mr. John F. Whitney, the energetic proprietor of the "Flordia Press," was tendered a complimentary banquet by the citizens of St. Augustine on the 31st ult.

The Lawrence "Journal" says that the town of Pin Hook, in the Southern portion of Lawrence county was visited by a serious fire last week.

The store-house of Mr. C. H. Farrar, of Dalton, Ga., was destroyed by fire a few days ago, together with the entire stock of goods. Insured for $4,420.

It is reported that the Central Railroad, of Georgia, has purchased a controlling interest in the several steamship companies which run steamers between Savannah and Northern ports, in order to control traffic.

A steam mill in the western part of Oktibbeha county, Miss., known as the Cooper & Henry mill, recently blew up, killing the engineer and fireman, and wounding Mr. George Craig in the shoulder and Mr. Hony Harden in the head—both slight wounds.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

Mr. Disraeli is reported to be once more about to try his fate as a dramatic writer.

A copy of the third folio of Shakspeare, printed in 1664, was sold last week at a London auction for £141, or about seven hundred dollars.

Mr. Froude, the historian, will deliver a course of lectures in Boston, and another course in New York, next autumn.

A memoir of Henri Train, the very popular French critic, whose books have lately delighted so many readers, is to be written by W. F. Rae of London.

S. S. Randall is engaged in writing historical sketches of "The Chenango and Unadilla Valleys Fifty Years Ago," which will appear in pamphlet form.

One of the rarest of English books on oriental literature has long been Colebroke's essays. These will soon be reprinted, with a memoir of Henry Colebroke, in three volumes.

Prof. Huxley's new Appleton & Co's "International Scientific Series" will be on "Bodily Motion and Consciousness." Dr. W. Carpenter will contribute a volume on "Mental Physiology."

Frank Leslie's "New York—Past and Present," a new illustrated book by E. A. Duyckink, James Parton, E. S. Gould, and other writers, is considerably advanced, and will appear the present year.

Asher & Adams, of New York, will issue a new "Commercial and Statistical Gazeteer of the United States," and a new "Statistical and Topographic Atlas of the United States," to make, each, one or more large folio volumes.

A prominent and very gratifying feature of the book trade is the rapidly growing demand for works of science and fact. Novels are perhaps as much read as eyer, but scientific books are very more read than ever.

In the late Ottoman dispensation, nearly every leading man was an author. In that of Mahmoud Pasha there are also many; but a high functionary, said Bey has been removed, on the ground of his devoting himself too much to newspaper writing.

The original manuscript of "Home, Sweet Home," as written by John Howard Payne, was given by the author to the late George M. Klem, at Reading, Penn.

The first volume to appear in Appleton's "International Scientific Series" will be by Prof. John Tyndall, on the "Forms of Water Clouds, Rain, Rivers, Ice and Glaciers." It will appear at once in New York, London, Leipzic and Paris, and will be ready within the month.

J. B. Lippincott & Co., it is said, have offered $10,000 for Bulwer's new novel, shortly to be published abroad. The price paid by them for Forster's "Life of Dickens," four volumes, was $8,000, which secured them only the advanced sheets of the work, as any one can reprint it in the absence of international copyright.

The Turkish government recently ordered an improper illustrated works to be confiscated, but left the local authorities to decide what came under this definition. Whereupon some of those enlightened gentlemen lost no time in confiscating school-books, with prints illustrative of natural history, disseminated by the American missionaries, and other works equally innocuous.