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1779

COMMITTEE OF INVITATION

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1879

AN UNEQUAL CONTEST.

A Lady of Seventy-nine Years Proves Too Much for a Savage Buck.

[Lexington (Ky.) Gazette.]

Mrs. Jackson, the venerable relict of the late S. G. Jackson, of this county, and mother of Mrs. Gen. John B. Houston, of this city, was attacked by a savage buck a short time ago and was painfully hurt, but made a most miraculous escape. She was visiting her son in Jessamine, and went over to see a neighbor by the name of Miller, who has a few deer in an inclosure. Several persons went into the park to examine the deer, among whom was Mrs. Jackson. They seemed kind and gentle, and in the course of an hour or two Mrs. Jackson returned to the park alone, when she was attacked by the buck, knocked down, and would have been trampled to death, except that she seized the animal by the horns and held to him with such a firm grip that he was not able to throw her off. He tore her clothes and hurt her feet and legs very severely. She screamed as loud as she could, considering the perilous condition in which she was placed. It seemed to her that it must have been fifteen or twenty minutes before any one heard her, and all this time she was holding on with a death-grip to those terribly branching antlers. At last a negro boy came to her relief and beat off the savage animal. She was taken to the house more dead than alive, but has gradually recovered from her injuries. She complained more of soreness in her arms than from any of her hurts, which showed the nature of the struggle in which she was engaged. If she had let go her hold the buck would have cut her to pieces with his sharp hoofs, as these are most formidable weapons of attack. This was one of the most miraculous escapes from a violent death that we ever heard of and especially so, as Mrs. Jackson is seventy-nine years of age, and of a delicate...

A WILD FANCY.

ELLA WHEELER.

If the sad old world should jump a cog
Sometime, in its dizzy spinning,
And go off the track with a sudden jog,
What an end would come to the sinning!
What a rest from strife and the burdens of life
For the millions of people in it;
Why, a way out of care and worry and wear,
All in a beautiful minute.

With not a sigh or a sad good bye
For loved ones left behind us,
We would go with a lunge and a mighty
plunge,
Where never a grave should find us.
What a wild, mad thrill our veins would fill
As the great earth, like a feather,
Should float thro' the air to God knows where,
And carry us altogether.

No dark, damp tomb and no mourners' gloom,
No tolling bell in the steeple,
But in one swift breath a painless death
For a million billion people.
What greater bliss could we wish than this,
To sweep with a bird's free motion
Thro' leagues of space to a resting-place
In a vast and vapory ocean—
To pass away from this life for aye,
With never a dear tie sundered,
And a world on fire for our funeral pyre,
While the stars looked on and wondered.

A POET'S PLEA.

Mr. Childress Files Proof of His Sanity in the Shape of a Poem.

Mr. Rufus J. Childress, the poet, denies that he is crazy or ever has been, in proof of which he files a poem from his pen. He admits that the result of the municipal election was annoying and unsatisfactory to him, and that he was excited thereat but never insane. We publish herewith Mr. Childress' poem, and if it indicates insanity, then we submit that a writ *de lunatico* should issue against Tennyson, based on his "Freedom."

BY RUFUS J. CHILDRESS.

Four stars from four quarters ascended
One eve when the grasses were wet;
And Night with them happily blended,
When they in her temple had met.
A typical eve of thy birth, love,
The stars were precursors of thine,
Who bore from all parts of the earth, love,
The beauty that made thee divine.
The one from the land evergreen, dear,
And that from soft Orient skies,
With the splendors they bore, may be seen, dear,
Away in the deep of thine eyes.
The one in the west that arose, sweet,
The pink of thy cheek still declares,
And that from the regions of snows, sweet,
Thy virtue immovable wears.
And Night, with them happily blended,
Transferred her dark gleams to thy hair,
And crowned, when their missions were ended,
My darling both radiant and rare.
What soul, O Estelle, could be mute, then,
Awoke from its slumbers by thee—
What more than the soul of a brute, then,
Could such an anomaly be?

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