THE WEEKLY CLARION.

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TOM HOOD'S LAST POEM.

Farewell Life! my senses swim:
And the world is growing dim;
Thronging shadows cloud the light,
Like the advent of the night—
Colder, colder, colder still—
Upward steals a vapor chill—
Strong the earthly odor grows—
I smell the mold above the rose.

Welcome Life! The spirit strives:
Strength returns and hope revives;
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn
Fly like shadows at the morn—
O'er the earth there comes a bloom—
Sunny light for sullen gloom.
Warm perfume for vapor cold—
I smell the rose above the mold.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

—A little girl poet, of thirteen, writes the following verses, entitled "The Little Peacemaker:"

Mamma leaning 'gainst the mantle
With her face all in a pout,
Papa hid behind the paper,
Shows there's been a falling out.

Lilly, sitting on the carpet—
Flaxen hair and sky blue eyes—
Looks from one unto the other
With a grave surprise.

Till at last she drops her Dolly,
Ris s softly from the floor,
Passes Pa, who tries in vain
O'er the daily news to pore.

Catches mamma's listless fingers,
Tugs away wi h all her might,
And her baby voice of pleading
Put all angry thoughts to flight.

Dispersed angry feelings widely,
As the winds would scatter chaff.
Mother stooped and kissed her darling,
Breaking in a merry laugh.

Papa dropped his paper, joyous
Caught sweet Lilly to his breast—
Now I'll stop, for more is useless,
Let the reader guess the rest.

LORD BYRON TO HIS HALF SISTER, THE HON. MRS. LEIGH.

My sister! my sweet sister! if a name
Dearer and purer were, it should be thine.
Mountains and seas divide us, but I claim
No tears, but tenderness to answer mine.
Go where I will, to me thou art the same—
A loved regret which I would not resign.
There yet are two things in my destiny—
A world to roam through, and a home with thee.

The first were nothing—had I still the last
It were the haven of my happiness;
But other claims and other ties thou hast,
And mine is not the wish to make them less.
* * * * * * *

I can reduce all feelings but this one;
And that I would not;—for at length I see
Such scenes as those wherein my life begun.
The earliest—even the only paths for me—
Had I but sooner learnt the crowd to shun,
I had been better than I now can be:
The passions which have torn me would have slept;
I had not suffer'd, and *thou* hadst not wept.
* * * * * * *

For three, my own sweet sister, in thy heart
I know myself secure, as thou in mine;
We were and are—I am, even as thou art—
Beings who ne'er each other can resign;
It is the same, together or apart,
From life's commencement to its slow decline
We are entwined—let death come slow or fast,
The tie which bound the first endures the last!

Climbing Up.

It is a very common thing to hear people excuse their want of cultivation, of education, of respectability, of refinement—in fact, of all the qualities that give one social value and position—by referring to the many great men who have risen from the lowest round of the human ladder. They point to Shakespeare, Claude Lorraine, Columbus, Napoleon, and other historically-famous individuals—including Horace Greeley—and trace them back to their early poverty and ignorance, as an excuse. They say, "If these men came from my class, it must be the best one." The matter lies in a nutshell. The lowest circle is an excellent one to get away from. The difference between William Shakespeare and John Smith is, that William could not remain in an ignoble position, that circumstance could not keep him there, while John cannot elevate himself above the surroundings in which he was originally placed. It is no disgrace to a man to have ascended from the lowest and most degrading condition, but it is an overwhelming shame it be remains in it when he has such examples before him. To say that a man "has had no advantages," is merely to say he has not taken advantage of circumstances. None of the great men in history, those whose names and memories are like shining lamps, illuming the present through all the mists of the past, had "advantages." They seized their circumstances with an iron grasp, and made them into advantages by their own strong wills and superior talent. The same path lies open to all. The ladder is hard to climb, wearying to the feet and blistering to the hands, but it has been climbed, and there are many now in the mire and misery of the bottom round, who, unmindful of blisters or weariness, will attain the highest before they die.

There has been quite too much said in the papers about those swords of Gen. Twiggs, for which suit has been brought against Gen. Butler, and yet it is remarkable that the main fact has been lost sight of. The illegality of the seizure by Gen. Butler, and the appropriation of the swords by the United States, grows out of the fact that Gen. Twiggs was not at the time of the seizure in the service of the Confederate States—he was entirely disabled from service, and his swords and plate were not prize of war, and could not be appropriated by Gen. Butler or the United States, without a judgment, execution and sale, by a court and its officers having jurisdiction thereof. But then, as the United States approved and benefited by this and similar illegal acts of appropriation of private property by Gen. Butler, the latter will probably call the Government in warranty to defend his acts therein.—N. O. Times.

A PERSONAL ARGUMENT.—Counselor R ——, one of the foremost advocates of the bar of Central New York, was himself a collegian, and was naturally anxious that his eldest son should reap the honors of his own *Alma Mater*. The counselor had been quite wild in his early years, and Master Will manifestly inherited a superabundance of what the philosophers of the Josh Billings school would call "pure cussedness." During his first year at college, Will was suspended for some flagrant breach of discipline and arriving at home, he proceeded to report the occurrence to his father. "Suspended, hey?" the old lawyer remarked, laying down the volume of Reports that he was perusing, and looking reprovingly at Will over his spectacles. "A pretty beginning you've made of it, I declare!" The culprit put his hands in his pantaloons pockets and said not a word. "Well, sir!" continued the parent, becoming angry at Will's perfect nonchalance, "what have you to say about it?" "Nothing, sir." "Nothing, indeed! What did the president tell you when he suspended you?" "He said I was the worst young man the college had ever held—with one exception." "Ah! did he say who that was?" "Yes, sir." "Ah!" (A slight pause.) "And who was it?" "My father, sir." As may be supposed, the last reply was a perfect *non sequitur*.

DRESS IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—The costume introduced by the missionaries, nearly fifty years ago, is still the dress of the native women. It consists of long skirts, high waists, immense coal scuttle bonnets, and apparently no under clothing. The effect was laughable, as we met troops of pretty girls mounted astride of ponies, and dressed in the costume of our grandmothers' portraits, chattering and laughing gayly as they cantered along, their bright-colored dresses fluttering in the wind, and scarcely concealing their well-rounded forms. It was not without much difficulty that the missionaries succeeded in making these children of nature adopt any dress whatever, even for decent attendance at church. Even now, I have been told, on some of the islands the people bring on Sunday all their clothing in a bundle to the door of the church, where they dress, and after service doffing their costume, carry it homeward under their arms.

PROPOSED CONGRESSIONAL APPROPRIATIONS—The Chicago Tribune makes up the following list of schemes in preparation for the coming session of Congress, looking to the obtaining of appropriations of aid or subsidy from the general government:—The Kanawha canal and James river improvement, $75,000,000; Upper Mississippi, $12,000,000; levees of Mississippi, $20,000,000; Ohio river, $10,000,000; Louisville and Portland canal, $5,080,000; Memphis and El Paso Pacific railroad, $75,000,000; four lines of ocean steamers, $30,000,000; Southern railroad bonds, guaranteed by the United States, $50,000,000; Northern Pacific railroad, $60,000,000. Total $349,080,000.

Late Publications.

Memoirs of the War in the Southern Department of the United States, by Henry Lee, Lieutenant-Colonel, Commandant of the Partisan Legion during the American War. A New Edition, with Revisions, and a Biography of the Author, by Robt. E. Lee.

Such is the title page of one of the handsomest, and certainly one of the most valuable works yet issued from the press of the University Publishing Company, of New York—a Company that has done more than all the other Eastern houses combined, for the encouragement of Southern literature. The volume before us is gotten up in the best style of the book publishing art, and the fact that this is the third edition, is the best evidence of the popularity of the Memoirs. The work is 620 pages in extent, elegantly bound, and profusely illustrated with steel portraits, maps and battle scenes. Among the portraits are those of Light-Horse Harry, Gen. R. E. Lee and Gen Nathaniel Greene. We do not know the price of the volume, but is well worth the usually reasonable rates of its publishers.

"DREAM NUMBERS" is the title of a handsomely gotten up Domestic Novel, of 400 pages, by T. Adolphus Trollope, for a copy of which we are indebted to the publishers, T. B Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. Price $1 75 in cloth; or $1 50 in paper cover. The Round Table—high authority in such matters—thus refers to this work:

"The scenes in Dream Numbers are well chosen—the pleasant city of Lucca, the ruinous old town of Uzzano among the Appennines, a rural domain half farm and half villa, on the banks of the Serchio, a lawyer's house and studio, with the cottage of a provincial wheel-wright's widow, the den of an usurer in Florence, chestnut woods church *piazza*, a police office, priest's domicile, a mountain path, and a saintly *festa*—all give scope to minute details of still-life and natural scenery. The characters are adapted to and spring naturally from the scenes; there is the proud and beautiful *contadino*, queen of her class, Regina Baritoli—her vigorous, frank, and handsome lover, Calo Carioli, the shrewd, complacent, and portly father of the heroine, prosperous and hale, keen but kindly; the cunning, unscrupulous *curato*, Pasquale; his garrulous, self seeking housekeeper; the pleasant, buxom little widow Monaldi, with her magnetic, bowine eyes; the pertinacious, mercenary, Meo Mornii and his worldly-wise father, with the deceitful and vindictive Simonetti, make up a group native to the soil and the period, representative of the country and the race. Tuscan rusticity, avarice, prejudice, urbanity, frugality, superstition, profanity; Tuscan farming, jurisprudence, *navete*, and duplicity; the scenery and the soul of the region in their normal and characteristic phase—all come out on the page of the faithful chronicler in distinct outlines and hues, caught from nature with a patient hand and a true and kindly eye."

ROLAND YORKE; A SEQUEL TO "THE CHANNINGS."—BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.—T. B. Peterson & Brothers have just issued, from the manuscript and advance proof-sheets purchased from Mrs. Wood at an expense of one hundred and fifty pounds, sterling, in gold, Roland Yorke; A Sequel to 'The Channings." It will be read with interest by all who delight in the marvellously and ingeniously constructed plots which are characteristic of this authoress' writings. Mrs. Wood has a marvellous faculty of charming her readers with the skill with which she puts her characters on the stage, of multiplying her plots, of sustaining her dialogues, and of intensifying all her minor incidents. Roland Yorke will not be laid aside without eager perusal to the end, for the reader will be constantly led aside into new avenues and lanes, with such enchanting views and scenery, that he never wearies of the path; there are so many new faces among the minor actors, and such a magic interest thrown around all they say and do, that his delectation is complete, and his interest never flags for a moment. It is but justice to say that, in these respects, which are the secret of Mrs. Wood's great popularity as a novelist, this, her latest work, is her best. This volume will add greatly to her high reputation, and will be perused with eagerness by the whole reading public. It is remarkably well printed in large type and on fine paper, in octavo form, in uniform style with "the Channings" price $1 50, and will undoubtedly have a very large sale.

THE "NEW BOOK ON BUILDING," recently issued by Messrs. Hinkle & Co., Cincinnati is the most valuable—because the most practical—publication of the kind that has come under our notice. We thank them for a copy. To architects and builders, and to persons contemplating the erection of public or private residences, this book will be of great value. Among its many illustrations, we find accurate views of twelve residences and one church in Mississippi. The price is $1 00. The address of Hinkle & Co., is 365 West Front street, Cincinnati.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE, For December, is to hand, with a splendid variety of valuable, attractive and entertaining contents. Lippincott is our favorite Monthly. Subscription price $4 per year. Address the publishers, J. B. Lippincott & Co., 717 Market street, Philadelphia.

"THE SOUTHERN FARM AND HOME," is the name of a new monthly, published by J. W. Burke & Co., Macon, Ga., the first number of which is on our table. It is gotton up in the best style of such publications, and is well filled with attractive and valuable reading. The number before us contains a finely engraved view of the building and fair grounds of the Georgia State Agricultural Society, with a description of the same, and an account of the State Fair recently held at Macon. The subscription price is $2 per year.

EDUCATIONAL.—We have received from the well-known school-book publishers, Messrs. A.S Barnes & Company, New York, the following publications recently issued from their press—to which the attention of teachers is invited:

Monteith's Physical and Intermediate Geography—being No. 4 of the National Geographical Series.

The National Second Reader, by Parker & Watson.

Davies' Practical Arithmetic.

The address of Messrs. A. S. Barnes & Co., is 111 and 113 William street, New York.

The Mysterious Man.

Who has not seen the man full of mysteries and secrets? He always has something confidential to say to you—some secret of great importance to hint about and talk roundabout—and perhaps he will volunteer to reveal it to you, (only you, because it is important that you should know it!) But when he gets through and swears you to secrecy, you are as much puzzled to know what it is all about as you were before he burdened you with the precious secret. He begins mysteriously and ends mysteriously; and if you were not already familiar with his characteristics, you would feel yourself mysteriously enveloped in mystery. As it is, you feel a little dreamy and foggy, and unconsciously walk cautiously along till you meet something to divert your attention and restore you to yourself again.

The sanity of the mysterious man admits of a good deal of doubt. However, he is usually harmless, and, aside from the fact of his belonging to the genus button-holder, may be quite rational and agreeable. Though a character one feels like shunning, still he is an object rather of pity than of condemnation. Hence it is difficult to shake him off, as we cannot bear to treat him unkindly; so we gently avoid and evade him, while we wonder why it is that Providence allows us to be annoyed by his presence, and what great and good use he serves in the scale of animated creation, since nothing is made in vain.

Butler's quartermaster, as was expected, upholds the action of the Beast.

LEAVE!—"Round-About," of the Louisville Courier-Journal, says:

Every able-bodied young man during the winter is expected to, and generally does, do a vast amount of visiting, and to guard them from the rock so many are splitting upon, a whisper of advice as to how they can, perhaps, enhance themselves in the eyes of the young ladies; the effect may not be unwelcome, and many martyrs to late hours will thank us for insinuating the suggestion into the minds of their adorers. It is simply this: Don't stay too long. Eight o'clock is quite early enough to apperr at beauty's feet, and you should incontinently vanish at ten. Every minute you stay beyond ten militates against you. Your charmer, after two hours, will begin to exhibit symptoms (invisible to you) of getting sleepy, if not fatigued. Her parents will be kept up too late, and her mamma, in particular, deprived of the precious privilege of cross-questioning your Angelica, and dissecting you when you are out of the house. Endeavor to make yourself as agreeable as possible from eight to ten, and then leave promptly. Short and frequent visits tell, when your setting-out policy of staying until the old gentleman comes down and asks you to remain a few minutes longer and get your breakfast, never would do. The young ladies will like this better, and look all the fresher for not having been victimized from ten to twelve the night before, and make themselves more charming than ever the next time. Young fellows suffering from their first attack of calf love will think this cruel advice, but the parents and young ladies will not.

PURCHASING POULTRY FOR THE TABLE.—A correspondent of Moore's Rural New Yorker offers a few words about purchasing poultry for the holidays, and we condensed his remarks to those who are not good judges of poultry. He says: "Fowls are killed and prepared for market with much adroitness and care by some dealers, and many devices practiced to catch the eye of the unsophisticated purchaser-the best side of the poultry being shown to the greatest advantage. Every sort of fowl is killed, plucked and put on market about Thanksgiving time, and if the purchaser buys an inferior article at an exhorbitant price, he has only himself to blame for so doing.

"It is easy to judge of the age of a plucked fowl, whether old or young, simply by the legs. If the scales of the legs of a hen are rough, and the spur hard, you can set it down for a certainty that she is old, without seeing the head; still the head will corroborate your observation; if that of an old hen, the bill will be stiff and hard, and the comb rough and thick. The scales on the legs of a young hen are smooth, glossy and fresh colored, whatever the color may be; only the rudiments of spurs are observable; the claws tender and blunt, and under bill soft, the comb thin and smooth. An old hen turkey has rough scales on the legs, callosities on the soles or bottom of the feet; and long, strong claws, while a young turkey has the reserve of the marks. A young goose or duck can be readily told by the tenderness of the skin under the wings, the strength of the joints and legs, and, the coarseness of the skin.

"If the foregoing directions are strictly followed, in purchasing poultry, we will venture the assertion that the 'good-housewife' will have no fault to find with the length of time it takes to cook, or the toughness of her Thanksgiving turkey, goose or chicken. This mode of finding out old fowls is infallible."

USE OF LIME IN AGRICULTURE.—The action of lime is two-fold; first, physical, and second, chemical. As a mechanical agent it opens stiff clays, rendering them friable, mellow, and more easily worked; chemically, it acts upon the vegetable matter of the soil and sets free those stores of valuable substances which, without the action of this agent, must have remained inert and useless. It also enters directly into the composition of plants, and in many varieties forms a large proportion of the weight of their inorganic constituents. It neutralizes certain acids which are often present in soils, rendering them useful to vegetation, instead of being positively injurious, which they are in their original state. The existence of water in the soil, however, affects the action of lime very considerably. If the land is wet and undrained, lime will not exert the same influence which it would do in the case of thoroughly drained land. A greater quantity of lime is necessary to produce a given effect, and thus the neglect of thorough drainage entails a considerable greater expenditure in liming than would have been necessary, if the land was either naturally or artificially dry.—Cameron's Chemistry of Agriculture.

Wade Hampton on the Freedmen.

There is a State Fair now in progress at Macon, Ga., and it appears to be attended with considerable success. The agricultural and labor interests of the State are largely represented there, and they are not merely confined to Georgia, but extend over all the Southern States. Many of these fairs have been held of late, and the effect has been generally good, predicting a large improved condition of the whole South, and showing the advance made in material progress since the disastrous times of the civil war. Gen. Hampton, who has frequently exhibited his wise appreciation of the existing condition of things, and has given many sensible ideas concerning the new relations between the North and the South, expressed himself with some force on the question of treating the freedmen for the mutual benefit of that class and of the Southern States also. He urged the necessity of cultivating a patriarchal and friendly feeling with the colored freedmen and the improvement of their moral and intellectual status. This is what the South requires. The Southern people know that the freedmen are there among them; that they are there by law established, either as an incubus to be carried on the shoulders of Southern industry, or an element to be employed for its benefit. Wade Hampton evidently sees the matter in this light, and he advises his people well upon this subject. The South is gradually relieving itself from the effects of the late war, and perhaps there are no means which it can employ better calculated to assist the issue than the judicious use of the negro element as suggested by Wade Hampton.—N. Y. Herald.

A Tourists Paradise.

"If there be an elysium on earth," it is—according to an eloquent correspondent who has been traveling in the Caucasus—on the banks of the Phasis, two days' journey from Tiffis. The river, he says, "wanders through an exuberance of tropical shrubs and grasses, and tinted trees, laurels and rhododendrons. Species of palm and wild fruit trees of every kind grow almost rank. And there are birds of all sorts; besides the native pheasant, woodcocks, wild ducks, snipes and colored birds abound. This is the bank of the garden, but away from it stretch the mountain, folding back one above the other to a distance of thirty or forty miles—first the wooded range, then the less distinct blue, and then the snow peaks—Over all was a glow of the softest light, and towards evening, when that snow was steeped in pink, and we passed the canoes of the lovely Gourri, the most beautiful tribe of the Caucasus, and heard them chant their evening hymn, it was not wonderful that I thought my horse must have stepped over the precipice and sent me from sleep to fairy land. And yet no one comes here!" Tiffis, he prophesies, will become the most fashionable tourist headquarters in the "world."—The steamers on the Black Sea, he declares beat the Cunard; the cabins and saloons are much wider and prettier—the latter actually has a floor of pretty brick tiles.

EXTRAORDINARY VOYAGE OF A BALTIMORE STEAMER.—The Baltimore steamer Helen Brooks, which our readers will remember left Baltimore on the 5th day of August, 1869, arrived at her destination a few days ago, after the following extraordinary voyage: She left Baltimore by the Chesapeake Bay, and passed through the Delaware Canal, up the Delaware River to Trenton, N. J., through the State of New Jersey by canal, down Raritan river to New York city, up Hudson river to Troy, through the State of New York by the Erie Canal to Buffalo, thence by way of Lake Erie to Chicago, down through the Illinois Canal to the Illinois river, and thence down the Mississippi to the place of destination, after a circuitous journey of over three thousand miles. The Helen Brooks is a small steamer of light draft, for use in the bayou.—N. O. Picayune.

A Philadelphia school girl wishes she was a boy, so she could swear when she dropped her school books in the mud.

CLIPPINGS.

The "bump of destructiveness"—Railway collision.

Absinthe and Hyacinthe are casing much excitement in Paris at present.

'Tis said that the potato disease is cused by the rot-ator-y motion of the earth.

Hope—A sentiment exhibited in the wag of a dog's tail when he's waiting for a one.

Wherever the Spanish language is spken, there is chronic insurrection and civil war.

Talents are nurtured best in solitude but character in life's tempestous sea.—Gethe.

Flirting with High school girls in Boston has been stopped by the chief of police—how isn't stated.

The way to gain a good reputatio is to endeavor to be what you desire to appear.—Socrates.

Very few of the Southern traders come to Boston now. New York and Baltimore gobble this immense trade between them.

Franklin Pierce was the 14th President, and there are fourteen letters in his name His initials—F. P.—stand for fourteenth President.

"My son," said a man of doubtful morals putting his hand on the head of a young urchin, "I believe Satan has got hold of you." "I believe so, too," was the reply.

At the wedding of Colonel Walter I Cutting and Miss Marie C. Pomeroy, at Pittsfield, Mass., Mrs. John C. Colby, of that town blazed out in $35,000 worth of diamotis.

Chicago Germans are to build an $80,000 theatre

Illinois has five thousand practicing physicians. This accounts for the prosperity of the marble works in the State.

Wisconsin is covered with two feet of snow, and in the Southern part of the State the telegraph lines are all down.

Weston, the champion slow walker, has been beaten in Iowa by a farmer fifty seven years old. Now quit.

It is believed that many people commit suicide now-days in order to get their last letter in print.

South Boston is having one of the greatest revivals of the age.

The button mania is "on" at Elgin, Ill., and a young female has collected 368, all different.

A Cincinnati tailor has been dismissed for making Dr. Mary Walker's pantaloons too short at the top or bottom, the paper don't say which.

Putting a coal-oil lamp in a tin basin when retiring is said to be a preventive to explosions. We know a trick worth two of that—chuck it out the window.

Hartford is enjoying "Uncle Tom's Cabin," just as though there had been no war, in which the colored troops fought nobly.

The new opera-house at Charleston, S. C. will be opened on December 1st. It is said to have no superior outside of New York.

The last thing out is a religious paper in Chicago using the slang expression, "How is that for high?" Well, how *is* it, Dr high?

St. Louis is in debt $14,000,000. We don't see what they want to get trusted so much for, when the national capital is so near their property.

It takes $350 of Haytien money to buy a cigar.

A first class Chinese wife in San Francisco is valued at $500.

The boys are already skating in the Northwest and New England.

Chicago wants 10,000 Chinese for house servants, and New York 50,000.

An Italian paper states that the Pope has sent a letter to Father Hyacinthe.

The Suez Canal is said to be the most striking passage in the Egyptian history.

There is a papier-mache church at Bergen, Germany, capable of holding 1000 people.

Over 20,000,000 people rode in the London omnibuses during the first half of this year.

A London paper wants criminals, as an additional punishment, to be fed on horse flesh.

Punch discovers that the sea is a better housekeeper than the earth, because the sea is more tidy.

The New York Express thinks trapeze performances ought as brutal and barbarous as bull fights.

Six oxen drew the Cardiff giant to Syracuse, and he in return draws two thousand spectators daily.

A young lady of Sedalia, Mo., recently killed herself because her lover took her sister to a party.

Boston was unhappy Thanksgiving Day because the price of turkeys rose to thirty five cents a pound.

The Prussians complain that the distilleries of that country consume more potatoes than the people eat.

The Methodists of Vermont are to have a seminary, for which $50,000 are to be raised by a weekly ten cent subscription.

George H. Halsey, of Newark, N. J., is said to be selected as Mr. Grinnell's successor as Collector of Customs at New York.

Louisville, by a vote of 17 to 5, in the School Board, has refused to exclude the reading the Bible from the Public Schools.

France has 20,059 miles of telegraph, all of it, excepting 2000 miles, having been constructed during the present Emperor's reign.

From London—breach of promise—servant woman of 55 against gouty old man of 77—promise given 19 years ago—damages $256.

Queen Victoria's eldest doughter, the crown Princess of Prussia, is said to be showing signs of insanity, caused by domestic trouble.

The North German merchant navy consists of 5110 ships, with a united tonnage of 1,269,984 tons, of which 156, with 102,149 tons and steamers.

Apropos of the proposed Dutch Atlantic cable, the New York Telegram thinks the bottom of the sea may be properly called the Netherlands.

One of the most lamentable circumstances connected with the death of George Peabody is the mass of poor poetry perpetrated thereover in the rural papers.

Three Santee Indians in Nebraska have been ordained ministers in the Episcopal church by Bishop Clarkson. They are to be missionaries among the Indians.

British Columbia, not to be behind in agricultural productions, mentions, as an ordinary achievement, peas weighing a pound and three-quarters apiece.

MISSISSIPPI.

An obstreperous negro was shot on Thursday last at Enterprise. The Meridian Mercury says that he did some act for which a policeman undertook to arrest him. He made fight, and drew a pistol on the officer, whereupon the officer shot and wounded him, and then overpowered him. As he was being conducted to the lock-up, he called upon the negroes standing about to come to his rescue. They looked quietly on and let the law take its course, like good boys.

On Thursday last, a difficulty occurred near Enterprise between a Conservative and a Radical negro, in which the latter, named Doby, had his throat cut and was killed.

At the recent election of officers for the Mississippi and Tennessee railroad, the following gentlemen were elected for the ensuing year: Frank M. White, President; Directors—Gen. Rocertson, Major McKay, John Caldwell, DeSoto; N. R. Sledge, E. McGehee, N. Howard, Panola; W. B. Greenlaw, Frank White, Sam. Tate, Memphis, Tennessee.

Last week, two men named West, hailing from Madison county, and Jackson, from Clarke county, Kentucky, came to Grenada with a drove of mules, having in their employ a man named C. E. Moore. When at Grenada, Jackson returned home, and West and Moore started with the stock for Tallahatchie county. When near Tippo, Moore assassinated West, taking his money and starting eastward with the stock. At Water Valley he offered the animals for sale. He was recognized, instantly arrested, and taken to the Charleston jail, where he now awaits an examination.

Harry Ginn, an ex-policeman of Vicksburg, Mississippi, was shot and killed, on the 14th, by Tom Burke, a hackman.

Prescience of Robt. J. Walker.

The late Robt. J. Walker had a firm belief in the power and capacity of the country, and of its renown and prosperity in the future. The following letter to his wife, written about thirty years ago, published for the first time in the Washington Chronicle, will be read with interest:

STEAMBOAT EXPRESS,
NEAR CAIRO, Sept. 12, 1840.

DEAREST MARY:—We are approaching the city of Cairo, and as my letter from St. Louis may not reach you sooner than from this place, I write again to say that my health continues excellent, and the boat on which we are embarked is large and comfortable.

The scenery between St. Louis and the Ohio river is very fine but is inferior in grandeur and variety to that on the upper Mississippi. I am now persuaded that the population of the United States at the census now taking, will exceed seventeen millions, and by the year 1850 will reach twenty-three millions. Nearly one-half of this population will be west of the Alleghenn mountains at this time, and in 1860 more than one-half. The great European hive is just beginning to emigrate here. A general war in Europe would send us millions Holland, Belgium, Denmark, Sweden and Norway, Prussia and Austria, together with Great Britain, will send us the greater part of the emigration. France, Italy, Spain and Portugal have not yet participated in the emigrating spirit, and the Russians are not permitted to come. At St. Louis, Oregon is spoken of as the Western country, and the States on the great valley of the Ohio and Mississippi will soon be regarded as the great central region of the republic. If little Mary is spared to the age of her great grandfather (Benjamin Franklin) she will see a city on the Pacific greater than Philadelphia now is, and pass on a railroad from ocean to ocean in less than a week.

If you doubt this, preserve this letter, that little Mary may read it when an old woman, and realize her father's predictions.

How grateful should we be to Almighty God that we are permitted to live in an age of such surpassing interest, and in a country blessed with so much of human liberty. Religion, education and steam are to preserve us as a free and united people, and to carry onward this republic to a destiny more sublime than any imagination has dared to conceive. It is said, an undevout astronomer is mad," but the time is rapidly approaching when the saying will be true as to *undevout Americans*.

Give my love to all our dear friends at Bordentown, and many kisses to the two little darlings.

Your devoted husband,
R. J. WALKER.

MRS. M. B. WALKER.

Reminiscence of Mrs. Madison.

At dinner Mrs. Madison always took the head of the table; Mr. Madison the middle, and one of his secretaries the bottom. Her memory was so good that she never forgot a name, and would address each of her guests, though just introduced with twenty others, as if she had known them for years. She was a magnificent looking woman in the drawing-room. Her stately and Juno-like figure towered above the rest of the ladies. When she found a timid, young girl she would attend to her most assiduously, conduct her to the piano, and remain with her till she became more at her ease. At one of her receptions a tall, dangling youth fresh from the backwoods, made his appearance and took his stand against a partition wall. He stood in that position like a fixture for half an hour, and finally ventured to take a cup of coffee, which it was then the custom to hand about. Mrs. Madison's keen eye had noticed his embarrassment, and she wisned to relieve it. She walked up and addressed him. The poor youth, astounded, dropped the saucer on the floor, and unconsciously thrust the cup into his breeches pocket. "The crowd is so great," remarked the gentle lady, "that no one can avoid being jostled. The servant will bring you another cup of coffee. Pray, how did you leave your excellent mother? I had once the honor of knowing her, but I have not seen her for some years." Thus she continued, till the poor youth felt as if he were in the company of an old acquaintance. He took care, secretly and soon, to dislodge the protuberance in his pocket.

Aiming for the Best Quality.

Bring a good thing to market, and you will be crowded with customers. You will not only get more, but considerably more on many things.

Look at the grapes of the best varieties fully grown and ripened, and see what an advance they will bring. There is no glut with such grapes. You cannot raise enough; that's the difficulty. And so it is with every product.

If the market is dull, introduce a superior article, and you give it activity. You not only sell (where others fail to sell at all), but you sell at a fair advance on the nominal price. You can sell a superior thing at any time. And when the market is buoyant, then it is that you are king of the board. It is then that the price is advanced, and you get the benefit.

And it is a pleasure to sell a good thing, whether fruit, beef, grain, butter, cheese, whatever it may be. You not only go to market with confidence, but you hold your article while you have it on hand with the same assured feeling. You feel safe. You take pride in the thought that you have the article.

Is all this nothing. Then sell and it will be something. It will line your pockets, and get you a reputation. We have known things to be sold on reputation alone.

But you can raise a good quality just as well as a poor. You can raise just as much of it.

Where do our best things come from? From our best producers, our most intelligent, our most honored men. They see how it is, and do accordingly.

It is an inferior article that gluts the market; a good one never.

It is safe then to aim at No. 1; it is profitable; it is reputable.—Journal of Agriculture.

From the Mexico (Mo.) Ledger, Nov. 24.

Forgers Arrested---Swindling on a Large Scale.

On the fifth day of March last, two men by the respective names of Bently and Henley, purchased of the "Mexico National Exchange Bank" in this city, three several drafts on the "States Saving Institution" in St. Louis. One of these drafts was paid, and returned canceled in a few days. The others were not heard from until a few days since. It seems that these parties were accomplished forgers and swindlers. They made their way to Texas, ostensibly for the purpose of buying Texas cattle. They bore a letter of introduction to a Mr. Britton H. Odom of Austin in that State, from a gentleman with whom he was acquainted, and in whom he confided. They represented to Mr. Odom, that they were there for the purpose of buying cattle extensively, that their funds were in drafts that they desired to cash, and at their request, he introduced them to banking concerns to which they sold checks to the amount of some fifteen thousand dollars. In due time it transpired that these drafts were bogus. The banks informed Mr Odom of the fact, who immediately started in pursuit of the scamps. He was fortunate enough to overtake and arrest them, and recovered all the money of which they had robbed the banks, except about $600. He found in their possession a large number of bogus checks, and among them the two checks of the Mexico National Exchange Bank. One of those checks was for $930, which they had raised to $-500 and the other for $1750 raised to $3500. Bently, we learn, was a tall fine looking man, well dressed, of graceful and easy manners, and evidently a man of culture and refinement. The plan seems to have been well digested and arranged, but through the vigilance of Mr. Odom, their grand speculation was suddenly brought to an ignominious and profitless termination.

ONLY A CENT.—In closing the accounts of the National Broadway Bank, of New York City, there was a mistake of one cent. A draft was drawn by Treasurer Spinner for the balance in the bank, amounting to $18,450 10, which was honored, and in the letter of transmittal the bank Cashier notified the Treasury that there was still due the Government the sum of one cent. An examination of the ledgers and cash accounts was instituted and the error was discovered The amount should have been $18,450 11. Forthwith Treasurer Spinner notified the Cashier that he could forward a draft for that amount. A press copy of the letter was made and a proper record of it kept in due time the bank responded, enclosing a draft for one cent. The Cashier, in transmitting the draft, adds that he is happy to say that the transfer was made without disturbing financial circles. The letter and draft were received, the necessary records made in half a dozen books, the proper indorsements obtained, and the money drawn and deposited to the credit of the proper fund.

Prince Humbert, of Italy, keeps on sowing his wild oats, interspersed with any number of "tares."

[COMMUNICATED.]

IN MEMORIAM.

Died, at the residence of her father, Dr. J. O. Wharton, near Terry, Hinds county, on the 13th inst., MRS. SARAH W. FITZ HUGH, wife of C. D. Fitz Hugh, Esq., of Nevada.

The death of this most accomplished and admirable lady is an occasion of the deepest sorrow in a wide circle of devoted relations and friends. None who knew her could fail to appreciate the many virtues which adorned her character. She was endowed by nature with a mind of superior caste, and she enjoyed every advantage which the best schools of the country afforded. There was a charm in her simple, yet refined manners; in her glowing, yet chastened imagination; in her sparkling, yet innocent wit; and in her brilliant and almost unrivaled powers of conversation; but, above all, in the childlike simplicity of her affections, which captivated the hearts of all with whom she came in contact. In a word, there was a *magnetism* about her both charming and irresistable. To all these attractions were added great comliness of person—of features and of form—and when we say that, over the whole constellation of virtues and of graces which shone in her character, was thrown the halo of deep, unaffected piety, we feel that, whilst we have drawn a picture true to nature, we shall be accused of the too common error of exaggerating the virtues of the dead.

Several years before her death she embraced the religion of her sainted mother, (at whose side in a distant State, her remains now repose,) made a public profession of faith in the merits and atonement of a Crucified Saviour, and, to the last moment of her life, continued true to her confirmation vows. She was scrupulously conscientious and exact in her observance of all the rites prescribed, and the duties enjoined by her Church. It was her blessed privilege to reap the reward of a life of such consistent and devoted piety in the sublime tranquility of mind with which she entered the valley and shadow of death, and "passed through Glory's morning gate, and walked in Paradise." Very few have been called to meet the "pale messenger" under circumstances more painful or better calculated to cause them to shrink back with agonizing, though unavailing sorrow. It was but a twelve month since she stood at the bridal altar, and there pledged her heart and hand to one whom she had known from her childhood, and who had proved himself worthy of the priceless boon she bestowed. Now, when suddenly, in the vigor of life and health, the angels beckon her away, two thousand miles separate her from her husband. Sudden as was the summons—brief as was the time allowed for hurried words of parting to the aged father, and heart-broken sister, who bent over her dying couch, she was not only undismayed, but a smile of heavenly triumph overspread her face, and continued to illuminate her countenance long after her pure spirit had taken its flight.

With the consciousness of duty performed in every relation of life—as daughter, sister, wife—she sank to rest as fades a summer cloud away.

"Good she was, and fair in youth,
And her mind was seen to soar,
And her heart was wed to truth;
Take her, Death, for evermore—
Forever—evermore."

Deep as must be the grief of that sorrowing household, which she ne'er gave cause to mourn before, they have an unfailing source of consolation in every word and act which is remembered of their dear departed one.

"Rest in peace, thou gentle spirit
Thrioned above—
Souls like thine with God inherit
Life and love."

[COMMUNICATED.]

Obituary.

Died, on the 25th November, 1869, at the residence of Mr. McGuill, (grandmother of the deceased) MAGGIE MCGOWEN, wife of Henry H. McGowen, of Madison county.

A few weeks ago the bridal wreath crowned her youthful brow. Yesterday the flowers were chilled by the cold finger of death—and they faded, and became garlands for the tomb. The bridal robe a funeral pall—and lips and eyes that beamed with animation, and that wore the semblance of health—became inanimate—she passed away as the summer rose before the breath of Autumn.

She had only arrived at the age of twenty-two—yet she had learned the great lesson of life, viz: to live only to be beloved, and to die to be regretted. Her virtues were many, they are inscribed on the book of life—her goodness was great—and will live in the hearts of those who knew her. When the summons came for her appearance at the great tribunal, her soul went forth without a struggle, and winged its flight to happier realms, the smile never faded from the chiseled features—so willing that even death returned abashed at his victory.

The lover of four years, and the husband of a few days, saw the cup of joy pass from his lips. Lightly may the Autumn leaves fall upon the consecrated spot, and may spring with her smiles scatter flowers over the grave of the young wife, now the bride of Death.

SHERIFF SHOT AND KILLED WHILE ATTEMPTING TO ARREST A HORSE-THIEF.—From a gentleman who reached here from East Tennessee, yesterday, we learn that on Friday last, a man named Calvin Hicks, whom the Sheriff of Monroe county had deputized to arrest one Hunt, accused of horse-stealing, summoned a posse of men and went that night to the house of young Hunt's father, for the purpose of making the arrest. They were met at the door by the old man, who asked what the wanted, and further, if they had not come after his son Hicks answered that they had, and asked if he was at home. The father said, "Yes; he's up stairs," and called to his son to come down; that a lot of men were in the house looking for him, and to come down and help kill them. At the same time he leveled his pistol at Hicks and fired, wounding him. Before Hicks fell he returned the fire, wounding old Hunt, who fired again. The second shot was fatally effective, and Hicks was killed. At this juncture young Hunt came down, and also commenced firing.