FOR "OLD HICKORY."

Andrew Jackson's Birthday Appropriately Observed

BY PUPILS OF JACKSON SCHOOL.

Interesting Program in Which Over Eight Hundred School Children Took Part.

The anniversary exercises commemorative of the birth of Andrew Jackson were held this afternoon by the school in this city which bears his name.

The large corridor where the exercises took place was neatly and appropriately decorated with flags and bunting, and artistically draped were engravings of the hero of the occasion, as well as those of Whittier and Longfellow. The platform was ornamented with a variety of beautiful flowers, lending additional attractiveness to the scene.

Because the literary part of the program was announced an exercise in physical culture took place under the direction of one of the teachers. The various evolutions were performed with vigorous precision, the results of the system as taught in the city schools appearing when manifest satisfaction. Following the program was another exercise in which, as in the first exercise, the pupils were seen as an accompaniment, and the evolutions praiseworthy. A large number of visitors were present to witness the rendering of the program. At 2 o'clock the pupils were assembled in order by rooms, the smaller pupils taking their places in the center of the corridor, and the next larger grades standing on either side, this order being followed out as the pupils making an inclined plane in both directions. The order during the exercises was good, and the program was rendered very creditably to Principal Stanford, teachers and pupils.

The exercises commenced by singing "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean," following which came an address by Allen Newman, as follows:

Andrew Jackson was born in North Carolina March 15, 1767. He was of Irish mother moved from North Carolina and settled in Tennessee. There he lived till the breaking out of the Revolutionary war in 1777. He joined the American army and received his first experience in the military line. After he left the army he went to his native state and set up a store. Here, by his strict honesty, he gained the trust of the community. Jackson was not an educated man; he knew but little of book learning, brought up in a wild country he did not have the opportunity to become educated, but he made the best of his opportunities.

At the breaking out of our second war with England, Jackson offered his services and was appointed commander over the Tennessee militia. At the battle of New Orleans he displayed such activity and ability that he gained much popularity. Jackson studied for a time and so fitted himself for the great responsibility which he was to take upon himself. He held his first public office in 1788, when he was appointed prosecutor for his state.

He was a true and honest man, quick to decide and quick to act upon his opinion.

Ten years later Jackson was elected senator of Tennessee; while he held this position he showed that he was an able man. He to be in the Senate or even in a higher place. He was nominated for the presidency in 1824, but was defeated.

His nomination for the presidency in 1828 was more successful. He entered upon his duties as President of the United States, March 4, 1829. His administration was marked by stern economy. His attitude towards the soldiers showed his determination to administering the affairs of the government to the best of his ability. He nominated "unlettered" in reason, "although he did not like the tariff any better than the nullifiers.

Jackson was a strong Democrat, loving democracy, it is said, better than his life.

Gen. Bancroft said: No man in private life so possessed the hearts of all around him, no public man of the country ever returned to private life with such an abiding mastery over the affections of the people. He was as sincere a man as ever lived. He was wholly, always and altogether sincere and true. Up to the last he dared do anything that was right to do. He united personal courage and moral courage beyond any man of whom military history records. Jackson was never vanquished; he was always victorious; he conquered the wilderness; he conquered the savage; he conquered the veterans of the battlefield of Europe; he conquered everywhere to which opportunity, and when death came to get the mastery over him he turned that last enemy aside as tranquilly as he had done the hundred of his adversaries and passed from earth in the triumphant consciousness of immortality, June 8, 1845.

A song by Miss Swan's room was then sung with zest by the pupils.

Excerpts were given from Jackson's addresses and addresses on different occasions. Interesting among the excerpts were a "quotation concerts," instructive selections, and a very neat little sketch.

The excerpts given were as follows:

By Martha Harmon: "A sincere Jackson had a strong will and balanced mind; he could go through fields of sophistry and masses of legal opinions straight to the point."

By Miss Boden's room: "Our Fellow Union must and shall be preserved."

By Annie Parsons: "One of the traits in Andrew Jackson's character was his love for his mother."

By Miss Conroy's room: "No man in private life so possessed the hearts of all around him as Andrew Jackson."

By Miss Quimbaugh's room: "Andrew Jackson did nothing slowly nor indifferently." "He built his will so his work, and knew as each word so fell."

By Don Buchner: "Andrew Jackson was a protector of little boys."

By Elmer Baker: "A nation has to remember as valuable as its great men, living or dead."

By Miss Murphy's room: "I care nothing about elements," said Jackson, "I respectively what I think into and pass it."

By Miss Fox's room: "As a soldier he was a hero, wise, skillful leader; as a statesman, honest, earnest, fearless, true."

By Maggie Phillips: "That one word, duty, was the key-note of Jackson's life."

By Horace Stanbridge: "Andrew Jackson while at school made commendable progress in his studies from his quick and ardent temperament."

The exercises closed by singing the anthem, "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," in which the hall rang with the sounds of eight hundred merry voices.

HUNTING POWERS OF THE CAT.

They Are Numerous and Unfortunate Pets to Modern Houses.

That a cat can come home in the face of almost incredible difficulties is perfectly certain. Thus, to take a fact at random, a cat was carried from a town on the northern coast of Fife to a place near Perth. It went in a hamper to Leith, to Lowestoft, where it changed for London, and at London changed for Perth. Next day about 7 to the hamper, this cat was observed to jump from the window of its new home with a powerful cat. On the third day it appeared at its old home.

Now, how did that cat achieve its journey? Did it take a bee line across country, and, if so, how did it know its direction? Or did it run to Dundee, cross Tay bridge (the railway bridge) and so along the line to London, recrossing the Firth at Grand bridge? We can hardly suppose that it went the Tay-Or did it go round by the head of Loch Tay—a long, rough journey by foot? Or, where, on the night even many dangers and temptations. The perils of a cat in the road are numerous. Every collie dog chases it, every terrier-pup has a go at it, and even the lady's lap-dog is a foe. Indeed, no more perilous one is the human. No doubt it runs by night. There is the hypothesis that the cat goes by train, changing at Dundee, and making the journey somewhere at Lowestoft, where, many more than Irish, going back to Dundee or getting to Cupar, though not one of them was the line "cut off to Cupar." This method of reason, which needs quite architecture of mere to only men, may not be beyond the powers and intelligence of a cat.

But all conceivable ways from the bee line across country and over rivers to the corner round Loch Tay are full of perplexities. That the cat simply ran home is, on the face of it, a fact in an unknown world, brings as near as definitely contact with modern ideas of progress. Somehow the thing was done, and done to its home. A dog species of Mr. Rudyard Kipling from Wisdom's Dead—one, but not of fancy. The cat was as well and sound as usual. We may speak of instinct and mistaken attitude, but to find its old home is to see in a cat in the struggle for existence. Cats are very poor hunters, and make poachers of a home. They can take to the heather, the moor or the back green. Thus the cats which fortunately dwelled upon the power of "homing" would be no better off than other cats and yet more fitted to survive and transmit their accomplishment to their progeny.

In face of these facts our boasted science is dumb. We know little about cats, but cats know a great deal about us. Cats are the pets of our homes. They are numerous and unfortunate pets in modern houses. They are not generally treated with modern ideas of progress. Sometimes