

# THE FAYETTEVILLE OBSERVER.

N. O. WALLACE,

Established December 15th, 1850.

FAYETTEVILLE, TENNESSEE: THURSDAY, APRIL 13, 1871.

VOL. XVIII—NO. 9.

The Curse of Millions.

Hoarding against a Rainy Day—  
Rich Man Committing Suicide—  
Rich Man Ready for Suicide at  
any Moment.

New York Correspondence of the Rochester  
Democrat.

It is very hard for mankind to believe that wealth, unimproved, brings misery; but that such is the fact is occasionally made manifest in a most fearful manner. We have a few rich men who are as happy as money can make them, and the reason of this is simply that they are sharing that wealth with objects of benevolence. These men are William E. Dodge, A. R. Wetmore, James Lenox, Peter Cooper, and others, who have learned that this is the only way in which they can eliminate from wealth its otherwise inevitable curse. With these exceptions, the richest men in this city are intensely miserable. This can be proved by those who are in greatest intimacy with them. For instance, the writer knows from the best authority that John Jacob Astor was haunted by fears of poverty during the latter part of his life to a painful degree, and he also knows that this is a very common curse endured by our rich men. William B. Astor, with an estate of thirty millions, is industriously scraping together his loose change, and thus trying to provide against a rainy day.

A few years ago one of the founders of the banking house of Prime Ward & King committed suicide at his country seat at Astoria. He was a retired man of large wealth, and had every means of making life desirable; but the misery of unemployed money and abilities which should have been devoted to philanthropy, drove him to self-destruction. The same statement applies to late Charles M. Leupp. He had made a great fortune in the leather business and lived up town in sumptuous style, possessing, among other distinctions, one of the finest picture galleries in the city. Yet this man finished his course with suicide, while in the flush of manhood and possessed of ability which should have given him a distinction higher than that of mere wealth.

Previous to this, one of the heaviest business men in Exchange place suddenly arrested the course of a lucrative business by a similar use of his razor. Another capitalist threw himself beneath the wheels of a locomotive, while Van Anken, the butter merchant, and David Rea, both used the razor. Scarcely has the latter been buried, when a similar instance occurs in the suburbs of Brooklyn. Here an opulent market gardener and land speculator named Ditmars Duryea has just committed suicide by taking laudanum, leaving an estate worth \$175,000. Of course he had a reason for doing this. His wife had died some time previously and had bequeathed her estate, whose value was \$7,000, to other parties than himself. Being thus neglected, he had no resort but death, in which he buried his troubles.

Seven thousand dollars would not be generally considered an inducement to commit suicide; and yet I have known a rich man of this city to be so distressed by the loss of \$500, that he finished the matter by hanging himself. But at any rate seven thousand was a fatal sum to Ditmars Duryea. Its loss was so great a cloud that it obscured the glory of those possessions which were twenty times as great, and the result is a bottle of laudanum and a coroner's inquest. It may be inferred that these examples indicate what a widespread disposition toward suicide exists among rich men, for where one commits the fatal act there must be many who are tempted, but refrain. It is well known that many of this class carry poison in their pockets and are ready at any moment when the temptation becomes triumphant to swallow the fatal dose. I know several successful business men who have given such threatening signs of conduct that their friends are obliged to watch them for fear that they may end in just such a tragedy.

"Mell's Kingdom" is the name given to a circuit ten miles around Bairdstown, Ga., because it has been for twenty years the trapping ground of the Rev. Dr. Mell, a Baptist preacher, and there is scarcely to be found therein a Methodist, Presbyterian, Episcopalian, or Roman Catholic. Every man, woman, or child—infants excepted—is either a Baptist or has Baptist proclivities.

A Chicago journal has discovered a "new indication" of the President's wisdom. It is singular that a "new indication" of his wisdom should have been found before his most intimate friends suspected the "existence of the old one."

A young lady who has been practicing "Let Me Kiss Him—For His Mother says she more-she tries it the better she likes it."

## RICHARD'S ANGEL OF MERCY.

A train bound for St. Louis had just left the depot of Bellefontaine, when a gentleman entered the smoking car, and laid his hand upon the shoulder of his traveling companion—a tall, handsome man of thirty, who sat musingly blowing rings of smoke into the air.

"Marcy," said the new comer, "if you want to see at once the sweetest and saddest sight you ever beheld, go into the last car but one on the train. There is an emigrant German woman, with four little children, and during the afternoon the youngest, a baby, has died. The mother and the other children are inconsolable."

"I can understand," interrupted the smoker, "the sadness of such a scene, but where is the sweetness you spoke of?"

"I am coming to that. The whole party have been taken in charge by a young lady. Such a beauty!"

"I shall go back and feast my eyes on this beautiful Sister of Charity."

Thus saying, Richard Marcy threw his shawl over his shoulder, and sauntered leisurely through the long train—rushing blindly and calmly to his fate. For, as he entered the last car but one he became a witness and an actor in a scene that influenced his whole future life.

The poor, grief-stricken German, of whom his companion, Doctor Townsend, had spoken, with the dead infant in her arms, sat silently weeping over the little dead face.

The three sturdy children, grouped in childish sorrow about their little dead brother, was indeed a touching spectacle. But, standing beside them was the divinity of Doctor Townsend's admiration, and she who was most certainly to "shape the ends" of the unhappy Richard.

She was a tall, slender girl of eighteen, with magnificent eyes and hair. As he entered the car, she was speaking, her lovely face flushed, and the small, rosy mouth, turned bewitchingly towards the tall stranger at the door.

"Ladies and gentlemen," spoke the sweet voice, "this poor woman, friendless and penniless, speaking no English, with four little children, was expecting to find work in St. Louis to support them, if everything had gone well with her; but with her little dead baby and her sorrowful heart she is certainly a deserving object of charity; and I propose that such as feel willing, contribute their mite toward the burial of her poor baby. And," she added, with a bewitching smile, "if any gentleman will lend me a hat I will go round and take up a collection."

"I began to believe you'd concluded to go and bury the dead baby, and make the protecting beauty Mrs. Angelica Marcy. Isn't she a stunner?"

"Townsend," replied his friend, "don't use slang in speaking of the noble creature." He looked after the train just disappearing in the distance. "I wish to Heaven," he continued, "I'd remained aboard. How stupid I was to leave it. I might have learned her name and residence. And now—"

"Now, in all probability," broke in the doctor, "you'll never meet her in this vale of tears. But you'll know her in Heaven, if you believe yourself well enough to get there, by her wings; she'll have the biggest of any of them, seeing they've commenced to spread on earth."

And thus rallying his thoroughly captivated friend, the two made their way to the house of an acquaintance, with whom they went to remain that night, and go on the next day to their destination—St. Louis.

After the first salutation, our hero went to his room, to remove some of the evidences of his long ride from New York. He had removed his coat, vest, and collar; he had splashed and soaped and washed, till his damp curls clung close to his shapely head, when he made a startling discovery.

Flushed and breathless he burst into the next room upon his friend.

"Townsend," cried he, "what upon earth do you suppose? I've got the wrong bag. I've changed baggage with the Angel of Mercy. Look at that slipper. See that thimble. Contemplate that glove."

"It's evident you've got the lady's satchel. And what was there in yours?"

"Don't bring up that dreadful idea," said Dick. "Cigars and a hair brush, a pack of cards and a comb, pocket-flask and a tooth brush—everything disreputable. If I am judged by that bag, I'm a lost man."

"And this I took for a clean shirt," and Dick held up a frilled and fluted sack, such as do duty for more extensive night-dresses with ladies when traveling. "I'd like to see Angelica when she opens my satchel."

we two were graduates at Madam Ritter's, in Brooklyn."

Belle read rapidly till she had reached the middle of the letter, when she burst into a merry laugh.

"Hear this, Rosa," she said, and she read from the letter:

"Above all things, Dick, dear, don't fail, while in St. Louis, to see my best friend and school-mate, Belle Alden. I know you will fall in love with her, for, besides being the best girl in the world, she's a beauty and an heiress, and far her choice above all others, for his own wife. He used to talk it over at home, and hope Belle would not marry before you came from Europe. She is full as anxious to know you, and wears your hair and mine in a locket father gave her last year. Give her lots of love and beg of her to overlook your many imperfections, for the sake of her old schoolfellow, Jenny."

"Then this gentleman is, of course, Miss Jenny's brother," said Rosa, "and what will she say when she hears of your having met in this romantic way?"

"I don't intend to tell her of it till I go to New York this fall," said Belle. "Perhaps her brother will call."

But in this supposition Belle was wrong. The month passed, and she saw no more of the golden-headed Richard.

And she carefully separated the yellow lock in the little keepsake from the dark tress of Jenny's and put it back into its place alone, while another lock held the bit of Jenny's. And, somehow, Belle looked very, very often at the wee golden curl, and she never did so but the rest of the handsome head sprang up beside the lock; and she would sit and contemplate the picture her fancy wrought for her, little dreaming the interest she was allowing to grow in her bosom for Jenny's brother.

In the fall, Belle and her father went to New York, and the first day after her arrival found her sitting with her old friend who, after the first effusive meeting was past, sat down to empty her soul.

"I'm so glad you are here this month," Jenny said, "because I'm to be married in October, and I have always been crazy to have you for a bridesmaid, and Dick is to be Harry's best man."

Belle blushed.

"But Dick has fallen hopelessly, madly in love!"

Belle turned pale.

"Yes, I was so dreadfully provoked when he passed through St. Louis and never went near you. But he went wild over some lady he met on the fatal trip."

"He will talk to me by hours of his Angelica. And when I have spoken of you he has been positively rude, and asked me to have done bothering him about my freckled school friend—you know your picture shows freckles; but bless me, you haven't any now! And your picture don't look any more like you than it does like me, not a bit."

"But tell me," said Belle, "is your brother engaged to this lady?"

"Engaged! Why, dear heaven, he don't know her name. He just found some of her old clothes somewhere. He's got her old slippers under a glass case; he's got her gloves stuffed under another; he's got her night-gown done up in lavender; he's got her gold thimble hung on his watch chain, and I do believe he's got a hair brush and some hair pins next to his heart. Oh, it's folly to interfere! He's beyond all hope! I did think the excitement of my wedding would wean him from it; not a bit. He looked at my new things as calmly as an oyster, and only said—it's not kind of me to repeat it though," broke off Jenny.

morning of the wedding, so it shall be. I will be introduced, only as we are leaving the house, and he can do as he pleases about continuing the acquaintance afterward."

Belle was radiant with happiness when she returned to her father, and delighted his fond heart by the change, for Belle had been very quiet of late.

Jenny and Belle shopped and talked and visited together for the next few days, and when the eventful morning arrived, and amid a bevy of beautiful girls, Belle shone like a queen, the bride was escorted, and delightfully acknowledged it.

"O, Belle!" she said; "I long to have old stoical Dick see you. Hark! there's his step. Come in to the next room now, and be introduced. Don't wait until the carriages come—it's an hour yet."

Belle did not look up, but she felt his presence, as Richard Marcy came up and was introduced to little Jenny's old schoolmate. Then, as he held out his hand, she raised her eyes, and laid her tiny palm in his, and said:

"I think we had better rectify that mistake about the traveling-bags, Mr. Marcy!"

"Good Heaven, Jenny!" said Dick Marcy. "Why didn't you tell me that your friend Belle was my 'Angel of Mercy'?"

"Because I didn't know till last night, and then Belle made me promise not to tell. And besides, you didn't want to meet the freckled school girl till it was positively necessary," returned Jenny, mischievously.

It would be hard to say which of the four that made Jenny's bridal party was the happiest that day.

Dick did not go to Paris that winter. He found that St. Louis contained more attractions than any foreign city.

But the next fall will see Dick and Belle on their wedding tour, and he vows he will have the two old romantic traveling bags brushed up for the occasion. Doctor Townsend, who is to go along, says he knew the minute he saw that girl she would one day be Angelica Marcy, as he "felt it in the air."

A girl in Calhoun county, Wis., attempted to look into the muzzle of her brother's shot gun, at the same time pulling her dress away from the trigger. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of "Death from infernal carelessness."

## A Queer Case.

Mrs. Mary Miller, a well-bred lady to all appearance, who has been sentenced to Sing-Sing prison for robbing a lady at the Westminster Hotel, in New York, made the following singular statement to an interviewing reporter after sentence had been passed upon her: "As far as I am concerned, I hardly know how to feel. I hate and loathe dishonesty. I can never tell a lie. The detectives admitted to Mr. Kelso that my word was indisputable, and yet I have been guilty of that. I have never consorted with thieves. I know nothing about their habits. Yet I feel a mysterious inclination to rob and steal whenever I have a chance. I never took anything from a friend or a poor person. I am not in necessity. Though I am not rich, I have wealthy relations in New York and Brooklyn, and have always lived very comfortably. I am not extravagant. Indeed, I never made a dollar by my dishonesty. I feel that it would be wicked to attempt to escape conviction on a plea of kleptomania. Yet I don't understand it, and don't know how to explain it at all."

The following from the Cincinnati Chronicle, is a truth which young men might as well begin to learn:

"All the parties were highly respectable." So ends a dispatch from Memphis giving an account of a desperate affray in Somerville, Tenn., resulting in the death of a young lawyer. Shall we ever get to the time when reporters and correspondents will break themselves of the habit of eulogizing people who are proved by their own actions to be anything but what they are asserted to be? Here are two young men, in the case in hand, of whom it is discovered that they go about carrying revolvers, ready to use them upon each other or upon anybody who might happen to provoke them by a mere inuendo or imagined insult. Yet the telegrapher tells us they are highly respectable. They are not. They are neither respectable, nor fit to be admitted into respectable society. No man is worthy of respect either from other people or from himself who goes about the streets with a pistol stuck away in his clothes, or a slung shot or a pair of brass knuckles conveniently concealed in his breeches pocket; and any system of social organization that recognizes respectability in such performance needs radical reorganization.

"Now, gentlemen," said a peripatetic lecturer to a somewhat noisy crowd who had gathered to one of his sances in an Eastern village, "how would you like to hear a blackguard story? All in favor will raise their hands." Nine-tenths of the dexter paws went up, and there was a sudden hush of all noisy demonstrations. The lecturer went on with his original subject for a few minutes, when some incoherent individual broke out with—"Say, where's the story?" "Bless you," was the reply, "I did not intend to tell any such story. I only wanted to know how many blackguards are present." You might have heard a pin drop any time during the lecture, after that.

The Evergreen Observer has the following bit of news: It is said that a shade tree was felled by the recent storm somewhere in Dallas county, and thirteen "Life Insurance Agents" killed by the fall.

Mr. Clark, of New York, had a blacksmith arrested for tearing his ear nearly off in a scuffle. The blacksmith says the ear tore accidentally; besides, it never was hurt at all.

A legal gentleman calls his matutinal cocktail *ecire facies*—because it "revives his judgment."

A young lady who has been practicing "Let Me Kiss Him—For His Mother says she more-she tries it the better she likes it."

## Temple of the Muses.

JOHN.

I stand behind his elbow chair,  
My soft hands rest upon his hair—  
Hair whose silver is dearer to me  
Than all the gold of earth could be:  
And my eyes are brown  
Look tenderly down  
On John, my John.

The fire light leaps, and laughs and warms—  
Wraps us both in kindly arms—  
John, as he sits in the hearth-glow, red,  
Me, with my hands on his dear old head—  
Encircling us both  
Look like a ring of truth,  
Me and my John.

His form has lost its early grace,  
Wrinkles rest on his kindly face;  
His brow no longer is smooth and fair,  
For time has left his autograph there:  
But a noble prize  
In my loving eyes  
Is John, my John.

"My love," he says, and lifts his hands,  
Browned by the suns of other lands,  
In tender clasp on mine to lay:  
"How long ago was our wedding day?"  
I smile through my tears  
And say "Years and years,  
My John, dear John!"

We say no more, the firelight glows:  
Both of us mute, on what—who knows?  
My hands drop down in a mute career—  
Each throbs of my heart is a wish to bless  
With my life's best worth  
The heart and the hearth  
Of John, my John.

FEMALE MEDICAL STUDENTS.—A female student the other day, at the Cincinnati hospital, was hissed two mornings, but stood up to her work with so much pluck, was so respectfully treated by the professor, that the students backed down, and behaved like gentlemen.

If a man will insult a woman while engaged with her in the same scientific pursuit, he certainly is not fit ever to stand at a woman's bedside in the capacity of medical attendant. Nearly every female student of medicine is obliged to endure insults more or less galling from the half backed male sawbones with whom she is associated. There is no more forcible arguments in favor of the necessity of women physicians than the low characteristics and want of gentlemanly attributes of the men who throng into the profession.

From the Shelbyville, Commercial, New Railroad.

There is a charter for a railroad from Murfreesboro, via Shelbyville and Fayetteville, towards Huntsville, Ala. As yet, no movement has been made to get up funds sufficient to have this route surveyed, and to have a report from a competent engineer as to the probable cost of constructing and equipping it. The object had in view when the charter was obtained, by the movers in this important improvement, was to connect with another road then talked of from Murfreesboro, via Lebanon, to connect with the Louisville road at Gallatin, Tenn.—That project seems for the present to have failed or been abandoned. While this is so, there appears at this time to be a much better route opening to us, in the construction of a road from Lebanon to Cincinnati. The counties of Trousdale and Macon are in a short time to vote upon a proposition whether these counties will subscribe \$250,000 each towards the building of this most important outlet for Middle Tennessee, and especially those counties which have railroads that can connect with it. It is understood and believed that both of the counties referred to will vote almost solid for the county subscription; and if this is done, it is positively stated by the knowing ones that there will be a railroad connection from Lebanon to Cincinnati within the next three years. The advantages arising from this new route North are apparent and palpable. It shortens the route to New York many miles; opens up a splendid country and lets them out of the woods; it relieves the people of Middle Tennessee and South of us from a constant and unrelenting tribute to that soulless monopoly, the Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company. If this road is built from Cincinnati to Lebanon, what should we who live South of Lebanon do? The answer is easily given: Go to work and continue the road to Huntsville, Wilson, Rutherford, Bedford and Lincoln counties are understood to be four of the very best counties in the State.—The entire route from Lebanon through these counties to North Alabama is certainly feasible, and could be built at as little cost as any 110 miles of railroad in the South. Then, almost every foot of land over which this road would pass, and for miles on either side is remarkably fertile in every product that make trade and freight for a railroad. If this road is continued into North Alabama it will then form other connections South and West that must ultimately make this road an important link and one of the great thoroughfares to the North and South. The people South and West of this place have a very large interest in having a railroad connection somewhere, and are alive on this subject. This project will do much to relieve our wants for the present, and will insure us a road that will do an amount of business in freight and travel that will pay the cost of operating the road, and a good dividend in the end to the stockholders.—Let us look to this matter carefully, and see if we ought to let this golden opportunity pass without some effort to get out of the brush.

CONTINUOUS RAIL.

A good story is told at the expense of a young lawyer in St. Jose, Cal. He was very anxious to defend a Chinaman in the police court against the charge of petty thieving. Having assumed that position, what was his astonishment to find his client using a handkerchief with his own name marked upon it.