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is published every Saturday morning, and contains the news by telegraph, miscellaneous reading, editorials, local matters of general public interest, commercial and monetary reports, and everything that appears in the Daily, except such items as are of little or no public moment. The WEEKLY REPUBLICAN is an excellent family paper, valuable as well for instruction and amusement as information on the current topics of the day.

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LETTER FROM NEVADA.

Carson City Described—Origin of Its Name—Perpetual Snows of the Sierras—The Senatorship—The State Capitol Building—A Granite Structure—Prison—Springs—Nevada Legislature—The Chaplain.

Carson, a city bordering on and surrounded by the foot hills of the Sierra Nevada range of mountains, is about forty miles off the Central Pacific railroad, connected by a branch road, and is about 900 miles from San Francisco, and 300 miles west of Salt Lake City. This section of the country originally belonged to Utah Territory, was settled by the Mormons, and known then, about 1850, as "Eagle Valley." The first actual settler was the celebrated Indian trapper, Kit Carson, after whom this town was named, and whose name has been made immortal in song and story by pens far more fertile than mine.

The Sierras are about ten or twelve miles distant, and on a clear, dry day do not seem to be that many hundred yards, and whose cone-like summits are covered with perennial snows. This county is named after Major Ormsby, who was killed in 1861 in a battle at Pyramid Lake, between the white settlers and the Piute Indians, led on by Winnemucca, then numbering about 6000, semi civilized and savage.

In 1861, this portion of country lying between California and Utah, east of the mountains was organized into a territorial government, with the celebrated Jim W. Nye, the best poker player in the Territory, as Governor. In 1864 a constitution was constructed, and Nevada admitted as a State in the Union, having less than 40,000 population, and claiming equal senatorial representation with States containing ten and twenty times that number.

A party by the name of Jones has been unanimously nominated in "open caucus" for United States Senator. Jones is worth several millions, which he made by a lucky speculation in the celebrated Crown Point mines, in which, it will be recollected, there was a great "bull," then a "bear," and then a crash last spring in San Francisco, which created quite a panic, and many went under and are still under, but Jones swam smoothly on the surface, and has an extra $500,000 ready money to "fix things," so that his road to ambition's summit will be easy and undisputed. He is a shrewd business man, and scarcely above the average intellect, but he will doubtless find others in the United States Senate who do not rank him to a great degree. He is literally one of the people, and though a good man at heart, and generous to a fault, his greatest fault is in being surrounded with the roughest element of this rough country. This class of men did the "outside work" in carrying the primaries, and had the members elect "went back" on him in caucus, there is not the least doubt but that there would have been blood shed in the very sanctuary of liberty.

Our State Capitol is a beautiful building of granite, hewn out of a quarry on the outskirts of the city, and, like the "Bridge of Sighs," has an orphan asylum and a prison on either hand. The building cost about $250,000—of course it was built by contract. One-third of that amount would have done the work.

The prison so poetically alluded to is a State institution, and is also built of granite from the quarry hard by. In it are seventy convicts, only one of those a woman, sentenced for life for willfully butchering a man who never before saw or spoke to her. The "longest residenter" is dated six years back. He ripped open an unarmed sixteen year old boy for laughing at his drunken antics. As he is unfitted for labor, efforts are being made to secure his pardon on the ground that he is an useless expense to the State. The State might well afford to stand a small "useless expense" in such cases. It matters not what the length of sentence may be, convicts are generally pardoned out after a few years of servitude, when their crimes and dead victims are forgotten. Six years, as in the case just mentioned, is considered a long time for a person to serve, and he wears the palm of "an old pioneer."

Adjoining the prison are the springs, which are both a pleasure and a healthful resort. The "palatial cottage" originally erected for pleasure-seekers was purchased at an enormous sacrifice to the State, and converted into a prison, because of its near location to the quarry. But another hotel was built near by, and the pleasure-seeker can take in both at one and the same time, including a ride to and from town, and a warm bath, all for the moderate sum of fifty cents—the cheapest thing I have struck yet.

Our Legislature is composed of seventy-two members—twenty-four Senators and forty-eight in the "steerage," and is twenty Republican majority on joint ballot. As a specimen of Western legislation, when the Governor's message was transmitted to the House, one impatient member moved to dispense with its reading, not through any discourtesy, but that it was a waste of time, saying in support of his argument, "I'll bet three to one that no two members will listen to the first ten 'sections' of the message. I don't how verbiage the old man (the Governor) will be, but what I know of him he seldom tires, and if you're going to read it, Mr. Speaker, I want to be excused." The bet was not taken, but the "further reading of the message was dispensed with." In the selection of a chaplain one member was unable to decide between the two candidates, and proposed taking both for a week's "probation;" while another advocated the qualifications of his friend on the ground that he was extremely brief in his appeals to the Throne of Grace—his man was elected. The Speaker announced the legislative appropriation bill as carried by ayes forty-nine—one more vote than there was members. The "Third House" is made more formidable by visitors from California, known as the "California branch," composed of lobbyists and members of the Legislature from that State; and, in turn, Nevada's law-makers "go below" and enroll themselves in the California Third House—neighborly to the last.

J. M. S.

A Remarkable History.

We copy the following from the New York *Commercial Advertiser:*

Senator Henry Wilson, Vice President elect of the United States, made a frank statement of his financial circumstances yesterday. In the course of his examination before Judge Poland's special committee, Mr. Wilson gave a pretty clear outline of his history in money matters. When he entered the Senate he closed up his business, that of shoe-making, sold his stock in hand, paid his debts, and went to Washington in possession of a clear property of less than $1000. A house which had cost him $4000 he had already settled upon his wife, for whose benefit he had also insured his life to the amount of $2500. With this beginning of a fortune, and with a firm resolve to own no property that could be affected by legislation, and by no means to imitate the easy style of action which he had observed to be considered respectable among lawyers and rich men, this mechanic devoted himself to the duties of his political position. By steady frugality he had accumulated some $3000 in 1861, when the war opened; for six years he had laid by $500 a year. The close of the war found him in debt many hundred dollars; but by writing for the newspapers he has managed, with strict economy, to become a free man again. Sum total of his labors, in a pecuniary sense: he will to-day take $3500 for all he has in the world, the purchaser contracting to pay his debts. That is, he is worth about $3500 clear of the world. The story covers many years, and deals with figures that look very small, certainly, when the dignity of the official position of the man is considered. But everybody will believe it, and we are glad that the facts have been brought out, in the course of a rambling and very loose investigation.

It is not for the purpose of wasting time upon the private business transactions of political celebrities, that we repeat the outline of Mr. Wilson's financial history; neither congressional committees nor the public were entitled to this detailed knowledge. We refer to the facts simply to show how a man may reach high honor, and retain it, in this country, with no more money than he can just live upon. The love of money is indeed wide-spread, and the haste to get rich leads many men, in public life as elsewhere, to adopt questionable modes of acquiring money. But the respect and affection of the people of the United States, as well as of the State which gave us Mr. Wilson, are both within the reach of men who have neither wealth nor the talent or taste for gaining it. The life of Henry Wilson will long be held in remembrance by the struggling classes of this country. His advancement will encourage the ambition of many a young man who thinks himself equal to greater things than his own limited sphere can offer. It is right that this ambition should have the support of such a career. But the indifference to money, the disregard of anything beyond his own honest earnings and savings, is one of the most valuable parts of such a life. A man in Mr. Wilson's position has many chances to make money; in honest ways, that is, for the character of the man forbids the mention of other ways. But he preferred to keep the safe path, and riches are further from him than poverty is. The peace of mind which springs from such a course, and the clearness which it gives to the judgment, are beyond all valuation in money. And the popular regard for Henry Wilson proves, no matter what croakers or ill-informed people may say, that character still rules the United States, with a government against which money may conspire, but which it can not overturn.

A Funny Mistake.

A prominent and fun-loving resident of New London, Connecticut, made preparations to attend a firemen's masquerade ball at Stafford, taking with him in his carpet-bag a dashing uniform for the festive occasion. In the cars he sat behind an old gentleman, both placing their carpet-bags in the same rack. The old man left the cars first, taking with him his new-found friend's bag. Arriving at his journey's end, the first named gentleman opened his bag to exhibit his costume, and to his dismay found the following articles: One false shirt bosom, one spectacle-case resembling a castor oil bean, one bottle of rheumatism medicine, one copy of "Old Man's Guide to Glory," one and one-half pounds plug tobacco, one boot-brush, four soiled collars, etc.

Prompt Change of Mind of a Ticket Agent.

A few days ago a tall, rough-looking mountaineer entered the Union railroad ticket office at Denver, and, through mistake, purchased a ticket for New York via the Kansas Pacific line, when he wanted to go over the Union Pacific. He did not discover this fact until after the ticket had been paid for, and on asking the agent to change it, the latter refused to do so.

"You won't change this ticket, then, won't you?"

"No, sir," replied the agent, "you have your ticket, and I have the money for it, and if you want a ticket over the other route you will have to buy it."

Very quietly the stranger twisted his ticket into a small roll; very serenely he drew from under his right coat-tail a six-shooter, about the dimensions of a mountain howitzer; coolly and deliberately he stuck the twisted ticket into the muzzle of that six-shooter, and sticking the ugly-looking thing through the little square window of the ticket office, and almost in the agent's face, and speaking in the tone that left no doubt of his determination, said:

"Stranger, that's that ticket; take it yourself and change it, or by G—d I'll blow it clean through you."

The ticket was changed immediately, and without any more words from the agent, and the mountaineer walked away, saying: "I jest thought I could induce him to change his mind a little."

The Houston *Union* has the following information:

The International and Great Northern Railroad Company, for the accommodation of merchants and commercial travelers having occasion to travel frequently over the line of the International and Great Northern railroad, have decided to introduce one thousand mile tickets, at the reduced rate of 3½ cents per mile, or $35 for the ticket, and have also decided to permit the holders of such tickets to ride on the freight trains of the company, enabling them thereby to save considerable time between stations. The holders of these tickets are the only passengers to whom this privilege will be granted. As there is no limitation as to the time in which these tickets are to be used, they will prove a great accommodation to those who travel on business.

THE FRENCH ANTILLES.

Description of Guadeloupe—Extensive Plains, Lofty Mountains, Volcanoes, Rivers—Agriculture in Grand Terre—Canals—Facility of Intercourse—A Beautiful Country—Grand Fonds—Imperfect Culture of the Soil—Fruit and Roots—Disinclination to Labor—The Esperance Estate—Compulsory Labor—Products of Guadeloupe—Eruptions of Sulphur—The Yellow Bath—Summit of a Sulphurous Mountain.

[Translated for the Republican.]

The public interest now tends toward the equator, and we have translated from the "Voyage aux Antilles" of Chassaignac a description of Guadeloupe. This, he says, is the most completely beautiful of the charming islands which form the archipelago of the Antilles. St. Domingo is larger, Cuba more rich, St. Thomas more animated with foreign commerce, Porto Rico more thickly wooded; there is no other which, like Guadeloupe, has extensive plains, lofty mountains, volcanoes which thunder, and rivers that rear, and especially that which makes a visit the most unique in the world, a reunion of the productions of the torrid and temperate zones, so complete as that one can in the same day pant with heat or shiver with cold. It must be remarked that there is a singular peculiarity in the general appearance of the island. One half is as flat as Beauce, the other as rough as Auvergne. In the mountainous section all the rocks are of lava or pumice. In the level portion the formation is exclusively calcareous. These two sections of the island are separated by an arm of the sea, several toises in width and some feet deep. This bayou is known as Salt river. The mountainous part of the island is called Guadalupe, the level portion Grande Terra. The principal city of the first is Pointe à Pitre, of the second Basse Terre. The level country is the agricultural, the best cultivated and the most fertile part of the island. Notwithstanding, oddly enough, the finest habitations are found in the more mountainous Guadeloupe, neither the districts of Maule or Canal, in Grande Terre, however splendid, can boast such a habitation as Dumanoir, at Capes Terre, which is a fairy domain in grandeur and beauty, notwithstanding its dilapidation. One of the most valuable estates of Grande Terre is that of M. Girard D'Albissin, in the Canal district. It had three hundred slaves formerly; the Dumanoir estate had eight hundred. As Grande Terre is almost all flat, its agriculture is much better developed than that of Guadeloupe, where the mountains, the forest and the rivers obstruct labor. Grande Terre was formerly covered with forests, but they have been cut down and cleared away. Still there remains one fifth of the district in timber, which may be cleared away by any emigrant that will. Grande Terre is accessible by many excellent roads, and there are also two canals. All these works were executed under the administration of Admiral Arnous Dessaulsays, who ruled after the style of the governors of Cuba and Jamaica; that is to say, in a proper manner. In general the governor of our colonies are not prepared with any system. They apply perpetually to the colonial bureau and ask, "What is to be done?" To which the Directory of the colonies is sometimes sufficiently candid to reply, "How the devil should we know at Paris, when you, who are upon the spot, are ignorant?" One of the canals mentioned comes from L'Anse Bertrand and traverses the district of Port Louis. It is called Faujas canal, a name venerated in Guadeloupe. The other, which connects the districts of Sainte Anne and Morne-a-l'Eau, is called Desroteurs canal. This facility of intercourse has contributed greatly to the prosperity of Grand Terre, and has created a true public and patriotic spirit, a spirit of order, dignity and conservatism. When one arrives at Grand Terre by the diligence from Moule, he is struck with a strange spectacle, at which I was forced to pause with admiration. You pass, in leaving Point-a-Pitre, through about two leagues of slightly undulating country, fresh, beautiful, in comparison with which the most pleasant environs of Paris would appear the frightful abode of wolves. It is called Grand Fonds. It is only necessary to observe the vigor of the trees which spring up to see that the soil is very fertile. It would pay the gardeners of Paris very well, and they might have a good bargain in these lands, for they belong to the public, or at least those who occupy them are ignorant of their owners. I have known a wag offer, for fifty centimes, a coffee estate in the Grand Fonds, if the party to whom it was offered would find it. Nevertheless, these lands are inhabited by negroes and free people of color. Yes, the Grand Fonds afford an experiment of cultivation by free colored people. More than this, they afford an experiment of African colonization, since these blacks and free people of color are not merely laborers, but proprietors. Every negro and free man of color who wishes to become a proprietor may go upon the Grand Fonds and locate any ground, to any extent, and establish himself. No one will prevent them. Very well, see what they do. On each side of this road you see little cabins very cheap and very miserable, constructed of boards or wooden slabs. Around these cabins there is from ten to forty paces square of land in cultivation, sometimes less, never more. This imperfect culture produces bananas, papaws, yams, potatoes; that is to say, fruits and roots. "Why," one might add, "do not these colored people, who have so many leagues of land behind them, take more than twenty paces square?" God knows! Perhaps the question might be answered by the negro proverb, *Travail pas bon.* Work is not good. So the free persons of color who, to the number of twelve thousand occupy Grand Fonds, have only built little huts with a garden twenty paces square. In the morning at six o'clock they are seated on their bed smoking. The evening at six o'clock they are still sitting on the bed smoking. They only go out twice to cut bananas which they put on the fire. This is their life. Some among them clear a little more land, and till it. These are rich. The gardners of Paris, who never sleep, those men of iron—that is to say of heart, of honor and of energy, could hire for two thousand francs a year these gardens at the gates of Point-a-Pitre, from the negroes, and make their fortunes, but these French gardners do not use the proverb, *Travail pas bon.*

The Grand Fonds, notwithstanding the verdure of their forests and the softness of their landscape, weary the eyes and sadden the heart. One feels that these forests exclude the harvest, and that this shrubbery consists of briars. The nature of the African—which is not agricultural—feels no shame in idleness and desolation, and these people of color, to which comfort is offered on all hands, love better privation than labor. Along the road are found many cabins abandoned. The mulattoes who lived there, finding it too laborious to repair, have left them. I have seen in San Domingo one old house where a beam, fallen from age, had obstructed the door. Very well. The negroes who lived there, rather than remove this obstruction from the door, had found it less troublesome to pass through the window.

In leaving the Grand Fonds, the land of liberty, we enter the magnificent plains of the Esperance estate, a land of slavery. Here where there should reign desolation, presides abundance, the consequence of compulsory labor and good management. The steam engines are in operation, the wagons carry off the cane and sugar, the negroes work their gardens. Everything breathes wealth and prosperity.

The appearance of Grand Terre is their irregular, extensive plains, generally fertile, very few streams, hills rather than mountains, and windmills upon all the plantations.

Guadeloupe, properly speaking, is in some respects a country comprehensive and varied. Every landscape may be found: plains, mountains, primeval forrests, and roaring volcanoes. Every product may be cultivated: sugar, coffee, cotton, indigo, vanilla, pepper, cloves, cinnamon and annatto. All climates are united, and these varieties of temperature are appropriate to all the fruits of the earth. In the lower country which borders on the sea, the ardent sun of the tropics, the cocoa tree and the date palm mature their fruits, and the mango, the bread tree, the Italian figs, and the muscatel of Malvoinsie. In the temperate and highest elevation, in the forest or open lands are the orange and citron trees, trees of Paradise! Always verdant with foliage, always bright with flowers, always gilded with fruit; in the midst of these blooms the oleander and the grenadine and then as we ascend the mountain we find the gardens of Europe, with everything rare and delicious, only we have these luxuries for a few months, while in Guadeloupe they are perennial—yes, in every month in the year—in every day in the month ascend the charming plateau of Matouba, which is to the island of Guadeloupe as a parterre to a garden, and you have an abundance which never fails; asparagus which flourish in their trenches, artichokes that bristle, peas whose pods bend the branches, melons that grow yellow in the sun, strawberries whose flowers smell like daisies, and then the parts where the fruits pave the ground and flowers embalm the air! What do we in Europe? Good heavens! what do we? I ask myself every day when my horse treads under his feet the piles of oranges which make him stumble in the parks of Beaupin-Duplessis. Alas! I could not answer my own inquiry then, and I know no better to-day.

Even though the Grand Terre is of regular aspect, Guadeloupe itself is varied in its surface. The mountains, which occupy the central part and toward which the country rises gradually and by slopes immense and magnificent, as a gigantic stairway, have all been formerly principally volcanoes, for the lava is still piled in black and monstrous blocks from the summit of the mountains to the seashore. Their highest summit, the queen of them all, La Soufriere, boils with a frightful noise, and pours its thick vapor incessantly through the vents of its dark abyss.

Foaming and rapid rivers arise in the foot of the mountains, and flow in all directions. To these the most beautiful streams of the Pyrenees are but as the rills of the gardener. Of these runs some are cold, others hot, for Guadeloupe has perhaps the most abundant thermal waters in the world.

But among these there are three which can not well be imagined or forgotten. They are called Matouba Dole and the Yellow Baths. To describe Matouba, we must unite in the same view the memories of the most charming places—the hills of Bath, the trees of Kensington, and the turf of Pennsylvania.

Matouba is half way up the mountains, which shelter it from the winds. It is in the midst of the coffee estates, and at its foot lie the sugar plantations. It rises to the elevation of the forests. It is traversed by clear rivulets, which murmur among the banana plants softening by their moisture the rays of the sun and the vapors which float around the volcano and descend upon the orange groves. Over every part so obstructed [*bouleversee*] by obstacles one marches in sulphur (pure and sublimated) half leg deep. There are places like grottoes sheltered by enormous webs where this sulphur may be dug up like sand with the pick and loaded into carts. Baskets inverted and placed on the chimnies will be filled with sulphur in two or three days. Why, then, does not some one utilize this sulphur furnace? Has no one ever thought of doing so? Certainly. But this miserable Guadeloupe has for a long time been in the hands of a fossil administration, incapable and jealous. It guards with the malice of a eunuch those treasures which it can neither appreciate nor enjoy.

In descending the Soufriere on the western side, we find, half way down, a singular crater opened since the last eruption. It is a round hole, made in the hard and perpendicular rock, as a bullet hole of large calibre. Through this escapes with a frightful hissing, an enormous jet of steam. Its force is so great that stones thrown into this orifice are thrown into the air, while from the base of the mountain escape torrents of thermal waters, chalybeate and impregnated with sulphur, of any degree of heat, side by side with other fountains of cold and clear water. Cavities have been dug where the bathers resort, and as the waters deposit in some of them a yellow sediment, they have called these the yellow bath.

The boldest stream of thermal water, the most accessible and best arranged, is that belonging to M. Beauvallon, which escapes from the foot of Morne Gouyavier. This spring, large enough to turn a mill, bursts forth on a level space among rocks volcanic and calcined. A vat some feet in depth, shaded by vines, holds the water, of which the greater part rushes noisily past. Wild plants incline toward this receptacle, and warm their tender stems in the vapors which rise perpetually. I visited these baths on my way to the volcano of the Soufriere. I ascended on the twenty-second of March, guided by M. Micheville, an intrepid hunter of the forest. We left the yellow baths at sunrise, and walked up Mount Gouyavier to reach Cochran's meadow. This is the name of a wide heath at the foot of the Soufriere, covered with stunted shrubs, whose branches are withered with the cinders that fall from the volcano. When the English occupied Guadeloupe, Admiral Cochran went with a large escort to visit the Soufriere, and as the yellow baths had not then been established he pitched his tent and passed the night on this heath, which has since that time borne his name. It is crossed by a ravine which is usually covered with vapor, but in which may be found water cold and pleasant to drink.

As you approach the volcano this air becomes charged with sulphurous exhalations, which are not, however, particularly disagreeable for respiration. The Soufriere is nearly conical in shape, and its sides, deprived of trees, are covered with scanty vegetables, among which may be observed a sort of wild pineapple parasitical, like those which spring from the bark and branches of the silk cotton tree. We ascended the southern side, following a rough path where but one person could pass, and which is so steep as to require frequent rests, unless the tourist should be as strong as my guide, who ascended the whole way without pausing to take breath. In about half an hour after leaving the Cochran meadow we arrived at the summit of the volcano.

I could conceive of nothing more distorted, confused and frightful than the summit of this sulphurous mountain. It is quite a large level space formed of volcanic rock without soil, and bearing the impress of many shocks, which have successively given it many changes of form. An immense chasm, which opens due east and west, and which is formed by two perpendicular walls of rock many hundred feet in depth, gives vent to a perpetual discharge of steam and sulphurous vapor. The rock, as far as the eye can penetrate its depth, is tapestried with a beautiful yellow coating, brilliant with crystals, and when large stones are thrown into this chasm, they are heard to leap from one abyss to another for several seconds, with a sonorous echo, which grows less and less audible with the depth. This remarkable cliff is not more than two hundred paces in length, and is scarcely fifty paces in width. As these walls are perpendicular, one can advance to the edge without danger. It may be walked around without difficulty either on the right or left, and it may be even crossed by a perilous bridge formed of enormous blocks of stone, which are heaped up and leaning against each other along the chasm. The part of this level space, being on the north side of this bridge, has been broken up and left in a fearful state by the last eruption, which occurred some four or five years since. It is a type of destructive force in its most colossal and terrible aspect. Rocks which alarm the sight by their immense proportions, have been broken up and ground to grains of sand.

The ground around the volcano trembles beneath the feet, and the heat is so great that in some places you must move frequently to avoid burning the feet. On all sides small craters vent with a mutterring noise under the fragments of stone which cover their orifice. There are, perhaps, fifty or sixty of these with small orifices which you might cover with a hat, depositing with the escaping vapors flocs of sulphur, which is heaped up in the most fantastic forms. In viewing this surface, distorted and burning with constant explosions—these orifices which roar, and the steam which escapes in jets twenty feet high, and which it is impossible to approach—the pure crystals of sulphur which are whirled around in the air, and which in a few minutes will gild your beard and clothes, and, above all, to hear the perpetual groans of the water and fire in the caverns of the mountain, and whose eternal strife keeps the ground in a constant tremor, one may imagine all those legions of devils passed in review by St. Denis the Neopagite, and blowing with rage the retorts and gigantic alembics of some infernal alchymist.

THE COUNTRY'S COTTON.

Bill to Appropriate $36,000,000 to Improve Mississippi River Levees—An Array of Very Interesting Facts.

Mr. Alcorn, of Mississippi, introduced in the United States Senate, on the twenty-first instant, a very important bill, making an appropriation of $36,000,000 to improve the levees of the Mississippi river. This amount was stated by General Humphreys, of the topographical engineers, in a late report, to be necessary for constructing proper levees. The consideration set forth in that report is the reclamation of 20,000,000 acres of waste lands, embracing, as the report shows, 1,000,000 acres of corn land of unsurpassed and inexhaustible fertility, 2,500,000 acres adapted to the growth of sugar, and 7,000,000 acres of the best cotton lands in the world, capable of yielding a bale to the acre. In introducing this bill Mr. Alcorn took occasion to present a very interesting statement of the danger that menaced the United States of losing its high position in the markets of the world as a producer of raw cotton. He called attention to the determination evinced in the policy of England for many years to break down our supremacy in cotton, and illustrated this fact by quoting from speeches by members of Parliament and others previous to 1857. Mr. Alcorn says:

Previously to 1857 the British government had, as already shown, expended in silent preparation for this cotton war nearly a million dollars. Mr. Clegg, of Manchester, tells us that, in his pilgrimage from State to State on the shores of the Mediterranean as a preacher of the cotton crusade, he found himself anticipated at every point of promise by gins, seeds, and representations from the then English Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Viscount Palmerston.

Hassoun Bey bore testimony, at the cotton conference of 1862, that Sir Henry Bulwer, her Britannic Majesty's Minister at Constantinople, had always shown great interest in the question of cotton, and had been worthily met by the Grand Vizier. English diplomacy has gone on for fifteen years in quiet promotion of the war upon our great industry at all the courts holding possessions in cotton latitudes. In France, in Austria, in Greece, in Italy, in Portugal, the cultivation of cotton has been a subject of frequent representations by the representatives of British policy. All English consuls within the field of the cotton war were instructed ten or twelve years ago by Earl Russell to forward to the Foreign Office regular reports of the facts of cotton culture within their jurisdiction. And these reports have been referred by the government, as they have come in, to the Cotton Supply Association. In the conflict waged upon the unaided and prostrate industry which gives strength to our finance and volume to our commerce, we see thus arrayed against us in a solid mass the mill owners, the people and the government of England.

The British is not the only government that has taken the field against us. Actuated by some of the motives of England in the case, our ancient ally, France, took part long ago in the movement against our position in the cotton market, and the activity of the late Emperor in this struggle may be supposed fairly to have received new energies from his humiliation in Mexico. Under consultation with Lord Cowley, he left nothing undone to stimulate the growth of the fibre in French colonies. In Algeria, for example, he exempted that branch of agriculture from taxation, made the quality of the growth a subject of prizes, and assisting the fibre and yield by irrigation, offered liberal grants of land to farmers ready to enter on its cultivation.

Italy holds a high place in the ranks of our opponents. She has opened up her cotton lands by railroads, mapped them, measured their volume of labor, invited home and foreign capital to enter on their cultivation by liberal conveyance of the soil. By means of royal commissions, cotton fairs, gin trials, and other agencies of forcing the production, that country is attempting to erect on her 3,000,000 of acres of available surface, a triumphant rivalry to American cotton within a few days' steam of Manchester.

Mr. Alcorn went on to say that Greece, Morocco, Austria, Spain, Portugal and the British colonies are all co-operating against us. According to the market list printed in Liverpool, we have lost our footing in the sales of the staples to the extent of thirty-three per cent since 1861, while we have never since the war actually produced more than sixty-nine per cent as much Sea Island cotton, of which we formerly had a monopoly, as before, and the amount last year was only thirty-six per cent of what it was in 1858-9. The Senator then read two carefully prepared tables, the first showing the number of bales of cotton imported into the United Kingdom from all countries in the world during each year since 1860, and the other, the percentage of the whole which each country furnished. Leaving out the years of the war, the percentage furnished Great Britain by the United States was as follows: In 1860, 76.05; 1866, 31; 1867, 35; 1868, 34.7; 1869, 30.7; 1870, 48.4; 1871, 59.7. Mr. Alcorn then referred to the partial rescue of the cotton planting interest by releasing it from the cotton tax, but asserted that the industry had in the meantime become so weakened that it subsequently continued to retreat until 1870, when it regained eighteen per cent of the field. Passing to some of the differences between the contests made by American cotton early in the century and that made now, the Senator said that fifty years ago our supremacy in cotton was won in a struggle with opponents who possessed the means of retreating to industries enjoying the advantages of protection. Another difference is found in the increased cost of labor, which increases the cost of our products. Again, English spinners declare that since the war our cotton has depreciated in quality, and we must struggle to maintain our position in the face of all these discouraging circumstances. Mr. Alcorn gave some startling figures of the expenditures from the East Indian treasury for the purpose of getting Indian cotton to market. An official report on Indian railways, printed in 1870, sets the estimated cost of these works completed and in progress on the thirty-first of March of that year at $501,000,000; and this is in addition to millions more spent in improving the navigation of the Indian rivers. The Senator showed that the resources of this country for the production of cotton are almost inexhaustible, if they are only developed, and money, in his estimation, could not be better expended than in reclaiming the rich alluvial tracts of the Mississippi, and thus placing the United States in the proud position in regard to this staple which it occupied before the war. Mr. Alcorn concluded his remarks with the following extracts from the report of the Senate committee on the levees of the Mississippi:

Thirty-six millions of dollars will, according to the estimates of the chief engineer of the army, give the country the immense results flowing from a perfect system of levees. If these results but enable us to realize existing opportunities of expanding our commerce with the East, unembarrassed by its heavy drafts on our supplies, this outlay of $36,000,000 would prove, on that consideration alone, a highly profitable investment. If the expenditure proposed for the reclamation of the alluviums of the Mississippi but place our manufactures of cotton fabrics in New England under a condition to work back to the expansive health indicated in the increase of breadth in our exports up to 1860, that expenditure will have been made to yield a great national profit. If it but save the States of the West the enormous tax on their products, of transportation over railroads to the seaboard, by throwing open to them a demand of $150,000,000 in an adjoining territory accessible by water carriage on the Mississippi and its tributaries, it will have proved one of the most productive outlays ever made by the nation. If the $36,000,000, instead of appreciating the national paper—as their outlay will—to par, by attracting a great outflow for specie for sugar, and by inducing a great influx of specie for cotton, but appreciate the national paper even one and a quarter per cent, their investment in the reclamation of the agricultural wealth that awaits but that investment for conversion in the flats of the Mississippi, will turn out to be the most profitable application that can be made of the public credit. Our imports in excess of exports, our protection of treasure absorbed in the paying of interest to foreigners, even our present scant basis for a convertible currency dependent on foreign sufferance, and a struggle of interest among the nations threatening to make the gold famine here permanent—this expenditure on the levees of the Mississippi, if it increases our production of cotton to even one-half of the promise which it gives on the faith of the chief engineer of the army, will, by adding to our income $150,000,000 of gold, have yielded the nation a profit incalculably great. And, surely, if it be worth to England an outlay of $450,000,000 on railroads in India to crush the supremacy of the United States in the cotton market of the world, it is eminently wise on the part of the United States to make a good reassertion of that supremacy at the cost of an expenditure on the Mississippi levees of $36,000,000.

New Orleans, Little Rock and St. Louis Railroad.

We copy the following from the Shreveport *Telegram:*

General T. P. Dockery, president of this road, addressed the citizens of Camden, Arkansas, on the fourth instant. General Dockery said that all the counties on the route of the road from Little Rock to the Louisiana line had voted their bonds to the fullest amount required, and he now asked them to make the donation of bonds stated in the proposition of the company. He assured the people the road would be pushed vigorously forward so soon as the land donations were made, and that the company was able and willing to have the cars running from Camden to Little Rock by midsummer. The meeting appointed D. W. Fellows, David Snow, George H. Dodd, George Brown, S. C. Buchanan, E. Febleman, A. A. Tuft, N. N. Rawlings, a committee to solicit donations of land from the citizens of Ouachita county. The meeting passed resolutions expressing confidence in the company; a sense of the importance of the enterprise, and a determination to do everything possible to meet the proposition of the company. A number of gentlemen present stepped up and subscribed from 500 to 1000 acres of land each. Judge Bearden has made appointments to canvass the county in advocacy of land subscriptions.

Our readers will bear in mind that this is the road in relation to which General Dockery addressed the people of the city a few months ago, and which proposes to make a junction with the New Orleans system of railroads at this point, provided Shreveport and Bossier parish meet the terms of the company.

Flight from the Land of Snow and Ice.

We copy a portion of a letter from this city to the Chicago *Tribune:*

NEW ORLEANS, January 13.—"This is the most damnable climate on the top of God's green earth." The foregoing was the favorite exclamation of a friend of mine, on his arrival at our office in Chicago, every morning for a week previous to last Friday. I said nothing, but thought much, and Thursday surprised him by announcing my determination to get out of that climate that night. "Now, there is nothing so nice," exclaims the author of "Cakes and Ale" to every new proposal, and though it may seem contradictory, when, in one chapter, he adds, "as pudding with plums in it," and, in the next, "as a visit from your mother-in-law," yet, putting the emphasis on *now*, all difficulties are removed, and you see that he only means that whatever pleasure is at hand should rule supreme. So I thought to myself as, last Thursday night, with the wind biting my face, I walked, satchel in hand, to the Illinois Central depot on Twenty-second street. "Now there is nothing so nice" as to start off without preparation on a trip, without knowing where you are going. Thoreau, I believe, wrote that the true way to enjoy a good walk is, not to make up your mind to go far and return, but go with the world before you, and, when you have enjoyed this unbounded freedom until your soul is filled, return. I hailed the ticket agent with, "I want a ticket." "Where to, sir?" "I don't know." "Where are you going?" "I don't know. I want to get away from this snow, ice and wind." We finally decided on the city in which this letter is dated.

On awaking the next morning I looked anxiously out of the car window to see if we were beyond the snow; but no! there it was, as cold and white as ever. Stepping out of the car for a moment, I met the same remorseless wind which froze my ear the day before. Reached Cairo that evening at five, and there found the same snow, ice and wind. I began to inquire the price of a ticket to Havana, Cuba. The Mississippi was full of ice, and the negro on board the river steamer Illinois informed me that it was a little worse at Humboldt, where we were again to take the cars, than at any other point.

I began to think I had taken the wrong direction, or perhaps the geographies and story books were all wrong, and there were no regions but those of eternal snow in winter time, at any rate. However, "Returning were as tedious as go o'er." The river incidents were all new to me, and "There is nothing so nice" as supper on a river boat. After supper, I enjoyed watching the glories of a red sunset; then went down among the boilers (five of them), the horses, a hundred I should think, and the engine room. The boat passed the gorge of ice just above Humboldt and Belmont easily this trip; a few days before she was wedged in it three days and more. Then we were in clear water. I felt encouraged.

Snow at Humboldt!

On the cars I dreamed of mountains of snow; frozen ears, noses, hands, feet, etc., floated on rivers of ice. I woke, and looking out of the window, saw the beautiful earth white with moonlight. Not a speck of snow any where.

With a sense of great comfort, I went to sleep again. In the morning, found myself surrounded with not only a warmer air, but a new people; and, since that day to this, I have been in a blaze, meeting so much life and character which is new to me, and, I think, to the people of the North generally, that I hardly know whether I am asleep or no.

Quotations from the Murderers.

[From the New York Herald.]

Hanging is played out in New York.—Rock Reynolds, January 24, 1870.

Take that, you s— of a b——.—Michael McAloon, August 22, 1870.

I shot him, and I could not help it. I knew that something was going to happen. I dreamt I was a Prussian soldier, and a lot of French were after me.—Valentine Reckel, September 10, 1870.

You won't marry me, and I'll kill you.—William Marsh, September 16, 1870.

I'll knock your d—d head off.—John Thomas (colored), September 30, 1870.

I was very drunk, and do not remember anything of it.—George Woodruff, November 28, 1870.

Now, I've got you.—Abraham Jones (colored), January 1, 1871.

I saw him draw a pistol; I pulled mine and shot him.—Reddy the Blacksmith, January 25, 1871.

I am going as far as you do, and when you get off I'll give you hell.—William Foster, April 26, 1871.

We have a case over there.—James McGawley, August 28, 1871.

I'll settle with you.—Daniel Foley, September 21, 1871.

There's a man shot at the lad