FALL TRADE. 1871. FALL TRADE.

WHOLESALE DRESS GOODS HOUSE.

PITTMAN & CO.,

(Successors to Pittman, Berry & Co.) wholesale dealers in

FANCY DRY GOODS

SILKS, NOTIONS, ETC.,

265 Main St., bet. 7th and 8th,

LOUISVILLE, KY.

WE take pleasure in calling the attention of our customers and merchants generally to

OUR NEW FALL STOCK,

Which is now complete, embracing all the novelties of the season, in

DRESS GOODS,

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION AND QUALITY.

White Goods, Silks, Shawls, Cloaks, Embroideries,

REAL LACES, HANDKERCHIEFS, HOSIERY, GLOVES, RIBBONS, &C. ALSO,

Dress Trimmings, Trimming Silks and Satins, Trimming Ribbons, &c.

In our stock will also be found

A Complete Assortment of Notions and Gent's Furnishing Goods.

Wherever our goods have come in competition with stocks bought East our ability has been shown to successfully compete in prices and styles with New York wholesale houses engaged in selling similar goods. With ample means for importing direct from Europe, and with a resident New York buyer, of long experience, who avails himself of all the advantages that Cash will command in that market, we feel that our facilities for getting up stock cheap are unsurpassed by any house in the country.

PITTMAN & CO.

sep9-1m

JOHN CUBBIN. JOHN GUNN. M. H. COOVER

CUBBIN, GUNN & COOVER,

Planing Mill and Lumber Yard.

MANUFACTURERS OF

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1st, 2d and 3rd Quality of White Pine,

Yellow Pine, Cypress, Laths, Shingles, &c.

Nos. 161, 163 and 165 Washington Street,

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H. G. HOLLENBERG,

AGENT FOR

CHICKERING'S FIRST PRIZE

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SUPERIOR PIANOS,

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Heating and Cooking STOVES of the most Approved Styles

ALWAYS ON HAND.

Also, Grates of Every Description. House Furnishing Goods in endless variety, embracing a complete assortment of

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Sept. 25, 1870-12m.

THE MOUND CITY

MUTUAL

Life Insurance Company,

OF SAINT LOUIS.

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Home Office No. 213, North Third Street.

Wheeless & Hamilton, State Agents, Nashville, Tennessee.

R. R. DASHIELL, M. D., Medical Examiner.

Oct1-tf

WHIG AND TRIBUNE.

VOL. XXVII. JACKSON, TENNESSEE, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1871. NO. 47.

WHIG AND TRIBUNE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

—BY—

W. W. GATES. DON CAMERON.
D. M. WISDOM. J. T. HICKS.

Under the Firm and Style of

W. W. GATES & CO.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—Two dollars year, *invariably in advance.* Single copies 10 cents.

ADVERTISING RATES.—Advertisements inserted for a less term than three months will be charged $1.50 per square of eight lines, or less, for the first insertion, and $1 for each subsequent insertion.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	3 MONTHS.	6. MONTHS.	12 MONTHS.
1 square,	$12 00	$20 00	$30 00
2 "	20 00	30 00	40 00
3 "	25 00	40 00	50 00
¼ column.	30 00	50 00	75 00
½ "	50 00	90 00	160 00
1 "	80 00	160 00	300 00

☞ One inch space constitutes a square.

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Sheriffs, Clerks and Rangers, who send us their patronage will receive the Whig without charge.

☞CANDIDATES—For announcing candidates for County offices and the Legislature, $10; for Congress $20; for Municipal and civil district offices, $5—all in advance.

For the Whig and Tribune.

IN MEMORIAM.

Of John R. Moore, Who Died Aug. 6th, 1870.

BY MRS. ANNIE SOMERS GILCHRIST.

As I sit here in the gloaming,
Twilight's footsteps softly creep
Up the heights, her dark robes charming
Stars to stud the upper deep.
Lone, so lone, a sister's weeping,
Best of brothers, fond and brave;
Mary, Oh! I know thou'rt keeping
Saddest vigil earth e'er gave.

Well I know the iron's entered
Thy true soul. For thee life's slopes,
Erst bright, are gray—in him were centered
All thy dearest, fondest hopes.
I've a brother, gone too, Mary,
Past yon star-embedded dome;
A little while and we will join them
In our Father's fadeless home.

Through the gloom night birds are flitting,
While the shadows deeper grow;
And with broken hopes I'm sitting
Listing to the ebb and flow
Of Memory's tides. Ah the olden
Time when life's young path stretched fair,
Bound with chains whose links were golden
Links evanished! There, up there,
We'll find them, Mary, chanting praises,
Where no pain nor sorrow mars
Their existence, whose still radiance,
Rivals morn's empurpled cars;
Ah, methinks I hear them calling,
From those still, bright climes of day,
Low, sweet notes to sad earth falling
Calling us to wait and pray.

Dresden, Aug. 26, 1871.

THIRTY PROPOSALS.

A California Love Story.

"You don't say that is his wife? Well, she is a stunner, and no mistake. I confess to an overwhelming curiosity concerning that marriage. Why, in the States he was considered an inveterate bachelor. Somehow he never cared to go round with the girls as the rest of us did; but always took his mother everywhere and waited on her as though she had been queen of England. All the girls liked him, and if he ever ventured where they were, they would flutter round him, but it was plain that he never gave them a second thought. His mother used to say, "If my son ever marries, 'twill be a very superior woman, quite different from the girls one ordinarily meets."

When we heard at home that he was married, the girls said, a little spitefully, I reckon "There must be one wonderful woman in California," and they hoped she would be "superior" enough to teach the old bachelor a lesson or two. How is it? Is she likely to?"

"Well, there's more to her than you'd think at first sight. She must be real good herself, or she never would have appreciated our friend. He is solid and substantial, but not very showy. I've known him intimately for years, and I never knew him to say or do a mean thing. He deserves his good luck, and I will own it; though to be honest, I wanted that woman for my wife, and have not reached a point yet where I can take much pleasure in thinking of the wedding. Come over here under the trees, and I'll tell you how it came about; but you'd better not let on you know it, for 'tis a sort of understood thing that we are to keep it on the square, and it's rather a tender subject with us boys.

"It was in the summer of '60, we lived over the canon I was telling you about—there were thirty of us in the gang, and we had four cabins, with storehouse, which were public property. We worked hard through the week, and on Sunday did our washing and brought our house work up a little. I suppose we should be called a hard set, but we were not any rougher than men generally who get a living by themselves for a year or two.

"Eight of us camped together, and each of us had as distinct an individuality as though we represented different nations. Somehow or other we had acquired a soubriquet which was acknowledged to be characteristic, and we were called by it in camp to the complete ignoring of our real names.

There was Hal Winterton, a Southerner, and a fierce secessionist; we called him "South Carolina." Dave Austin, a Connecticut man and a regular sell, we called him "Nutmeg." "Dandie" stuck to Charlie Chapin, for he was a regular fop. Then there was Ned Simpson, a regular "Aunt-Betty"—you'd know his name at the first glimpse without my saying a word. Otis Allen would faint if he jammed his finger or had a sight of blood. He was "Our Baby." Jack Cummings was a wag, and he certainly deserved his cognomen, "Jack the Wicked." Jim Woodruff was known all over the country by the appellation of "Judge," and your humble servant, from his black eyes, swarthy complexion, and jetty locks, perhaps something, too, in my manner, was styled "Senor."

"Well, we were a good natured set of fellows, always making allowance for each other's peculiarities, and never having any friction in the camp. Sometimes I used to think we joked "Aunt Betty" and "Our Baby" rather unmercifully, but a word from our "Judge" would straighten us at once.

If one was sick, we all took a turn about in nursing and watching, but the Judge was one that knew just what to do, and was always near to do it. Tender and patient as a woman, we all honored him, and held him a little higher in our estimation than we did any one else in the camp.

I forgot to tell you that a month before, and when "Dandy" and "Aunt Betty" were not of our number, we had in their place Will Browning, who was equal to two men, any day. Good to work and good to play, as smart as need be, and true to the core. I think most of us would have been glad to have gone with Will over the mountains, but he said "No, stay where you are, boys; you are doing well, and if I find anything better, I will let you know at once. Then come all hands of you, and it will be a jolly time when we get together again."

You know it wasn't the pleasantest traveling in the world to get around two years ago.

We hadn't heard a word from Will, though he had been gone for a long time. Several letters had come for him, but of course we couldn't forward them, having no idea of his whereabouts, and we had come to the conclusion that he would walk in upon us some time dead broke, and cured of his roving disposition. We had finished work one day, and supped of three B's, as we called our beans and bacon and bread; the table stood just where we had left it for you know miners are not fastidious in their notions. We were sitting on a rude bench which reached across the end of our rude cabin, talking over our day's work, and speculating on what the boys were doing over to the left side of us, when all at once a young woman stood right in our cabin door.

Now a woman in those days was a curiosity among bucks here among the hills, and there were men in our camp who hadn't set eyes on one for better than two years. She stood still, just looking at us. I don't know what the rest thought, but Aunt Betty said afterward "that it seemed like a warning to some of us," and he was wondering whose time had come. The Judge sat on the edge of the bench, and he arose and took off his hat. One after another followed his example slowly, each one getting up in turn and taking off his hat.

We must have looked comical, for we all had on woolen shirts, our sleeves were rolled up and our collars turned back. Our pants were tied about our waists, and tucked up in no very careful manner into our rubber boot-legs. Add to our costume eight faces unshaven and unshorn for weeks, and you can catch some idea of our general appearance. The pale light of our sputtering candle added to the weirdness of the scene, and when Jack the Wicked murmured, "To your knees, boys, all at once," I guess we were all more than half inclined to obey. The Judge recovered himself the quickest and advanced toward the door.

"I wish to see my brother, Will Browning; I heard he was here," said the most musical voice I ever heard.

"He was here a few months ago," replied the Judge, "but we do not know where he is now. How did you come, and where are your friends?"

"I came through the valley and shadow of death, I should think, for I am nearly dead with hunger, and for friends, I have the gloomiest old teamster you ever saw, though I thought it was rare good luck when I found him, and he engaged to take me up here to Will. I paid him every cent of money I had, and I have not had a mouthful for days but bad bacon. Is there any hotel within a short distance? If not, perhaps there is some good woman who would let me stay with her until I can get word to Will?"

I guess every man hugged to himself the thought that she would be obliged to stop with us, even for a short time; and the Judge didn't look very sorry, though he professed to feel dreadfully for her dilemma.

He said, and I am sure his full, rich voice must have seemed a tower of strength to her: "Will is a dear friend of ours, and if you will kindly allow us the honor of protecting his sister until he can be communicated with, we shall be under great obligations to you. We might look very odd to you; but we claim to be gentlemen, and I assure you we can and will make you comfortable."

She had a perplexed look on her face when the Judge told her there was no woman living near; but she was mistress of the situation in a moment, and said very demurely, though with rather a sly sparkle, "Oh, I shall be quite comfortable, but I'm afraid I shall be troubling you terribly."

Every one spoke at once, "No trouble, not the least." And then Dandy said: "Judge, if you were to introduce us to the lady, perhaps she would feel more at ease with us."

The Judge must have been awfully smitten at first sight, or he would not be guilty of introducing us by our camp titles. As it was, he said, "Miss Browning, allow us to introduce you to Will's friend, Mr. South Carolina." He advanced as he was called, and in the most chivalric manner bowed over the lady's extended hand. "This is Mr. Nutmeg, another friend of your brother."

He bowed stiffly, and everywhere but at her. "Aunt Betty, did you know Will? I believe you didn't; but he will be a friend all the same to you, Miss Browning."

"You can bet your life on that every time," said Aunt Betty, and we were all ready to split by that time, the Judge looked so dignified doing the honors of the occasion in such a manner, as he no doubt thought.

He continued: "This is Mr. Dandy;" I wish you could see the bowing and scraping. By that time she had taken in the drollery of the thing, and when Dandy bowed so profoundly, swept him a courtesy that liked to have finished him on the spot.

"Senor and Will were sworn allies; we used to call them David and Jonathan."

She smiled and asked, "Which are you?" And for the first and only time in my life I did not know what to say, but I stammered out, "Either, ma'am." There was something like a snicker from our company, but our Judge had no eyes or ears for any one but her; so he kept on, and with a wave of his hand presented "Our Baby." The great six-footer looked for all the world as though he would put up his lip and cry, until Miss Browning said,—"How do you do, dear? Can he talk?" and then he blurted out, "My name is Otis Allen."

Jack got the start of them, and stepping in front of them, said in tragic tones, "'Jack the wicked,' known all over the Pacific coast for my diabolical acts—and let me assist our friend—this is the Judge, who is a terror to all evil doers, and the protector of distressed innocence, whenever they have the good fortune to fall into his hands."

"Yes," said the Judge, with the most imperturable gravity, "and now you know us all, and must consider us your obedient servants."

She laughed a low, rippling laugh, and said, "Yes, I am sure I know you all now, and I should like to shake hands all round, it would give me a sort of home feeling, and you would feel better acquainted with me, I guess."

She began with the Judge, and he looked, while he held her hand, as though he had been translated.

She's got an awful lot of magnetism about her, I tell you; my arm and hand thrill now when I think of that first handclasp. We hadn't a chair in the cabin, but we gave her our best three legged stool. She took off her jaunty hat and sack, and each one sprang to take them. She didn't seem to notice us, but left them lying in her lap. She told us that she had some baggage a little way from our house; she had left it there so as to walk in upon Will unannounced, and instead of finding her dear old Will, she had stumbled upon such a lot of friends.

"Can you give me something real good to eat?" and she glanced at the table with its dirty dishes and the scanty remains of our supper.

That table was cleared off in a jiffy; a plate washed, and a can of chicken opened. Aunt Betty made a cup of tea, and another stirred up some flap jacks, and another of us thought to scour a knife and fork by running them into the ground several times. Oh, they were lively times for a few minutes, you'd better believe. Only the Judge—he never moved, but looked at her.—She did not seem to notice him, but watched our operations with great interest.

While she ate—and the quaintness of our surroundings did not affect her appetite—we all stood around and waited upon her. I guess never a day while she lived with us, but what she laughed about her first meal there.

We partitioned her off a bed-room in one corner, by putting up some blankets, and all but the Judge and Aunt Betty went into the store-house to sleep.

You'd think that when we got there we should be likely to talk over the whole wonderful event, but we didn't; not a word was spoken concerning it. But I reckon there was considerable thinking done that night.

By light we were all up and pacing in front of the cabin. The teamster had given notice of the charge he had left with us, and all the other boys were over there to learn how things were. There wasn't a stroke of work done in the camp that day, and not much for a week.

Then the Judge called us together, and told us it wouldn't do; we were getting demoralized; that Miss Browning was unhappy because she felt she had interrupted our arrangements, and we must come right down to steady days' work after that. Well, we tried to, but we never could get back to old times. There was a good deal of rivalry among us, and some cutting things were said. The Judge sent letters in all directions for Will but three weeks had passed without a word in reply. We had all in turn offered to accompany Miss Browning to San Francisco, but she said she knew no one there; Will would be sure to come before long, and would be disappointed if she should leave; besides hadn't she eight of the very best brothers in the world? She would stay a while longer, and she would help cook and mend for us, so as not to burden us too much.—She had a few new books which she had bought for Will, and she would read to us evenings. We came up an hour earlier than usual, and our table was always ready for us, and it had many an extra touch that none but a woman would think of. We were a silent set of men during the day, but each did his best when he got home. Stories were told, songs were sung, and with her reading we were all entranced. She always called us by the names which were first given her, and ever so many times she went through the introduction, acting out all the parts. It seemed funnier to her than to us. She talked to South Carolina about the beauties of the Southern sky, and of the flowers and trees, which eclipsed anything at the North. To Nutmeg she praised New England, and she had some favorite topic to discuss with each one of us.

Of course we were all in love with her but none dared to boast of having received any sign of preference from the lady. We had all proposed to her once, and some of us half a dozen times. She just made light of it; said we were crazy and didn't know what we were about; but she came to know after a while we did. There was open war. We all acted like madmen, except the Judge, he would not answer any of our taunts, but was most pleasant to all. Yet he grew to look real care-worn and every time he met any of us alone he would say he hoped Will would come soon. He talked to us about keeping the peace, and appealed to our honor as men and our love for an old comrade. Kate herself had quite a little talk with each one. I don't know how she manged it, but she left the impression upon us all that we were most likely to be accepted if we behaved ourselves and kept quiet; but 'twas no go—we could not.

One evening she refused to sit down with us to the table, and so, little was eaten. She walked up and down the room, and then said emphatically, "I am going off—I don't know where; but I must go away; this is getting unbearable. I cannot meet one of you, but I am importuned to marry you. Don't you know gentlemen, I cannot marry you all, and if I choose to show one bit of pleasure in the society of any one, the rest are all angry. Now I ask you what shall I do? Will doesn't come, and I am alone. I wish you would drop all this nonsense and behave yourselves. Why won't you?"

She looked from one to another, and finally asked Jack, "Come, you own to being wicked and you have been an awful tease; won't you reform, and then all the rest will?"

Aunt Betty said: "If you care for any of us, make it known, and then the rest shall behave, or—there will be a row."

"That's just it—you will fight any way; you are getting too savage. In being lovers I am afraid you have forgotten to be gentlemen."

Wasn't that a stinger for us? But we did not feel it then as we have since. We all promised not to say a word after her decision was made known to us. Each one may have been elated thinking he was likely to be chosen.

She sat down and put her face on her arm, but it was only for a moment. Then she said, "I shall ask for two days to think of it. Next Sunday there will be a wedding here, and a supper afterward, which I will help to prepare. If any one speaks to me on the subject between this time and that, his doom is sealed."

There was an oldish man over at the next cabin, who seemed to have a fatherly care over Kate. And I might as well say here, that all of the thirty who were unmarried, had offered themselves to her and had been refused.

Well, Kate and old man Howe had a long talk together, and then he went off and did not get back until Sunday, and he brought a minister with him. There was some kind of service in the afternoon out under the trees, but none of us paid much attention. Our eyes were all for Kate, and she was crying softly all the time. When it was over, she took the preacher's arm and talked with him some time. Then she went into our cabin and we followed. Mean, wasn't it? But we did not see it in that light then.

The man took a Bible from his pocket, and said: "This lady informs me that you have promised to abide quietly by her decision, and dwell in peace and harmony together. For her sake you will not object to come here one by one, and take an oath which I shall dictate. It is that you reiterate your promise, with your hand on this sacred book."

We advanced and received it as solemnly as though it was to be the last of our lives. Then he told us that Miss Browning was very much attached to us but of course could not marry but one, and we must bear our disappointment like men.

She went and stood beside him. I thought she would faint but she did not. We all arose when the minister said "Let us pray." When he was part through, the Judge sat down, completely overcome by his feelings. I am free to say that this was the longest prayer I ever heard.

If the minister had been suspended between heaven and the other place, as we were, he would have made fewer words I am sure.

When it was over he said—"I am here to solemnize a marriage between Catherine F. Browning (he must have felt an inward chuckle over the tortue which he was inflicting, for he paused, well, maybe only a minute, but it seemed an hour,) and James A. Woodruff. If any of you know cause or just impediment why these two persons should not be joined in holy matrimony you are to declare it now, or else forever hold your peace."

Jim had not stirred a step. The minister took his hand and placed him beside the bride. He waked up, then, and I guess the look he gave her satisfied her, for her face cleared up like a summer sky after a rain.

The brief service was soon over that made the Judge a happy benedict, and us, perhaps bachelors for life.

Jim looked up earnest at us: "Boys I do not deserve this happiness as much as either of you; but it has fallen to me, and I will do my best to make her happy. Will you not wish us God speed?" and he held out his hand. Each of us was man enough to walk up and take it and the little brown hand which had been given to Jim.

Then we had supper. There wasn't much eaten, yet we all lived through it; but none of us felt much hankering after weddings, since, I reckon.

A LETTER FROM COL. SYKES.

J. L. Cawthorn, Esq.:

Both of your letters have been received and read with much interest. It is a matter of deep regret that the subscription failed in your county on the 26th of last month. There is no county in the State that would be more benefitted by a railroad through its borders than Henderson. She has not only fine agricultural lands, but in addition she has extensive beds of marl, considerable deposits of "brown coal" on lignite, which is nearly as valuable for fuel as stone coal, and also an immense quantity of most excellent white oak timber, which is now useless, for want of a market, but which, in a few years, if you had a railroad, would more than pay for its construction.

Your county is now paying $20,000 per annum for the transportation of its products to market—more than it would have to pay if you had a railroad. This does not include the extra amount she pays for freight on articles carried into the county, which can not be less than $12,000 each year. This drain upon her resources will continue until she gets this road, and there is now great danger that she will never get it.—The opposition came mostly from those districts adjacent to other railroads, but it seems to me they made a great mistake in opposing this road, since the building of this competing line would cause the other railroads to reduce their charges so as to benefit the people in the districts near them to a much greater amount than the sums they would have to pay.

It is unnecessary to argue the question whether the road cannot be built without a county subscription. All the counties that want railroads will have to make county subscriptions. They cannot be built in any other manner, and opposition to a county subscription is virtually opposition to the road itself

Whether your county will be content to do without a railroad and remain tributary to other counties, increasing their business and adding to their wealth, is for your own people to determine. It is evident that unless a change takes place in public sentiment it is unnecessary to make another attempt, and those who desire railroad connections must seek them through other counties.

If the true condition of affairs could be well understood and fully appreciated by your people, I cannot believe they would oppose a measure which would add so much to their comfort, convenience, wealth and prosperity.

Not only is your own county suffering for the want of this road, but on account of the opposition in Henderson, the iron works, the limestone and marble quarries and the hydraulic cement which abound in Decatur county, and which are so necessary to the other counties in West Tennessee, cannot find an easy outlet to market. Perry and Decatur on the east, and Madison on the west, stand ready to build the road through their borders, and the only cause why a road will not be built on this line, is the opposition in Henderson county.

Of course, if your people do not wish the road it will not be forced upon them; and although this will be a great loss to the whole country, your own county will suffer more than any other part of the State for want of this great highway of trade, commerce and travel.

The money subscribed by a county should be expended in the county, and the bonds should not be issued until the road is graded to the county line. Private subscriptions might be safely relied upon to iron and equip the road after it was graded. Nashville, I have no doubt, will meet you at the Tennessee river, and this road will then run through the finest iron counties in Middle and West Tennessee—Hickman, Perry and Decatur.

Very truly yours,
WM. J. SYDES,

TO A DRUNKEN HUSBAND.

My husband, 'twas for thee I left,
My own, my happy home;
For thee I left my cottage bowers,
With thee in joy to roam:
And where are all the holy vows,
The truth, the love, the trust,
That won my heart—all scattered now,
And trampled to the dust.

I loved thee with a love untold,
And when I stood beside
The noble form I joyed to think
I was thy chosen bride.
They told me ere I was thine own,
How sad my lot would be;
I thought not of the future, then—
I only thought of thee.

I left my home, my happy home,
A sunny-hearted thing,
Forgetting that my happiness
A shadowing cloud might bring.
The sunny side of life is gone,
Its shadows only mine—
And thorns are springing in my heart,
Where blossoms used to twine.

I do not blame thee for my lot,
I only pray for thee,
That thou may'st from the tempter's power,
(O, joyful thought!) be free,
That thou may'st bend above my grave,
With penitence sincere,
And for the broken-hearted one
Let fall a sober tear.

Give the Boys a Chance.

One of the surest methods of attaching a boy to a farm is to let him have something upon it for his own. Give him a small plot of ground to cultivate, allowing him the proceeds for his own use. Let him have his steers to break, or his sheep to care for. The ownership of even a fruit tree, planted, pruned and brought to bearing by his own hands, will inspire him with an interest that no mere reward or wages can give. In addition to the cultivation of a taste for farm life the practical knowledge gained by the boy will be of the highest value. Being interested, he will be more observant, and will thoroughly learn whatever is necessary for his success.

Another and equally important advantage will be the accustoming him early to feel responsibility.—Many young men though well acquainted with all the manual operations of the farm, fail utterly when entrusted with the management of an estate, from want of experience in planning for themselves. It is much better that responsibility should be gradually assumed than that a young man should be first thrown upon himself on attaining his majority.

THE REWARD.

Who, looking backward from his manhood's prime,
Sees not the spectre of his misspent time?
And, through the shade
Of funeral cypress, planted thick behind,
Hears no reproachful whisper on the wind,
From his loved dead?

Who bears no trace of passion's evil force?
Who shuns thy sting, O terrible remorse?—
Who does not cast
On the thronged pages of his memory's book,
At times, a sad and half reluctant look,
Regretful of the past?

Alas! the evil which we fain would shun
We do, and leave the wished for good undone;
Our strength to-day
Is but to-morrow's weakness, prone to fall;
Poor, blind, unprofitable servants all
Are we alway.

Yet, who, thus looking backward o'er his years,
Feels not his eyelids wet with grateful tears,
If he hath been
Permitted, weak and sinful as he was,
To cheer and aid in some ennobling cause,
His fellow-men?

If he hath hidden the outcast, or let in
A ray of sunshine to the cell of sin—
If he hath lent
Strength to the weak, and in an hour of need,
Over the suffering, mindless of his creed
Or home hath bent.

He has not lived in vain. And while he gives
The praise to Him, in whom he moves and lives,
With thankful heart;
He gazes backward, and with hope before,
Knowing that from his works he nevermore
Can henceforth part.

—*J. G. Whittier.*

Haste Not.

Hasting to be rich is one of the worst faults of our American people. It is worse than a fault—it is a vice, for it too often leads to vices and crimes that make life a tragedy and a desolation. It grows out of our excessive impatience.—Wealth is regarded as the first and chief object of living, and we want to acquire wealth while young. that we may enjoy it as long as possible. There is an impression that the wealth that comes only in old or middle age, is almost worthless, since the dull blood, the failing vision, and the aching joints of age, are unable to appreciate and enjoy it. It is thought that youth is the only stage of life in which life's pleasure are sweet to the taste, and that after the zest of youth is gone it matters little whether one be rich or poor. This is the reasoning of those who look upon life, health, wealth and everything else as mere agents and occasions of pleasure.—It is the agument of that groveling view which says: "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

Wealth is a means of enjoyment, and we have a right to enjoy the rational comforts and pleasures that it can purchase; but it is also a means of usefulness; it increases our ability to do good, and proportionately augments our obligations to do good. We have a right to desire it and to strive for it; but it is a great error for the young to make excessive haste in their efforts to acquire it. Riches rapidly gained are apt to vanish rapidly. The man who amasses a fortune by a few "ten-strikes" at thirty, will probably lose it by the time he is forty, and need to begin to labor for that which he ought then to be enjoying. It seems to be inconsistent with the law of compensation, and with the eternal fitness of things, that a young man should gain wealth by a few strokes of good luck, and keep it as safely as one who has spent half a life time in acquiring it. At any rate, we rarely see riches that have been gained quickly and easily last out the life time of the possessor.—A man must acquire a fortune by slow and laborious processes, to know how to use it reasonably; he will miss some pleasures that it might have brought to his youth; but he will also escape the terrible temptations that it would have brought to his youth. He will escape the dissipation and the excesses that bequeath their penalties to old age; and in the comforts, independence, and the power to do good, which his lately acquired wealth brings, he will forget the perilous pleasures he had to forego.

Take Your County Paper.

"Well, squire you say you don't take your county paper?"

"No, Major, I get the city papers on better terms, and so I take two of them."

But, squire, these county papers are a great convenience to us. The more we encourage them, the better the editor can make them."

"I don't know that they are any convenience to me."

"The farm you sold last spring was advertised in one of them, and you there-by obtained a customer."

Very true Major but I paid three dollars for it."

Now if your neighbors had not maintained that press, you would have been without the means of publishing your daughter's marrige, and your brother's death last summer."

"Yes, yes, but"——

"And your nephew was a candidate for legislature; you were highly gratified at his newspaper defense, which elected him, and cost you nothing."

"Y-e-s; y-e-s, but these little things are news to readers, and make the people take the papers.

"No, no, 'Squire Grudge, not if they were all like you. Now, I tell you, 'Squire. the day will come when somebody will write a long eulogy on your life, character, etc., and the printer will put it in type, with a heavy brass rule under it, and with all your riches, this will be done for you as a grave for a pauper. Your wealth, liberality, and all such will be spoken of—but the printer, as he spells the words in arranging the type, will remark: poor mean devil—he never took the the paper and is now swindling the printer out of his funeral notices if he is dead.

"Good morning 'Squire."

A Modern Job.

A certain good natured old Vermont farmer preserved his constant good nature, let what would turn up. One day one of his men came in, bringing the news that one of the red oxen was dead.

"Is he?" said the old man.

"Well, he was always a breechy cuss! Take his hide off and carry it down to Fletcher's; it will fetch the cash."

An hour or so afterwards the man came back with the news that Lineback and his mate were dead.

"Are they?" said the old man.

"Well, I took them of B. to save a bad debt that I never expected to get. It is lucky that it ain't the brindless.

After the lapse of another hour the man came back again to tell him that the nigh brindle was dead.

"Is he?" said the old man.

"Well, he was a very old ox: Take off his hide and take it down to Fletcher's; it's worth cash and will bring more than any two of the others."

Hereupon, his wife, who was a very pious soul, reprimanded her husband severly and asked him if he was not aware that his loss was a judgment from heaven upon him for his wickedness.

"Is it?" said the old fellow. "Well, if they will take the judgment in cattle it is the easiest way I can pay it.

It is not for us to set an hour-glass to the Creator of time, since he and we differ only in the term of payment.

THE MINISTER'S HORSE.

"Well," said Reuben, the story-teller, "father always wanted a horse, because the folks in Greene live scattered, and he had so far to go to funerals and weddings, and to visit schools you know; but he never felt as if he could afford to buy one. But one day he was coming afoot from Hildreth, and a stranger asked him to ride. Father said, 'That's a handsome horse you are driving, I should like to own such a horse myself.' 'What will you give me for him?' said the man. 'Do you want to sell?' said father. 'Yes, I do, and I'll sell cheap, too,' said he. 'Oh, well,' says father, 'it's no use talking, for I haven't the money to buy with.' 'Make me an offer,' says he. 'Well, just to put an end to the talk,' father says, 'I'll give you $75 for the horse.' 'You may have him,' says the man, as quick as a flash, 'but you'll repent of your bargain in a week.' 'Why, what ails the horse?' says father. 'Ails him? He's got the 'Old Nick' in him, that's what ails him,' says he. 'If he has a will to go, he'll go; but if he takes a notion to stop, all creation can't start him. I've stood and beat that horse till the sweat run off me in streams. I've fired a gun close to his ears; I've burnt shavings under him. I might have beat him to death and roasted him alive before he'd have budged an inch.' 'I'll take the horse,' says father. 'What's his name?' 'George,' says the man. 'I shall call him Georgie,' said father.

"Well, father brought him home, and we boys were mightily pleased; we fixed a place for him in the barn, and we curried him down well, and father said 'Talk to him, boys, and let him know you feel friendly.' So we coaxed and petted him, and the next morning, father harnessed him and got in the wagon to go. But Georgie wouldn't stir a step. Father got out and petted him, and we boys brought him apples and clover-tops, and once in a while father would say, 'Get up, Georgie,' but he didn't strike the horse a blow. Well, Georgie, we'll see which has the most patience, you or I.' So he sat in the wagon and took out his skeletons—"

"Skeletons?" said Poppet, inquiringly.

"Of sermons, you know. Ministers always carry round a little book to put down things they think of when they are off walking or riding, or hoeing in the garden.

"Well, father sat full two hours, before the horse was ready to start; but when he did, there was no more trouble for that day. The next morning it was the same thing over again, only that Georgie gave in a little sooner.

"All the while it seemed as if father could not do enough for the horse. He was round the stable, feeding him and fussing over him talking to him in his pleasant, gentle way; and the third morning, when he had fed, and curried, and harnessed him with his own hands, somehow there was a different look in the horse's eyes. But when father was ready to go, Georgie put his feet together and laid his ears back, and wouldn't stir. Well, Dove was playing about the yard, and she brought her stool and climbed up by the horse's head. Dove, tell what you said to Georgie that morning.

"I gave him an awful talking to," said the little girl. "I told him it was perfectly '*ediculous*' for him to act so; that he'd come to a real good place to live, where *everybody helped everybody*, that he was a minister's horse, and ought to set a good 'sample to all other horses, and God wouldn't love him if he wasn't a good horse. That's what I told him. Then I kissed him on the nose."

"And what did Georgie do?"

"Why, he heard every word I said, and when I got through, he felt so 'shamed of himself, he couldn't hold up his head; so he just dropped it, till it 'most touched the ground, and he looked as sheepish as if he had been stealing a hundred sheeps."

"Yes," said Reuben, "and when father told him to go, he was off like a shot. He has never made any trouble since. That's the way father cured a balky horse. And that night, when he was unharnessed, he rubbed his head against father's shoulder and told him as plain as a horse could speak, that he was sorry. He's tried to make up to father ever since, for the trouble he made him. When he's loose in the pasture, father has only to stand at the bars and call his name and he walks up as quiet as an old sheep. Why, I've seen him back himself between the shafts of the wagon many a time, to save father trouble. Father wouldn't take $200 for the horse to-day. He eats anything you give him. Sis very often brings out some of her dinner to him."

"He likes to eat out of a plate," said Dove, "it makes him think he's folks."

Beautiful Ireland.

We know, of course, that Ireland is called the "Emerald Isle," and the color of the emerald is green, but never had it entered into our imagination that there was anywhere in this world to be seen such verdure as it charmed our eyes to look upon in the rural districts of Ireland. The slopes, the knolls, the dells, fields of young grain, over which the breezes creep like playful spirits of the beautiful; the pastures, dotted over with sheep of the purest wool; the hillsides, rising up into mist-shrouded mountains, are all covered with thick carpets of smoothe velvet green. But Ireland should also be called Flowery Isle. There is not a spot in Ireland I believe where blessed nature can find an excuse for putting a flower, but she has put one—not only in the gardens and in the meadows, but upon the very walls and the crags of the sea, from the great blooming rhododendrons, down to the smallest flowret that modestly peeps forth from its grassy cover. The Irish furze, so richly yellow, covers all places that might otherwise be bare or barren; the silkworm delights everywhere, from thousands of trees to "drop its web of gold;" the blooming hawthorn, with the sweet-scented pink, and especially the white variety, adorns the landscape and the gardens; wall-flowers, of every hue and variety, clamber to hide the harshness of the mural supports; the beetled cliffs of the North sea are fringed and softened with lovely flowers; and if you kneel anywhere almost on the yielding, velvety carpet, you will find little, well-nigh invisible, flowrets, red, white, blue, and yellow wrought into the very woof and texture. Ireland ought to be called the Beautiful Isle. The spirit of the Beautiful hovers over and touches to living loveliness every point.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

☞The Columbia *Herald* thus alludes to our gallant Quixotic but friends of the Brownsville *States*:

The Brownsville *States* wants to beat the Radicals and make it a purely Demeratic victory, and don't wan't any outside help. The *States* forgets that *Beast* Butler has left the Democratic party—that Logan, Grant, and a great many others have done the same thing, and that the Radicals have been in power since 1860. The *States* went to sleep about the time Gen. Jackson removed the deposits and vetoed the United States Bank and hasn't awoke yet from its Rip Van Winklian snooze. When it does awake, it will find strange things have happened: it will learn that times have somewhat changed and that things "ain't exactly as they used to be." And if it awakes to a full realization of Facts as they exist, it will see that to beat Grant and the Radicals, will require a united effort of all the elements opposed to that party. If the *States* don't see this, and desires the defeat of Grant and the Radicals, it can best effect that end by calling for its "little bed," and going to sleep again.

MOLLY.

BY GRACE APPLETON.

Here's health to merry Molly
With her pretty face and jolly,
When with whom 'twere sheerest folly
Even to dream of melancholy!

With her manner so coquettish—
Half persuading and half pettish;
And her airs so self-relying,
That she seems mankind defying.

She's a dangerous, witching creature—
Mischief lurks in every feature,
And her laughing eye expresses
More than lip or tongue confesses!

THE CONDUCTOR'S STORY.

We were smoking one night before the hotel smoking room grate, when one man said:—

"I have always thought I'd like to be a railroad conductor—for a while at least."

The old conductor smiled, and knocked the ashes off his cigar.

"Well," said he, "I believe that almost every one has had that feeling at one time or another. There is something fascinating to a sober business man in the idea of doing business and earning your living at thirty miles an hour, and the spice of danger that you may at any moment be sent to kingdom come by 'lightning express,' is just vague enough not to frighten but to attract. But to a conductor it is prosaic business enough. So it is to engineers and brakemen. Don't you remember that at the inquest held over the Norwalk bridge accident it was shown that the engineer was in the habit of opening everything, and then reading a newspaper. He was neglecting his business, of course; but it shows what habit will do; 'twill make a reading room of an express engine.

"Railroad men learn the lesson of punctuality very thoroughly. It won't do to be late, or the train won't start on time, and then an awful row is certain. One time I was at Albany, and that afternoon the Hudson River, Boston and Central trains all started at five o'clock. Well, the conductors of the trains, and the engineers, too, went down the river on a propeller—the Julia I think she was called. There wasn't a conductor at the depot to take any one's place, and the tide was falling. Williams, a splendid, great big fellow, became desperate, jumped into the river, put his shoulders under the stern, where the propeller had caught on a mud bank, and as the boat was a nine cat power only, and he a perfect Hercules, he actually lifted her off, and we arrived in Albany just in time—only Williams had to run to Syracuse with his wet clothes on.

"It's a queer existence, too, running day after day through a lot of little places that you don't take any interest in, or know anything about, more than that the stations are called stations. It is not such a dangerous life, either. Accident insurance companies don't rate passenger conductor's very high, but if you ever want to feel how helpless a creature you are in the hands of the Almighty, just get on an express engine, and get the engineer to open everything on a dark night. It is positively awful to see your headlight boring into the darkness, and to think that between you and instant death there is only the chance of the two pieces of iron you're travelling on being continuous and clear; that if somebody had just pried up a rail since the last train went over, or anchored something on the track, your friends won't know your body when the coroner's jury call them as witnesses to your identity.

That's the way I felt the first time I tried it, but the engineer was smoking a pipe, and the fireman was whistling 'Jim along Josey.'

When a conductor runs a train out of town and runs another in again the same day, it isn't such a queer life as when he runs a train out one day and in the next. Then he lives two lives. One he is a married man at one place; the next night he is a bachelor at another place, and the next night a married man again—and so on, see saw.

There is a kind of queer feeling of responsibility, having three or four hundred lives in your keeping. But then there's the rules. If you keep to them, if anything happens it isn't your fault. When you are out of time and have to wait, you are sure to be cross and sure to be badgered with questions. A foreigner once told me that one of the most surprising things that he had seen in America was the respect to conductors; and the way they were obeyed by passengers. But passengers will ask questions when you are waiting, and its provoking. One day I was out of time, and ran off on a switch to wait for either the down train or a telegram to come on. By and by a pompous man comes to me as I was sitting on a fence.

"Mr. Conductor," said he "what are we waiting for?"

"For the down train—we are out of time. There's a single track here, and she has the right of the way."

"But suppose the down train is behind too?"

"Then I'll get a telegram."

"But suppose they don't telegraph you, how long will you wait?"

"Till the wheels rust off."

He went to the coach growling something about having an engagement in town at the time the train was due, and afterward I found out that he was Vice President of the road. But he was a sensible old fellow, though quick-tempered; and I stood better with the officers for what I had said. He used to poke heavy at me sometimes, and recommend me to wet the wheels and they would rust off sooner.

It is astonishing how reckless some railroad men become! I was on a side track waiting out of time once and a fellow comes to me and says:

"Why don't you go on?"

"Because my order is to stay," I answered rather sharply.

He was the new Superintendent, a young fellow, whom I had never seen, because he'd just come on the road. He was courting a girl on the line of the road, I afterwards found out, and had an engagement to go to a ball with her that night, which the lay-over interfered with.

So he said, very quietly, "No, they ain't;" and when I looked surprised, he says, "I'm the Superintendent of this road. I say you've time to get over this bit of single track and have three minutes to spare before the down train reaches it. I have calculated and know.

"I've got my printed orders, Mr. Superintendent, says I," and he broke right in:

"Never mind your printed orders; I order you to go ahead."

"Well, I wouldn't and he was awfully mad and swore that I shouldn't run a week longer on the road. Probably after he had cooled down he would have never said a word about the matter, for he was clearly in the wrong. Three minutes is too close a shave on time when six or seven hundred people's lives are interested, and regular printed orders are to be obeyed till other regular printed orders are issued. But I thought at first he'd complain to the President, and I was bound to have the first talk if possible.

The President heard my story, and sent for the Superintent. He denied that he had ordered me at all or made any threats, but that he had told me I had ten minutes to spare. So it was a question of veracity, and I began to think I would be sent back to run my train, and that running a train on that road would not be my business very long.

All at once a gentleman who had been sitting with a newspaper held in front of his face, at the back of the office, came forward.

"Mr. President" said he "I happened to be standing by these two men when they had that talk. The conductor is right, and the other man lies. If the train had gone on I had made up my mind to walk back to the last station, the chance of an accident seemed so great."

Then the President was mad.

"Why, good heavens," said he, "my wife and family were on that train. Mr. Superintendent, go and draw your wages to the first of next month and leave the road now."

But sometimes a conductor is put in such a position that the rules won't guide him. The responsibility is very great. I remember once being so placed, and I thought at the time that my hair ought to have turned white that night with anxiety.

It was then the Hudson River Railroad was just built. There was no telegraph along the line then, and everything was quite primitive compared to what it is now. The flagmen were on a sort of a strike about those days, too, so that you trusted to luck for safe running. I was running a sort of way train between New York and Poughkeepsie. That running an 'express' is much pleasanter than running a 'way' you may easily imagine.

An express sometimes don't stop for an hour at a time, and after you have worked your coaches once you have nothing to do but to sit down and earn your money that easy way. Then, when you reach the next station if your brakemen mind their business they can tell you how many passengers have got into the coach, and then you are always able to pick them out, because they haven't the settled air of old passengers. But a way train conductor has much harder work.

"Well, I ran the train out of New York one afternoon, and had for the driver of the train a man who was famous for the accurate way in which he would come up to his stations. He would stop any named coach almost to a foot of where he said he would, but on this occasion he seemed to have very poor luck. He ran past his stations and had to back down, and then he would stop so short that the engine would be in front of the station and the rear coach an eighth of a mile back, and it raining hard, too. Then he'd start up again just as the passengers were getting out. So we kept running behind time all the while. There was a sort of lightning express came out of New York an hour after us, and we were gradually working back into its time.

"We got near Fishkill, and having made an awful bad shot at the depot I said to the baggage-master, Mack seems to have bad luck at making his stations to-day. Wonder what's the matter?"

The baggage-master turned round to me quickly, and said:

"If you want to know what I think, I think Mack is drunk?"

"It can't be," says I, "I never saw him touch a drop of liquor or smell of it in any way."

"That's so," said the man. "But I think he's drunk to-day. He was in this car a little while ago, and he picked up all the brakemen's lanterns and slung them in a bundle at me. I dodged, and then he went back to the engine."

I didn't like the idea of a drunken engineer, but I had to laugh at the fate of the lanterns. If I had known how I was going to groan over their fate soon, I should not have laughed at him.

"When I got above Fishkill, I thought I'd let those who got on at one of the little stations ride free to the next, while I rode on the engine and investigated. So I got on the 'Corning,' and Mack looked black enough instead of civil as usual. I joked him about his bad luck in making stations, and he growled out a curse. I asked him if he knew how nearly he had got back into the lightning express time, and he said he knew his own business. The man was evidently drunk and surly. I happened to put my hand down under the cushion of the seat, and felt a bottle. Pulling the cork out, I smelled whisky, and quietly threw it overboard. But Mack saw me and cursed me for destroying his property.

"What did you throw that bottle away for—it wasn't your rum!" said he, at the end of an awful swear.

"I'll tell you why," said I; "I am conductor of this train, and you are too drunk to do your business right, and you would get worse and worse if you had a bottle."

Then he grinned a savage sort of a grin, and quieted down into a silent state, but he looked dangerous about the eyes.

"You are the conductor of this train are you! I'll show you how much you have to do with running it," says he, and began to 'slow up,' and we behind time already you know. I did not know exactly what to do—we were getting dangerously near the lightning express time—and while I was debating he suddenly blew brakes, with a fiendish chuckle, and stopped at a station that trains never stopped at before. I looked at my watch and determined to send a brakeman back with a lantern and stop the express. Just then a thought struck me that made my hair stand on end. There wasn't a lantern on the train—the drunken beast had smashed them. There wasn't a soul at the station, which was miles away from the village; the express didn't stop before it reached Poughkeepsie, so that I couldn't leave word to caution, and just then I heard a whistle a mile or two back. The engineer heard it too, and laughed a diabolical laugh.

That decided me. I caught up a wrench and hit him back of the ear, and he dropped like dead. I dragged his body (I did not know whether I was handling a corpse or not) off the engine, and threw it down by the roadside and jumped on the engine.

"Jimmy," said I, the express is after us, Mack smashed all the lanterns—so we can't stop her. Our only chance is running away from her—so cram in the wood and I'll open everything."

I knew by observation how to open and how to shut off, but of course could not graduate the speed like a professional. I "opened everything" you may be sure, and away we jumped. It was a curious chase. To be hunted by a locomotive don't fall to the lot of every one. Our engine was not so powerful a one as the express, and our train was quite as long, so we crammed in the fuel and depended upon high pressure for our salvation. I never thought for a moment of stopping that side of Poughkeepsie, so we speeded past the stations all lighted, and filled with wondering faces.

Just after passing the second, the gong on the engine struck. Some one had pulled the safety rope. The fireman's hand went instinctively to the whistle to blow the brakes, but I caught it. It was the most anxious moment of my life. If I didn't mind the signal and something was wrong, and the accident should occur, I should always be blamed, if I didn't blame myself, but if I stopped, the express might—probably would—run right into us. The pull didn't sound professional—like a brakesman's. It probably was a jerk at the rope by some passenger, who had been carried past his station; so I'd, chance it.

All this went through my mind like lightning as you may imagine—one thinks quickly on such occasions—and I caught the fireman's arm.—He had never heard of disobeying the gong, and stared. I was too excited to speak, but pointed to the fire, and he put in more wood quickly.

Well, to make a long story short, I never "blew brakes" till the engine was opposite the station. Then I shut off, blew one whistle and went sliding up the road. Just as we stopped, the express, whose station whistle I had just heard behind me came up to the depot and stopped where the trains usually do. If I had minded the gong, or stopped in front of the depot, I'd been smashed.

You see there was no way to do but to run for it. We hadn't a red light for the rear car, we hadn't a lantern, and couldn't get one to send back to signal; the flagmen were on a strike, and the express did not stop anywhere till it reached Poughkeepsie, and she had got so close on to us when the engineer cut up as he did that we could not stop at a station and send a man back. Before he could have got far enough away, they would have been so close that they couldn't have "broke up" in time, but would have come right into us.

I didn't know whether I had killed Mack or not, but took the "owl train" back and found him all right as regards death, but very sick from the dip I had given him.

The company gave me this watch when they heard of it.

Virtue adds beauty to human character, as sunshine adds resplendence and glory to the landscape.