THE HERALD AND MAIL.

By HORSLEY BROS. & FIGUERS. COLUMBIA, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, APRIL 24, 1874. VOL. XIX., NO. 39.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

GID ALEXANDER, Attorney-at-Law and Solicitor in Chancery, Columbia, Tennessee. Office: Whitthorne Block. Jan'y. 16 1y

CHARLES CLEAR, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Columbia, Tennessee. Special attention given to the collection of claims.

ADDISON COOPER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Columbia, Tennessee. Will attend all courts to be holden for Maury and adjoining counties. Office: Over Postoffice. feb.6-74

A. H. BROWN, Jr., ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Columbia, Tennessee. Prompt attention given to the collection of claims.

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W. M. EDWARDS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Dallas, Texas. Will practice in the courts of Dallas and the adjoining counties. feb14-1y

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HOTELS.

GUEST HOUSE, South Main Street, COLUMBIA,..........TENNESSEE. Board, $2 per Day. Carriages, buggies or saddle horses furnished on application to the proprietor, JAMES L. GUEST. Columbia, Jan. 1, 1873.

NELSON HOUSE, WALKER & LIPSCOMB, Proprietors, COLUMBIA,..............TENNESSEE. This well known house is undergoing thorough repair and newly furnished, and is now open for the accommodation of the public generally. Our tables shall be furnished at all times with the best the country will afford. Servants polite and attentive, and every attention will be given to make our house inferior to none in the South. We solicit the patronage of the public generally. mch7-73tf WALKER & LIPSCOMB, Proprietors.

MISCELLANEOUS.

C. L. Reynolds, **PORTRAIT PAINTER,** COLUMBIA, TENN. Portraits thrown up to life size from photographs. Old portraits refitted and cleaned. Studio—Fleming's new block, Garden street, nearly opposite the Presbyterian church. Oct. 3, 1873. 1y

W. C. Sheppard, **SURGEON DENTIST,** COLUMBIA, TENN. Office—Fleming's new block, Garden street, nearly opposite the Presbyterian church. I keep constantly on hand a full stock of tooth, tablets, soaps and lotions for the mouth and gums; all recommended by the United States dental association. Call and see me.

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MONUMENTS AND TOMBSTONES, All of the best Italian Marble. Also, I have the latest styles of Designs. All work as cheap as can be done elsewhere. Manufactory on West Main street, near the Institute. mh28y1

N. J. VAUGHN, C. N. VAUGHT. **VAUGHN & VAUGHT,** SUCCESSORS TO S. P. NORTON & CO., DEALERS IN **ENGLISH AND AMERICAN HARDWARE, CUTLERY, GUNS, ETC.** Having moved to the southeast corner of Public Square [house formerly occupied by J. M. Mayes & Co.,] we are now ready to furnish the people of Maury and adjoining counties every variety of Shelf and Heavy Hardware, CUTLERY, AND BEST ENGLISH GUNS, to be found in a first-class house. **BUILDERS' HARDWARE,** A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT. We make a specialty of AVERY'S WROUGHT IRON STANDARD STEEL PLOWS. AGENTS FOR Buckeye Reapers and Mowing Machines, Sweepstake Thrasher and Separator, Gaar, Scott & Co., [Gold Medal] machine. Deering Horse Engines, and Lane & Bodley Steam Engines and Saw Mills, and also for the Tennessee Wagon, which is warranted and guaranteed. jan8 9m

J. A. ENGLE, Dealer in all kinds of **CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES,** DRY GOODS, BOOTS, CIGARS, SHOES, TOBACCO, LIQUORS, and COUNTRY PRODUCE. Corner South Main street and Engle Avenue. All goods delivered. Oct. 17, 1873. 1y

TEN THOUSAND A YEAR.

If I had ten thousand a year
I think I could manage to spend it,
Could squander the half, very near,
And as for the rest—I could lend it.

Could squander the half, I should say,
On folly, on vice, and on sorrow,
On dreary debauches to-day,
Repentance and headache to-morrow.

Could purchase with half of the wealth,
Or less, if cared to diminish,
Bad morals, bad conscience, bad health,
And a bad-ish look-out at the finish.

And the rest of my gold I could lend
The friend who in want had stood by me,
And lose both my money and friend,
For thenceforward forever he'd shy me.

If I had ten thousand a year,
The sentiment may seem clap-trappy,
I'm blest if I think it's so clear,
I should not be sick and unhappy.

At present I've friends—very dear—
Health and comfort as long as I'm thrifty,
So I don't want ten thousand a year,
I'm content with my hundred and fifty.

THROUGH THE BREAKERS.

I.

We were sisters only by adoption; yet I know that the love between us in those old days was as great as it could have been if the mothers, of whom only sweet memories had been left us, had been one, and as if my father had been Elsie's father, too, instead of having pitifully adopted the orphan child, and brought her from a poor and homeless life to share our happy home. My father, when his own health failed, persuaded his young partner (to whom the mills would entirely belong after his death) to come and live with us in our great house upon the hill, at the foot of which the mills lay. So Horace Capon came, and the whole active management of the mills fell into his hands, and, although he was a young man, my father felt the utmost confidence in him. The master was safe in relying on Mr. Capon, the men would sometimes say to us, when we wandered, as we liked to do, over the busy noisy mills; he was one to be trusted. We used to smile at the expression, which seemed to them to mean so much, and, when Horace would join us from the offices, what wonder is it if we saw a new power in his handsome face, and in his tone of genial yet irresistible authority? And could we warn each other of the feeling which was growing equally in both our hearts? Could we always remember that for one of us this feeling must end in bitter and humiliating pain? It was to me the pain came at last; very gradually, because it took such a long, long time to believe it after it was told.

I forgot how it was that there first dawned on me the knowledge of one of my father's motives in having Horace Capon to live now in the house which he was eventually to occupy as master of the mills. I think he told me himself, one day, saying that Horace was even now as a son to him, the one man in all the world to whom he could most willingly give his daughter, and adding that he knew Elsie would always find a happy home with us.

From that hour, when my dreams lost their vagueness, and this one lay marked out in brightest hues before me, I was conscious of a new shyness in my manner to Horace; a timidity quite new to me, yet the most natural result of that dream which was buried now so deeply and so fixedly in my heart. I thought Elsie was too thoroughly wrapped up in her own bright thoughts to notice this, yet I knew that our love for each other then was true and unsuspicious. But the day came at last when, after one flash of nameless pain, that cloud fell slowly and heavily down between us.

I had found Elsie sitting in the morning sunshine, watching Horace; so I stood above her, watching too, in silence. He turned at the gate for a moment to raise his hat with a smile, then hurried on down the hall, and disappeared through one of the great doors of the mills. Elsie rose then, but I was dreaming still, just as I had stood a little ways back from the windows, my eyes upon the spot where Horace disappeared.

"Margaret," said Elsie softly, pausing as she faced me, "your eyes look warm and glad now; and—because Horace could not see—you answered his smile with one as bright as his. Then why have you been cold to him, and distant?"

"Cold?" I echoed in a whisper, and I could not bring my eyes back to her face; "Elsie, dear, you do not understand."

She had both her hands upon my shoulders now, and her eyes were reading mine eagerly—ah, with such pained and breathless eagerness!

"O, Margaret," she cried, catching her breath in a great tearless sob, "tell me I am wrong! Say that I cannot read that in your face! O, no, no, no; it is not that!"

I put one arm around her, wondering that she should be so moved to read the secret which I must have guarded so much better than she had guarded hers.

"Elsie, dear," I said, laying my cheek upon her bright bent head, "there was nothing in my face which need have given you this sudden pain."

"O, yes," she cried, "O Margaret, yes, I saw."

She was weeping sorely, there with her eyes hidden on my breast, and her breast, and her trembling fingers clasping me even to pain.

"Elsie, what grieves you so?" I asked; "I cannot understand it."

"I—I must tell you, Margaret; but—I never guessed—"

"Tell me," I whispered fondly, when she paused.

"Horace—Horace says—" she was uttering the words very rapidly below her breath, and with her head drooping so upon my breast that it was not easy to hear them—"Horace says—I mean he asked me—only yesterday—only yesterday, to be—his wife! O Margaret, I love him more than all the world; and yet I wish—I wish—"

I think I put her gently from me, and made a feint of smiling; and I think that—groping blindly in my great misery I spent that day just as I had spent other days which had been crowned with love and hope and pleasure. I think that I gave Horace my hand that night and told him he would be very happy with Elsie; and I think that it was only Elsie who cried when we bade each other good-night. But I am not sure—I am sure of nothing save the anguished aching of my heart and head, and how, when that had been mine for many, many days, a great lonely coldness came and wrapped itself about my heart.

It was a happy an unruffled courtship, that of Horace's. My father gave his free consent to the marriage, and breathed no word of that disappointed plan of his; and my father's men, who all loved Elsie for her bright face and winning ways, made her young lover's heart rejoice with their praises of the wife whom he had chosen. And day by day it was my lot to watch this happy courtship, living entirely apart in my own inward life, and growing day by day more silent and more cold. Ah, what a bitter solitary time it was, and what happiness and despairing thoughts possessed me! Why had he been given to her?

Sometimes I told myself that if he had loved me best, only for one day, I would have made it grow to such a strong and all-engrossing love that it could never change; a love beside which this happy and untroubled affection that he bore to Elsie would be a shadow only—*if* only the love had once been there to take root.

Never could he guess at any of those dreams which haunted me, but I noticed that he often now looked at me with a new and curious intentness, which warned me that this hidden selfish pain was changing even my outward self. It must have been this change which prompted them to plan for Elsie and me to travel to the seaside, and stay there until the summer waned.

If they had let me go alone—there or anywhere—I thought I might have gained health and strength and better thoughts; but Elsie would not leave me.

Left alone with her, and hearing her constantly speak of Horace in that tone of confident, childlike happiness, it could not be but that I soon must hate her in my heart.

II.

My father and Horace were to be with us in the afternoon, and in the morning Elsie and I went out to bathe together. There was no sunshine on the sea, but the water was fresh and full of motion, just as we liked it; so we laughed when we were told that there was danger of a sudden squall that day, that very few ladies had ventured out, and even they were returning now.

"Not that there's any danger, miss," the man said, as he hooked his horse's harness to the caravan which I had chosen; "only don't you think you'd better take one of the women with you?"

"We are not afraid; are we, Margaret?" smiled Elsie; "and we help each other quite enough."

Then she gave orders for her own machine to be wheeled close to mine in the sea, and ran up the steps with a smile and nod at me.

How well I remember the look of the sea that day, as I stepped into it, and Elsie came up to me with her dancing step and laughing eyes!

How wide and secret the sea was! and what a little thing she looked there, battling merrily with its waters, so strong against her little shielding hands! and what a horrible longing possessed me, yet what an overmastering fear! Fear of what? Fear of the waters which I loved? Fear of Elsie's tiny power? Ah, no; what fear I had was fear of myself.

We were standing quite still, telling each other how calm the sea had grown all in a minute, and still with that distance between us which I kept so carefully when the squall came. A sudden violent rush of wind swept across the waters towards the shore; the waves reared themselves above us, then swooped down and dashed us helplessly upon the sand.

"Margaret! Margaret!"—I could hear Elsie's call as the great wave rolled on—"Your hands!—hold me, hold me!"

I fought my way to her and took her hands, then I looked wildly round. The bathing machines seemed to be miles away from us now, and one was thrown upon its side by that strong rush of wind and water. If we could reach it we might support ourselves, perhaps, until help came. The shore looked like another world to my hot anguished eyes, so far away, so far away. What was this singing in my ears? Was it the water still? I was strong and fearless now; no wave, however fierce and strong, would swallow me. The water was but shallow after all.

"Margaret, where have the waves carried us? O, we are lost, we are lost!—help me, Margaret!"

I put my arms about her—this girl who had won from me all that made life precious—and I held her closely, very closely. She looked up from my arms, her eyes eagerly seeking comfort from mine, her lips parted for the question to come panting forth: "Shall we be lost?"

Then, as if she had read a hopeless answer in her face, a piercing cry went up among the clouds:

"O Horace! Horace!"

More closely still I held her now, but held her where the waters must pass over her in their rush. My lips were tight and firm; my eyes upon that second mighty wave that came so fiercely to engulph us.

"I am holding you, Elsie! Close your eyes, for it is coming!"

Bent and frail, she stood in my embrace with her eyes closed, while the huge wave, which I could calmly stand and watch, came rolling on behind her. Then I held her down firmly and steadily beneath the water, battling the while for my own life and breath. When at last the sea grew calm again, and we were tossed no longer at its wild, strong will, I had still my hands upon her shoulders, and under the waters I could see a white, dead face. And my strength had not failed me even yet, for I was holding her so when they found us, and lifted us together; whispering eagerly that one was living, but that the other had been for long time dead.

III.

I did not see Horace for a long time, so that when at last they let me see him the first bitterness of his grief was past. He asked me many things about that day, and I told him all—save the horrible truth that I had killed her. I told him how Elsie had clung to me in her fear, when that awful wind swept so suddenly across the sea; but how she had grown so weak at last and despairing, that she fell with the second wave and never rose again. He sat beside me while I told him this, and then it seemed to grow natural to him to sit beside me; and at last I—watching his face—saw its sorrow fade, and the old look of content return to it. At first it was in silence that he sat beside me, and this silence I could understand and share; but gradually he would win me on to talk to him, and his eyes would brighten as he listened. So we grew dear friends again, dearer than we had ever been; and I forgot that white drowned face which lay now side by side with my own mother under the old cedar in our churchyard on the hill.

One night we had strolled there together to lay some autumn blossoms on the grave; and so long he lingered there in perfect silence that all my fears and my despair came back to me in overwhelming force. Why he had brought me here where I could see the white drowned face, just as I saw it look when I held it still below the waters, after the angry death had passed? Should I be obliged to see it thus before me all my life?

Silently, as we stood there, we turned from the grave side by side; then suddenly Horace clasped me in his arms and kissed me. So tenderly, and yet so passionately, he kissed me, under the quiet stars, and at that moment I knew I had won what I had so long craved for vainly. He had learned to give a stronger and more fervent love than he had ever given to Elsie.

IV.

Horace and I had been married nearly a year, and this was Christmas-eve. My husband had been away for two or three days, but I knew he would return for Christmas day, and so I sat waiting for him. Always I longed for his return when he had left me, but hardly ever so intensely as I longed for it this night. The wind was blowing fitfully: now rising in sudden gusts which brought back to me that horrible morning in the sea; and now lying lulled and calm, as it had been upon that night when Horace and I stood beside Elsie's grave in that strange silence which he broke at last to tell me with what strength and tenderness he loved me.

So strangely nervous and so timid I had grown, that when I heard my husband's step at last, I ran to meet him just as if he came as a deliverer.

The moon was riding gloriously through the frosty sky, when we started out together for a stroll. Horace had himself fastened the soft furs around my neck, kissing me as he did so, and my heart beat joyously and proudly as I leaned on his strong arm, and felt that I was very precious to him.

So earnestly and happily were we talking, so perfect was the beauty of the night, that I had not noticed where we were going until we stopped before a gate I knew, and Horace bent to open it.

"We have wandered here almost unconsciously, my darling," he said; "but we will go in and stand a moment in the quietness beside Elsie's grave. In our own intense happiness, we would not forget her upon this beautiful Christmas night; and it is her birthday, too, you remember, Margaret."

Horace gently led me on, until we stood once more together beside that great stone beneath the cedar. Why had he brought me here, when we had both learned to forget, and had grown so happy? If he would but speak; if he would but talk to me and chase away these haunting memories which had not visited me since, in this very spot, he had told me how he loved me! If he would only tell me so again—loudly, that the words might drown this moaning in my ears, this rushing of the sea about my head, this cry of a faint and dying voice! Why had he breathed her name at all to-night and raised this awful memory?

"O Horace, Horace, see the white dead face!"

My cry had not broken his long silence, so I knew it was uttered only in my heart. I looked up eagerly, that the glance of his kind eyes might give me courage; but that drowned face had come between us.

"O Horace," I cried, groping with my hands, "take it away; take it away! She would have you save her and let me go!"

"Margaret, my darling, are you ill?"

I heard the question in my husband's soft, kind tones, but there was something else I heard far more distinctly. "Listen!" I cried, turning to face the blast of wind which came sweeping over the valley below; "listen!—listen!"

I waited for its coming with my arms outstretched, and when the storm had passed, and left me standing so, I fancied death had spared me once again, as it had done at sea, and I knew why. That story was to be told to Horace; here, by the grave where the voices moaned; now, before that second gust came sweeping by which had brought death before, and might bring death again. The white dead face beneath that stone cried out for justice now; the voices of the wind and sea cried out aloud their accusation. I had a task to do in the lull of that great storm, and I must do it. I drew away from my husband's side, and stood opposite him in the shadow of the cedar; my eyes fixed steadily upon him, and my words slow and clear.

Quite still he stood to listen, while I told him all; quite still until I had finished; then, after an utter terrible pause, he fell on his knees beside the stone, and hid his face upon it. I did not speak or move until he rose, after a long, long time; then I eagerly and piteously scanned his face, that I might glean only a ray of hope. Even in the shadow—for he was leaning now against the tree—I could see how rigid and coldly white his face had grown.

"O Horace," I cried, falling on the grass before him, and appealing to him with my burning hands outstretched, "O my husband, all the sin there may have been, *you* caused. If I had not loved you—"

Coldly and sternly he interrupted me, bidding me come away from beside that grave.

"O Horace, take me back! We can be happy still—we know it; we have proved it; you have often said it. You can forget this. *I* had forgotten until you brought me here to-night, and that wave came rolling to us and left her face—Horace, Horace!" the words were an eager, hurried whisper now—"take me up, Horace! I am dying here; dying at her feet and yours; or—or am—I—mad?"

He raised me from the grass without a movement of his white and rigid face.

"I will take you to your home," he said, "and after that I wish I might never look upon your face again."

"*Why*, Horace?" I whispered with a vacant smile upon my parching lips; "we cannot be separated—you and I; we are married, you know; they cannot separate *us*."

"We are separated *now*," he answered slowly; "separated utterly and forever."

I could see his face in the moonlight now, and I knew there was no hope for me.

"Horace," I cried, with such a cry as might have reached to the cold dead around us, "Horace—forgive!"

Coldly he drew back from me, and then—I laughed; laughed loudly and shrilly, there in the silence of the calm and beautiful night. But when I saw his stern, white face grow colder still, I wondered why I had laughed.

"Nothing can separate us, Horace," I whispered, trying to fix my vacant gaze upon him, and smiling, as I thought, that my glad, low whisper must comfort him. "Nothing can separate us now. Don't be frightened, Horace; you are my husband, and I will not leave you. Did you dream that I could be so cruel? I was not half so cruel to her as that would be."

He turned from me, shuddering through his whole frame, and then I knew that the love which had been my very life was dead forever. I saw in all its fullest, darkest horror the long anguish of the life to which he doomed me; and standing still I took my burning head within my hands and uttered shriek on shriek, until the silence of the winter night was all alive with sound, and the beauty of the moonlight vanished in a great black darkness.

V.

I have been very, very ill. I wake to the knowledge slowly, as I lie and listen to the hushed breath and softened footsteps in my room. I wake to it very, very slowly, dreaming a wonderful dream the while.

I am lying in my own room at home and Elsie sits beside my bed, just as she did when I was ill once in the old past—so many years ago; and my father comes for tidings of his child, with his eyes dim and anxious, just as I used to see them in that far-back time. Horace is living with us in this dream of mine just as he did then; and he, too, waits for tidings, and comes to look upon me with a soft, slow step. Ah, if this dream may last a little longer; because, when I awake, my husband's face will meet me stern and cold, as it must be through all the rest of my sin-shadowed life; and instead of this bright face beside my bed, will be the memory of that drowned head I saw beneath the waters. It is far better to be dying, and to dream this dream than grown quite strong and well, and meet my misery again. It is such a beautiful, beautiful dream!

I see my father standing against the golden beech, and watching me with the old look of love upon his face. Elsie is beside me still, as she has been all through this peaceful dream, and in her eyes is shining such a look of loving, pitiful compassion, that I cannot even trust myself to meet it, lest it should bring the tears, for tears would waken me. And now, across the lawn, comes Horace; his face the kind and pleasant face of long ago! He comes up to me—softly as they all come in this dream of mine—and I read the old friendship in his eyes, and something more; not hatred and contempt, ah, no, but a great tenderness and a great compassion, and something that looks almost like awe. I remember the different face which I shall see when I awake, and silently I pray that it may be God's will I die before the waking comes.

My hands are very weak and thin and wasted, and when he takes one into his, and kneels beside my couch, I can see the pity and the fear which darkens Elsie's eyes. My voice is low and failing, but at last they understand my question, reading it more from my eyes than from my lips; and Elsie answers it in a whisper, her warm lips touching my cheek and forehead between the words: "No dream, my darling; no dream. We have you with us, and we are nursing you back to health again. If care and love—the truest, fondest love, my dear—can give you strength, then you will soon be your own self again."

If I were a leaf upon the beech above me, at the first faint breath of wind I should fall just so—softly and slowly to the ground.

"Margaret," Elsie whispers when her sweet face comes between those reddening leaves and my wide, upturned eyes, "do you remember that day we were together in the sea, when the wind rose so suddenly? I want to tell you, O, my dear, what the memory of that day has been to me."

I am awaking now—awaking with an icy shiver. In one moment my dream will be over—my beautiful summer dream.

"Tell me slowly—slowly," I plead, my broken words most eager in their utter weakness. "No—let Horace tell; then I shall be—awake. Tell me all, Horace."

"It's too much to tell to-day," he whispers, wrapping a shawl about me tenderly, for he does not know I am awakening; "how can I tell in a few simple words that brave, unselfish act of yours? How can I speak calmly, even yet, of how you saved my darling at the risk of your own life; how, when she fainted and fell, you rescued her, and held her safe above the water until help came; then how you put her in safety and—your strength all worn—sank down yourself, exhausted and unconscious; of how the fiercest wave of all came then, and we—we were barely in time to save you! How can I tell this, and of our gratitude and love?"

"This is true, then? This is true, and the—the other was the dream?"

"All this is true, my darling; and we are true; and the sunshine and the flowers, they are all true. Everything is true, except those terrible delirious fancies which have been with you in your fever. *That* was the dream; but it has passed now, and all the fancies have passed too. Ah, there is a little look of returning health at last. You are coming back to us from the gates of death—O, my dear, my dear, we shall be happy once again!"—*New York Graphic.*

A Coal Mine Ablaze—"Looks Like a Hell."

A writer who has explored the burning Empire coal mine, near Wilkesbarre, must have seen a novel and magnificent sight. These mines, when once on fire, sometimes burn for years; but it is seldom that any one can go near the flames, and even when it is possible but few would care to attempt it. The descent at the Empire mine was three hundred feet, and then along a side gallery.

Every stride onward appears to intensify the warmth, and human apparel seems more than human nature is able to bear. The perspiration begins to start from the pores, and a current of air constantly pouring in from outside appears to be caught and subdued by that dreadful heat which almost chokes and stifles you. There is no let up to it, no relief. Suddenly there falls upon the air a peculiar noise, like the muttering of internal spirits, away down in the deepest depths of the universe. Still on, and these mutterings increase to a mighty roar, until by and by one can detect certain sounds above all others. There is a sound as if made by falling waters, which gains and increases on the ear as to the traveler does the rushing of a cataract. The old guide continues slowly on the way; clouds of smoke envelop our heads, until the cavern, taking a peculiar curve, brings us under a mighty arch, the floor and sides of which seem to be a mass of hissing, crackling flames. It may be a wicked expression, but looks like a hell. The fire extends over an immense area of 1,200 yards, dread, awful and appalling, but indescribably beautiful nevertheless. It looks like an immense sea of glittering gold, across the heaving breast of which pass and repass the softest and richest combinations of colors. Blue, green, purple, crimson, mingling and intermingling, passing and re-passing, disappearing here and suddenly flashing up again there, torture the senses, confuse the vision and leave one doubtful of the place whereon he stands. It hisses, it roars, it flashes up and smokes, driving back the men and befouling the air. There are persons down there, human beings like ourselves, who have spent many months of their past life in fighting this fire, and who will spend many months of their lives yet to come. They are terrible looking creatures when thus engaged in their work, whose besmeared faces and rough, blackened forms give them the appearance of devils rather than of men. They spend but a few hours there, for so intense is the heat that new men must come very frequently to their relief. As it is, scarcely a day passes during which some poor fellow does not yield to these underground elements, and is carried out insensible. It must be an awful life to lead, and awful, indeed, the circumstances which compel so many to endure it.

Hereditary Drunkenness.

Not more pitiful are the approaches of madness than are the well understood symptoms which signify to the hereditary drunkard the hour of his inherited passions. I knew in Texas a young man who was heir to such a woful heritage. He was, physically, one of the handsomest of men, and possessed of great and varied talents, which he had carefully cultivated. Moreover, he had served his country with distinguished bravery, and was then holding a high position of trust and honor. But with a regularity that was terrible, there came to him—no matter where he was, over his ledger, in the church, by the side of the victim he loved—a craving for brandy that possessed him like a demon, and drove him forth among his fellows. With set lips and despairing face he would deliver to a friend the keys of his office and betake himself to his room—not as men go to a carousal, but as they go to a fearful reckoning—and for two or three days drink in sullen silence till the craving was appeased. Some one was one day praising, in his presence, his vast stores of acquired information and his delicate fancy as an artist. "Yet I shall die like a brute," he said sadly, and the despairing look of a hunted animal came into his eyes as he added: "My father—died drunk—my mother—God forgive her!—my grandfather shot himself in delirium tremens—you know, boys, how poor Patrick died—it will be the same with me." His prophecy was too soon fulfilled.—*Science of Health.*

—A little girl who had great kindness of heart for all the animal creation, saw a hen preparing to gather her chickens under her sheltering wings, and shouted earnestly: "Oh, don't sit down on those beautiful little birds, you great ugly old rooster."

OLD HICKORY'S WIFE.

Gen. Jackson's Courtship—His Devotion as a Husband—Details of the Dickinson Duel.

From the St. Louis Republican.

The following from the New York Post:

"In our remarks a day or two ago upon the forthcoming history of the United States by Mr. Bryant, we spoke of the material in the way of incident and picture which the subject would afford. Reading the other day of Jackson's visit to New York, about the time of his first inauguration, and just after his wife's death, we were greatly struck with the pictorial qualities of the story. He rode the length of Broadway on horseback, with a long weeper, at that time in fashion in Tennessee, tied around his white hat and hanging the length of his back. We have here just one of those pictures so very vivid and important of which American history in full. There is a chapter of history contained in the photograph. That he should have ridden on horseback instead of in a carriage indicates a peculiarity at the time. The long weeper tied around the white hat—a thing familiar enough in Tennessee, and yet strange in New York—recalls the fact that the various parts of the country were not then so homogeneous as they are at present. Jackson's truculent and defiant grief, even had he been conscious that his weeper was too long for the fashion in these parts, would have vindicated itself anywhere and before anybody. The weeper recalls the incidents of his wife's early life and his affection for her, both of which exerted a profound influence upon his life. It recalls the old duel with Dickinson, an encounter which, seems it to us, is one of the most terrible on record."

General Jackson's "weeper" was not the idle ensign of a mimic woe, but the emblem of a grief all too deep for words—a grief which, from the moment of its birth, went with him day and night, following him down to the grave, which he gladly entered, because he believed that through its gloomy portals he would gain admission to the presence of the woman whom he loved better than his life. "Heaven would be no heaven to me," he used to say, "if I did not think I should meet my wife there."

There is not to be found in the pages of history or of romance an instance of more chivalrous affection and constant, self-sacrificing devotion than was illustrated in Andrew Jackson's uniform conduct toward Rachael Donelson. He married her under peculiar circumstances. Her first husband was, from all accounts, a man of violent temper and unbounded caprice, with whom it was utterly impossible for anybody, however well disposed, to live in peace. After one or two reparations and reunions, they finally parted permanently, and it was soon after this event that Jackson—then a poor and unknown lawyer in the backwoods village of Nashville—asked her to share his rather unpromising fortunes. A divorce was procured through what was thought to be the proper channel, and they were united. The first months of their wedded life were spent in Natchez, and not until their return to Tennessee was it known that the court which granted the divorce had no authority to execute such an instrument—which we believe, as the law then stood, could only issue from the legislature of Virginia. But be this as it may, the legal forms were at last fully complied with, and to put an end—as it was hoped—to all possible misconstruction, the marriage ceremony was again performed. Had Jackson remained an obscure man, the matter never would have been revived, but as soon as he took the first steps in the career which was to land him in the presidential chair, jealousy unloosed the hands of calumny, and enemies who could find no nobler plan to attack, struck at him through the bosom of his wife. This was a sin which he never could and never would forgive; and whoever had breathed a word against the fair fame of that idolized object, made an eternal and inexorable foe of one who came fairly up to the Johnsonian standard of "a good hater." The duel with Dickinson, alluded to in the above extract, had its real origin here.

Dickinson was a promising young man, belonging to a highly respectable family in Nashville, and the junior of Jackson by several years. Attached to a different and hostile faction, he imagined a rival where none really existed, and, being in the habit of drinking too freely, occasionally made remarks which would not bear repetition. Of course they were repeated, and to the one of all others most deeply interested. When the first offense of this sort transpired, Jackson went to Dickinson's father-in-law, told what he had heard, and begged him to guard, if possible, against a similar occurrence in the future. The warning was of no avail, for when the wine was again in the ascendant, Dickinson threw out the same slurs, and this time they cost him his heart's blood. The duel ostensibly originated in a horse-race, which, by the way, was never run; but the animus of it, so far as Jackson was concerned, lay in the fact that Dickinson had spoken ill of Mrs. Jackson. It is unnecessary to repeat all the details of the meeting, which was indeed, as the Post says, "one of the most terrible on record." Dickinson was a dead shot; could hit a half-dollar at ten paces, kill birds on the wing, and perform other miraculous feats with the pistol. He was as brave and cool as he was skillful, and never entertained a doubt as to the result of the combat. The arrangement was that when the word was given they could fire as soon as they please. Jackson, knowing Dickinson's superior quickness with his weapon, resolved not to attempt to get the first fire, but to take the chances for a second. The instant the signal was shouted, Dickinson fired. The dust flew from the breast of the loose fitting black frock coat which Jackson wore, but he stood there like a pillar of adamant, apparently unharmed. Dickinson started back in horror and amazement, exclaiming, "My God! have I missed him?" His stern and unrelenting antagonist took deliberate aim and pulled the trigger. The pistol did not respond. He looked and found it was only at half-cock. A second time he took aim, and, as the sharp crack rang out among the silent woods where the deadly scene was laid, Dickinson tottered and fell into the arms of his friend. He died the same night. Jackson was able to mount his horse and ride home next day—barely able, for the bullet, which seemed to miss him, had really passed through the fleshy part of his breast and cut the breast-bone. His shoes were full of blood when he walked from the fatal field, but he concealed the fact, as he said, "because he did not want Dickinson to have the satisfaction of knowing that he had hit him at all." In answer to the question how he could, after receiving such a shock, retain his steadiness of nerve, he replied: "I believe I should have killed him had he shot me through the brain." The wound never healed properly, was the occasion of frequent hemorrhages in later years, and ultimately caused his death. There is no evidence going to show that Jackson ever repented of this duel. Long afterwards—indeed, only a few weeks before he died—a friend visiting his sick chamber happened to pick up an old pistol lying on the mantel. The keen-eyed invalid saw the movement, and remarked quietly: "That is the pistol with which I killed Mr. Dickinson." In spite of his conversion and consistent fellowship with the church, there was a deal of the "old Adam" remaining in "Old Hickory" to the last.

Those who saw Mrs. Jackson in her youth say that at that period she was a plump and quite pretty brunette. But in middle age the plumpness increased until all signs of a waist had disappeared, and the dark complexion became still darker, until it was almost the tint of venerable mahogany. In plain words she was a short, fat, and remarkably common looking old woman, ungraceful, of course, and not at all versed in the ways of polite society. Her husband, on the contrary, though square and angular in figure, and quite as destitute of culture as his wife, was confessedly one of the most elegant gentlemen of his day. His public life, particularly after the battle of New Orleans, brought him into close communication with the gay world, and his manners contributed as much as his fame to make him the centre of every circle in which he mingled. But neither the sweet smiles or the sweeter words of the beauties who crowded around him ever made him for an instant forget—much less prove false to—the mistress of his soul. Even his most intimate friends could not discover by any word or act on his part that he was conscious of his wife's physical disadvantages and lack of what is called good breeding. To him she was not old or ugly, not ignorant or awkward—but always young, always handsome, always the embodiment of brightness and of grace. No knight that ever laid lance in rest was more devoted to the fair lady whose colors he wore, than was Jackson to the ancient dame who bore his name. She was the only human being who could stem the torrent of his fearful passion. A word from her lips, a glance from her eye, and the iron man, blazing with wrath and apparently as untamable as the lion of the jungles, became as tame as a lamb. He loved her from the very depths of his stony nature, and because he loved her she could transform the storm into a calm. One might infer from the extent of this influence over such a character, that Mrs. Jackson was, what we now term, "a strong-minded woman." But she was far removed from that questionable honor. The late Thomas H. Benton, in a book which is a much better monument to his memory than the bronze abortion in Lafayette park, gives a charming picture of "Aunt Rachel," as he affectionately calls her. In this sketch, drawn by a loving hand, she is represented as an extremely modest and unassuming person, who never lost her native simplicity of thought and action in attempting to keep pace with the rising fortunes of her husband. When the most brilliant triumph of the war had lifted him high above all competitors, and when that triumph had been supplemented by his election to the first office in the gift of his countrymen, she was the same amiable, sensible, unaffected woman as when they lived together in a log cabin and had nothing to distinguish them from their humblest neighbors. To her he was never "the general," but always "Mr. Jackson;" and she valued his wonderful success in life for the pleasure it gave him, and not for the glory reflected upon her. A sincere and ardent Christian, a fond wife, a true friend, a constant and liberal benefactor of the poor, she faithfully discharged her duties to God and man, and found therein her highest happiness. All who knew her loved "Aunt Rachel," as such women, from their rarity, deserve to be loved; and when she died there was mourning, not only in the stately "Hermitage," but in every negro hut for miles around.

Jackson, as we have remarked, never entirely rallied from the blow which his wife's death inflicted. He went to the White House in many respects a changed man. He laid aside, to a great extent, those tremendous oaths which used to make the air of Tennessee turn blue; he grew softer, tenderer, more ready to forgive than in former years, and was—for her sake—the firm and indomitable champion of all slandered women. He broke up his cabinet in sustaining Mrs. Eaton—though there was probably more truth than slander in her case—and would never listen to or countenance any of that so-called "gossip" which delights in insinuations against female virtue. Because his wife was pure, he believed—and was proud to believe—all her sex was as pure as she. He wore next his heart an old-fashioned miniature of his lost darling, and each night before retiring he laid it on the table beside the bed, so that he might look at it while reading a chapter in her Bible. Their ashes repose side by side, and if there be such a thing as reunion beyond the confines of the tomb, surely their souls are blended in the land where death never comes, nor any sickness nor sorrow—but where love is immortal as Him who gave it.

What the Kentucky Legislature Did—Bills Passed.

Authorizing a vote of the people on the question of a new state constitution.

For the benefit of the sheriffs of the various counties who had failed to comply with the law by giving their bonds in due time.

The optionary liquor law, restricting the sale of intoxicating liquors in whatever district in the state should so vote.

To further provide for a geological, mineralogical, and botanical survey of the state. This act, in addition to $10,000 appropriated by the last legislature, makes a further appropriation of $15,000 to purchase an outfit. In addition, it provides for a division of the state into three separate parts, to each of which equal time is to be given by Professor N. S. Shaler.

To change the time of payment of the public funds into the treasury from April 1 to March 1, November 1, and January 1.

Allowing the successor of a deceased circuit judge to sign judgments, etc., which had been left unsigned by his predecessor.

To protect the property of citizens from damages by fire from locomotives.

To regulate charges for freight on railroads operating in the commonwealth.

To establish the central lunatic asylum—at Anchorage—and appropriating $100,000 therefor.

To protect citizens of the state from empiricism.

To provide for the registration of births, marriages and deaths.

Abolishing the office of auditor's agent.

To apportion representatives in the legislature.

To remedy the laws regulating the assessment of property in the state.

To re-establish the feeble-minded institute. This institute was abolished in May last by the legislature.

—The queerest object in nature is a Spanish beggar—for these beggars beg on horseback, and it is an odd thing to see a man riding up to a poor foot passenger and asking alms. A gentleman in Valparaiso, being accosted by one of these mounted beggars, replied, "Why, sir, you come to beg of me, who have to go on foot, while you ride on horseback!" "Very true, sir," said the beggar, "and I have the more need to beg, as I have to support my horse as well as myself."

—Speaker Blaine has ordered the parenthetic words "laughter," "applause," "sensation," etc., omitted from the official reports of the debates, as they only indicate the fact that members had violated the rules of the house.

FROM WASHINGTON.

Resignation of the Special Treasury Agent—Reports of Committees, etc.

The government is having prepared a medal commemorative of the late Prof. Agassiz and his large work and achievements.

Announcement is made of the acceptance of the resignation of special treasury agent B. F. Jayne, dating March 8. The letter of acceptance, it is said, compliments Jayne for his zeal in the service of the government.

Secretary Richardson has made negotiations for exchange of half a million new 5 per cent. bonds for an equal amount of 6 per cent. 5-20 bonds, par for par, adjusting the interest to time of exchange on each, and allowing only one quarter of one per cent. commission.

Official proclamation is made by the president of the ratification of a treaty between the United States and San Salvador for the surrender of criminals. It properly provides that extradition shall not apply to any crime or offense of a political character. The treaty is to continue for ten years.

The postmaster-general and the congressional post-office committee find that the salaries of a good many postmasters are too high, and some too low, and a reform is proposed, by which the salaries in the large cities shall be increased, and those in country towns, ranging now from $1000 to $3000, shall be cut down correspondingly.

The house committee on foreign relations resumed consideration of the bill revising the grades and salaries of consuls and consuls-general. The most important amendment is to establish the office of consul-general at Berlin, Melbourne and the City of Mexico; and at the request of a Hebrew convention held at Chicago, the committee recommend the re-establishment of the consulate of Bucharest, in Roumania.

The senate finance committee, in reporting the house bill for exportation of distilled spirits, make important changes in it by striking the provisions for an allowance of two per cent. reduction for leakage of spirits while in course of transportation, and by refusing to agree to the second section, which provides that bonds shall be cancelled whenever proof is furnished the department that the spirits were destroyed in transit. Such cases, they think, should be made subjects of special relief.

The secretary of the interior has transmitted to the senate an official letter from Superintendent Enoch Hoag, protesting in behalf of the Black Bob Shawnee Indians of Kansas, against the passage of the bill introduced in the house of representatives by Mr. Cobb providing for the sale of their lands, comprising some 33,000 acres in Kansas, which have been already extensively occupied by trespassing settlers. Mr. Hoag says these lands are worth $15 per acre, whereas the bill provides for their sale at $5.

The house committee on patents has decided to report adversely on the bill proposing to appropriate one million dollars to be disbursed by a scientific commissioner to the inventors of new and useful articles, machines, etc., during the next ten years. The committee took adverse action on Mr. Killinger's bill authorizing the commissioner of patents to extend for seven years any and all patents for which extensions may be asked provided $100 be paid into the United States treasury.

The following is the full text of the bill, passed by the house on the 13th, for the free exchange of newspapers between publishers and the free transmission of newspapers by mail within the county of their publication: 1. Newspapers, periodicals and magazines reciprocally interchanged between publishers and not exceeding 16 ounces weight, to be confined to a single copy of each publication. 2. Newspapers, one copy to each actual subscriber residing or receiving the same within the county where the same is published, but carriers shall not be required to distribute such papers unless postage is paid on them at the usual rates.

In the senate, on the 14th, Mr. Windom called up the bill to enable the Mennonites of Russia to effect a permanent settlement on the public lands of the United States. In advocating the passage of the bill and amendments, he spoke of the Mennonites as being an industrious and energetic class of people, and said, to secure their settlement in this country it was necessary to have liberal legislation. The Canadian government had offered great inducements to have them settle at Manitoba, but they preferred to come to this country. It was not their intention to come here in a body to take possession of large tracts of public land. Their occupations were different and they would distribute themselves throughout the western country.

The substitute for Sumner's civil rights bill, as reported by the judiciary committee, provides that all persons within the jurisdiction of the United States shall be entitled to the full and equal enjoyment of inns, public conveyances on land and water, theatres and other places of amusements, and also of common schools and other public institutions of learning, of benevolent institutions supported in whole or in part by general taxation, and so supported, subject only to the conditions and limitations established by law, and applicable alike to citizens of every race, and regardless of any previous condition of servitude. Any person denying to a citizen any privileges conferred by the bill shall pay $500 to the person wronged, and shall also be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof, shall be fined not less than $600 nor more than $1,000, or be imprisoned not less than thirty days nor more than one year. The district and circuit courts of the United States are given jurisdiction exclusive of the courts of the several states, cognizant of all offences against the bill, and actions may be prosecuted in any United States court wherever the defendant may be found guilty in regard to another party. Any district attorney who shall wilfully fail to institute and prosecute the proceedings required, shall for every such offence, forfeit and pay the sum of $500 to the person aggrieved, and upon conviction thereof be guilty of a misdemeanor and fined not less than $1,000, nor more than $5,000. No citizen shall be disqualified for service as a grand or petit juror in any of the United States courts, regardless of race or color, or previous condition of servitude, and any officer who shall exclude or fail to summon any citizen for that cause shall be fined not more than $500. All cases arising under the act may be reviewed by the supreme court of the United States.

—M. Robing, in a paper presented to the French academy, thus extols the virtues of buttermilk: "Life exists only in combustion, but the combustion which occurs in our bodies, like that which takes place in our chimneys, leaves a detritus which is fatal to life. To remove this we would administer lactic acid with ordinary food. This acid is known to possess the power of removing or destroying incrustations which form on the arteries, cartilages and valves of the heart. As buttermilk abounds in this acid, and is, moreover, an agreeable kind of food, its habitual use, it is urged, will free the system from these causes, which inevitably cause death between the seventy-fifth and hundredth year."

—A bachelor is politely described as a man who has neglected his opportunity of making some poor woman miserable.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

—Horace Greeley's estate will count up $125,000.

—Why is a kiss like some sermons? Because there are two heads and an application.

—The highest spire in the United States is that of Trinity church, New York, which is 284 feet.

—"Byrom and Drinkwater," was a sign which was to be seen on a store in North Yarmouth, Me., sixty years ago.

—Fifty pounds of bullets were sold by one man in Chattanooga the other day, as his gleanings from the Chickamauga battlefield.

—"Oh, bother cremation!" says the Pittsburg Commercial. "We have to earn our living—and we don't want to be compelled to urn our dead."

—The Danbury philosopher observes that the placidity of expression worn by a man who is "next" in a full barber's shop cannot be counterfeited.

—One lead pencil, according to a contemporary, lasts a Dubuque editor three months, but he has to have a new rivet in his shears every three weeks."

—The jewels which the Duchess of Edinburgh brought with her to England are said to be worth $2,500,000, and include as many as 100 bracelets.

—Fourteen Nebraska men want to be postmaster of a town where the salary is but two dollars per year. They are after the social position which such an office gives.

—One day last week, says the New York Commercial, a temperance crusader, on her return from a pilgrimage to the beer shops, was seen to approach the pantry, and overheard singing:

—Kentucky gallantry is proverbial, but when a small man lets a two hundred pound woman ride thirty miles on his knee in a crowded stage coach, it begins to look like martyrdom.

Little drops of toddy,
Little grains of spice,
Don't they make a body
Feel so awful nice!

—An Iowa man who was called a fraud has recovered thirteen cents damages. When a jury pronounces that a man lacks but thirteen cents of being a fraud, the court ought to instruct the sheriff to keep an eye on him.

—Dialogue from Fun: Fair damsel putting on new gloves—"Too tight? Oh no, auntie, not at all; besides, I like them a leetle tight!" Troublesome Brother—"Feels as if somebody was squeezing her hand; don't ye see, auntie!"

—Western dealers in butter grade it as "wool-grease, cart-grease, soap-grease, variegated, tesselated, cow-grease, boarding-house breakfast, inferior tub, common tub, medium roll good roll, and gilt-edged roll."

—A wicked little boy in a Denver Sunday-school was asked by his teacher if he had learned anything during the past week. "Oh, yes," said he. "What is it that you have learned?" "Never to lead a deuce when you've got an ace back of it," was the reply."

—A Richmond, Va., newspaper notices an extraordinary work of art, exhibited in a shop in that city. The subject is "Jacob's Dream." Angels, all having yellow hair and blue wings, are going up and down the ladder, while Jacob slumbers in full continental uniform, except his boots, which are of the confederate cavalry fashion, and close at hand, resting on a rock, is a hunting flask.

—A good lady of Columbus, Ga., was "struck all of a heap" by an old colored woman she met the other day. She beamed all over her face as she said, in the most approved Georgia style: "Howdy, Aunt Maria!" The aged negress raised herself erect, placed her arms akimbo and remarked, loftily, looking sideways, "I ain't yer aunt, and I ain't yer uncle; I'se yer ekal!"

—A gentleman was walking down Nassau street, behind two English swells, when he overheard the following conversation: "'Arry, my boy," says one, "what's o'clock?" The other felt for his watch and exclaimed: "By Jove, h'I've left h'it h'at 'ome." Then, turning to a boot-black standing by, he said: "My lad, what's o'clock?" "What's a clock?" says the lad; "why, you darned fool, it's a thing as big as your head, with hands on it."

—A correspondent has caught a glimpse of Marie Alexandrowna, and puts his impressions in print. The duchess is little of stature. She is neither the darkest of brunettes nor the fairest of blondes. Her features are not Grecian, nor anything else in particular. Perhaps an artist would not even grant that her features were regular. She is withal, as far as could be judged from a hurried glance, quite a charming little creature. Marie Alexandrowna!

—The Protestant Episcopal communion in the United States comprises 41 dioceses and 9 missionary jurisdictions, 25 bishops, 3,095 priests and deacons, 2,700 parishes, and 260,000 communicants. The most populous diocese is that of New York, which has 26,282 communicants; next is Pennsylvania, with 19,109; next Maryland, with 17,055, and the fourth in number is Connecticut, with 15,316. The contributions of all kinds for the year are reported at $7,315,149.

—There was something pathetic in the position of the German florist, who, in the bitterness of his heart, exclaimed: "I have so much drouble mit de ladies ven dey come to buy mine rose; dey vants him hardy, dey vants doubles, dey vants him fragrant, dey vants him nice golour, dey vants him aberyding in one rose. I hopes I am not vat you call one uncallant man, but I have sometimes to say to dat ladies, 'Madame, I never often see ladies dat vas beautiful, dat vas rich, dat vas good temper, dat vas youngs, dat vas clever, dat vas perfection, in one ladies. I see her much not.'"

Why There Are So Many Bald-Headed Men.

Why so many bald-headed men, and so few bald women? Why is it that they shine like billiard balls? Why this spectacle of bald-headed barbers rubbing the dry tops of bald-headed men, recommending invigorators warranted to produce bushy locks in less than a fortnight, while bald-headed spectators and middle-aged men with wigs look on with derisive smiles; though all the while their wives and daughters throng our streets covered with crowns of beauty, and charming actresses toss their blonde tresses in luxurious profusion on the stages of our theaters? Our male population will no doubt take a serene satisfaction in saying that it is because men have more to worry them than woman, and have the trouble of contriving how to support their wives and daughters. Probably, however, that is not the reason. Women, of course, have finer and longer hair than men, but men destroy their heads under their hats, and thus heat the tops of their craniums until the hair dies out for want of air. Men should either take off their hats oftener or ventilate them better.

What Zaccheus Did.

A story is told of a certain newspaper proprietor who relieved his dishonesty by a spice of humor.

The agent of a large manufacturing house went to him to protest against frequent assaults in the editorial columns.

"What the devil is the matter?" asked the latter. "All you say is an infernal lie. But then we feel we can't afford to have this thing go on. What shall we do to stop it?"

The proprietor appeared abstracted for a few moments, and then remarked: "I was thinking about a chapter in the Bible. Let me see! His name was—was Zaccheus. What did he do? Oh, yes; he climbed a tree to see the Lord; and he didn't see him either. What did he do then? Do you remember, Mr. Agent, what he did then?"

"He came down, I suppose."

"Ah, yes!—thank you—that's it! He came down, sensible fellow; he came down!"

The parable was fitting. The agent imitated the example of Zaccheus and the journalistic batteries were instantaneously spiked.