HARDWARE!

AT

R.H.Anderson&co's

DEALERS IN

HARDWARE, CUTLERY, STOVES AND GRATES

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

IRON, STEEL, NAILS, ETC.,

Also manufacturer of and wholesale and retail dealer in

TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE.

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

GLASS AND QUEENSWARE,

The attention of Mechanics is specially directed to the large and carefully selected stock of

MECHANICS' TOOLS

A splendid assortment of

Farming Implements,

of all kinds, and of the very best manufacture.

☞ Hardware, Cutlery and Agricultural Department, North side Public Square.

☞ Tin Manufactory, Stoves, Housekeeping Furnishing Goods, etc., etc., at my old stand on Main Street, opposite Public Square.

Jackson, Tennessee.

Jan 8-1y

New Store!!

Sigmund Mars,

Successor to Butzel & Mars,

HAS REMOVED TO HIS NEW STAND, MARKET St.

Opposite Postoffice,

And is in Daily Receipt of New Goods, making his assortment of

DRY GOODS,

Notions, Hats, Boots and Shoes,

The Most Complete in the Market.

MY entire Stock of Ready Made Clothing and Gent's Furnishing Goods, is to be closed out at

LESS THAN COST.

wishing to retire from that branch of my business.

Sigmund Mars.

oct7-3m

W. F. ALEXANDER,

Manufacturer and exclusive dealer in

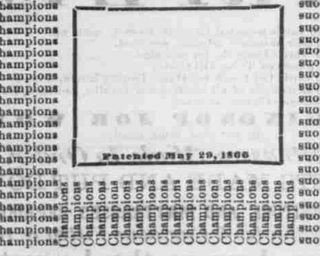
BOOTS, SHOES, HATS & CAPS,

KEEPS a large, extensive and well assorted stock of Ladies, Misses and Children's

SHOES,

Bought direct from Manufacturers, and Men, Boys and Youth's

Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps.



Exclusive Right to sell the Celebrated Champion Shoe

WHICH HAS BEEN REDUCED FROM $3 50 TO $3 00.

☞ Every pair of Champions is warranted good, honest and serviceable, in every particular, and to be the best custom made shoe—and worth the money.

Will not be undersold. Call and examine before purchasing elsewhere

Sign of the Big Boot, Corner Main and Market st.

apl-8m

NEW STORE! NEW GOODS!

1871. FALL TRADE. 1871.

THE undersigned having secured the Corner store of the Parker Building, is now ready to offer the following lines of goods, at the lowest CASH PRICES:

Bleached and Brown Domestics, Prints, Dress Goods, Flannels, Sackings, Plaids, Linseys, White Goods, Gloves and Hosiery, Yankee Notions, &c.,

Also, Jeans, Satinets, Cassimeres, Cloths, &c., &c.

A LARGE AND DESIRABLE STOCK OF

Ready-Made Clothing, Boots and Shoes, HATS AND CAPS,

Bought from first hands. Also, Trunks, Carpet Bags, Ladies' Satchels, &c., &c.

W. HOLLAND,

oct21-1y Parker's Corner, Jackson, Tenn.

SAMUEL CUPPLES,

MANUFACTURER OF

WOOD AND WILLOW WARE,

CORDAGE, TWINES,

PAPER BAGS,

Wrapping Paper,

Concentrated Lye, Gun Caps,

BASKETS OF ALL KINDS!

SOLE AGENT FOR

Frazer's Axle Grease!

108 & 110 NORTH SECOND STREET,

ST LOUIS, MO.

july8-1m

SOUTHERN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

289 Main Street, 21 Madison Street,

MEMPHIS, TENN.

T. A. NELSON, President; BEN. MAY, Secretary;
AMOS WOODRUFF, and CHAS. T. PATTERSON, Ass't Sec;
F. M. WHITE, Vice-President; F. S. DAVIS, Treasurer.

McGee & Simmons & L. B. Hatch,

General Agents for Tenn. & North Missi'ppi.

Maj. R. G. HAY, Resident Ag't, Jackson, Tenn.

Assets, January 1, 1871, - - - - - - $1,037,168 50
Annual Income now, at rate of - - - - - $1,000,000

Directors:

T. A. Nelson, A. Woodruff, F. M. White, Chas. Kortrecht,
Jacob Weller, H. A. Partee, W. C. Ireland, W. H. Cherry,
Gen. John B. Gordon, Hugh Torrance, C. W. Frazer, F. S. Davis,
D. H. Townsend, R. C. Brinkley, J. W. McCown.

Medical Board: E. Miles Willett, M. D., J. H. Erskine, M. D.

Atlanta Branch, - { JOHN B. GORDON, Pres't. / W. C. MORRIS, Sec'y.

Insures lives and promptly adjusts and pays losses. Its principal business is with Southern States, and to them it appeals for patronage. It has ample means to fully protect policy holders and pay all losses sep30-1y

WHIG AND TRIBUNE.

VOL. XXVIII. JACKSON, TENNESSEE, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1871. NO. 6.

NOTICE.

I WILL sell, at my farm, ten miles Northwest of Jackson, on

WEDNESDAY, 13th DECEMBER

next, on a credit of twelve months, some valuable Mules, Horses, Mares and Colts, Waggons, Cows, Farming Utensils and other things generally used on a farm.

Bond, with two approved securities, will be required.

nov18-4t WM. H. HUNT.

THE

ONE PRICE STORE!

Louis Solomon

IS now opening at his new store, on South side of Lafayette street, one door East of Keith & Vincent's,

His Fall & Winter Stock

OF

DRY GOODS,

Ready-made Clothing,

SHOES & BOOTS,

HATS, NOTIONS,

And a general assortment of Gentlemen's FURNISHING GOODS,

All of which he offers to the public at very small profits, FOR CASH, and to all at the SAME PRICES. He most respectfully asks those wishing to buy goods in his line to call and examine his goods and prices. It will at all times afford him pleasure to show his goods to all who visit him.

Jackson, Tenn., sept. 23, 1871-3m.

Will. Hogsett,

Manufacturer of, and Dealer in

SADDLES,

Bridles, Harness, Etc.

Market Street, JACKSON, TENN.

REPAIRING done with neatness and dispatch. sep30-tf

S. H. Brazelton,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

GROCER

AND DEALER IN

STAPLE DRY GOODS,

Jackson, Tenn.

mar18-tf.

Professional Notices.

Bullock & Bullock,

AND

JNO. L. BROWN,

ARE now occupying those elegant offices over Collin's China Store, in Anderson and Taylor's block, corner of Market and LaFayette streets. Entrance at the West end of Collins' store, on LaFayette street.

dec2-1m

Charles M. Stephens,

(Late of Jackson, Tenn.,)

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

517½ Chestnut Street,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

nov25-

JNO. L. H. & H. W. TOMLIN

ATTORNEYS AND

Councellors at Law,

North East Cor. Public Square, Second Story.

JACKSON, TENNESSEE.

WILL practice in the various Courts of Madison and the adjoining Counties, and also in the Supreme and Federal Courts of West Tennessee. All collecting entrusted to them will be promptly attended to

☞ Office North East Public Square.

J. B. CARUTHERS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Jackson, Tennessee.

WILL practice in all the Courts of Madison and surrounding counties, and in the Supreme and Federal Courts of Tennessee. All civil claims intrusted to me will be promptly attended to.

☞ Office Second door South East Corner Public Square. jan 28-tf.

R. W. SIMS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

GADSDEN, TENN.

ASSISTED by Gen. A. W. Campbell and R. W. McCord, will give special attention to all claims intrusted to him for collection.

Refers by permission to Tapp, Walsh & Berry; Garvin, Bell & Co.; Peter, Powers & Cooper, and White & Cochran, Louisville, Ky.; Dickerson, Williams & Co., Memphis, Tenn. feb11-1y*

ROBT. W. HAYNES. G. G. BOND.

Haynes & Bond,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

Judge Brown's old Office,

Main St., Jackson, Tennessee.

WILL PRACTICE in the Supreme Court at Jackson; the Chancery, Circuit, County and the various Magistrates' Courts of Madison county, Tenn., and elsewhere, when specially retained. Oct29-tf

STODDERT CARUTHERS. E. S. MALLORY

Caruthers & Mallory,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

AND

COLLECTING AGENTS,

JACKSON, TENN.

☞ Office in Luckey's new building.

oct21-1y

DR. JNO. CHESTER. DR. SAM. H. CHESTER

Dr. John Chester

Has associated with him in the practice of medicine, his brother,

Dr. Sam'l H. Chester,

And offer their services to the citizens of Jackson and vicinity.

☞ Office on the corner of Royal and Chester Streets. may29-tf

Dr. R. R. DASHIELL

OFFERS his professional services, in all branches of Medicine and Surgery, to this community and its vicinity.

Office on Main street, opposite to the Presbyterian Church.

N. B.—Dr. D. will treat diseases of the eye, and perform all the surgical operations necessary to their radical cure. Jan 9-1y

Refer To

Dr. John Chester, Robt. B. Hurt,
Hon. Milton Brown, Allen Deberry,
Hervey Brown, Rev. J. H. Evans,
Rev. E. McNair.

DENTAL CARD.

Dr. J. A. ARRINGTON

OFFERS his services to the citizens of Jackson and vicinity in the practice of his profession—Dentistry.

September 15, '66-tf.

DENTAL CARD.

DR. WM. B. SPENCER,

Surgeon Dentist

Has returned to Jackson, and is permanently located for the practice of Dentistry. Office over GLASS' Store.

jan. 30 39-tf.

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 a 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 "	30 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.

Where advertisements are ordered to be unusually displayed they will be charged for according to the space they occupy; one inch to constitute a square.

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.

THE DRUNKARD'S DREAM.

The drunkard dreamed of his old retreat,
Of his easy place in the tap-room seat;
And the liquor gleamed in his glazing eye,
Till his lips to the sparkling glass drew nigh,

As he lifted it up with an eager glance,
And laughed as he saw the bubbles dance.
"Aha! I am myself again!
Here's a truce to care, and adieu to pain.
Welcome the cup with its creamy foam!
Farewell to work and a mopy home!
With a jolly crew and flowing bowl,
In bar-room pleasures I love to roll!"

Like a flash there came to the drunkard's side
His angel child, who that night had died!
With a look so gentle and sweet and fond,
She touched the glass with her little wand:
And oft as he raised it up to drink
She silently tapped on its silent brink,
Till the drunkard shook from foot to crown
And set the untasted goblet down.

"Hey, man!" cried the host, "what meanest this?
Is the covey sick? or the dram amiss?
Cheer up, my lad! quick the bumper quaff,"
And he glared around with a fiendish laugh.

The drunkard raised his glass once more,
And looked at its depths so soft before;
But started to see on its pictured foam
The face of its dead little guardian dame!
Then again the landlord at him sneered,
And the swaggering crowd of drunkards jeered;
But still, as he tried the glass to drink,
The wand of his dead one touched the brink.

The landlord gasped, "I swear, my man,
Thou shalt take every drop of his flowing can."
The drunkard bowed to the quivering brim,
Though his heart beat fast and his eye grew dim;
But the wand struck harder than ever before,
The glass was flung on the bar-room floor;
All around the ring the fragments lay,
But the poisonous current rolled away.

The drunkard awoke. His dream was gone.
His bed was bathed in the light of morn;
But he saw, as he shook with a pale cold fear,
A beautiful angel hovering near.
He rose; and that seraph was nigh him still;
It checked his passion, it swayed his will,
It dashed from his lips the mad'ning bowl,
And victory gave to his ransomed soul!

Since ever that midnight hour he dreamed
Our hero has been a man redeemed;
And this is the prayer he prays always,
And this is the prayer let us help him pray:
That angels may come in every land,
To dash the cup from the drunkard's hand.

TIME WORKS WONDERS.

It was one of the bitterest of all December's bleak and bitter days. The white fingers of the driving snow were tapping sharp and furiously at the crystal surface of the plate glass windows; the wind shrieked piteously through the keen and piercing air; and the thermometer in the hall was rapidly lowering its crimson vein towards zero.

"Its dreadful cold!" mused Mrs. Angell, as she sat with one slipper-ed foot on the fender, and her finger ornamented with two emerald rings, a diamond and a gaudy, 'regarding' between the leaves of her book. "I am glad I am not compelled to be out of doors on such a day as this."

And she looked complacently round at the elegantly furnished little boudoir where she sat. A handsome octagonal room, its walls pannelled in pink, velvet and gold, with a heavy tracery of gold wire leaves around the ceiling by way of cornice, it had all the charms of novelty. The fire heaped high with coal kept up a low crackling sound; the scarlet-winged lory swung to and fro in the ring of his cage between the curtains, an asthmatic little poodle nodded sleepily on the hearth-rug.

Mrs. Angell herself was a plump, pretty brunette of about thirty, with hard brilliant black eyes; hair brushed in the fashionable style, away from a square, low forehead; and lips that, although rather thin, were of the brightest vermillion. Her dress was an elegant *negligee;* and her hands were minature jewel stands for the display of expensive rings.

"Mamma!"

She looked up quickly and held out her arms as a rosy girl of about nine, the *fac-simile* on a small scale, of herself, came bounding into the room.

"What is it, Nina, mama's little pet?"

"It's Miss Elmer, mama. She says, could she see you for a moment?"

"It is ten o'clock, my child; your lessons should have begun long ago."

"But Miss Elmer just come, mama."

The handsome olive brow contrasted ominously.

"Tell Miss Elmer that I will see her."

Little Nina tripped away to deliver her message. A minute afterwards there was a low tap at the door, and Juliet Elmer the daily governess entered.

She was a tall, gracefully formed girl, apparently about twenty-two or three years of age, dressed in black that had evidently bidden adieu to its best days sometime since. Generally she might have been rather pale, but there was a deep, vivid carmine spot on either cheek just now, that told of the recent agitation or excitement. Her eyes were of the deepest hazel, large and liquid, and her hair was of a warm sunshiny brown. But it was her mouth, red and sensitive and mobile that constituted her best feature; every emotion that stirred the surface of her mind seemed mirrored in the unconscious movement of her lip.

"I am surprised, Miss Elmer," began Mrs. Angell, after she had recognized the governess's presence, a stiff inclination of her head. "Nine is your hour, and here it is after ten, and not a lesson commenced. Nina call your little brother and sisters immediately, and tell them to proceed to the schoolroom, sufficient time has already been lost."

She opened the book once more, as if to dismiss the subject and the governess together; but Miss Elmer still stood by the door, nervously playing with the shabby strings of her crape bonnet.

"Mrs. Angell," she said, in a low hurried tone of voice, "I am afraid I must beg you to excuse me to-day for—"

"Indeed, Miss Elmer, I shall do no such thing.," sharply interrupted Mrs. Angell. "If you wish to be relieved from the duties of your situation, I beg you will say so at once."

"I do not, madam; I do not, indeed," faltered Juliet, growing scarlet in her embarrassment and mortification. "We could not live without the money you are so good as to give; but I should esteem it a great favor to be excused to-day; for my mother is very much worse, and I have no one to leave with her."

"I am surprised that you should ask me such a question, Miss Elmer," said Mrs. Angell, drawing herself up. "Of course I am very sorry for that worthy person, your mother; but I'm not in any way responsible for her illness, nor do I see why it should inconvenience me or interfere with children's lessons.—They lost three days last week for the same reason, and at their age every lesson is of importance. It is quite out of the question, Miss Elmer—quite out of the question, I assure you."

Juliet stood pale and irresolute.

"But mother is dangerously ill, madam."

Mrs. Angell turned a new page in her book, and went on reading with a face of placid interest. Juliet came a step or two nearer.

"Mrs. Angell, I *must* go to my mother."

"Just as you please, Miss Elmer; only of course you understand that if you go, you forfeit your quarter's salary. I dare say I can obtain plenty of governesses without mothers who take up half their time."

The blood rushed in a hot tide to Juliet Elmer's brow at this cruel stab.

"Mrs. Angell!" she pleaded, with a deep drawn sigh—"Mrs. Angell!"

But the lady held up her jeweled hand depreacatingly.

"I must beg that there be an end to this altercation, Miss Elmer," she said coldly. "You know how nervous I am, and that scene is beyond everything, my aversion. Go, or stay, as you please—you understand my resolution on the subject."

Juliet was silent. For an instant she was half resolved to rush from the house, never again to set eyes on this hard-hearted, elegantly attired tyrant.

But then she remembered the quarter which expired that very week, thought of the many comforts and necessities that the money was to purchase for her consumptive mother—the rent that must be paid—the little debts that were daily accumulating round the poverty-stricken home; and Juliet Elmer felt that she was as completely in Mrs. Angell's power as if she had been bound in iron chains at the handsome brunette's feet.

She threw up her hands with a deprecating gesture, and then her face settled into white, uncomplaining pallor.

"Oh, Mrs. Angell, you are very cruel to me; but God is over us all."

That was all she said, as she went slowly away towards the schoolroom, with the strange mechanical motion of one walking in her sleep.

How long the short December day seemed! How slowly the tiny hands of the schoolroom clock moved over their dial! Juliet could almost have declared that they stood absolutely still.

"Are you ill, Miss Elmer?" questioned little Nina Angell, looking up as the governess stooped over the French exercises book, "your hands are so hot."

"Ill? yes; I am heart sick!" said Juliet, almost involuntarily; then recollecting herself, she pressed her lips to the child's fresh cheek, murmuring "dear little Nina, may this trial never come to you."

Nina returned the kiss with warm childlike affection. She was fond of the pale, gentle governess, who was so different from her brilliant mama.

It was quite dark at five, the hour at which Miss Elmer was released from her schoolroom bondage; and her hand trembled with nervous agitation as she hurriedly assumed her shabby out door garments. Nor was the weather out of doors at all reassuming to her state of mind. The snow had turned to a dull, driving sleet, the pavements were as slippery as glass, and the keen wind penetrated her thin wrapping with its first blast. But Juliet was in too great haste even to think of herself as she sped hurriedly along, shrinking from every person she met in the street.

But she came opposite a brilliant gas light, however, the roll of music slipped from her hand. She stooped to recover it.

"Juliet! Miss Elmer!"

She gazed, white and trembling, at the fashionable-looking young man who had seized both her hands in his.

"Paul Clay! can it be possible that this is you?"

"Why shouldn't it be possible, Juliet? My dear little friend, who on earth would have thought of meeting you in the streets this dismal evening? Where did you come from? and where are you going?"

For an instant, Juliet had been back in the bright scenes of two years ago; this question brought her into the forlorn present. Things had changed, sadly changed since the people were wont to laugh at the pretty prosperous belle and about Paul Clay's manifest admiration. The two years that he had spent among the palm groves and minarets of Asia and Arabia had changed the rich merchant's daughter into a fatherless orphan, who earned her daily bread by going out as a "daily governess!"

She told Paul these things with quiet dignity, as he walked by her side, carrying the little roll of music as deferentially as if it had been Queen Victoria's sceptre. How she longed for a little more light to see in his face as she spoke!

"Why did I not know this? Why did you not write to me?" he asked, in a husky tone of voice.

"We did not know where you were," she said simply; "and besides—"

"Besides what?"

"I had no right to ask your aid or sympathy."

"Juliet, you *knew* better," he exclaimed passionately. "Juliet, if I had——"

She put her hand gently to his arm.

"We live here. Will you come up?"

He followed her silently up the dark and narrow stairway, with his strong heart beating like a drum within his bosom. She stopped on the third floor.

"Juliet, have you come to this?"

She opened the door, and motioned him in without replying.

"Mother—dearest mother!"

There was no voice nor sign of recognition from the quiet figure stretched on tha little bed. Juliet hurriedly lighted the candle with fingers that trembled, she knew not why. In the same instant Paul Clay sprang forward, as if to intercept her sight.

"Juliet—my poor Juliet!"

And she knew that the quiet repose of the marble face was but the majestic seal of death. No more penury, no more pain or grief for the pilgrim who had reached the gates of the Eternal City. In the stormy tumult of the tempestuous December day she had died there, all alone.

Like a marble statue, Juliet stood gazing down at her mother's serene, dead face—gazing with dilated eyes and white, quivering lips, while Paul Clay's protecting arm upheld her tottering figure.

"Juliet, my dearest," he murmured, in a voice half choked by emotion, "this is no time to speak to you of the dearest wish of my heart; but you are not alone—I am with you! Juliet, henceforward I have no wish or care in life that can be separated from you!"

Juliet seemed scarcely to hear him; indeed she appeared quite unconscious of his presence, even though she could not have stood upright without his assistance.

"Mother!" she moaned feebly. "mother, and I was not beside you! Oh, that cruel, cruel woman! If I live for a thousand years I never, never forgive her for what she has this night brought upon me!"

And Juliet Elmer fainted in the strong arms that were as tender as a woman's touch.

It was a brilliant March day, just ten years after the dreary night when Mrs. Elmer had died, and Juliet was sitting—a fair blooming matron—in the superbly furnished drawing room of her home in Belgravia, with two or three golden-haired children playing around her feet. The eldest, a lovely child of seven, leaning against her shoulder, with one hand playing with the diamond arrow that sparkled in her dark tresses, had blue, wistful eyes like Paul Clay's; the others were like her—dark and rosy.

"Mama, I don't want a governess," pouted little Paul. "I had rather study with you."

"But mama has not time to hear your lessons," said Juliet smiling. "And Aunt Rosa thinks you will like this lady very much."

"What is her name?"

"I don't know, my dear boy; she will be here in a minute."

As she spoke, the door was thrown open, and Mrs. Clay rose with a gentle, reassuring smile to greet the applicant for the situation of governess, who advanced slowly in—a dark-eyed, haggard woman, with hollow cheeks and a dress of worn black silk. She started back as her eyes met Mrs. Clay's sweet features.

"Good heavens! It is Juliet Elmer."

And Juliet knew that she was standing face to face with the widow of John Angell, the bankrupt broker, whose suicide had been a nine days wonder in the city, but a few months since.

The moment for Juliet's revenge had come. As she stood there looking at the worn, haggard widow, the past seemed to rise up before her, as if it had been but yesterday—the trials and woes, the agony, that she had lived down and well nigh forgotten. Ah, times were far different with her now.

Mrs. Angell cowed and shrank before Juliet's clear, calm eye, as if she expected a scathing rebuke—a scornful dismissal. But as Juliet saw her white cheeks and worn features, a heavenly pity came into her heart, soft as the flutterings wings of the white dove, peace; and she felt no sensation but the mildest compassion towards the woman who had once trodden her heart in the dust.

"Sit down," said she, gently drawing forward a chair. "You must be very weary."

"You—you will never engage *me* for your governess!" faltered Mrs. Angell, tasting now in all its bitternes, the cup she had once held relentlessly to Juliet's lips.

"Why should I not?" asked Juliet, calmly. "The children are quite ready for their first lesson, Mrs. Angell."

And she never alluded, by word or glance, then or at any other time, to the melancholy past. But when Mrs. Angell took her leave that night, she bent and pressed her lips almost passionately on Juliet's hand.

"If you had turned me out, I must have starved," she murmured incoherently. "But you have forgiven me. Oh, it is only just that I should suffer now!"

When little Paule came to his mother's side that night to learn his daily Bible verse from the treasured volume on her knee, she turned the leaves over with a grave, absent face.

"Mamma," said the little fellow, checking her hand, "you have lost the place. My last verse was in Psalms."

"I know it, Paul; but here is another verse that I wish to learn to-night, and remember as long as you live."

And the boy, bending towards the words indicated by his mother's slender finger, read in low, revent tones:

"Forgive, and ye shall be forgiven."

THE WIND AND THE DAY.

The wind and the day had lived together,
They died together, and far away
Spake farewell in the sultry weather,
Out of the sunset, over the heather,
The dying wind and the dying day.

Far in the South, the summer leven
Flushed, a flame in the gay soft air;
We seemed to look on the hills of heaven;
You saw within, but to me 'twas given
To see your face, as an angel's there.

Never again, ah, surely never,
Shall we wait and watch where of old we stood,
The low good night of the hill and the river,
The faint light fade, and the wan stars quiver,
Twain grown one in the solitude.

O. for a Man.

Under this caption the Coffeeville, Miss., *Times* discourses thus:

Shakespeare represents King Richard as crying, "A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" The cry that now wells up in the great American heart, struggling for utterance, is for A MAN! Of all the politicians who have essayed to lead the two great parties for the last six years, not one is worthy of being written down A MAN. Selfish, corrupt, mercenary, narrowminded—cunning, scheming, demagogical—weak, vacillating, cowardly—without patriotism—lovers of policy rather than principle; shepherds of the fleece and not of the flock—some of these epithets may be applied to every political leader that has been on the public stage since the close of the war. O, for a Jefferson to grapple with the monster, Centralism, as in the infant days of the Republic! O, for a Jackson to dare all thing for the weal of the people! O, for a Clay, a Calhoun, a Wright a Webster, a Woodbury—if only to show the rising generation what manner of creature a MAN is; that they, inspired by the right, might, some of them feel in their souls a desire to tower above the herd of miserable pigmies whom the American people now call their s-t-a-t-e-s-m-e-n! Statesmen! Great Heaven! What a pervision of the word!

Whilst the Bourbons and New Departure men, in the South, have been wasting time, paper and eloquence, in idle controversy, the Radicals, of the North, encouraged by the schism, have worked diligently and successfully, to strengthen their party. It is clear that the Administration will spend the last dollar, of the people's money to ensure its success., and so long as the North remains corrupt and venal—nothing is easier than to buy up a majority. This curse the South cannot remove, and therefore, is powerless to save the Government from overthrow and the country, from financial and political ruin. The North must save itself, or all is lost.—*Chronicle.*

A clergyman passing a boy weeping bitterly, halted and asked, "What is the matter, my little fellow?" The boy replied, "Before, we could hardly get enough to eat of anything, and now what shall we do? for there's another one." "Hush thy mourning, and wipe off those tears," said the clergyman, "and remember that He never sends mouths without he sends victuals to put into them." "I know that," said the boy, but then he sends all the mouths to our house, and all the victuals to yours."

Going to be with Jesus is the child's best thought of heaven.

A HARVEST HYMN FOR 1871.

O, Father, merciful and good!
O, Giver, ever kind,
Who feedest us with daily food
For body, soul and mind!

We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
We praise Thee evermore;
And heartily confess Thee
The God whom we adore!

How thick with corn between the hills
The laughing valleys stand;
How pleasantly Thy mercy fills
The garners of our land!

And therefore will we praise Thee
Our humble anthems thus,
And sinful children, praise Thee
For all Thy love to us!

As, year by year, in ceaseless love,
Thy bounty never fails,
But still the blessing from above
O'erflows our fields and vales,
So, truly we adore Thee,
Thou Giver of all good,
And offer now before Thee
Thy people's gratitude.

Ancedote of Washington and Andre.

From Lippincott's Magazine.

Many years ago I made my first visit to Washington's head quarters at old Tappan Town, about half a mile from the "Seventysix House." The ancient edifice was more than a hundred and twenty years old, and, altough built of stone, seemed almost tottering to its fall. It had had four roofs, one on the top of the other, and from the first lower layer of cedar shingles I selected powdering specimens which pulled out easilyy, and have them now among my Rembrandtic relics.

I entered with my friend, whose guest I was at the time, and who was a resident of the immediate neighborhood. We were courteously welcomed by its then occupants, two elderly ladies, who were born in the house.

Nothing could be in more perfect keeping with the mansion than these two venerable women. Their name was Ver Bruyck; and I was the more interested in them because I had recently become acquainted in New York with a relative of theirs of the same name, a promising young painter, who was fast increasing his reputation as a very natural artist and a keen observer of the picturesque. One of his most admired sketches, I soon saw, was a most lifelike picture of this same old house.

One of the two ladies was over eigthy years old, and her sister was seventy-five. They were very lively for persons so aged, and were obliging enough to entertain us.

"Did you ever see General Washington?" I inquired of the *older* old lady.

"Oh, yes—many and many a time," she answered, "in this very room." He often used to hold me in his lap. I remember it just as well as if it was but yesterday; he was a lovely man, Gen. Washington was. And here," she continued, going to and opening a wide cupboard, "he used to keep his 'things.' These blue-and-white chinny cups and saucer he used to drink out of; and here's thevery bowl he use to make his wine sangaree into; and they used to pass it round from one officer to another, when they'd come to see him; and they helped themselves. He seen a good deal of company, Gen. Washington did.

"Did you ever see Major Andre?" I asked.

"Oh, yes—more'n fifty times. He was a beautiful man. He kissed me twice. I was a little girl then. I seen him the very morning they took him on to the top of the hill to hang him. The day before, in the morning, I took him up some handsome ripe peaches. He thanked me so kind, and broke one of'em open and put it into his mouth, and tasted it; but some how or nother he didn't seem to have no appetite."

I asked how General Washington seemed to feel on the occasion.

"Oh he must have felt dreadful! He walked back'ards and for'ards all the morning in this very room, and I've hear'n Pop Blauvelt say that he never see him feel so bad afore. He kept looking at his watch every now and then, and was oneasy till the time had come and Major Andre was hung. I seen Major Andre speak to him once, leaning 'long in the air, and I seen him when he was dug up and took away; so did *you*, Polly, too, didn't you?"

A WONDERFUL MAN.

Gen. John B. Magruder—A lover of the Magnificent—Nerves of Steel—A Logician in the Barracks—A Murat in the Field—A Votary at the Shrine of Nature—The Envied of Men—The Adored of Women.

This old warrior sleeps the sleep of a soldier in a rude Texas grave, over which there is no monument. The grass was growing about it in the early summer, and there were some flowers there, withered and faded, scattered by a woman's hand. A votary at the shrine of nature and finished diplomat at the court of Venus, it was fitting that there should be *largesse* of green-growing grasses and love flowers. If roses are the tear-drops of angels, as the beautiful Arab belief puts forth poetry, then is this lowly mound a hallowed spot, and needs not the sculptured stone, the fretted column, the ivy and the obelisk.

Magruder was a wonderful man. He stood six feet two inches in height, and had a form men envied and women adored. His nerves were all iron. Foreign travel and comprehensive culture had given to his wit a rest that was always crisp and sparkling. He never lacerated. To the sting of a repartee he added the honey of the clover. He could fight all day and dance all night. In the morning a glass of brandy and a strong cigar renewed his strength and caused the cup of his youth to run over with the precious wine of health and spirits. He loved magnificent uniforms, magnificent horses, magnificent riders and magnificent women.

Gifted and graceful in conversation, he was a pet in the *boudoir* and a logician in the barracks. He had studied French in Paris, Italian in Rome, and Spanish in the Halls of the Montezumas. The sabre exercise he leared from a Turk. His Horsemanship was of the English kind, that is to say, not graceful but impossible to be surpassed for firm riding and endurance. He wrote little love songs that were set to music, one of them, "Imogene," had in it the plaintive melody of a lover and the sad rytlim of burial bugles.

In the Crimea he astonished the French officers by sleeping at the front with the chasseurs under fire. In Mexico he sent back to the archbishop a lady's perfumed glove he had found in his palace when the city was won, and with it a note which read: "It is pretty enough to have belonged to a queen. Would she have pardoned me if I had appropriated it?" As the archbishop sent him the next day a basket of delicious wine, it is supposed that the fair owner of the glove must have looked leniently upon the handsome American soldier. Later, and he was riding with Gen. Scott down the long street of Ituride. Gen. Garnet joined them, and Magruder drew a little back for his superiors to confer together. A white puff of smoke curled out from an open window, a sudden report followed speedly, and Garnett and horse fell hard and bloody. An ounce ball, intended for Scott, had broken Garnett's thigh, and killed his charger. Fearing another fire, Magruder galloped to the side of his chief and covered his body with his own. The old man's eyes never dropped, nor his voice changed an intonation. "How long will it take you to batter down that house?" he spoke curtly to Lieutenant Magruder, pointing with sweep of his finger to the nearest, and from which the bullet came. "An hour by the watch, general." "Then open fire at point-blank range, and leave not one stone upon another."

It was done, and well done, and those who saw Magruder soonest afterwards noticed that he had another bar on his epaulettes—he had been made a captain. War was his element, the bivouac his delight, and the battle his perfect happiness. Besides, prodigal, fashionable, foolishly brave sometimes, a spendthrift, generous, a true friend and staunch comrade, the surrender at Appomattox made him unaged man in his prime, and wrinkled his features, which had before resisted all the attacks of time.

One who wandered far and long with him in other lands, in sweet sunshine or weather, relates how, from Vera Cruz to Chapultepec, he went with Magruder all over the battle-fields of the Mexican war.—The light came back to his eyes, and the fire to his face, when telling of Contreras and Churubusco, and Perote, and Molino del Rey, and the Belen Gate and Chapultepec, and the City of Mexico. His talk was never ended of Scott and Twiggs.—Wool and Worth, Smith and Pillow, Taylor and Quitman, and all the young subordinates, who afterwards played such bloody parts in the greatest of American dramas. Of McClellan he told this incident, among a thousand: The fire from the hill of Chapultepec was terrible. Fifty pieces of heavy artillery were massed against my four gun battery at point-blank range, and in the valley below a regiment of Lancers were forming for a charge. Our fire had been slackened, and the men were lying down. A young man sat beside one of the guns amusing himself with picking up pebbles and shooting them out from his hand.—The Lancers came nearer; I called to the young officer whom I had noticed, and he sprang up saluting. "Your name?" "Lieut. George B. McClellan." "Very well, lieutenant. Take command of one of these guns and disperse those Lancers." The gunners rushed to their pieces. All the great cannons about Chapultepec went to roaring. The battle carelessly balancing the slip of cherry wood in her hand.

The clear bright face in the corner was lifted for a moment, the dark hazel eyes looked steadily into Miss Burnett's blue eyes; only for a moment, the space of a breath; then the head went on again steadily with that endless maze of figures, and Miss Burnett went on with her work.

Hard work it was, especially hard work to-day. All day long the vivid scarlet had burned in her cheeks, making her passing lovely, while her temples throbbed with pain, and one of the children, feeling her feverish touch, wondered "what made Miss Burnett's hand so hot." She must not give up though. There was too much depending on her to closed up and silent, waiting the resurrection day. Yet God deals gently with a soldier. When he is brave, and noble, and courteous, and merciful, he has those attributes which assimilate heaven, and, therefore, is foreordained to happiness after death. It may be late in coming; the bivouacs are right cold dreary, we know, for some, but after the night the morning, and after the judgment day the New Jerusalem.

Preparing for the Deluge.

The Supreme Court and "New Issue."

In the House the other day, Mr Snipes introduced the following resolution:

Whereas, In view of the probability of a decision by the Supreme Court of the State, making the notes of the Bank of Tennessee issued subsequent to the 6th day of May, 1861, receivable for taxes, it is apparent that an additional burden may be suddenly and without warning thrown upon the tax payers of the State, at any time after the adjournment of this General Assembly, which may fatally embarrass the treasury by absorbing the revenue which we provide for the floating debt and current expenses of the State Government; therefore,

Resolved, That the Judiciary Committee of the two Houses in joint session be instructed to inquire:

1st, Ast o the obligation of the State to receive said new issue in payment of dues of the State Government, and as to the probable result of pending litigation in reference thereto.

2nd, As to the amount of said new issue outstanding.

3d, As to the practicability and wisdom of averting the consequence of an unfavorable termination of said litigation by providing for funding said new issue in the hands of the State while the same can be done.

Said Joint Committee shall report by bill or otherwise at as early a day as practicable.

The resolution was taken up and referred to the Judiciary Committee.—*Banner.*

A Thought.

When the day dawns, and we arise to find the sky clear and the bright hours all before us, how loath we are to lie down upon our pillow again. There are so many things to do—such pleasant things some of them; our friends are coming, or we are going to visit them; there is a walk or a drive or a little feast in prospect—it seems so pleasant to be awake!

But when the day is gone, and night has come again, we are generally ready for it. We are, at best tired with our frolic or our pleasure. Ten to one we are disappointed in something. Some little unpleasant incident has marred the brightest hour. Some skeleton has taken its seat at the feast, or peeped out of a secret closet. It is so delightful to fling off the finery it rejoiced us to put on; to put out the light and lie down, courting slumber.

So, though in the heyday of life, we dread that last long quiet sleep, no doubt those who live to be old hail it as their best friend. The loves and hopes of early life have ended in disappointment. Their dear ones have left them alone. The life that seemed so sweet has changed to bitterness, and all sweetness is with death. Just as we wearily climb the bedroom stairs with our tired feet, so we climb life's last steps. We have danced and toiled alternately; we are as tired of our joys as of our sorrow, and we will hail repose etern