The Weekly Clarion.

POWER & BARKSDALE,
PROPRIETORS.
J. L. POWER. HARRIS BARKSDALE.

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THE WEEKLY CLARION.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The Tennessee Legislature is in session.

Gen. Early is to deliver several addresses in aid of the Lee momorial fund.

A deaf and dumb boy at Vineland, N. J., burned his sister up with kerosene oil.

In a stretch of 815 miles on the Texas Pacific railroad there will be but six bridges.

Over 1,000 American girls are now receiving their education in English schools.

Wild bear is no longer to be preserved by German game laws, and may therefore be potted by the population generally.

The Georgia Legislature elected S. M. Trammell President of the Senate, and A. O. Bacon, Speaker of the House.

The total losses by the burning of the Fifth Avenue Theater will reach from $250,000 to $300,000.

Some eighteen hundred emigrants arrived at Castle Garden on the 3d, a number quite unprecedented for this inclement season.

The House, by a vote of 130 to 7, has ordered the doors of the Credit Mobilier Committee to be thrown open to the public.

Rev. Samuel Watsone of Memphis, has withdrawn from the Methodist Church, on account of his Spiritualistic views.

A large number of white emigrants from North Carolina passed through Atlanta, Thursday, en route to Tennessee.

Louisiana boasts of two brothers who sat on a jury and found their own brother guilty of murder, and they also went and saw him hanged.

Two of Wisconsin's ex-congressmen are in the lumber woods chopping logs at $30 per month. They have found a way to be respectable, honest and useful.

There was good skating on the Arkansas river, at Pine Bluff, the day after Christmas, and the oldest inhabitant never saw the like before.

A farmer of Charlotte, Mich., undertook to drive a turkey to market, when the grand thing made a dash for liberty and broke $150 worth of plate glass.

A Canton (Ill.) man, who wanted $10,000 for a blasted reputation, was glad to take one dollar and call it square after the jury came in with a verdict.

There were 1800 Republicans who scratched the name of the negro Fred. Douglass off their ticket as a Presidential Elector in New York.

Jacob Price, of Lancaster, Penn., lost his nose in a fight, the other day. It was a priceless nose, but now he is a noseless Price.

The hollowness of the world and the sawdusty nature of dolls led a young lady of sight to attempt suicide in Savannah, Ga., last week.

A large number of workmen are candidates for election to the British parliament. Even Mr. Disraeli will be opposed by one in his district.

In Macon, Ga., N. C. Arkridge, while drunk, shot and killed his brother-in-law, James E. Greer, and immediately left the city.

Neil S. Brown, jr., was elected Principal Clerk of the Tennessee House; E. B. Wade, Assistant Clerk and J. E. Williams elected Engrossing Clerk.

Seventy-five car-loads of bones have been brought from the the plains of Western Kansas to Delaware, to be made into ivory ornaments for the ladies.

Inflated rubber bustles are the latest popular whim in fashion. It takes a young husband with weak lungs half an hour to blow his wife up to a fashionable rotundity.

Mr. James Warren of Louisiana, was recently married to Miss Angeline Bread of the same State. Having got his Bread, James says he doesn't want any but her.

A shrewd old Yankee said he didn't believe there was any downright cure for laziness in a man; "but," he added, "I've known a second wife to hurry it some."

"Why do you choose to live a single life?" asked a fashionable idler of an estimable young lady. "Because," she replied, "I am not able to support a husband."

They have a petrified woman in Philadelphia. She was petrified with astonishment at her husband's bringing her home a new dress which she had not asked for.

There are three pretty triplets, sisters, in Eaton, Ga., thirteen years old and looking so much alike that they can't tell "t'other from which."

On New Year's Day 176 able bodied cotton hands left Atlanta for Arkansas. During the week 251 have gone in the same direction. They were mostly from Houston county.

The superintendant of a London workhouse has been convicted of manslaughter for refusing admission to a poor woman who afterwards died of neglect.

In the Senatorial field at Little rock, Ark. Judge Rowen is ahead, he having bought off Governor Hadley for $10,000 and a promise of the Governorship of Colorado.

There was another Dent—James Dent.—No one knew it until he was appointed postmaster in Virginia. The people were sim-enough to believe the supply exhausted.

Somebody has said that the Warmoth party in Louisiana gave Gen. Grant a pretty tight pinch at the last election, and that now he has given them a Pinch-back.

HARRISBURG, Jan. 7.—Simon Cameron was renominated in caucus this evening for the United States Senate. The vote stood—Cameron 64, Kelly 4, Wickersham 2.

AT Brattleboro, Vermont, between Nov. 21 and Dec. 20, three sisters, aged respectively 56, 59 and 66 years, died in the same house where they had all resided as members of one family.

Chicago ministers growl because their supporters bring in the bodies of small-pox victims to be preached over in the church. One divine had two cases of this kind last week.

In the Court of Christian County, Illinois, seventeen suits are pending against the Indianapolis and St. Louis Railroad for damages occasioned by the importation of Texas cattle.

Signor Lanza, Italian Minister of the Interior, has directed the prefects of the Kingdom to expel all gypsies. He says: "They are nuisances in the cities, dangerous in the country and indecent everywhere."

Rev. Wm. Henry, a colored preacher in Lexington, Ky., is in jail on a suit for bastardy. He had lived with the first woman since slave times and by her had two children, but recently took unto himself a legal wife. Hence the suit on the part of woman number one.

Within the next twenty days there will be thirty State Legislatures in session—all the States of the Union except New Hampshire, Vermont, Connecticut, Delaware, Maryland, California and Oregon. As Congress will be in session also, the newspapers will be gorged for some time with the sayings and doings of the "law-making power."

A man in Effingham, Illinois, who had parted from his wife and been separated from his children, became insane a few days ago, and in a fit of insanity disinterred two of his dead children, dressed their skeletons and seated them at the table, saying that if he could not have the living he was bound to have the dead.

The appointment of Sam Bard to the postoffice of Chattanooga, has created great indignation among the Republicans around there, and Crutchfield, the Congressman from that District, says he is "determined to have Bard's scalp." It is said that there never was a man so thoroughly determined to have anything so thoroughly not worth the having.

A bridegroom presented himself, with his lady love, to a clergyman and desired to be married. As the ceremony was about to be commenced the clergyman desired the gentleman to remove his gloves; after some hesitation, and awaiting a repetition of the request, the gloves were drawn off and the inquiry followed if it were necessary to take off his boots also.

Stokes, the murderer of Fisk, when sent back to the Tombs yesterday, was assigned to the murderers' cell. He stated to a reporter last night, that money had secured the verdict; that the boys Redmond and Hart had been bribed and their testimony had convicted him. He had expected an entire acquittal. He declares that he was the victim of the excited public sentiment; that the jury had their minds made up to convict him before the testimoney was given; that at their selection of the jurors, all stated that they had opinions.

Timbuctoo Justice in a Mississippi Court.

Memphis Appeal, Dec. 25.

The following brilliant piece of writing will be found valuable hereafter as a historical document. It may not be without interest now, particularly to the learned lawyers, judges, and magistrates of Memphis:

TERIENE, Bolivar county, Miss., December 18th, 1872.

EDITORS APPEAL:—I witnessed an amusing trial before a colored squire in this place to-day. Two of the citizens here got into a dispute. One of them, with a double-barrelled shot-gun, attempted to defend himself, the other having a six-shooter. The deputy-marshal spoiled the fun by arresting the parties and taking the shot-gun and the pistol and the parties before the 'squire for trial. The 'squire called the court to order by saying: "All you nigroes take off your hats in court." Then leaning back in his chair with all the dignity and pomp of Cæsar, sang out to one of the parties: "Are you gilty or not gilty?" "Of what," said the party. "Gilty presenting arms with intent to kill," said His Honor. "Not gilty" was the answer. "What is de proof?" asked His Honor. The witnesses came forward and were examined by His Honor. Not a charge in the indictment was proved by the witnesses, but after he got through with the examination the 'squire folded his arms and said: "Now, jintlemen, I'se here to spose of the law, but I doesnt want to be hard wit you, I think passion caused you to violate the law. I can't decide dis to be salt and battery, for you didn't fight; I can't decide it manslaughter, for no one is killed—I cides it petty lawceny, as the law directs, and finds you $25 and costs." One of the party remarked: "If your Honor please, I am charged in the indictment with presenting deadly weapons, with intent to kill. Not a word in the charge has been proven. If your Honor insists upon so large a fine I shall appeal from your decision!" The 'squire then remarked: "Now, Mr. ——, if you is 'sposed to be fussy, I will bind you over to court." But at this point the marshal took His Honor out. After showing him the importance of reducing the fine to stop the appeal in order that he could pocket the cost and fine, His Honor reduced the line to $10, cost, $9 each. This the parties agreed to pay. Thus ended this interesting trial.

WITNESS.

ANOTHER PERETRATION OF THE NAMELESS CRIME.

A Lady of High Social Position in Jefferson County, the Victim.

Summary Execution of the Fiend!

From the Port Gibson Standard.

In our neighboring county, Jefferson, has lately occurred one of those lawless deeds which it is too often the task of journalism to notice. On last Monday, the 30th ult., about dark, as Mrs. Dr. Humphreys, on her return from Rodney, had arrived within a few hundred yards of her home at Old Greenville, she was assaulted by a negro man named Turner Thompson. A negro boy about 14 years of age, who was driving Mrs. Humphreys' buggy, ran to the house for help, but it came too late to prevent the ruffian from effecting his base design, and brutally violating her person. The negro was arrested and was identified by Mrs Humphreys and the boy, and brought to Fayette and lodged in jail. On Wednesday following, a number of persons, white and colored, proceeded to the jail, and taking the keys from the sheriff and tying him, so as to prevent his interference, they opened the jail, took out Turner Thompson and summarily hung him to a tree. This negro was considered a lawless and desperate character previous to this outrageous act, which cost him his life.

Another Version about the Newton County Miscegenation Scandal.

From the Meridian Mercury.

The girl, though pretty, was extremely weak, mentally — almost approximating idiocy.

The circumstances of the case, we learn from the proper source to be, that the girl once lived in Mobile, where her nearest relatives able to do anything for her still reside. To Mobile she had been extremely anxious to go, as was known for the last twelve months, to live with her brother.—She agreed to run away with a negro woman, and go to Mobile about two months ago, but the plot was broken up, and the scheme defeated.

This negro, Elias Chapman, being employed on the place, where she lived, had an opportunity to learn her great desire to go to Mobile to her relative, took advantage of that circumstance, and falsely promised to detray her expenses, and carry her to that place, and help her hunt up her relative.—Thus she left her home, in good faith, but unfortunately for the weak minded and innocent girl, her treacherous guide led her out into the back settlements, in a densely populated negro community, where he forced her into a system of wifery, in gratification of his own hellish lust, and love for social equality.

We learn he now claims her as his lawful wife, entirely forgetful of the only black one he has left behind in tears and anger.

He is now supposed to be larking around in the neighborhood near Enterprise, and will probably go down as far as Siubuta, west of which place, some ten or twelve miles, he has some relatives, grandfather and brother-in-law.

This is a case of daring impertinence, and villainy, that should call forth the condemnation of every friend of tha white woman of the country, and we do hope the friends of decency, and of white society, will keep a sharp look out, and if found, arrest and send him back to Newton, where we are assured, he will be prosecuted, if there is any law to be found, in defence of the white women of the country.

Death of Col. W. H. Johnson, formerly of Warren County, Mississippi.

From the Frankfort (Ky.) Yeoman.

We are deeply pained to record the death of Col. William Henry Johnson, at his residence, near Marion, Ala., on the 28th ult. Col. Johnson was born in Scott county, in this State, and was a younger brother of Geo. W. Johnson, Provisional Governor of Kentucky, who fell at Shiloh, and of Madison C. Johnson, Esq., of Lexington. He was also a nephew of Hon. Richard M. Johnson, Vice President of the United States during Van Buren's Administration. Early in life he moved to Mississippi, where for many years prior to the war he planted cotton near the mouth of the Yazoo river. Since the war he has resided in Alabama, his beautiful home having been completely destroyed during the operations of the Federal fleet and army prior to the seige of Vicksburg. He was thrice married, his first wife being a Miss Woolfolk, of Fayette county; his second the daughter of Anderson Miller, and sister of Captain Silas F. Miller, of Louisville, and his third, who survives him.

The Old Puritan State Disgusted at the Degeneracy of her Sons.

The State of Massachussetts is very much disgusted over the fact that this vast scandal of the Credit Mobilier comes down to the Puritan Commonwealth in its origin and inception. There is a disposition in the State to drop the men identified with this swindle. Massachussetts has been shown to be the swindling Commonwealth of the country through the operations of Ames, Alley, etc.—Washington Cor. Chicago Tribune.

The merit of a business enterprise cannot be tested in a few months. It takes years to bring out its strong points of developments of weakness. The Baltimore Advertising Agency of Griffin & Hoffman seemed a success at the start. Established in 1867, it has waxed stronger with each year of its existence, until it has become one of the solid institutions of the city and acquired a national reputation for enterprise and reliability.—Baltimore Sun.

From the Nation, (Rep.)

The Presidential Interference in the South.

We presume people are not generally satisfied with the condition of the South, and there are numerous signs that the most ardent friends of the Enforcement Act begin to doubt its value very seriously. Passing such an act for the purpose of suppressing Ku-Klux outrages they begin to see somewhat resembled the amputation of a limb in order to get rid of a ball. The Ku-Kluxery, if that be the proper term, has been suppressed; but the indirect effects of the measure, which are the ones which it is most difficult to get an average politician to bestow any thought upon, now begin to show themselves. One of the very first was, of course to arm the Federal Government with enormous power over the State government—power such as it had never possessed before. As we pointed out in these columns at the time of its passage, it "declared that to be 'a rebellion against the United States,' which was nothing more than violence to individuals, and permitted the writ of *habeas corpus* to be suspended in time of peace; it authorized the President to employ the military forces in suppressing opposition to the State law, without an application from the State authorities; it extended the prohibition of the Fourteenth Amendment to cases of private wrong; and clothed the National Courts with jurisdiction over ordinary crimes and with the function of ordinary police repression." When we said all this, it was mere theory or prediction; we now see it verified in practice. The act has actually converted the General Government into a supreme arbiter of State affairs at the South, and has taught the factions which in nearly every Southern State are contending for the possession of the Treasury to disregard the local public opinion and the State Constitution and laws, and look to Washington for the means of overcoming their opponents. The worst of this is, too, that the General Government does not interfere under some clearly defined code of procedure, but in the exercise of a vast semi-military discretion, which makes all things seem possible to the adventurers by whom the South is plundered. The condition of politics in that region at this moment bears a close and striking resemblance to that of the Spanish-American Republics, inasmuch as in both two sets of aiventurers are constantly striving for the mastery, and in their striving totally disregard the local opinion and laws. In South America, however, they speedily take arms and end their quarrels by civil war; things do not reach this pass in our Southern States solely because the President stands ready to interfere, as soon as the parties prepare to come to blows; but if there were a power south of the Rio Grande which would prevent the politicians of that region from killing each other, public life in that region would closely resemble public life in our own States lately in rebellion.

A BELGIAN TRAGEDY.

A Strange and Startling Story—Horrible Domestic Crime—A Murderer's Confession of His Shocking Brutality—A Father Deliberately Murders His Wife and Child.

The assizes at Limbourg are now engaged in the trial of a man named Vanderzande for the murder of his wife, his sister-in-law and his son, a boy of eleven. The crime took place at the quiet little hamlet of Broeck, in the commune of Jesseren. The victims were found brutally murdered in their night clothes, early on a Sunday morning. Suspicion immediately fell on Vanderzande, who is a farm laborer. The prisoner led a very steady life until a few months ago, when he conceived a violent passion for a servant girl named Rosalie Awonters. This gave rise to family quarrels, and he then took to drinking, and was often heard to wish his wife and sister-in-law "out of the way," in order that he might inherit their savings and marry the girl in question. Vanderzande at first denied the crime, but his clothes, stained with blood, being found hidden in a field, he ultimately confessed everything.

A little after midnight, "says he," I returned home. I tapped at the window of our bed-room, from which my wife always gave me the key of the house. This time she replied that I should not enter, that it was too late, and that I had better return to where I had come from. Annoyed by this answer, I sat down in the garden till two in the morning. I then broke a pane of the window which leads out to the garden and opened it. I entered the house and lay down on the bed by the side of my wife. I had not undressed myself. I remained there about half an hour. My wife did not cease annoying me. She reproached me with my drunken habits and my relations with Rosalie. Losing my temper, I got up to leave the house, when my wife followed me. I seized hold of my gun and knocked her down with the butt end. I then took up a knife that was on the table and cut her throat. During this scene, which lasted about two minutes, my sister in-law, Marie Spalman, aroused by the noise, got up, wrapped herself in a blanket, and came out of her room into ours. I struck her twice on the head with the gun; then in the heart with the knife, and then when she fell, I cut her throat as I had cut my wife's. My sister-in-law defended herself most energetically, and I had great difficulty in killing her. This scene lasted for about five minutes.

While this was going on, my son had put on his trousers and boots, and tried to rush out of the house to shout for assistance. I pushed him back, either with my gun or the knife—I don't know which. He then turned to me, and urged me to give him time to pray. He was bleeding. I asked him if he bled much. He replied in the affirmative. I then seized him by the hair and cut his throat also. Had he not been wounded, I should not have killed him. I left the three dead bodies, and went up stairs into the bedroom, where the chests of my sister-in-law and wife were kept. I opened and searched them in vain. I know that my sister-in-law had a good deal of money and that she had made her will in my favor. Rosalie did not encourage me to commit the crime. I had long the intention of robbing my sister-in-law, but the idea of murdering her and my wife only came into my mind about a week before I executed it. I intended to marry the servant girl. I did not want to kill my son." The prisoner related these details of the crime with the utmost coolness. The trial was not over when the steamer left.

A Boston woman, who has been reading in the papers that Sunday marriages are illegal, writes to the papers to know how it is with a baby born on Sunday. If so, which should be punished—the father, the mother, or the baby?

It is reported that Hon. George Washington Julian, of Indiana, is going to Texas, where he will desire to be known as Farmer Julian.

SHE STAMMERED, SHE DID.

JOHN G. SAXE.

When deeply in love with Miss Emily Pryne,
I vowed if the lady would only be mine
I would always endeavor to please—
She blushed her consent, though the stuttering lass,
She said never a word, except "you're an ass—
An ass—ass—ass—ridious teaser!"

But when we were married, I found to my truth
The stammering lady had spoken the truth:
For often in obvious dudgeon,
She'd say—if I ventured to give her a jog
In the way of reproof—"You're a dog—dog—dog—
A dog—a dog-matic curmudgeon!"

And once when I said "We can hardly afford
This extravagant style with our moderate hoard,"
And hinted we ought to be wiser,
She looked, I assure you, exceedingly blue,
And fretfully cried, "You're a Jew—Jew—Jew—
A very ju-dicious adviser."

And when it happened that, wishing to shirk
Some rather unpleasant and arduous work,
I begged her to go to a neighbor,
She wanted to know why I made such a fuss,
And saucily said, "You're a cuss—cuss—cuss—
You were always a-cuss-tomed to labor!"

Out of temper at last with the insolent dame,
And feeling the woman was greatly to blame
To scold me instead of caressing,
I mimicked her speech like a churl as I was,
And angrily said, "You're a dam—dam—
A dam—age instead of a blessing."

Society---A New Idea---Boys Under Twenty-One Not Admitted.

We don't know whether the mammas are going to adopt the plan of a lady of position and fashion in a neighboring city, who recently gave a grand ball to bring her daughter out. Great consternation was created when the beaux ascertained that none under twenty-one were to be invited. The indignation of the dancing boys, who wear swallow-tails and white cravats, who think society a barren waste without them, knew no bounds. The audacity of such a movement! They would make a wall-flower of that unfortunate young girl the rest of the winter. She should not be taken but once in the German. But the decree had gone forth; the hand-writing was on the wall. "Boys under twenty-one not expected." Society gave the mamma credit: first, that boys under age were not desirable at parties for her daughter, and why waste so much good eating and drinking on them? for boys have good appetites, notwithstanding the swallow tails and white cravats, and dancing the German is one of the most appetizing exercises, except singing. The ball was a great success, and the mamma, finding she has given such offense to the beau jeunesse, has announced her intention of having another, and inviting all the boys, and they each declare they won't go if she could give her grand ball without them; they won't come in second best. The fair young ladies of the German here would be wall-flowers were such an edict sent forth. Only imagine the consternation—twenty-one the lowest limit of age admitted to the ball at Delmonico's last week. Why, the blasse beaux of eighteen, who have seen everything, and "there's nothing in it," and who feel as if they were forty, would buckle on their armor and have a new sensation.—New York Express.

Old Age.

An old man is like an old wagon; with light loading and careful usage it will last for years; but one heavy load or sudden strain will break it and ruin it forever. So many people reach the age of fifty, or sixty, or even seventy, measurably free from most of the pains and infirmities of age, cheery in heart and sound in health, ripe in wisdom and experience, with sympathies mellowed by age, and with reasonable prospects and opportunities for continued usefulness in the world for a considerable time. Let such persons be thankful, but let them also be careful. An old constitution is like an old bone—broken with ease, mended with difficulty. A young tree bends to the gale; an old one snaps, and falls before the blast. A single hard lift, an hour of heating work, an evening exposure to rain or damp, a severe chill, an excess of food, the unusual indulgence of an appetite or passion, a sudden fit of anger, an improper dose of medicine, any of these, or other similar things, may cut off a valuable life in an hour, and leave the fair hopes of usefulness and enjoyment but a shapeless wreck.—Exchange.

"Hurrah for Women."

From the St. Louis Globe.

We love women—old or young —simply because they are women. Our mothers spank us; our sweethearts spoil our joys by flirting with our rivals; our wives read us a genuine or moderate Caudle lecture which we usually deserve. Woman has laughed at our woes when indulging in the tender passion, riddled our hearts with Erosian arrows, depleted our pocket-book, disturbed our slumbers, spoiled our coffee, rumpled our starched linen bosoms, hung to our arm with her whole precious weight when our corns hurt us most, danced us into perspiration, and caused us to buy lozengers for a cold; but in spite of all these things, we love her. We set her up as an idol, and prostrate ourselves before her as before some divinity. We don't care a copper what dry goods cost, so she looks so sweet. We will fight for her like a Prussian soldier. Let Mr. Holland say what he will to derogate from the sex, we shall "hang our banner on the outer wall" and cry, "Hurrah for the women!"

Successful Suit Against a Railroad--Damages for the Death of a Brakeman.

From the Cumberland (Md.) Civilian.

Many of our readers will remember the trial which excited considerable public interest at the January term, 1871, of the State, use of Fazenbaker, against the Cumberland and Pennsylvania Railroad. The suit was brought by the widow and children of William Fazenbaker, a brakeman, in the employ of the Cumberland and Pennsylvania Railroad, who was killed by the explosion of a locomotive at Frostburg, on March 26, 1870. The jury in the case decided for the plaintiffs, assessing the damages at $3,600 to be divided as follows: To the widow, $2,000, to the eldest child, $165, to the second child, $526, and to the youngest chid, $885.

Cundurango has been the subject of a protracted trial in the cancer wards of the Middlesex Hospital, London. Official reports of the treatment with this root state that not one single indication of improvement had been observed in any case, the disease either running its usual course, or the patient exhibiting symptoms of derangement of system attributable to ordinary alterative medicine. It was also stated that a large number of persons, misled by the reports of cures coming from the United States, were paying exorbitant prices for Cundurango. The feeling was strongly expressed that the public should be made aware of the utter worthlessness of this nostrum.

The Southward Immigration.

Extract from a Paris Letter to the Georgia Immigration Committee.

I beg leave to ask by what sort of magical power can you expect our merchants, our bankers, our capitalists to interest themselves in a country which they know nothing of, except what is occasionally told them in a general way in speaking of the South? Business men are not like the christians of olden time, they are not moved by *faith*. They want *facts* and *figures*. As a general thing Europeans have no other but vague ideas about your country and its population; and it is not upon such imperfect notions that they will embark into business and risk their capital. In such a position, you understand, they may be pushed; but they certainly will not take any initiative. They are like people entering for the first time into a dark room, and feeling their way slowly as they advance. The initiative has to come from you, the propositions be made by you, and in such a way as to appeal to their interests. In this case, there is nothing you can not, with time and perseverance and a perfect acquaintance with ourways of dealing, obtain from our business men and capitalists.

France can give Georgia several lines of steamers and a large emigration. I say large, because I have seen it begin four months ago with Canada, and that beginning was excellent. I frequently see the agent of the Canadian government, and the people who are flocking to its office, and I feel assured that next year from four to five thousand emigrants will take that route. The emigration to the Argentine republic, that commenced ten years ago with 3,000 emigrants and thirty vessels per annum, has reached 60,000 and employs 230 vessels annually. The agent writes to me that he will soon have 100,000 for that destination. When your State will be ready, I will send you, if you like, a copious memoir on the various questions concerning French emigration, with accompanying documents.

* * * * *

I have just told you that in this business, as in any other, it is for your people to take the initiative, spread documents, and call trade, navigation and emigration to your shores. Official documnts from your Chamber of Commerce, or from the State, officially communicated, will certainly command attention here, and awake the interest of the *industriels*, merchants, ship-owners and capitalists; so with your business.

Money-Making a Duty.

Again, there are men born with a genius for money-making. They have the instinct of accumulation. The talent and inclination to convert dollars into doubloons by bargains or shrewd investments are in them, just as strongly marked and as uncontrollable as were the ability and inclination of Shakespeare to produce a Hamlet and Othello, of Raphael to paint his cartoons, of Beethoven to compose his symphonies, or Morse to invent an electric telegraph.—As it would have been a gross derelection of duty, a shameful perversion of gifts, had these latter disregarded the instincts of their genius and engaged in the scramble for wealth, so would a Rothchild, an Astor and a Peabody have sinned had they done violence to their natures, and thrown their energies into channels where they would have proved dwarfs, and not giants. The mission of a Lawrence or a Cornell, equally with that of an Agassiz, a Bierstadt, or a Powers, is defined in the faculties God has given him; and no one of them has a right to turn aside from the paths to which his finger so plainly points. Academies, colleges, hospitals, museums, libraries, railroads, none of which could have been possible without their accumulations—are the proofs of their usefulness; and though the millionaire too often converts his brain into a ledger and his heart into a millstone, yet this starvation of his spiritual nature is no more necessary in his pursuit than in that of the doctor or lawyer. Agassiz is reported to have said, half scornfully, that he had "no time to make money," having given himself to science. But how could he get leisure to study the secrets of nature if others had not made money for him?—"Getting on in the World."

Strength and Health.

It is quite a common idea that health keeps pace with strength. There are people who really think that you may determine the comparative health of a company of men by measuring their arms—that he whose arm measures twelve inches is twice as healthy as one who measures but six. This strange and thoughtless misapprehension has given rise to nearly all the mistakes thus far made in the physical culture movement. I have a friend who can lift nine hundred pounds, and yet is a habitual sufferer from torpid liver, rheumatism and low spirits. On the contrary, I have many friends who would stagger under three hundred pounds that are in capital trim. But I need not elaborate a matter so familiar to physicians and other observing people.

No test of health would prove more faulty than a tape line or a lift at the scale beam. Suppose two brothers—bank clerks—in bad health. They are measured around the arm. Each marks exactly ten inches. They try the scale beam. The bar rises exactly at three hundred pounds with each. Both seek health. John goes to the gymnasium, lifts heavy dumb bells and heavy kegs of nails until he can put up one hundred and twenty-five pounds and lift nine hundred, and his arm reaches fifteen inches. Thomas goes to the mountains, fishes, hunts, spends delightful hours with the young ladies and plays cricket. Upon measuring his arm we find it scarcely larger than when he left town, while he can't put up sixty pounds nor lift five hundred. But who doubts Thomas will return to the bank counter the better man of the two? John should be the better man if strength is the principle or most essential condition of health.

A Remarkable Boll of Cotton.

The New York Journal of Commerce, of Tuesday, says: "Yesterday the quotation committee of the New York Cotton Exchange were presented with a boll of cotton which has been acknowledged by experts to be the largest and most remarkable shown on this market. The presentation was made by Mr. French, of Messrs. Morton Bliss & Co. The boll has spread in a peculiar fan-like form, from a large, strong stem. It was grown from improved Dickson seed, cultivated by F. C. and John Morehead, of Catalpa plantation, Washington county, Mississippi. The sample shows the improvement by selection and cultivation which has taken place in four years, from first experiments. This boll contains twenty-four seed cells. The seed was planted May 24.—The plant was injured by drouth and worms to some extent; but six hundred bolls were counted on some of the stalks. Many of the bolls were of the ordinary form. The planters expect to improve the seed so that it may produce ten pounds of lint cotton to the stalk."

NOBODY KNOWS.

How the world wags, from dawn to the close,
Who are our friends, and who are our foes,
Nobody knows.

How many wake, and how many sleep;
How many laugh, and how many weep;
How many sow, and how many reap,
Nobody knows.

How many pray, and how many sin;
How many lose, and how many win,
Nobody knows.

How many watch, and how many wait;
How many tarry, and how many mate;
How many early, and how many late,
Nobody knows.

How many give, and how many take;
How many brew, and how many bake,
Nobody knows.

How many smile, and how many sigh;
How many sing, and how many cry;
How many are low, and how many high,
Nobody knows.

How many bless, and how many curse;
How many are better, and how many worse,
Nobody knows.

How the world wags, from the eve to the dawn;
How many love, and how many scorn;
How many die, and how many are born,
Nobody knows.

Parents and Children.

It is one of the imperative duties of journalism "to point a moral" when opportunity offers. For the wretched murderer of Mr. Putnam, oppressed, as he must be, with remorse as he sits in his solitary cell in the Tombs, we have no immediate feeling save that of sorrow that a man can become a murderer, and that one who has received Christian nurture should be compelled to contemplate the possibility—nay, the probability—of the gallows as his only pathway to a future existence. But from the meager history of his life, which his crime has made public, the youth of a great city like New York may draw a striking and useful lesson.

Who and what was William Foster? The son of a wealthy and highly respected gentleman who has been long and worthily known to and associated with business men of high standing, he at an early age, cast off with brutal indifference those sweet maternal influences which are all powerful for good, and insolently emancipated himself from the paternal yoke.

He did only what thousands of the lads in New York are doing at this very day. In every phase of life, in every class of society one hears the impatient cry of the father and the patient cry of the mother and sisters: What can be done with him? What answer do they receive? Bills from exhorbitant tradesmen, insults from foul associates and lewd women, misery and sorrow in their infinite forms and shapes! The father sees the hope of his old age a roue at sixteen—the mother sees that her favorite son is no fit future protector for her daughters. And such are to be the husbands of our sisters—the fathers of future citizens! What, but luck, prevents them from being what now William Foster is—the inmate of the murderer's cell? At school they learn Euclid and construe Virgil, but in their play-hours they chew tobacco, swear like a carman, and not unfrequently drink the vilest whisky.—Why is this? Why should the greatest of God's gifts to man—his children—be the cause of so much tribulation?

This country boasts, and justly, of her enlightenment, her progress, and, above all, of her educational system; and yet in no country which assumes to be her peer in these respects, is the emancipation of children from parental control permitted at so early an age. Children from their infancy are not sent to bed at a proper hour; in many cases fathers take their morning drinks in the presence of a boy of five or six years old, and bring a curse on themselves and the boys in so doing. Boys and girls are alike educated to a love of dress, finery and extravagance; they are early indoctrinated with an extravagant and injudicous love for the theatre and everything that is injurious to their childish minds, and they grow up to be, what?—the terror of their families. The girls, at sixteen, are on the look-out for an eligible marriage—not one of love, they do not know what love is; the boys, at eighteen, for a *liaison* which shall give them a certain standing in the world of fashionable crime. What follows? Domestic misery and divorce in one case; faro-banks, bar-rooms, debt, dishonor, and crime in the other.

This is no fanciful picture; it is one, and a terrible one, of real life. Men and women, no matter to what class of society they belong, have the remedy for this fearful evil in their own hands.—They can, they have a right to, and they must exercise a greater and mose lasting control over their children. They must be theirs parents and guardians till they marry or settle in life. They have the law on their side, and, if necessary, they must invoke it. Better a little worry, a little more effort, or a little more home detention than the powerless contemplation of the gradual descent of a child to perdition.

A Wholesome Medicine.

Are you in trouble? Work it off. Don't try to quench your sorrow in rum or narcotics. If you begin this you must keep right on with it, till it leads you to ruin; or if you try to pause, you must add physical pain and degradation to the sorrow you seek to escape. Of all wretched men, his condition is the most pitiful who, having sought to drown his grief in debauch with shattered nerves, aching head and depressed mind, to face the trouble again. That which was at first painful to contemplate, will, after drink, seem unbearable. Ten to one the fatal drink will be again and again sought, till its victim sinks a hopeless, pitiful wreck. Work is your true remedy. If misfortune hits you hard, you hit something else hard There is nothing like good, solid, exhausting work to cure trouble. There are some great troubles that only time can heal, and perhaps some that can never be healed at all; but all can be helped by the great panacea. Try it, you who are afflicted. It operates kindly and well, leaving no disagreeable consequence in its train, and large quantities of it may be taken with the most beneficial effects.

MARKS OF A GENTLEMAN.—No man is a gentleman who, without provocation, would treat with incivility the humblest of his species. It is vulgarity for which no accomplishment of dress or address can ever atone. Show us the man who tries to make every one around him happy, and whose greatest solicitude is never to give offense to any one, and we will show you a gentleman by nature and species, though he may never have worn a suit of broad cloth, nor never heard of a lexicon. We are proud to say, for the honor of the species, there are many men in every throb of whose heart there is a solidtude for the welfare of mankind, and whose every breath is perfumed with kindness.

SACREDNESS OF TEARS.—O, speak not harshly of the stricken one, weeping in silence! Break not the deep solemnity by rude laughter or extrusive footsteps! Despise not woman's tears; they are what make her angel. Scoff not if the stern heart of manhood is melted sometimes into sympathy; they are what help to elevate him above the brute. I love to see tears of affection. They are painful tokens, but still most holy. There is a pleasure in tears—an awful pleasure. If there be none on earth to shed a tear for me, I should not wish to live; and if no one might weep over my grave, I could not die in peace.

The religion that shows nothing but pale cheeks and lily white fingers is not the religion of the Bible. Highways and hedges are better sanctuaries for acceptable service than studies, and cloisters, and cells.

FARM AND HOME.

FARM.

Economy Among Farmers.

The greatest drawback, unquestionably, to the South of late years, has been a want of capacity or training in her citizens to practice that rigid economy in their domestic matters that was rendered necessary by the résults of the war. They endeavored to live in the same style, and indulge in the same extravagances, as they did before their property was destroyed. Their incomes fell far below the demands of their artificial wants, and, to keep up appearances, many even of the comforts of life were sacrificed. Palatial mansions that were once the abodes of a princely hospitality, with plantations attached, only were left, in many cases, to their owners. To keep up these, required large expenditures for servants. Not to keep them up would betray a poverty in their owners which they did not like to confess; and so in many cases, year after year they hold on, hoping for some change for the better, running deeper and deeper in debt each year, until their whole estates are consumed in ministering to a false pride. We have seen many such instances, and in every one there was a deep-rooted unhappiness, a cankerous knawing at the heart; an unmanly irresolution; a want of moral courage to accept poverty and go bravely to work. And yet, when the shock came—when all was lost, we have known these same men to rise superior to all their adversities, and become the hardest of workers, training their sons up to bare their arms to toil in the field, and their daughters to the *accomplishments* of house-keeping. If the sublime courage to acknowledge poverty had been displayed at the termination of the war, they might have raised from the wreck of their fortunes enough to have made them comfortable.

There is a change going on for the better. Men have had time to look around them. The practice of economy is becoming more general. The key which will unlock the treasures of comfort is being sought after. Contentment and honor dwell with economy. It is now admitted that he who makes a dollar per day and saves fifty cents, is by far happier, and enjoys more of the comforts of life, than he who makes fifty dollars and spends fifty-one. It is the amount saved, not the amount made, that gives satisfaction and enjoyment. There is a supreme pleasure in knowing when one lies down at night, that he has made some advance in the right direction. There is a corroding disquiet and a deep mental agony when one feels that he is going backwards. The first is happiness, and stimulates to renewed exertion. The second saps all energy, breeds dissipation, and makes life miserable. Economy is a great virtue, and forms the foundation of some of our highest pleasures. Successful farming and a wise economy go hand in hand.—Rural San.

How Farmers may Co-operate.

Farmer Jones invites farmers Smith, Brown and Robinson to drop in of an evening, and they have a chat. Of course the subjects discussed are those in which they hold a common interest—stock, crops, the results of labors and experiences, and their hopes and plans for the future. The interchange of ideas is mutually entertaining and instructive, and they desire that the conference may, like a Ledger story, be continued, so farmer Smith asks the company to meet next week at his house. Other friends drop in, and thus it comes about in a vera natural way, that a farmers' club is instituted with no parade or noise—grows, in fact, like Topsy. This is the whole affair; rules, by-laws, places of meeting to accommodate growing numbers, are mere matters of convenience provided for as the occasion may arrive. Three years ago a club at Elmira, this State, was commenced with seven members. It has 100 members now, who meet weekly during winter, and at longer intervals during summer; who possess already 1000 volumes, and add yearly to the library fund $600. The result is that this Club has introduced improved stock and new seeds and implements; that valuable experiments have been tried and their issues noted and discussed. A farmers' club in Connecticut has kept up its organization for 14 years continuously; another on Long Island has, during the past few seasons, purchased at wholesale over $50,000 worth of fertilizers for the use of its members, saving thereby a third of that large sum. A recent convention of farmers' clubs in Illinois had delegates from 11 local associations, whose members aggregated 1000, ranging from 38 to 300 for each. Several of these clubs co-operate in buying supplies at a large saving in cost. Now these are illustrative cases of the thousands of associations among intelligent and enlightened farmers. But only a commencement has been made as yet. This co-operation is not exceptional, and not until there is a farmers' club in every township throughout America, or possibly several, will the work attain completeness.

Sound on Farming.

The following views on farming were thrown out by Mr. Greeley in his