Depot Hotel,

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jan1-77-y.

THE HERALD AND MAIL.

By ALFRED S. HORSLEY. COLUMBIA, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, MAY 3, 1878. VOL. XXIII. NO. 41.

First National Bank
Of Columbia, Tennessee

Capital, $100,000.

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Barnett & Hughes,
Attorneys at Law,
Columbia, Tennessee.
Office:—On West Main Street, formerly occupied by Thomas & Barnett. [jan.1-77-1y

J. B. Bond,
Attorney at Law,
Columbia, Tennessee.
Will practice in Maury and adjoining counties. jan. 21-76-1y.

C. W. Witherspoon,
Attorney at Law,
Columbia, Tennessee.
Will attend with promptness to all Legal Business entrusted to his care, in Maury and adjoining counties. Strict attention to collection and settlements of all kinds. Office—Whitthorne Block. jan. 28-77-1y.

P. H. Southall, Jr.,
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Columbia, Tennessee.
Special attention given to collections. Office:—Whitthorne Block. jan. 1-77-1y.

A. M. LOONEY. W. J. SYKES.
Looney & Sykes,
Attorneys at Law
And Solicitors in Chancery,
Columbia, : : : Tennessee

W. C. Taylor,
Attorney at Law
And Solicitor in Chancery,
Columbia, Tennessee.
Office:—With McDowell & Webster, Whitthorne Block. jan. 1-76- y.

GEO. C. TAYLOR. R. H. SANSOM.
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Columbia, Tennessee.
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And Solicitor in Chancery,
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Attorneys at Law
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J. T. WILLIAMSON,
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Aug. 24-1877.

ROBT. M. McKAY. H. P. FIGUERS.
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ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
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ALBERT AKERS,
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Room No. 26 Colonade Building,
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Homœopathic Physician,
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W. C. SHEPPARD,
SURGEON DENTIST,
Columbia, Tennessee.
OFFICE—Next door to Methodist Church. nov9-77-1y

DR. HARLAN,
Physician and Surgeon
North Main Street,
Nov. 25-77-1y. COLUMBIA, TENN.

W. R. JOHNSTON, M. D.,
DENTIST.
Has returned to Columbia and resumed the practice of Dentistry in all its branches. Office—At his residence on Garden St. sept. 11-tf

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Around the Corner!

CHEAP CASH HOUSE!

Highest Market Price Paid for
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"SKEPTIC!"

Brown, 16½ hands, by Woodford Mambrino, sire of Bentley Chief; dam Grace by Pilot, Jr. Terms: $12 the season, privilege of returning till you get a colt.

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Shetland pony, bay, 30 inches high, at $5 the season, privilege of returning till you get a colt. At my farm near Spring Hill. March 22-2m. CAMPBELL BROWN.

J. P. STREET. WATTS EMBRY. WILEY J. EMBRY
STREET, EMBRY & CO.,
(Successors to J. P. STREET & CO.,)
—WILL CARRY A FULL LINE OF—
HARDWARE!

SADDLES,	BLACKSMITH TOOLS,
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Improved End Shake Sweepstake Separators,

Which we warrant to thresh *faster* and clean *better* than any machine in the market—*none excepted*. We sell, also,

Heilman's Farm Engines,
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We can furnish Reaper and Mower Knives and Sections for all kinds of Machines. ☞ A complete stock of Grain Cradles and Scythes. Prices always as low as any other house. Give us a call and we guarantee satisfaction.

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WE CAN'T BE UNDERSOLD!

We have now in store a splendid assortment of
Staple and Fancy Gorceries,
WINES AND LIQUORS,
Fresh Fish, Oysters and Game in Seaon!
And will not be undersold on same grades and qualities by and House.

Goods Received Daily! Stock Always Fresh!

OUR PARCHED AND GROUND COFFEES are roasted in our own house twice per week, and can be relied on as being fresh. We pack in tin buckets, cans or canisters to suit customers, FREE.
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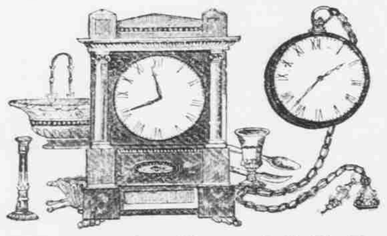

At the New Jewelry House of S. F. Fischer,
A HANDSOME LINE OF
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To which the Attention of all is Invited,

I have also received a full assortment of King's and other patents of Spectacles, which now makes my line of Spectacles one of the largest and finest in the State. A nice assortment of Seth Thomas and other makes of Clocks just received, which will be sold at bottom prices. ☞ Old Gold and Silver bought or taken in exchange for goods or work.
April 12, 1878. S. F. FISCHER, Columbia, Tenn.

FLORIDA'S FRAUD.

Text of the Statement of Judge McLin, as Published in New York, Regarding the Canvass of the Vote.

His Conclusion Irresistible that Mr. Tilden was Entitled to the Electoral Vote of Florida.

NEW YORK, April 25.—The following is the text of the statement of Judge McLin regarding the canvass of the vote in Florida for President, as published here in a long special dispatch from Washington:

"As a member of the late State Board of Canvassers of the State of Florida, I feel impelled by a sense of duty to myself and justice to others to make the following statement: At the time the canvass was made, I was not conscious of acting otherwise than right. I entered upon the canvass with the conviction that it was my privilege and duty in a political sense to give the benefit of every doubt in favor of the Republican party. I felt that when a question could be decided either way without doing violence to the public sense of justice it was fairly allowable in politics that I should always lean to my own party and give my decision in its favor, even at the hazard of straining a point. At no time did I feel that I occupied the position of a Judge charged with the duty of a strict or nice weighing and balancing of all the evidence presented. Looking back now to that time I feel that there was a combination of influences that must have operated most powerfully in blinding my judgment and swaying my action. I had been for many years and was at the time of the canvass a very active partisan. I sincerely thought that our State and the nation would suffer irreparable injury if the Democratic party were to obtain the Presidency; and the policy of hatred to the negro and those who had been friends of the negroes should obtain control at Washington. It was common and unanimous talk, also, that the very existence of the men who in the South had upheld the Republican party, depended upon the election of Mr. Hayes. Mr. Hayes would sustain them throughout the South, while Mr. Tilden would shake them. I was shown numerous telegrams addressed to Governor Stearns and others from trusted leaders of the Republican party in the North, insisting that the salvation of the country depended upon the vote of Florida being cast for Hayes.—These telegrams came from those to whom I had been accustomed to defer. The Chairman of the National Committee, and the man who was the nearest personal friend of Mr. Hayes, had conducted the canvass. These telegrams also gave assurances of the forthcoming of money and troops, if necessary, in securing victory for Mr. Hayes. Following these telegrams, trusted Northern Republicans, party leaders and personal friends of Mr. Hayes, arrived in Florida as rapidly as the railroads could carry them. I was surrounded by thousands who were ardent Republicans, and especially by friends of Gov. Hayes. One gentleman particularly, Gov. Noyes, of Ohio, was understood to represent and speak with the authority of a warm personal friend, commissioned with power to act in his behalf. These men referred to the general destruction of the country, should Mr. Tilden be elected, the ruin and misery of the Republican party of the North, and their full sympathy with us. I can not say how far my action may have been influenced by the intense excitement that prevailed around me, or how far my partizan zeal may have led me into error; neither can I say how far my course was influenced by the promise made by Noyes that, if Mr. Hayes became President, I should be rewarded. Certainly these influences must have had strong control over my judgment and action. Reviewing my action at this distance of time, with all calmness, with my ardor cooled and my partisan zeal chilled by the President who has basely betrayed and mercilessly destroyed the Republican party in the South and crushed the very men who did so much for his election. I am persuaded that the Florida canvass was not conducted with that cool, calm judgment and honest unbiased decision that should have characterized a proceeding involving such vast and important interests. Instead of this, I now see that the whole proceedings went through upon the highest wave of political excitement; that partisan feeling, stimulated to the utmost by the most powerful agencies, usurped the place of reason and sound judgment, and political expediency ruled the hour. A large number of precincts were either contested by the Democratic or Republican party. Voluminous testimony was filed, and lawyers of both sides argued each for their side of the issue, that it was the duty of the board to throw out and not include in the count or retain and count precincts on the ground of illegality in the conduct of the election or fraud that was charged to exist.—The Attorney General of the State, a member of the Board, had decided that the board had a quasi-judicial power, and had the right to exclude precincts from the count, if the returns were shown to be so irregular, false or fraudulent as to prevent the board from ascertaining from them the true vote. With this view of their duties the board entered upon the work of the canvass, with the conviction that it was invested with large discretionary powers, which were of a mixed character, political and judicial, the political largely predominating. Partisan zeal and strong political ties had powerful influence in the exercise of these powers; and the Republicans having a majority of the board, the canvass was largely in their favor, as the result proved.

THE VOTE OF FLORIDA.

If the board had acted in accordance with the decision of the Supreme Court of the State, defining the powers and duties of the board in reference to throwing out precincts, since rendered, there is no question of the fact that Mr. Tilden would have been entitled to the vote of Florida. Excluding the return from Baker county, which was counted, and which, I have ascertained from the parties who made it, was a falsely-manufactured return, and including the true return, which corresponded with the precinct return of that county, would certainly have given the State to Tilden. Archer precinct, No. 2, Alachua county, was included in the count.—The fraud committed in this precinct was not shown to the Board by the Democratic lawyers, although a contest was made and much attention given this precinct; but I have recently learned from Republican leaders of that county, that after the returns had been brought to Gainesville, the county seat, 213 votes were added to the returns, by the Inspector and Clerk of said precinct. In Leon county, 74 small Republican ballots were stuffed into the ballot-box at precinct No. 9, yet it was made to appear, even to the satisfaction of the Democratic members of the board, that these were ballots. Subsequent confession shows that they were stuffed into the box. I had seen Jos. Bowers, one of the Inspectors, having tickets similar to them a few days before the election, and cautioned him against their use, unless they were general and I niewward learned that he had given them up. In Jefferson county, in certain precincts at which Mr. J. Bell was Inspector, one hundred votes were surreptitiously added to the ballots and counted. No charge was made as to this fact, before the board. The confession of J. Bell since made to me, discloses the fact. Had the 219 votes fraudulently added to the Archer returns, and the 74 votes stuffed in the box at Leon county, and the 100 votes surreptitiously added to the Jefferson county returns—aggregating 391 votes—been rejected, and the Democratic rejected precincts which were excluded for irregularity and illegality, contrary to the decision of the Supreme Court, been retained and counted, Mr. Tilden would have carried the State. The conclusion, therefore, is irresistible that Mr Tilden was entitled to the electoral vote of Florida, not Mr. Hayes. In making this statement, my motives will doubtless be questioned by many, but the facts will stand alone as the truth, without any mere motives to sustain them.

I am free to admit, that viewing things as I now do, and remembering that Mr. Hayes was continually inspiring his personal friends through agents and by every means in his power to secure for him the electoral votes of Florida and Louisiana, and believing it to have been a conscious wrong on his part, done with the knowledge that he had not been elected, as his subsequent repudiation of Governor Packard, whose title was bound up in his own, and his willful and cowardly desertion of the very men who had contributed so largely to his election had shown, my contempt for the pitiable littleness of the man is beyond the power of expression. Mr. Hayes has denied the validity of his own title in denying Governor Packard's. He has ignored his Florida friends, showing that he believed them unworthy and tainted with fraud; yet, he holds to the Presidency, which, in his own opinion, was secured by this very fraud. He has cowardly abandoned and betrayed his Southern Republican friends, through fear of being ousted from an office he believed he never was elected to by the people. Whatever may be the opinion of men regarding my motives, I give the facts, and leave my motives to a higher tribunal.

SAMUEL B. MCLIN.

This statement given above was signed and sworn to before the Clerk of Thomas county, Georgia.

The Fall of a Mountain.

Helena Independent.

Nearly every resident of Montana has either seen or heard of the famous Bear-Tooth Mountain, the most prominent land mark of Northern Montana. It is visible from different points and distances ranging from forty to sixty miles, and is in full view from Helena and the surrounding country. The mountain is distant about thirty miles from Helena, and stands like a grim and mighty sentinel at the end of the canon known as Gate of the mountains, through which flows the Missouri River. The Bear-Tooth was fully described as a wonderful land mark of the early explorers, Lewis and Clark. In all photographs of the northern country the two tusks, rising black and grim about the mountain, are the prominent objects. The main tusk remains, looking lonely and isolated in its grandeur.

Last night a party of hunters who were chasing game several miles north of Bear-Tooth observed a rumbling sound and r quaking of the earth, and supposing it was an earthquake, and not noticing a repetition of it, they soon forgot the occurrence, and continued the chase until they reached the Beer's-Tooth. Here they were astonished at the appearance of the eastern tusk. This was a perpendicular mass of rock and earth fully 500 feet high, 300 feet in circumference at its base, and about 150 feet at the top. This immense mass had become dislodged, and coming down with the speed of an avalanche had swept through the forest of large timber for a quarter of a mile, entirely leveling it. The country around is now covered with a dense mass of broken tree and rock, tossed upon tons of rock, many of them as large as an ordinary house.

A Fearful Story.

Tribune and Sun.

Sunday morning last a negro by the name of James Doak was arrested in this city by Chief Marks, an officer M'Cabe, on a telegram from L. D. Locke, of Rutherford Station. After the arrest was made, Chief Marks telegraphed to know the charges against the negro and was answered "rape." The negro was lodged in jail, and on Monday Deputy Sheriff J. A. McCarrall, of Gibson, and a Mr. Anderson, appeared and demanded his delivery to them. At four o'clock in the afternoon of the same day he was taken to Rutherford, the scene of his horrible crime. An interview with Messrs. McCarrall and Anderson developed the following facts:

The negro had lived for many years with Mr. Locke, the depot agent at Rutherford, and was fully trusted by the family. He worked about the house and was considered kind and faithful. He was in the habit of making fires every morning, and on this business had frequent access to the room of Miss Alice Locke, a very pretty and intelligent young lady aged nineteen. Up to Thursday not a breath of suspicion existed against the negro and young lady, but on the day the negro mysteriously disappeared, and next morning she revealed to her father the startling story of a crime and ruin, that must have made his heart stand still and stired his soul to madness.

It is also stated that she had been crossed in love. Some twelve months ago she was engaged to a very worthy young man, but the father, who could not bear the idea of giving up his idol to another, opposed and broke up the match.

Since that time she has been visited by numbers of admiring young men, one of whom addressed her some six months ago. But she discarded every offer, and it is now pretty certain that when the last young man addressed her, she was then the enforced mistress of the black brute arrested here on Sunday. All the facts, the story of her beauty and life, the tribute of her character by neighbors that have known her from infancy, the pleasant surroundings of home and the adoration of high spirited and intelligent men, all afford that she could have been a willing victim to the lust of a black, ignorant negro.

THE FACTS IN THE CASE

appear to be different from those above related, for the Gibson county grand jury has refused to indict James Doak, and he was set at liberty. It appears that Miss Locke enticed Doak to ruin her, and she solicited the intercourse, and even locked him in her room and also gave signals for him to visit her. Under the supposed state of affairs the grand jury has refused to indict Doak. The young woman belongs to a highly respected family, and is said to be the most beautiful woman in Gibson Co. It is said that no cause for her conduct is ascribed save a mania resulting from a disappointment in love. The case is indeed a sad one, but the alleged victim is not worthy of sympathy, though her disgrace and ruin are pitiable in the extreme. It is said that two members of Miss Locke's family are insane. It is probable that the unfortunate woman is also insane, tho' we hear she does not seem at all humiliated by the knowledge and publicity of her shame.

A nephew of Bishop McCoskry, with an attorney, both from New York city, have arrived in Detroit and demanded an investigation of the great scandal. A court of inquiry, consisting of Bishops Gillespie, McLaren, Bedell and Talbot, has been called.

SHERMAN AND SHILOH.

Col. Tom Worthington's Page of Unwritten History—A Racy Review of the Author of Sherman's Memoris—Contradictory News Concerning Grant, Halleck and Tecumseh.

Washington Post.

Only a small number of persons assembled at Tallade Hall last night to hear what Col. Tom Worthington had to say about the battle of Shiloh and Gen. Sherman's conduct thereat. He began by saying he would not be there if General Sherman had not declined an investigation of his conduct at the battle-field. He had none of the graces or powers of oratory, and was an uninteresting speaker, but he had something interesting to say, and asked the indulgence of his audience while he said it. Everything he had to say was supported by the testimony of Grant, Sherman and Halleck.—He then went into a detailed account of the operations of the army of the Tennessee for a few days prior to the battle, interspersed with many humorous and sometimes bitter comments on the conduct of Grant, Sherman and Halleck and the details of the field. Buell was ordered on the 4th of April, 1862, not to move until the 8th, yet Grant, in his report, says they expected a battle on the 4th.—Then warming with his subject, the old gentleman charged that the object was to bring on a battle, lose the army and thereby ruin Buell and advance Sherman. Gen. Sherman said he did not think the enemy were near in force, but he blamed Gen. Buckland for capturing some prisoners on the 3d of April, saying it might have brought on a battle. This showed he knew the rebel army was near. Sherman had withdrawn the artillery and the cavalry the day they expected a fight, and said on Worthington's court-martial that he had done so for fear the artillery might be captured and the horses injured. Among great captains Hannibal had won his famous victories over the Romans with his Numidian cavalry, and Frederick the Great succeeded in his woderful campaign almost solely by his cavalry.—Napoleon conquered Europe with his artillery. Yet Sherman, greater than all these—in his own estimation—dispenses with both his artillery and cavalry for fear the one may be captured and the horses of the other hurt. The contradictory orders to Gen. Lew Wallace were shown as evidence that it was intended to lose the battle.—The Colonel claimed that if Sherman and Grant had not been treacherous the Assyrian army of Sennacherib was no more completely in the power of the angel that destroyed it than was the Confederate army in the power of the Union troops the Saturday before the fight. He claimed that Sidney Johnston had received information from the Union commander that Buell wouldn't be on the grounds, hence the attack. Many of the Union officers the night before the battle were in Sherman's headquarter's drinking There is no such ordinary thing in the history of wars as a division commander abandoning his troops in the heat of a battle, which Sherman did at Shiloh. He did not think Sherman was a coward, but this showed either cowardice or treachery. He claimed that his own action in changing the ordinary form of orders to his regiment saved the battle, and what was worse saved Grant and Sherman, who had been at the head of the Government ever since. Sherman posted his artillery to be captured. Sherman had no consideration for anybody or anything when his own interests were concerned. The Colonel found Grant on board a gun boat in the river, while the fight was the thickest, engaged with his dinner, his whisky and his cigars. He charged Grant with deliberate falsehood.—Everything was done to ruin the army, except to send word to the Confederates that it would surender, which was rather too bold for the people to stand. The Colonel said he was court-martialed for conduct unbecoming an officer and gentleman, and for drunkenness. These charges were based solely on the fact that he had published a few extracts from his diary concerning the battle, reflecting on Sherman. Sherman had committed deliberate perjury fifty times on the trial of Worthington. He swore to what he knew to be a lie when he testified that Worthington was drunk in command of the Forty-sixth Ohio.—To wind up he said the detention of Gen. Nelson at Savanna, the not taking of Corinth after the victory at Fort Henry, the keeping of Buell back, the contradictory orders to Gen. Lew Wallace, neglecting to have sufficient gunboats on the river, the march of Johnston along the river, all showed the deliberate treachery on the part of the Union authorities.—The fact was the authorities at Washington had conspired to lose the battle. Ben Wade told the speaker that they wanted to prolong the war at least ten years to punish the South.—The Colonel claimed that the object was to turn the Republic into an empire by prolonging the war, piling up a heavy debt, keeping an immense army and finally a military dictator.—And Grant was coming home after a while to be a candidate for a "third term." Sherman, he said, was undoubtedly insane. He says, in his Memoirs, that he was, during the battle, 400 yards inside the rebel ranks ahead of the Fifty-third Ohio. In a letter to Secretary Stanton he said he was 500 yards to the left of that regiment. How can such statements be reconciled?

An Elephant that Fishes.

The following curious anecdote is from a book about elephants, written by a French gentleman, named Jacolliot.

In the Autumn of 1876 I was living in the interior of Bengal, and I went to spend Christmas with my friend, Maj. Daly. The Major's bungalow was on the banks of the Ganges near Cawnpore. He had lived there a good many years, being chief of the Quartermaster's Department at the station, and had a great many natives, elephants, bullock-carts, and soldiers under his command.

On the morning after my arrival, after a cup of tea (often taken before daylight in India), I is smoking with my friend in the veranda of his bungalow, looking out upon the windings of the sacred river. And directly, I asked the Major about his children (a boy and girl), whom I had not yet seen, and begged to know when I should see them.

"Soupramany has taken them out fishing," said their father.

"Why, isn't Soupramany your great war-elephant?" I cried.

"Exactly so. You cannot have forgotten Soupramany!"

"Of course not. I was here, you know, when he had that fight with the elephant who went mad while loading a transport with bags of rice, down yonder. I saw the mad elephant when he suddenly began to fling the rice into the river. His "mahout" tried to stop him and he killed the mahout. The native soldiers ran away to hide themselves, and the mad elephant, trumpeting, charged into this inclosure. Old Soupramany was here, and so were Jim and Bessy. When he saw the mad elephant he threw himself between him and the children. The little ones and their nurses had just time to get into the house when the fight commenced."

"Yes," said the Major, "Old Soup was a hundred years old. He had been trained to war, and to hunt the rhinoceros, but he was too old to hunt them."

"And yet," said I, becoming animated with the recollections of that day, "what a gallant fight it was! Do you remember how we all stood on the porch and watched it, not daring to fire a shot lest we should hit Old Soupramany? Do you remember, too, his book when he drew off, after fighting an hour and a half, leaving his adversary dying in the dust, and walked straight to the 'corral,' shaking his great ears, which had been badly torn, with his head bruised and a great piece broken from one of his tusks?"

"Yes, indeed," said the Major. "Well, since then, he is more devoted to my little ones than ever. He takes them out whole days, and I am perfectly content to have them under his charge. I don't like trusting Christian children to the care of natives, but with Old Soup I know they can come to no harm."

Beside the children, on the banks of the Ganges, stood Old Soup, with a bamboo rod in his trunk, with line, hook, bait and cork, like the children's. I had not watched him long before he had a bite; for, as the religion of the Hindoos forbid them to take life, the river swarms with fishes.

The old fellow did not stir; his little eyes watched his line eagerly; he was no novice in the "gentle craft." He was waiting till it was time to draw his prize.

At the end of his line, as he drew it up, was dangling one of those golden tench so abundant in the water of the Ganges.

When Soupramany perceived what a fine fish he had caught, he uttered one of those long, low gurgling notes of satisfaction by which an elephant expresses joy; and he waited patiently, expecting Jim to take his prize off the hook and put on some more bait for him. But Jim, the little rascal, sometimes liked to plague Old Soup. He nodded at us, as much as to say, "Look out, and you'll see fun, now!" Then he took off the fish, which he threw into a water-jar placed there for the purpose, and went back to his place without putting any bait on Old Soup's hook. The intelligent animal did not attempt to throw his line into the water. He tried to move Jim by low pleading cries. It was curious to note what tender tones he seemed to try to give his voice.

Seeing that Jim paid no attention to his calls, but sat and laughed as he handled his own line, Old Soup went up to him, and, with his trunk, tried to turn his head in the direction of the bait-box. At last, when he found that all he could do would not induce his wilful friend to help him, he turned round, as if struck by a sudden thought, and snatching up with his trunk the box that held the bait, came and laid it down at the feet of his master; then picking up his rod he held it out to the Major.

"What do you want me to do with this, Old Soup?" said the Major.

The creature lifted one big foot after another, and again began to utter his plaintive cry. Out of pity for poor Jimmy's part, and picking up the bait-box, pretended to run with it. The elephant was not going to be teased by me. He dipped his trunk into the Ganges, and in an instant squirted a stream of water over me with all the force and precision of a fire-engine, to the immense amusement of the children.

The Major at once made Soup a sign to stop, and, to make my peace with the fine old fellow, I baited his hook myself. Quivering with joy, as a baby does when it gets hold at last of something it has taken from you it, Old Soupramany hardly stopped to thank me by a soft note of joy for baiting his line for him, before he went back to his place, and was again watching his cork as it trembled in the ripples of the river.

Mr. Beecher's Last Chance.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE N. Y. SUN.—*Sir:* Beecher has no fear of God, because he thinks of Him only as of a human being. He has no fear of hell, because he does not believe there is one. But he is intensely sensitive to the opinion of just men. He knows that in the judgment of all such there is no doubt of his criminality. He knows, too, that they have been withheld from denouncing him only because of the terrible necessity (even at the cost of his soul's salvation) of defending the fair fame of the woman he betrayed.

But now that she has released him from that bond of manliness, if he persists in his lying he will utterly forfeit that remnant of respect which has hitherto sustained him. He may go on for a little while, but he will ultimately have to "step down and out."

His only chance of having a tear shed on his grave, and saving his name from the scorn and contempt of the world, is to confess now.

The *Sun* is pitiful as well as just.—Let its bright rays of truth shine on the conscience of that heart-broken man. Tell him to go to his people next Sunday and own the truth. It is his last chance. CHARITY.

The Want of Brains in the Democratic Party.

New York Sun.

The Democratic leaders feel so sure of the Presidency at the next election that they think it matters not what course they pursue in the intermediate time. They consider that they start out in the contest with a solid South in their favor, and that against such tremendous odds it will be in vain for the Republican hosts to contend.

That the Democrats have greatly the advantage in the preference for their party throughout all the old Slave States is undeniable; yet hardly any odds are so great that they cannot be thrown away. The dissatisfaction among the Democratic masses at the failure to inaugurate Mr. Tilden is not only general but intense. We know that it is common in this State for Democrats to say: "What is the use of going to the polls? We elected one man, and then couldn't get him in." And the distrust felt toward all those who were concerned in throwing out the election by agreeing to the Electoral Commission seems likely to be permanent.

If a majority of the Democrats in Congress are found, no matter how, consenting to the retention of the Presidency by Mr. Hayes to the end of the term, it would not surprise us to find the Democratic voters so disgusted with the want of brains, or the want of fidelity, or both, in the leaders, that they would let the next Presidential election go by default.

The Republican party is not dead yet.

Nepotism.

Atlanta Constitution.

An aggravated case of nepotism has been developed on the bench in Tennessee. Judge Baxter, of the United States Circuit Bench, has decided to displace the Clerk, who has served acceptably since 1862, and give the desirable position to his son. A Cincinnati dispatch states that he will also appoint his son-in-law, Mr. E. P. Bailey, to a similar position in Cincinnati.

The Wife of Mike White Kills Herself by Taking Chloroform.

The Tuscumbia *Democrat* of Saturday contains the following paragraph:

We learned last night that Mrs. White, wife of Mike White, who was hung in Huntsville, Wednesday, died from taking chloroform. What measure can reach the length, the depth, the width of a noble woman's love?—What heart is not emollitated at this sad sequence, and touched with regret that the innocent should suffer for the the guilty.

HOUSTON, THE HERO.

Conqueror of Santa Anna and Founder of a Republic—An Account of the Skeleton in his Household—His Wife False to her Vows and True to her First Love.

Cor. of the Globe-Democrat.

HOUSTON, TEXAS, March 30.—Asa Jarman, aged seventy-four, a Texas veteran who participated in the battle of Nacogdoches, August 5, 1832, and residing in Houston, has just completed a MS. memoir of the life of General Sam Houston, the Texas patriot and General. Mr. Jarman kindly invited a correspondent of the *Globe-Democrat* to peruse it and make such notes as suited him.

GENERAL SAM HOUSTON.

One of the remarkable men of modern times, the founder of a Republic whose domain equaled, if it did not exceed, the realm of France, was born in Rockbridge County in 1788,, and died in Texas in 1863. At thirteen, his father dying, he and his widowed mother removed to Tennessee, then inhabited by Indians, near which, and in daily converse with whom, lived motherand son. The latter got acquainted and soon became a great favorite with the Cherokees, with whom he spent most of his time hunting and fishing. He became very proficient with the bow and arrow, and the first time Jarman saw the future General and leader of armies was at Nashville, whither he came with his friends, the Indians, to sell skins, furs and meats. Some of the citizens, on the occasion referred to, put up a sixpence on a pole or stick, and amused themselves by having the boy shoot it off with his arrow.

THE WAR AGAINST THE CREEKS.

The boy lived with the indians until the breaking out of the famous war against the Creeks, in Georgia, when he joined a volunteer company, rose to the rank of Lieutenant under Gen. Jackson, and was the second to scale the enemy's works at the battle of Horseshoe Bend, on the Tallapoosa River, where the Creeks were nearly exterminated. In the battle young Sam was wounded by an arrow in the thigh, which, with his own hand, he deliberately pulled out. The savage message brought a piece of flesh along with it, and though General Jackson ordered him to the rear, the young Lieutenant rushed with his men to storm the enemy in another position, where he received two shots in the shoulder. Being sent to the hospital, his wounds healed, on horseback, and on an easy side-saddle, rode 220 miles from Tennessee to see and attend his son.—He was subsequently appointed Agent of the Cherokees at Washington.

AN HISTORICAL QUESTION SOLVED.

The friends of General Houston in Texas and elsewhere have ever maintained a profound silence on the causes that led to the separation of Houston and his first wife. Jarman's story about the matter is as follows: After Houston rose to be Governor of Tennessee, he was induced to marry Miss Lucy Dickerson, a great beauty, and at that time the belle of Nashville. Miss Dickerson had, however, previously been engaged to a handsome young man, Mr. Robert Nickerson, during whose absence in Virginia her father and mother prevailed on her to marry Governor Houston. Miss Dickerson's father was one of the wealthiest men of Tennessee, and all things went well with until the return of Houston's former lover, when she evidently became unhappy. She managed that frequent interviews with the young man should occur. Finally Houston's body-servant, faithful to his master, informed the Governor that something wrong was going on between his wife and Mr. Nickerson. The husband, fearing to act without the fact,

PRETENDED BY GOING

To Maury county, to be absent some time, and informed Mrs. Houston that he would be absent several days. The Governor made a detective out of his servant-boy, who watched Mrs. Houston and her paramour, and informed his master at the exact moment when he might, by ocular demonstration, convince himself of his wife's guilt. The Governor boarded the stage for Columbia, but soon got out and returned to his home. Stepping softly in, the Governor passed to a bed-room, and there beheld Mrs. Houston in the arms of her former sweetheart, and on the same couch. The Governor, with that greatness of soul that subsequently distinguished him when sparing the life of Santa Anna, the Mexican tyrant, at the battle of San Jacinto, turned away without saying a word, feeling that the lovely and incomparably beautiful woman he had so lately fled to was dead to him forever! It was a terrible moment! Hell and despair seemed to clash together. Houston went out in silence and

SENT FOR HIS FRIEND,

Governor Carroll, to whom he related what had happened. Carroll said:—"You must take your own course in this affair." Governor Houston then sent for his wife, and said: "What do you mean by acting in this way?"—Without the least embarrassment she replied: "Governor Houston, I now tell you in plain words that I like Mr. Nickerson's little finger better than your whole body." "Well, then," said the Governor, "you can take the little finger, body and all, as I am now done with you, Lucy, forever." After this terrible experience, the demon of unrest seemed to enter Houston, who went back to his old friends, the Cherokees, and thence he found his way to Texas, dressed, when Jarman first saw him at Nacogdoches, like an Indian, out and out.

The distinguished part played by him in the Texan war of independence against Mexico, in 1836, is a conspicuous matter of history. His election by a little revolutionary junta to the post of Commander-in-Chief, in the face of the invading Mexican army under Santa Anna, seemed to turn the scale of success in favor of the hard-pressed Texans. On the plains of San Jacinto, April 21, 1836, General Houston won the independence of Texas and cast off the Mexican yoke. It was the grand event of his adventurous life. He lived to see the young empire he loved so well wage war with the Federal Union of States.—But he filled with the people of Texas to avoid the step and not raise their hands against a Government under which he had so long lived and fought. The General foretold the result if the South made war against the Federal Power, but his voice was unheeded, until two years after his remains were placed under Texas sod, his words came true—too, terribly true, when the Confederacy fell with a crash, carrying with it billions of property and a million of lives. Had the Texans and the people of the South taken General Houston's advice, what useless expenditure of blood and treasure, what ruin would have been averted.

If death by drowning be inevitable, as in a ship wreck, the easiest way to subside would be to suck water into the lungs by a powerful inspiration, as soon as one went beneath the surface. A person who had the courage to do this would probably become immediately unconscious, and never rise to the surface. As soon as the fluid filled his lungs, all feeling of chillness and pain would cease, the indescribable semi-delirium that accompanies anæsthesia would come on, with ringing in the ears and delightful visions of color and light, while he would seem to himself to be gently sinking to rest on the softest of beds with the most delightful of dreams.—Dr. Tracy in the Pop. Scientific Monthly.

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