The Weekly Clarion.

Thursday, - - - Jan'y 19, 1871

We refer the reader to the advertisement of the Howard Sanitary Aid Association.

We acknowledge the receipt of Congressman H. W. Barry's remarks on the General Amnesty Bill in the House of Representatives, Dec. 22d, 1870.

The funeral of the oldest son of Judge Tarbell took place yesterday evening. The youth had been greatly afflicted for several years.

We regret to learn of the death of Mrs. Louisa A. Boddie, wife of Mr. George Boddie, which took place late last Saturday night, at the family residence in this county.

PERSONAL.—Among the destinguished visitors at the capitol the present week, we have been pleased to note Hon. L. Q. C. Lamar, Mississippi's peerless orator. Having resigned the Law Chair of the University, he is now actively engaged in the practice of his profession.

The youngest child of Col. C. A. Brougher crawled into the fire a day or two since, and was so badly burned that life is despaired of. Mrs. Brougher, we learn, had not been absent from the room more than a minute or two, when the distressing accident occured.

VERY GOOD.—The Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Correspondence for the Grand Commandery of New Jersey is Sir Thomas J. Corson—a position he has filled with signal ability for the past ten years. In his review of the Grand Commandery of Mississippi, he closes thus: "Sir Charles T. Bond is Grand Commander; Sir J. L. Power, Grand Recorder. May the BOND of fraternal love so unite these valiant Knights as to make their POWER irresistible."

Foster Moore, son-in-law of Col. W. H. Terrett, is now in jail, charged with shooting N. C. Kenrada a few days since. We have not heard the particulars. Moore delivered himself to the Sheriff.

THE NEW COMIC SONGSTER—Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston. Price in Boards, 60 cents.

Here is a book containing merriment enough to entertain many an evening gathering of social amusements. A humorous song at the right moment and on the proper occasion, and by a funny singer, is as happy a way to raise a hearty laugh as can be imagined. Here we find over a hundred of the most recent comic songs with the air of each distinctly printed, bound in a neat and substantial style; a book that will last, and be well used for many years.

FIRE.—The alarm of fire early Sunday morning was occasioned by the burning of a small house and kitchen near the old depot of the Vicksburg and Meridian Railroad, the property of E. A. Peyton. The house had been unoccupied for a few days, and owing to certain circumstances, there is every reason to suppose that the fire was the work of an incendiary. The fire companies with their apparatus were promptly on hand, but owing to the smallness of the buildings and the inflamable material of which they were constructed, they were destroyed before our firemen could render any efficient service.

THE CHRISTIAN INDEX.—This is the organ of the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church of America.

It is published, semi-monthly, by contract, by A. H. Redford, Agent, at the Southern Methodist Publishing House, Nashville, Tenn.

The price is $1 00 per annum, strictly in advance.

The Colored General Conference, at Jackson, Tenn., December, 1870, elected Samuel Watson, D. D., Editor, and L. J. Scurlock, Assistant Editor.

The Index begins its second volume with the January number, now out, enlarged and improved in size and style; but not increased in price.

As an organ for the colored people lately in connection with the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, it is of vast importance. It contains sound doctrine, and good religious reading, for preachers and people, for the old and young. It carries facts of history and arguments, with which our colored friends of a non-political Church can meet their enemies, who, we are sorry to say, are numerous, and who use the press freely.

The Index contains Church notices and news; the appointments of their Bishops and Conferences; obituaries, marriages, etc.

Will our preachers, traveling and local, and our members, bring the Index before the colored Methodists everywhere. Take their names and subscriptions, and forward them to Nashville—addressed to "The Christian Index, care of A. H. Redford, Nashville, Tenn.

Many of those who ought to have this paper, are not aware of its existence or nature; or where, or on what terms it is to be had. Put them in communication with it, and thus do a great service to this new Church. s&wtl

Singularly enough with the decision of the Ecumenical Council, at Rome, that the Pope was infallible, it was accorded by the American public that DOOLEY'S YEAST POWDER was likewise infallible.

We do not wish to dispute with Pius IX as to his infallibility, but we challenge any Baking Powder to be produced that is as clearly infallible as ours in strength, purity, freedom from deleterious substances, and that will stand such a chemical analysis. It is the healthiest, cheapest, and best ever known. Try it and be convinced.

Like "Quaker Guns."

Artificial teeth are of little use, and easily detected. Take care of the real ones. All you need is fragrant SOZODONT. Use it daily, and your teeth will be the last of nature's gifts to fail you.

SPALDING'S GLUE mends headless dolls and broken cradles.

Unanswerable Arguments.

Established facts are silent arguments neither pen nor tongue can shake, and it is upon established facts that the reputation of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, as a health-preserving elixir and a wholesome and powerful remedy, is based. When witnesses come forward in crowds, year after year and reiterate the same statements in relation to the beneficial effects of a medicine upon themselves, disbelief in its efficacy is literally impossible. The credentials of this unequalled tonic and alterative, extending over a period of nearly twenty years, include individuals of every class, and residents of every clime, and refer to the most prevalent among the complaints which afflict and harrass the human family. Either a multitude of people, strangers to each other, have annually been seized with an insane desire to deceive the public, or Hostetter's Bitters, for no less than a fifth of a century, have been affording such relief to sufferers from indigestion, fever and ague, biliousness, general debility, and nervous disorders, as no other preparation has ever imparted. To-day, while the eyes of the reader are upon these lines, tens of thousands of persons of both sexes are relying on the Bitters as a sure defence against the ailments which the present season engenders, and their confidence is not misplaced. The local notions which interested dealers sometimes endeavor to foist upon the sick in its stead, are every where meeting the fate that is due to fraud and imposture, while the demand for the great vegetable specific is constantly increasing.

Telegraphic!

FOREIGN.

LONDON, Jan. 15.—Dispatch from Versailles of the night of the 3rd, says: "Vigorous sorties by the garrison of Paris in three several directions. The French simultaneously advanced against the Prussian guards near Lebourgt and Drarcy, northeast of Paris; against 11th German corps near Mendon, southwest of Paris, and against the 2nd Bavarian corps near Clamort; also to the south of the city the fighting was spirited, but resulted everywhere in the defeat of the French, who were repulsed at all points, and retreated rapidly within their works; a portion of them in great disorder."

LONDON, Jan. 14.—A dispatch from Pruntul of the 13th, reports severe fighting all the day between Herincourt and Croix, in the department of the Haute Saon; and had not ceased at a late hour in the evening; result unknown. Large reinforcements are coming from the north to the German army of the east.

A dispath from Havre says a constant skirmishing near the city is kept up.

LONDON, Jan. 16.—A correspondent at Versailles says: From half-past one to five yesterday the bombardment continued vigorously with only a few intermissions of from ten to twenty-five minutes respectively. The destruction of Fort Issy is virtually accomplished; Fort Mont Rouge is breached so completely that, from a point near Sceaux, a spectator can see through to the enceinte; the barracks are entirely burned down. The French were yesterday engaged in bringing troops across the railway from the river. The Yanche bridge, near Baz Meaton, while crowded with men, was struck by a shell, and broke down, precipitating the soldiers from an immense height and crushing them to death. At four p. m. the heaviest firing yet known was going on, directed mainly against Mont Rouge. The bombardment was absolutely unceasing for twelve hours.

LONDON, Jan. 15—A dispatch from Versailles states that Prince Frederick Charles announces that Chanzy's army is broken up, disorganized, and retreating in three different directions. Twenty thousand prisoners were taken. The battle was additional victory for the Prussians and a crushing defeat for the French.

LONDON, Jan. 16—Chanzy's army re-organized and about to resume operations. Official advices say the bombardment continued throughout the night; shells falling every minute in St. Sulpice quarter.

Fort Issy, Varvez and Mont Rouge, cannonading, with general firing, inflicting great damages upon Prussian fortifications and causing a slackening of their fire. Fort Nogent and the village of Forternay in bend of Marne, sistained bombardment without serious damage.

Versailles despatches say the bombardment of Paris continued on the 14th. Forts Issy, Varvez, and Mont Rouge, are silent.

WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 16.—Fred Douglass, Jr., colored goes as assistant secretary to the Dominican commissioners.

The Dominican expedition sails Wednesday, to return the middle of March.

The Secretary of the Treasury writes to the Committee on Banking and Currency, asking them to frame a law authorizing him to reprint ens and twenties of the National Bank notes. The reason for this is, that many counterfeits of these denominations have been discovered.

HOUSE.—Many bills were introduced for reference, including some for removal of disabilities also one prescribing oath of office for persons implicated in the rebellion but not excluded by the 14th amendment.

Messrs. Young, Price, Bethune, and Long (last colored,) claiming seats from Georgia, were sworn in.

Ocean Telegraph bill passed; it provides certain conditions upon which any company complying therewith may lay cables; it grants no subsidies or special provisions. Adjourned.

SENATE.—Trumbull endeavored to have the Senate pass the amnesty bill instead of piecemeal relief.

MEMPHIS, Jan 16.—The steamer McGill, from St. Louis for New Orleans was burned at Shoo Fly bar. The weather was bad and intensely cold; many escaped drowning, but were frozen. The loss will certainly number 15, including the captain, the first clerk, two children and three women. No South-eastern names among those lost or saved.

NEW YORK, Jan. 16.—Arrival reports that the steamship Manhattan, hence for Charlestown, collided with a schooner twenty miles North-east of Barnagat. The Manhattan continued her voyage apparantly uninjured.

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 16.—Suit ordered against Myra Clark Gains for the surrender of $27,000 lawyers fees, etc. This decision of the Supreme Court of the State quiets the title of the heirs of R. D. Shepherd of $2,000,000.

A NEW FIRE ESCAPE.

Novel Exhibition at the St. Nicholas Hotel.

From N. Y. World, Jan. 6.

A large crowd gathered in Spring street, just off from Broadway, at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon to witness a novel experiment with a fire-escape recently invented. A canvass sack, fifty-eight feet long, was thrown out from a fifth story window of the St. Nicholas Hotel, the upper end of the bag being made fast to the sill and casings. In a few moments the outlines of a man's form were seen to swell the canvas, and, descending slowly, it soon reached the ground, when the inventor, who belongs to the navy and is used to climbing, emerged from the tail end of the bag, the crowd cheering him heartily. He had no more than reached the bottom when another swelling was perceptible at the top, and down came a hotel waiter.—After him came a half dozen other men and boys, all of whom returned through the hotel to make more trips through the dark lane. Thirty descents were made in less than so many minutes, although the exhibitor was not testing the capacity of the apparatus. The sack is twenty inches in diameter, but is contracted to ten inches by means of wire springs which encircle it at intervals of about one foot all the way up. It shapes itself to the figure of the person descending through it, and prevents him from falling too rapidly. By a little pressure exerted at the elbows or knees the person can stop short in the sack. The sack is made large at the mouth, and is attached to an iron frame with grapplings which fasten to the window-sill. Any person unaccustomed to the apparatus would hesitate some before backing into the canvas, but there appears to be no cause for apprehensions of danger. When not in use the escape is folded up, the folds of the canvas fitting nicely into the iron frame, the whole occupying a space about two feet square. The inventor claims that the escape can be adjusted to any window, and that any person can make it fast and get started on his journey towards terra firma within forty seconds after the first alarm of fire. The canvas is warranted to conduct men, women and children with perfect safety, without regard to portliness or attenuation. The main objection to the new fire escape seems to be its combustibleness. However, the inventor thinks it can be kept out of the way of the fire by changing it from one window to another. The Fire Commissionres have been invited to inspect the new escape.

A countryman in England happened to be traveling in a railway train, accompanied by his wife, when a collision occurred. His wife received a severe contusion between the eyes, for which the jury awarded £50 damages. Some time after, the following was elicited from the plaintiff, in a moment of ungarded conviviality: "Well you see t' collision happened t' ould woman and I wur all feet; but when I got o' t' carriage, I saw a lot o' fellows in a terrible state. One sings out, 'Eh, lad, I've gettin' my head cut open; I'll ha' twenty peownd for this.' 'Twenty peownd,' cried another; 'I'se gettin' my shoulder out, and I'll have forty for it.' When I heard this," continued the business man, "I jumped at t' ould woman straight out, and druv my head between her eyes, and we're gettin' fifty peownd for 't."

The nearest an old bachelor gets to the matrimonial harness—a sir single.

Traveling for Pleasure.

Traveling for pleasure! What a misnomer! Those who travel under such a flag are always wishing for the port that is to terminate their voyage, when on board ships or steamers, and get into the cars with prayers for a speedy arrival at their destination. All travel is attended with hurry, bustle, disappointment and vexation of spirit. There is the baggage to see to, waiters to ball after, porters to quarrel with, landlords to growl at, cold and rain, vicissitude of season and climate to contend with; there is the fear of boilers bursting, cars running off the track—the annoyance of close state rooms, and unchanged sheets—money taking to itself wings and flying from you on all sides, and on all sides disagreeable sights, disagreeable sounds, and disagreeable people which, altogether, would drive a man mad at home, but which are to be borne with, forsooth, abroad, as the accidents of travel. Traveling for pleasure, it empties the purse, sours the temper, makes one pettish, complainful and selfish, unsocial, morose and miserable. Traveling for pleasure! What is it? To exchange a comfortable feather bed in winter, or cool mattress in summer, with snowy curtains, snowy sheets, and snowy pillows, sweet blankets and coverlets, a capacious bedstead, and an airy room, for a narrow box of a state room, containing a berth, which, when the achievment of getting into it is, with sundry bruises, effected, fits you like your coffin, and in which you are flanked by a board partition on one side, and a precipice of some six feet on the other—for sheets, that, although the chambermaid asserverates on her honor that they are clean, have an odor like the towels the waiters sometimes flourish about our olfactories—for blankets, that look as if horses as well as men had been benefitted by their warmth, and coverlets of no particular hue—for close unhealthy air, constant confinement, ill health and the rheumatism. It is to exchange the pleasant circle around our own hearths, for a mixed crowd of strangers who feel no interest in us, while we, none in them; whose selfishness, rudeness, ill-breeding, vulgarity or malignity, destroy our equinimity and excite our disgust, dislike or discontent, those sensations that a pleasure-traveler should never allow admission into his breast.—It is exchanging the delightful society of the drawing-room for the heterogeneous gatherings of all the countries, those who will tread on your corns and look fiercely at you for wincing—your pleasant sparkling fire for a close stove—your garden for the steamboat guards—your own well appointed table and cheerful faces, for the doubtful messes, abhorrent devourers, and unseemly scenes of a steamboat dinner. It is, in fact, to exchange earth for purgatory, happiness for misery, comfort for discomfort, to destroy the temper, to teach one to grumble, snarl and growl, and altogether to make a fool of himself. Thank fortune, (for I am indebted to her) I am no traveler for pleasure. There is no law to resist compulsion, or I should never trust myself to the tender mercies of boilers, steamboat captains and landlords, and expose myself to all the other ills to which travelers are heirs. If I had my own will, I should never place my foot on car or steamboat more, but in some quiet corner of the world, where the noise of escaping steam, the horn of the stage driver, the sound of a hotel dinner-bell, have never penetrated—where, secure in my own quietude, I should regard travelers as a set of desperate men, whom heaven has visited with a desperate madness, and be thankful for my sanity in the midst of such universal lunacy.

Women Succeeding as Farmers.

From the Revolution.

The Minnesota Monthly puts the question of the ability of women to clear and cultivate farms forever at rest.—Seven sisters have tried it, sixty miles from St. Paul, and succeeded, so far, to admiration. A railroad is already building across their lands, greatly enhancing their value. The Monthly says that ere long the farm will be pointed out to thousands of emigrants and travelers as an object of great interest, and will show to all what gentle, modest and womanly women can accomplish when impelled by filial affection and a sense of duty.

Their dwelling house, a commodious log building, which the neighbors helped them to build, and all its surroundings, betoken the industry, thrift, neatness and taste of the occupants. The outhouses for horses, cattle, pigs, poultry, and smoke-house, and the fields and fences, all indicate that the occupants of this homestead excel in husbandry, and know how to live.

Two years ago last April, they secured here two homesteads of eighty acres each, under the homestead law, and have since cleared forty acres, all of which are now in crop. Of their crop of last year, besides what was consumed in the family, they sold 900 bushels of potatoes, 500 bushels of corn, 290 bushels of wheat, 250 bushels of turnips, 200 bushels of beets, 1,100 heads of cabbages, and over $200 worth of garden stuff. The potatoes they sold for fifty cents per bushel.

All the labor on this farm, the clearing and grubbing the land, the fencing, sowing, planting, cultivating and harvesting, and taking care of the stock, and all other work, except splitting the rails and breaking and plowing the cleared land, was performed by the seven sisters.

These ladies are natives of Ohio, whence they emigrated to that State three years ago, and to that farm, then wild land, in August, 1867. The family consists of the seven sisters, the youngest aged fifteen years, the eldest about twenty-five, their mother and their father, an invalid. The family removed to this State with the hope of improving his health, and this spring, for the first time in many years, he is able to assist in farm work.

In the course of conversation on the management of this model farm, the mother, a fine-looking old lady, remarked: "The girls are not proud of the hard work they have had to do to get the farm started, but they are not ashamed of it. We were too poor to keep together and live in a town. We could not make a living there; but here we have become comfortable and independent. We tried to give the girls a good education. They all read and write, and find time to read books and papers."

A Sad Accident.

On Wednesday evening the up-train on the Ohio road was unfortunate, inasmuch as a sad death occurred on it. A gentleman named Sexton was sitting in the car with his little son, aged about 5 years. The boy took his father's pistol—a Smith & Wesson's—and was playing with it, when it exploded, the ball entering the forehead of the parent, inflicting a fatal wound. The pistol was supposed to be unloaded, but the cartridge remained in the cylinder. Mr. Sexton was taken off at the next station, and at the last accounts, was in a dying condition.—Memphis Appeal.

A Recalcitrant Radical.

The best thing that occurred at the polls in Simpson county was that W. P. Mullen, our Justice of the Peace, who was one of the commissioners of election, and who last year carried the "loyal league" to the polls, en masse, has finally become disgusted with his filthy associates, and actually voted for Walker, and showed me his vote before putting it into the box. I wonder if eminent Jeems, the knight of the black stud horse, won't remove him.—Cor. Brandon Republican.

Speaking of a candidate for Sheriff in that State, a Pennsylvania paper asks: "And what sort of a fellow is this Lloyd Llewellyn?" An 'l of a fellow, we should say. Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Farmer's Daughter.

Kneeling by the stream, I saw
Kate, the farmer's daughter,
Drinking—in her rosy palm
Dipping up the water.

She had thrown her hat aside,
Bare were arm and shoulder;
Each unconscious charm displayed,
Made my love the bolder.

So I slowly, tenderly,
Went and knelt beside her,
Drank with her from out the stream,
Blushing Kitty Ryder.

And I said, "The poet tells us
Life is like a river;
Shall we not its waters sweet
Always drink together?

Many years have passed us by,
Like the flowing water;
But I drink life's stream to-day
With Kate, the farmer's daughter.

JIM BLUDSO—OF THE PRAIRIE BELLE.

JOHN HAY.

Well, no! I can't tell what he lives,
Because he don't live, you see;
Leastways, he's got out of the habit
Of living like you and me.
What have you been for the last three year
That you haven't heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks,
The night of the Prairie Belle!

He weren't no saint—them engineers
Is all pretty much alike—
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill
And another one here, in Pike.
A keerless man in his talk was Jim,
And an awkward man in a row—
But he never flunked, and he never lied,
I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had—
To treat his engine well;
Never be passed on the river;
To mind the pilot's bell;
And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire—
A thousand times he swore,
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississip,
And her day come at last—
The Movasttar was a better boat,
But the Belle she *wouldn't* be passed,
And so she come tearin' along that night—
The oldest craft on the line,
With a nigger squat on her safety valve
And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire burst out as she cleared the bar,
And burst a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned and made
For that willer-bank on the right.
There was running and cursing, but Jim
yelled out,
Over all the infernal roar,
"I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
'Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot, black breath of the burning boat
Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
And knowed he would keep his word.
And sure's you are born they all got off
Afore the smokestacks fell—
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He weren't no saint—but at judgment
I'd run my chance with Jim,
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
That wouldn't shook hands with him.
He seen his duty, a dead sure thing—
And went for it thar and then;
And Christ ain't a goin' to be too hard
On a man that died for men.

A Courier's Escape.

BY C. O. GODFREY.

From the Banner of the South and Planter's Journal.

It was a dark, rainy night. I had just entered my tent, when the sergeant of the guard came and said that General Hampton wanted me. I knew that it must be important business that would make Wade Hampton call a man out of his tent such a night as this. The sergeant said that the General seemed agitated. On reaching the tent the General dismissed the sergeant and we were alone.

"Sit down, Pete; I have important business that must be transacted immediately. It is an undertaking of great danger—danger; but I know that I could depend upon you."

"Of course you can, General," answered I.

"I knew it, Pete," answered he, "and that is the reason I sent for you. The fact is, there are some dispatches that must be at D—— by to-morrow night. The distance is fifty miles, and is through the lines of the enemy. I tell you plainly that there is nine chances out of ten that you will be either killed or captured, so you can decide."

"Gen. Hampton did you ever know Pete Veldbinger to shirk from anything that pertained to the good of his country?"

"No, Pete, I never did," answered, grasping my hand.

This was one of the proudest moments of my life. To be grasped by the hand by Wade Hampton! I would not have exchanged places with the richest man in the Confederate States. With such men as the immortal Lee, Jackson, Johnston, Beauregard and Hampton, it is not strange that the war for the independence of the Confederate States of America should astonish the whole world.

"Well, here are the dispatches. You must start in an hour. May you return in safety," and taking the dispatches I left the tent. Getting my six-shooter and rtfle, I fixed my saddle on my horse, and giving the countersign, I was outside the Confederate lines.

I made the first twenty miles of my journey without meeting with any adventure. I was now in the lines of the enemy. I determined to stop at the house of Bill Reilly. Bill had professed to have our cause at heart; but did not side openly with either party. I expected to get a fresh horse here. The house seemed quiet as I dismounted, so I knocked at the door, which, after being hailed, was opened by Bill himself.

"Why, is that you, Pete?" exclaimed Bill.

"Yes, here I am," answered I.

"I wish to rest for a little time, and also get a fresh horse."

"All right," said Bill, "and in the meantime I will send John (his son) out to keep watch."

After seeing that my horse was properly housed, I re-entered the room. I had just seated myself, when John entered the room, pale as death—

"The Yankees! the Yankees!" was all he could say.

"How near are they?" asked I.

"About a quarter of a mile from here."

"Quick, in the loft!" shouted Bill, and he pushed me toward a ladder. I ascended, and found myself in a kind of loft. The house consisted of two rooms below, and the loft extending the whole length of the house. The floor of the loft was covered with loose boards. I hadn't been in the loft long before there came a thundering rap at the door.

"Who is there?" inquired Bill.

"Open the door, and you will see," was the answer.

Bill opened the door, and seven Yankees entered the room. They seated themselves around the fire without any ceremony. In my haste to get a good look at them I stepped on a loose board, and was instantly precipitated into the room below. All was instantly a scene of confusion; but one, quicker than the rest, pulled out his pistol and fired at me, but the shot missed me, and, gaining my feet, I drew my six-shooter and fired. The man that had fired at me dropped dead. Firing my other barrels, I rushed out of the door, and seizing one of the enemy's horses, I reached D— in safety. I learned afterward that I had killed two and wounded two of the enemy.

Chinamen sentenced to death are allowed to hire substitutes; all of which is discouraging to jurymen.

I'll Vote for the Other Man.

The following story is told of a Revolutionary soldier, who was running for Congress:

It appeared that he was opposed by a much younger man, who had never "been to the wars," and it was the wont of "Revolutionary" to tell the people of the hardships he had endured.

Says he:

"Fellow citizens, I have fought and bled for my country—I have help whip the British and Indians. I have slept on the fields of battle with no other covering than the canopy of heaven. I have walked over frozen ground till every footstep was marked with blood."

Just about this time one of the "sovereigns" who had become very much affected by this tale of woe, walks up in front of the speaker, wiping the tears from his eyes with the extremity of his coat tail, and interrupting him, says:

"Did you say that you had fought the British and Injines?"

"Yes," respouded Revolutionary.

"Did you say that you had slept on the ground while serving your country without any kiver?"

"Yes, sir, I did."

"Did you say that you had followed the enemies of your country over frozen ground till every footstep was covered with blood?"

"Yes," exultingly replied the speaker.

"Well, then," says the tearful sovereign, as he gave a sigh of painful emotion, "I'll be blamed if I don't think you've done enough for your country, and I'll vote for the other man."

OUR LIFE BLOOD.—A startling announcement has lately been made in the public papers well calculated to make us blush for our ignorance and marvel at the wonders which science may yet have in store for coming generations. A Swedish savant of high renown and great authority in his profession, has solemnly proclaimed his conviction that a large number of Egyptian mummies were embalmed long before death ensued, and merely for the purpose of suspending life for a given time. While admitting that the secret was lost in Egypt himself, he claims to have discovered it anew, and offers to embalm a criminal condemned to death, with a view of resuscitating him after a number of years. The statement gains weight by the well authenticated fact that in the East Indies the secret of thus suspending life has been handed down to a few favored men of our day. Persons have been buried, more than once, and in some cases before the highest British authorities of the land; their grave has been guarded by government troops, and after several months they have been disinterred in the presence of numerous witnesses, among whom were physicians, and they have been seen to come back to life with all the familiar symptoms of sufferers recovering from syncope or cataleptic attacks.

Mr. Tweed, of New York, having subscribed $50,000 for the relief of the poor of the city, the radical newspapers there have had the indecency to speak of the action as "stolen property returned." The circumstance, even admitting the radical slander, is still in favor of the Democratic officials, for the radical officeholders never return a dollar.—Chicago Times.

Considerable interest is feltin the result of the New Hampshire election, which takes place next spring. The political parties in the State are about as evenly divided as in Connecticut, and, as the opponents of the Republicans have united on a Labor Reform ticket, the contest will doubtless be a close one.—Washington Chronicle (Administration organ.)

Neglected Coughs and Colds.—Few are aware of the importance of checking a Cough or "Common Cold" in its first stage; that which in the beginning would yield to a mild remedy, if neglected, soon prey upon the Lungs. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, or Cough Lozenges, afford instant relief.

Owing to the reputation and popularity of the Troches, many worthless and cheap imitations are offered, which are good for nothing. Be sure to obtain the true BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Sold everywhere.

$1,000 Reward is offered by the proprietor of Dr. Pierce's Alt. Extr Golden Medical Discovery for a medicine that will equal it in the cure of all disease for which it is recommended. For Bronchitis, severe Coughs, and the early stages of consumption, it has astonished the medical faculty by its wonderful cures, and hundreds of the best physicians pronounce it the greatest medical discovery of the age. Sold by all druggists.

MARRIED.

On the 15th of Dec., 1870 at the residence of the officiating clergyman, in Hinds county, Miss., MR. JOSEPH RIPLEY, of same county, and MISS MARY F. NAILE, of Rankin county, by Rev. Jesse Voodall.

By the same, on the 28thof Dec., 1870, at the residence of the bride's father, Thos. N Norrell, Esq., in Rankin county, MR. NATHAN M. HOLLINGSWOITH, of Hinds county, and MISS MARY E. TORRELL.

By the same, on the 28th of Dec., 1870, at the residence of the bride's father, near Terry, Hinds county, Miss., WM. D. HURLBUT, of Meridian, and MISS EGENIA T. CASSITY.

By Rev. C. Johnson, at the residence of the bride's mother, Mr. JEFFERSON TAYLOR to MISS AMANDA J. LEWIS, all of Rankin county.

At the residence of the brile's father, in Guntown, Lee county, Mississippi, on the 10th January, by the Rev. A. S. Agnew, Capt. RUFUS Y. KING, of Lexington, Texas, to Miss M. CLIFFORD WHITHER.

At the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. H. F. Prewett, in Yazoo City, on Monday 2d inst., by Rev. Richmond McInnis, Mr. LAURENCE MCLAREN and Miss HATTIE FLORENCE PREWETT. No cards.

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Columbus, Miss., Jan. 19, 1871 w4t

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January 19, 1871. wtf

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QUARTERLY STATEMENT,

Showing the condition of the

Planters' Insurance Company,
OF MISSISSIPPI,

For the Quarter ending December 31st, 1870.

OFFICE PLANTERS' INSURANCE COMPANY, JACKSON, MISS., Jan. 2, 1871.

ASSETS:

Stock Notes	$ 80,010 00
Deposit Notes, secured by lien on real estate and on property insured	49,262 62
Office furniture and fixtures	2,055 27
Bills receivable	455 82
Cash due from sundry parties	3,064 62
Cash due from agents and in transitu	5,107 57
Cash on hand, on deposit and cash items	17,817 51
Total	$157,772 91

LIABILITIES:

Losses adjusted	None.
Losses unadjusted	$ 2,535 33
All other liabilities	16,301 12
Total	$ 18,634 45

Total amount at risk December 31st, 1870 $1,420,748 00

Approximate value of property insured 3,000,000 00

Total losses paid by the Company 74,277 00

STATE OF MISSISSIPPI, HINDS COUNTY:

Personally appeared before me, the undersigned, Mayor of the City of Jackson, and a Justice of the Peace in and for said County:

Thomas E. Helm and M. A. Vanhook to me known to be the President and Secretray of the Planters' Insurance Company, who being duly sworn, upon their oath, do say that the foregoing is a true statement of the Assets and Liabilities of said Company on the 31st day of December, A. D. 1870, to the best of their knowledge and belief.

THOS. E. HELM, President.
M. A. VANHOOK, Secretary.

Sworn to and subscribed this 5th day of January, 1871.

OLIVER CLIFTON,
[L. S.] Mayor and J. P.
Jackson, Jan. 6, 1871. sw1t-w4t

$25 REWARD.

STOLEN from the undersigned, seven miles from Clinton, on the Clinton and Madison road, on the night of Dec. 27, 1870, one BAY HORSE MULE, a little above medium size, over large legs, knock-kneed, branded "W" on left shoulder; small white spot near the crupper. He was carried in the direction of Boltons' Depot. I will pay the above reward for his recovery, or any information leading to his recovery will be liberally rewarded.

JACOB V. BRASWELL,
Jackson, Miss.
Care A. VIRDEN. swlt-w3t