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SUNDAY APPEAL

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE CITY.

F. A. TYLER, - - - - EDITOR.

SUNDAY MORNING, : : MARCH. 20, 1870.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

For Sheriff........MARCUS J. WRIGHT.
County Trustee..........A. WOODWARD.
For Tax-Collector.....W. D. STRATTON.
County Court Clerk......JAMES REILLY.
Clerk Criminal Court......W. T. AVERY.
Clerk 1st Circuit Court......B. T. REAVES.
Clerk 2d Circuit Court.......P. D. BOYLE.
Clerk 3d Circuit Court......J. McBROOKS.
Constable 5th Civ. Dist.........P. KERNS.
Magistrates 14th Civ. Dist...T. FLEMING.
W. L. STEWART.
Constable 14th Civ. Dist...J. W. RAMSEY.
Magistrate 5th Civil Dist ED. KIERNAN.

Election to take place on the 26th March.

THE issue as to the adoption of the Constitution submitted by our late Convention, is not whether we like it and approve all its provisions, but whether we prefer it to the old, with all the Radical amendments to it, just as it exists now. The voters are to vote "New Constitution" or "Old Constitution," as they may prefer. We go for the new, which enfranchises our whole people, of whom a large part are now disfranchised by the old. The case is a plain one. The issue is one of great importance. The Radical vote will be against the new Constitution. If the white people of Tennessee turn out and vote freely, the result is not doubtful. But if they do not vote, the old Constitution will be fastened upon us, and many thousands of our people remain disfranchised; Fourteenth Amendment or no Fourteenth Amendment.

The more ignorance there is at the ballot-box, the more need have we of intelligence. We must take the occasion to assert our white birthright, and use it well hereafter. Choose and vote.

THE NEWS.

The Washington (Ark.) *Telegraph* has suspended.

The French contract for Kentucky tobacco this year is 7000 hogsheads.

The hemp market in Lexington, Ky., is reported dull, and sales are made at $7.

Kentucky Radicals are talking of asking for Congressional interference in their State.

The Tombigbee at Aberdeen was full to its banks on Monday, having risen four feet in twenty-four hours.

The *Reporter* says: In future the Methodists of Holly Springs, Miss., will worship in their own church.

The Right Rev. W. M. Green, Bishop of the Diocese of Mississippi, is at present on a visit to the Parish of Holly Springs.

The Swedes recently brought to Water Valley, Miss., propose giving a series of concerts, to raise money to build a church.

The first number of the *West Tennessee Republican*, published at Huntingdon, Tenn., has reached this office. It is too Radical to be readable.

The people of McNairy county, Tenn., voted down, by a large majority, the proposition to move their county site from Purdy to Bethel station.

The first steamboat ever built at Columbus, Miss., has just been completed. She carries three hundred bales of cotton, and draws four or five inches light.

The whole cost of the recent Tennessee Convention amounted to $21,242 20. The Convention of 1834 cost $32,792 06; and that of 1796 cost the State $3,007 06.

On Friday last about forty immigrants, consisting of men, women and children, arrived at the Holly Springs depot, forwarded by Capt. Charles H. Townsend.

The Boston *Evening Post* says that the portraits of all the governors of Rhode Island are to be painted, and hung, if there is room, on the borders of the State.

The Tipton county (Tenn.) jail seems to be insecure. Clements, Bradford and others escaped some time ago, and last week a negro thief broke and escaped jail there.

Mr. J. M. Kimbrough says that he will establish a broom factory in Holly Springs, Mississippi, before fall, and that he will be prepared to buy a large quantity of broom corn.

The Franklin *Weekly Review* says the Tennessee Constitutional Convention made *forty-four* changes and additions to the old constitution, each one of which is a decided improvement.

Mr. Jenckes, of Rhode Island, chairman of the Committee on Patents, states that one hundred thousand American patents had been issued since 1836. That number was reached about a fortnight since.

Miss Dix, who has been on a tour among the asylums for the insane in the South, is reported by a Northern paper as advancing the opinion that snuff-dipping is the predominating cause of insanity among Southern women.

Beast Butler don't like to be told that he voted for Jefferson Davis in the Charleston Convention as a candidate for President. If Butler is any more ashamed of it than Mr. Davis is he could not long survive the feeling.

A false report that the Kentucky Central Railroad had been leased to the Pennsylvania Central Railroad for an unlimited term of years obtained circulation last week, but was refuted by Mr. Pendleton, the President of the Kentucky Central.

J. B. Dumble, Esq., who, during the war, was the managing editor of the traveling Memphis APPEAL, has just assumed editorial control of the new paper at Macon, Ga., the *Daily Journal*. He is one of the best journalists in the South.

Musical criticism out West is sometimes, to say the least of it, peculiar. One of the village dilettanti on the plains thus discourses about the singing of his choir: "It is like driftwood in a stream; it drags on the bars, yet don't amount to a dam."

The peach crop, says the Jacksonville (Fla.) *Republican*, may turn out not to be entirely destroyed, after all. Some report a pretty good stand left, if they do not yet fall off. The crop was killed lower in the bud than ever before known in this section.

The Knoxville *Press and Herald* says: "Six yellow men from Tennessee have made a black report to the Reconstruction Committee. One hundred and sixty thousand white citizens say their report is false, and offer proof that it is a tissue of falsehoods.

Wm. C. Hawkins was struck blind in Elizabethtown, Ky., a few days ago. This is the culmination of a series of misfortunes. He was burned out of his home during the conflagration in that place a few months since, and has been attacked with dropsy.

The Somerville (Tenn.) *Falcon* says: "We regret to state that the health of Hon. George W. Reeves continues to improve but slowly, and some time will elapse before he will be able to be out. He can now sit up for a few hours at a time but is still very feeble.

Edward A. Pollard is writing eulogies upon Grant and attacks upon Mr. Jefferson Davis in the New York *Tribune*. The New York *Democrat* says if Grant and the *Tribune* can endure him, no one else will complain, and the Southern people will be only too happy to be rid of him.

It seems there is an effort on the part of some to build the railroad known as the Elizabethtown and Paducah Railroad, from Greenville, Ky., to Memphis, Tenn., *instead* of Paducah. If, however, we are to judge from the *Herald*, the fact is not at all regretted by the people of McCracken.

The Holly Springs (Miss.) *Reporter* says: "We know of no more disgusting and annoying habit than that of spitting tobacco juice on church floors. And we know of no place where the habit prevails more extensively than in Holly Springs." They need an Anti-Tobacco Society in Holly Springs.

The dwelling house of Mr. Louis Malone, who lives near Tallaloosa, in Marshall county, Miss., was struck by lightning on Friday night, March 11th, and totally destroyed. The lightning set the house on fire, and the flames progressed with such rapidity that the inmates scarcely had time to escape.

It is reported that the proprietors of the Fort William Henry Hotel, of Lake George, and the Arlington House, at Washington, have purchased six hundred acres of land near Harper's Ferry, for the purpose of erecting a colossal hotel among the mountains, to accommodate six or eight hundred guests.

On Monday night last the dwelling-house of Mr. Pleasant Meador, living two miles west of Hudsonville, in Marshall county, Mississippi, was struck by lightning, set on fire and totally destroyed. The fire progressed with such rapidity that the family saved but a small amount of their clothing or furniture.

The Lebanon (Tenn.) *Herald* of Thursday says: "Fruit and wheat in Wilson have been slightly damaged by the recent frost. Peaches in some localities were blooming, and pears and plums were budding out. The damage though, we think, is not very serious yet. From what we can learn, the wheat has been 'frozen out' in some neighborhoods, but is not badly hurt."

The Humboldt (Tenn.) *Headlight* says: "On the evening of the 14th, three colored men, armed with beech limbs, ran down, caught and severely whipped a colaborer not far from Humboldt. The difficulty originated from personal animosity and threats. The aggressors were arrested and fined. Details to be sent to Benjamin Butler and Jerusalem Smith, to be used as an argument for reconstruction."

The English journals assert that tenders of a peerage have again been made to Mr. Dickens, who has recently had a private interview with the Queen. If this prove true, Mr. Dickens will most probably accept. His declination of the proffered honor on the last occasion was so decided and explicit that we hardly think the proposition would have been revived without an understanding that it is to be accepted.

The Philadelphia *Press* says: "The fact that Revels is a negro, no doubt, accounts for the desire to hear him speak, as, we believe, he was not particularly distinguished as an orator or a statesman before he entered the high social and political circles in which he now lives and moves and has his being. Dr. Johnson was once asked what he thought of a female preacher whom he had just heard speak. 'Why, sir,' replied the Doctor, 'a woman speaking is like a dog walking on his hind legs; you do not wonder at his not doing it well, but you are surprised at his doing it at all.'"

A champion of the violin argues, in a London paper, the propriety of teaching that instrument to boys, as the pianoforte is taught to girls, and this brings the writer another suggestion, "Why should not girls as well as boys learn the violin? What a blessing it would be in families where there are several daughters destined to learn music, if one might escape the eternal pianoforte and take to the violin! Think of the wearisome work it is to listen of an evening in a dull country house to three or four young ladies, succeeding one another, each playing a piece just like the other that went before it."

IT is said that Senter and Fletcher have bid out from Nashville. Some think both have gone to Washington. Has Senter gone on to head Fletcher? Will he antagonize Stokes when he gets there—will he put truth as he knows it against the lies sent on to misrepresent the State he has been elected to govern? Will he use his influence to prevent reconstruction? Or will he fall in with Stokes, consent to the programme of usurpers, and take the Cooper Senatorship, which he is thought to covet? If he is a true man he will not compromise the truth to the injury of the State for the sake of a foreign mission. He will either prove to be above price or we shall be likely to learn what his price is.

IT is believed here that it is a part of the Radical game not only to report at Washington all the outrages that actually occur in the State, but also to get up as many as possible under such disguises as will most successfully suit them for capital to be used in Congress. To what extent this is done, may not be precisely apparent. But that such *is the policy* appears evidently enough from the failure of the bill to punish masked marauders, which was defeated in the Tennessee Legislature by the Radicals themselves, when the Democrats would have passed it. Ten out of twelve of their members left the House and defeated a quorum. They defeat bills to put down "Ku-Klux," and ask Congress to reconstruct the State, on the pretense of a great necessity for doing the very thing they have thus prevented! Their actions, like their false representations, are all political tricks. They crave office and hunt for plunder.

IN view of the probability of the adoption of the new Constitution and the vacation of the judicial offices consequent thereupon, some interest begins to be taken as to the selection of Supreme Judges. A correspondent of the Knoxville *Whig* suggests Thomas A. R. Nelson and James W. Deadrick, of East Tennessee, as men who would be ornaments of the bench. He also speaks of our townsman, Joseph B. Heiskell, as having attained a high rank in East Tennessee, and as now one of the men in the front rank of able lawyers of the State. Besides him we also hear suggested the names of Wm. H. Stephens, J. C. T. Sneed and Archibald Wright. If our choice for judges is to be confined to this description of men, there will be no ground of complaint, and the State will be eminently well served. They will all honor any office in which they can be placed.

GENERAL BRECKINRIDGE, in a recent speech, denounced the Ku-Klux in unmeasured terms, and said that he would join any force to expel them from the country. Whoever may be the marauders that plunder the people in remote interior districts, and frighten ignorant, harmless blacks, deserve execration and speedy punishment. But if these robbers and murderers infested Tennessee, which, fortunately, and remarkably in view of the demoralization of the war, they do not, it would furnish no reason for our resubjection to the horrible process of reconstruction. The South, and not the North, was the scene of war, and here war spewed up its vices and left its abortions in the shape of villains who live upon the woes of their fellow-men. They are the robbers and murderers of the South, and represent every State and city that sent soldiers south of the Ohio. Some of the worst of these remorseless scoundrels have been lifted into high office by negro votes, and others of them lead so-called Ku-Klux Klans, to terrify and rob helpless, stupid, pitiable blacks. But these facts only show that the people of the South should govern themselves, and that nothing would be more productive of Ku-Klux outrages than the remission of the State to that unhappy condition from which it has so recently escaped. Of all the baseless lies ever uttered, and misrepresentations ever fabricated, none can be compared with concoctions of unmixed falsehood recently administered by a body of corrupt black scoundrels to the credulous President of the United States. The character of Tennessee was so blackened that any personification of the State in painting or marble hereafter made must be black as Erebus, foul as Beast Butler and baleful as Brownlow. If any decent citizen of Tennessee were given in Washington the diabolical reputation which Stokes and his associates assign to the people of the State, he would avenge the infamous outrage at the cost of life. Shall a State suffer silently and unavenged those wrongs which no gentleman would endure! If we be again enslaved to savages, if the value of our property must again be destroyed, if we must be remanded to despotism, give us at least military rulers and spare us the thieves so recently dethroned.

To "fire the Southern heart" was once pronounced by a wild enthusiast the province of patriotism. Butler and Stokes and their debased tools and minions have adopted the line of policy embodied in the expressive phrase above quoted, and now devote themselves to the unhallowed task of "firing the *Northern* heart" against Tennessee. False accusations are preferred, and countless crimes ascribed to our people never dreamed of save in Washington, and never conceived save by cabals of ambitious, selfish, soulless politicians. Under antipathies and excitement thus engendered, Tennessee they desire should be remanded to the domination of thieves and savages, who thirst for more plunder and blood. One Farnsworth, a congressman, who learns truth somewhat slowly, separates himself from Stokes, and Butler, who carries the brains of Congress and knavery of the universe on his brawny shoulders. Farnsworth says:

The gentleman from Massachusetts (Butler) had yesterday raised the cry of murder in the House. Whenever he wanted to pass these reconstruction bills he got up in the House and cried "Murder!" and by a hue and cry of that sort got his bill passed. Whenever one of these bills was to be passed, a Washington paper published accounts of some great outrages, and immediately the Reconstruction Committee was called together and a bill reported to the House. He remembered that last year a gentleman, a very clever fellow, but a man whose politics were always of those of the reigning dynasty, who had sold arms to the people of Georgia in the winter of 1860 and 1861, with which to shoot down Union soldiers, went to Georgia, and with the assistance of Governor Bullock, manipulated the Legislature and got a committee appointed to examine his claim for the payment of those arms. The committee was manipulated so as to make a favorable report, but the Legislature refused to adopt it or pay the claim thereon. That man came on to Washington full of sorrow, his heart wrung to its depths, with tears in his eyes, over the terrible persecutions of the negroes and of the loyal men of Georgia. That man was in favor of the reconstruction of Georgia at once. What was the touchstone? It was that he could get his $25,000 and interest for the arms he had sold to the State of Georgia.

What is the touchstone now? Bill Stokes and Barbour Lewis would have themselves recrowned masters of Tennessee. Brownlow, whose intellect was long ago dethroned by his hell-born hates and frensies, ascribes moral defects to the people of his State, which would make it his fit abiding place—a veritable inferno. If these remorseless place-hunters achieve their purposes, the State is destroyed. Property values will be lessened one-half, and population will abandon the State. Prosperity had just began to smile. Real estate advances in value, and immigrants are hurrying hither from all the States. Reconstruct the State, and all is lost—we are forced backward twenty years.

HON. S. S. COX, formerly of Ohio, now representing a district of the city of New York, in a speech delivered in the House of Representatives declared of the United States that they no longer constituted a federation. The Constitution, in very truth, as a federate bond, is obsolete. Congress is a despotic majority, reckless of State boundaries or rights, ruling with a scepter of iron a territorial domain. Local independence and local self-government are captive, subject, extinct. Through new amendments to the Constitution and recent legislation passed, proposed or menaced, the old, popular, reserved forces, restraining centralization, are dormant or dead. The wisdom of the past century and of all sages, patriots and statesmen, who followed the fathers of the Constitution, is not only assailed but derided and contemned. Even Mr. Bingham, suspected of a share of moderation, declares that "under the Fifteenth Amendment Congress can reform abuses even in organized States, represented in Congress." This theory extinguishes States and perfects the empire. These commonwealths have reached the utmost depths of humiliation when they depend for existence or non-existence on the fiat of Congress or caprices of Ben Butler. Congress does the work of the Reconstruction Committee; and that Committee, the bidding of Butler. States and people alike are disfranchised. Discontent and reconstruction, running in parallel lines, are seemingly interminable.

Mr. Cox, in the course of this speech, denominated the basis of reconstruction in Virginia the "fundamental fooleries" of Congressional legislation, and added, "it is the cheap resource of vulgar rulers to torture a patient and repentant people into wounds and tears."

Is rancor to be perpetuated under "fundamental conditions?" Or, if these fail to impress us as wise legislators, are there no economic causes to teach us to withdraw force, substitute kindness, and foster trade and interchange? Do we forget that, in spite of the hateful and hostile legislation of Congress, the substantial people of the South have, by their production, almost enabled us to realize the dream of gold and silver coin, and all out of their little cotton-pod?

If these perpetual intermeddlings with local affairs are to go on; if this is to be chronically fatal, then the people were mocked by the cry of "peace" when they chose General Grant for President; then God has mocked us by placing us in a fat and fruitful land, bound together by the same skies, rivers, mountains, valleys and lakes, mocked us by fixing in our hearts the principle of paternity, and cruelly mocked us by sending to our star a prince of peace!

I fear there is but one hope. We cannot well return to the saving Democratic principle of the inviolability and indestructibility of the States. That principle is sadly mutilated. We hardly have a rag of it left. But there may be enough of its fragments to lift aloft a banner for the people. When that banner bears us to victory, then and not till then will reconstruction have its dreary end. Not till then will there be for the South "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

ONE of the New England Peace societies has just issued a circular denominated "A plea with ministers for the cause of peace." They preach peace, but dogmatize, overbear, reign with the iron hand, and practice strife among themselves and war upon their neighbors. The Pharisees are "holier" than other men, and therefore are careful of the morals of others. Fully appreciating their character, the Rev. Dr. Converse, now at Louisville, but for a third of a century the editor of the Philadelphia *Observer*, a man of large talents, of great candor and of eminent worth, thus responds to them in the present *Christian Observer*, which excellent religious journal, with his son, he is now publishing at Louisville:

We have received a communication from a superior order of intelligences, from which we learn, that our ministers are hereafter to have another set of instructors, wiser than Paul and Peter and John; and that our English Dictionaries are all wrong, and that the Bible does not mean what it says.

The communication comes from the American Peace Society of Boston, Massachusetts, of which Charles Sumner is a shining light. They desire to place in the hands of every minister in the Southern States a copy of their "Plea with Ministers for the Cause of Peace," and a copy of their *Advocate of Peace*. They ask all ministers to do especially the following things: 1. To preach a sermon on peace at least once a year. "We send our periodical," they say, "to every one who preaches *and takes a collection*." 2. To train your people to pray for peace, as for missions, and see that at least one annual concert of prayer is held for universal peace. 3. To have a set effort made every year to raise funds for this cause. 4. To encourage and aid the circulation of their publications on this subject.

We extract from their "Plea with Ministers," the following:

"Christianity showed itself from the first to be a religion of peace, its pacific principles one of its most marked peculiarities. For some three centuries or more, Christians as a body were decided in their opposition to war. Irenæus (170) said they *did not know how to fight*. Justin Martyr in the same century *considers war as unlawful*; Titian, his deciple, *speaks of it in the same terms*; and Clemens, a cotemporary of Tatian, is *equally decided against the lawfulness of war*. Tertullian (about 200) asks, 'Can one who professes the peaceful doctrines of the Gospel be a soldier? Jesus Christ, by disarming Peter, disarmed every soldier afterward; for custum can never sanction a wrong act.' The early Fathers generally condemn war as utterly unchristian, and speak of the ancient prophesies respecting the prevalence of peace under the Gospel as *actually fulfilled in the Christians of that age*; and it is certain that they refused to become soldiers, and even suffered martyrdom for their refusal to engage in war, saying, '*I am a Christian; I cannot fight*.'"

In 1861, in the fair City of Brotherly Love, we attempted, through the columns of the *Observer*, to preach the Scriptural doctrines of peace. We said not a word to let loose the dog-hounds of war. We refused to sanction the hanging out of flags on the churches, and shooting down our brother Christians in the South. But the *Observer* was suppressed by the power of the Federal Government! For the *first time in the history of the Government* the civil power had invaded the sacred right of the clergy to preach the gospel of peace. For the *first* time, a newspaper had been seized—seized without *warrant*, *seized without warning*—a paper, too, that in no way dealt with political topics, but simply confined itself to the work of the gospel.

Here was a fair opportunity for the Peace Society to manifest its zeal for *peace* measures, and "demand the recission of the order." But, these self-styled peace men had no protest to offer in defense of personal rights, or the liberty of the press. No voice from the Peace Society was then heard in favor of peace. The American Peace Society turned a lofty somersault. A time had come for the trial of their principles—they were weighed in the balance and found wanting. The dictionary had to be remodeled. The war between the States was not *war* at all. It was putting down of a rebellion! The whole country was at peace. "We sanction this thing for it *is not war; it is peace!*" True, President Lincoln declared a blockade, but that was a peace measure! He suppressed with the bayonet the papers that were in favor of a pacific settlement of our troubles by compromise, but this was in result of peace principles! He shut up men in military prisons, but that was a peace measure. Two millions of men were under arms, but the "Peace Society" could not perceive in this any omen of war. All the factories and foundries in the country were taxed to their utmost capacity to manufacture the implements of war and the paraphernalia of death, but this did not point to war! The land was drenched in blood; half a million families wore the weeds of mourning; still the *Advocate of Peace* was earnestly advocating the pacific (?) measures that caused these horrors. For four years the bloody conflict raged with a fierceness that has seldom been surpassed, but our Boston neighbors fondly dreamed that those four years were years of blissful peace; that the nation was merely engaged in the pleasant pastime in punishing traitors and rebels!

For ten, twenty, thirty years—we know not how long, the American Peace Society taught that war was an unmitigated evil—that it was never right—and always was the sum of all evil. The first time its principles were put to the test, it became one of the most blatant advocates of war in all New England.

The dictionaries were all wrong—the courts of the United States were all wrong—all the editors in the country were in error, in saying there was a "war," or publishing news from the "seat of war."

But herein lies the fallacy of the thing: Without repentance for the past they now come to the conclusion that there has been a war, and cite as the effects of the baleful evil the annexed statistics.

The following table, when analyzed, teaches a most impressive lesson of the fatal effects of war on the well-being of nations:

	Population.	Debt.	Taxes levied.	Taxes per capita.
U. S. 1860,	9,638,191	$ 91,015,566	$15,605,612	$1.56
1865,	34,500,000	3,000,000,000	350,000,000	10.11

What, then, is peace? According to these men, it would seem to be "agreeing with us in all our sentiments, and never daring to oppose them." The clergy of the South, will, no doubt, continue in their course of preaching the Gospel of peace, in the future as in the past. But we cannot presume that they will aid this organization. They will aid an organization which has some clearer ideas of what *peace is*; they will ally themselves with men who are not carried away by every wind of political doctrine, and who do not sacrifice their principles at the shrine of political faction.

The only hope for the cause of peace, is in the general diffusion of the truth and sanctions of the Word of God; the only author of peace is our Lord Jesus Christ; the only properly constituted peace society is His Church; the only code by which peace is secured is that code of morals and religion taught in the Holy Scriptures.

For the Sunday Appeal.]

GEOLOGY AND GENESIS.

BY WILLIAM ROSSELLE.

Since the progress of scientific discovery, especially in the branches of Astronomy and Geology, have made us acquainted with numerous important facts respecting the Earth and the heavenly bodies, the account of the Creation, given at the opening of Genesis, has proved a stumbling-block to intelligent christians, and a fruitful source of skepticism. This has not arisen from the narative itself, but from the error of the Church in claiming that it is a literal statement of facts, while it is really a poem. As a poem it groups together facts and events in rapid succession, that were actually far apart, and presents them robed in the vivid coloring of exuberant imagination. To analyze a poem by the matter of fact processes of Science, is as absurd as it would be to test the accuracy of the representation of a ploughed field in an oil color landscape, by the methods which chemists use for ascertaining the ingredients of agricultural soils. This, however, is the kind of treatment that has been applied to the opening chapter of Genesis by scientific adepts, and the result is well known. A poet says: "Tickle the earth with a hoe, and it will laugh back with a harvest." Here is an absolute truth beautifully expressed, but question the statement in a literal way, and it becomes nonsense. How could we tickle an acre of ground, either with a hoe or a feather? How could a field of clover burst into a fit of laughter? Any production that is rich with the hues of poetical genius will, in the same way, lose its lustre, like Cinderilla's gorgeous array when midnight struck, if handled by the chilly fingers of matter of fact commonplace.

That the opening of Genesis is poetic in its form, is proved by the occurrence of words that are as exclusively poetic as "cot" is, in English, for a country residence, or "cloud-capt tower" for a lofty fortification. *Chatho*—beast—for the prose *Chayah* is an instance. The structure of the phrases is poetical, and there are instances of the oriental ornament of recurring sounds, as *tohoo* and *bohoo*, and other modes of purely poetical phraseology. The nature of the structure of the narrative can, however, be understood with the nearest possible approach to accuracy, by means of a translation of it, rendered as closely as the English language will permit, and this is what I have done below:

THE POEM OF THE SEVEN DAYS.

THE FIRST DAY.

In the beginning God created
The heavens and the earth.

And the earth was a desolation
And a void;
And darkness was upon the face
Of the abyss.

And the spirit of God was brooding
Upon the face of the waters.

And God said:
Let there be light!
And there was light.

And God saw the light
That it was good.
And God divided between the light
And the darkness.

And God called to the light—
DAY;
And to the darkness he called—
NIGHT.
And it was evening,
And it was morning—
One day.

THE SECOND DAY.

And God said:
Let there be a firmament between the waters;
And let it be a dividing
Between waters and waters,
And God made the firmament.

And he divided between the waters
Which were under the firmament,
And the waters
Which were above the firmament.
And it was so.
And God called to the firmament—
HEAVENS.

And it was evening,
And it was morning—
The second day.

THE THIRD DAY.

And God said:
Let the waters under the heavens
Be gathered together in one place;
And let the dry (land) appear,
And it was so.

And he called to the dry (land)—
EARTH;
And to the gathering of the waters he called—
SEAS.

And God saw
That it was good.

And God said:
Let the earth bring forth tender grass;
Herb seeding seed;
Fruit tree yielding fruit,
To its kind;
Whose seed is in itself, upon the earth.
And it was so.

And the earth brought forth tender grass;
Herb seeding seed,
To its kind;
And tree yielding fruit, whose seed is in itself,
To its kind.

And God saw
That it was good.

And it was evening,
And it was morning,
The third day.

THE FOURTH DAY.

And God said:
Let there be lights in the firmament
Of the heavens;
To divide between the day
And the night.
And let them be for signs and for seasons,
And for days and for years.
And let them be for lights in the firmament
Of the heavens,
To light upon the earth.
And it was so.

And God made two great lights—
The great light,
For ruler of the day;
And the small light,
For ruler of the night;
—And the stars.

And God set them in the firmament
Of the heavens;
To give light
Upon the earth.
To rule in the day,
And in the night;
And to divide between the light
And the darkness.

And God saw
That it was good.

And it was evening,
And it was morning—
The fourth day.

THE FIFTH DAY.

And God said:
Let the waters bring forth abundantly
Creeping living creatures;
And birds shall fly about upon the earth,
Upon the face of the firmament of the heavens.

And God created the great sea monsters,
And all the creeping living creatures
Which the waters brought forth abundantly,
To their kind;
And every bird
To its kind.
And God saw
That it was good.

And God blessed them—saying:
Be fruitful and multiply,
And fill the waters in the seas;
And the birds shall multiply
On the earth.

And it was evening,
And it was morning
The fifth day.

THE SIXTH DAY.

And God said:
Let the earth bring forth living creatures—
To their kind—
In cattle and creeping thing,
And wild beast of the earth
To its kind.
And it was so.

And God made the wild beast of the earth,
To its kind;
And the cattle,
To its kind;
And every creeping thing of the ground,
To its kind.

And God saw
That it was good.

And God said:
Let us make man—
In our own image,
According to our likeness.

And let him have dominion—
Over the fish of the sea;
And over the birds of the heavens;
And over the cattle;
And over all the earth—
And over all the creeping things,
That creep upon the earth.

And God created man
In his image;
In the image of God
He created him;
Male and female he created them,

And God blessed them.

And God said to them:
Be fruitful and multiply,
And fill the earth,
And subdue it.

And have dominion—
Over the fish of the sea;
And over the birds of the heavens;
And over every living thing
That creeps upon the earth.

And God said:
Behold, I have given to you—
Every herb seeding seed,
Which is upon the face of the earth;
And every tree which has in it
The fruit of a tree seeding seed;
To you it shall be for food.

And to every beast of the earth;
And to every bird of the heavens;
And to all that creeps upon the earth
—Which has in it the breath of life—
Every green herb for food.
And it was so.

And God saw all that he had made,
And behold it was very good.

And it was evening,
And it was morning—
The sixth day.

THE SEVENTH DAY.

And they were finished—
The heavens, and the earth,
And all their host.

And God ended on the seventh day
His work which he had made;
And he rested on the seventh day
From all h's work,
Which he had made.

And God blessed the seventh day,
And he sanctified it;
For in it he rested from all his work,
Which God created to make.

FOUR YEARS A-FOOT.

Seventeen Thousand Miles Traveled—The Whole Civilized World Walked Over!

Marvelous Results of Constrained Muscular Action in a Case of Paralysis.

From the St. Louis Democrat.]

The late war has been followed by many strange incidents of private fortune, which afford an inexhaustible mine of wealth to be worked by the novelist and romancer. One of singular and varied novelty has come to our notice, which baffles the imagination in any effort to surpass it in richness and effectiveness. We present to the novelty-loving public, for the first time, the true and wonderful story which follows:

Colonel M. L. DeMibler is the name of the hero, as the reader must confess he is after reading his adventures. He is a native of Loudon county, Va., the scion of a long and honored line of Huguenots, who first settled in that State about two hundred years ago. He received a liberal education in Europe, returning to this country just previous to the opening of the conflict. He immediately raised a company of infantry, tendered his sword to the Confederate government, and, under Lee, was rapidly promoted for gallantry and meritorious conduct.

He received six wounds, all involving serious fractions of bones, thereby so crippling him as to compel his retirment from the service.

In 1865, when Selma was threatened by the Federals under Major General Wilson, the Colonel, who was passing through that place, prompted by a sense of patriotic duty, assumed command of a regiment and took part in the terrible battle which resulted in the capitulation of the city. Here he received his seventh and eighth wounds, each more severe than the others. One ball entered his abdomen near the navel and came out just to the right of the spinal column; the other entered and shattered the left shoulder, passed through both lungs, and issued under the right arm. From these he suffered severely, and, as a consequence of them and his other wounds, *paralysis* ensued.

The war closing soon, he went to Paris, and after exhausting all the ordinary modes of treatment, and deriving no benefit from them, by advise of members of the faculty of the University of France he undertook walking to obtain relief. He started from Paris in November, 1865, so crippled that it was from difficulty three-fourths of a mile was accomplished the first day, and it required four days for him to clear the suburbs of the city. Taking a southern direction he traveled with much difficulty through the vineyards of France and made his way to Spain.

The exercise now began to develop the most satisfactory results, and it became evident that a continuation of his tour would wholly restore his lost health and vigor. So he traveled through Spain, the home of romance and legends of love and war, and passed into Italy, through Southern France, taking in his route Florence, with all her learning; Rome, with all her ancient and glorious associations; Naples, in all her loveliness, with her matchlessly beautiful bay and awe-inspiring Vesuvius; up the western shore of the Adriatic, stopping at Venice, the "Rome of the Ocean," and on to Triest. From thence, making an entire circuit of Austria, through the marshy districts of the lower Danube, Transylvania, Galicia, Moravia, Bohemia, down through the mountainous Styria, then up, entering Vienna from the south. From here, passing through unhappy, but proud, Poland, along the northern frontier of Prussia, into Hanover and the Rhine country, thence south to Switzerland and on to Verona, thus making a complete circuit of Continental Europe, Turkey and Russia excepted.

From Verona his travels described a second, though more contracted circle, with Frankfort as the central or pivot point, going through Bavaria, Saxony, Southern Hanover, Westphalia and the Palatinate; and a third circuit of still smaller extent, through Baden, Wurtemburg, Franconia, the land of Hesse, and then around, entering Frankfort from the northwest—thus making three circuits in spiral form.

By this time his health was very nearly restored. He had contracted an insatiable passion for traveling, and having exhausted all the enticing portions of Europe, he determined to embark.

With this view he left Frankfort, passing through Strasburg and Paris to Havre, thence sailing for Vera Cruz, Mexico, where he landed in February, 1867. From here he resumed his foot journey, going southwest, then north to the city of Mexico, east to Jalapa, then north-west to Quretero, San Luis Potosi and Monterey, striking nothward to El Paso. From here his route lay northerly through New Mexico, north-west Texas, the northern portion of the Indian Territory to Baxter Springs, and thence on to St. Louis, Mo., reaching here in July of the same year. From our city he diverged south to Mississippi through the Gulf States, and then along the Atlantic board visiting the principal cities as far as Augusta, Maine. From this point he struck west, following the course of the lakes as far as Minnesota. From thence he made another circuit through the more centrally located States, which he had gone around in his first or border circuit, reaching St. Louis for the second time in February, '69, where he stopped for a few days, and then proceeded north-west and made a circuit of the Territories east of the Rocky Mountains, going through Texas and Louisiana to New Orleans, and then up the Mississippi, crossing and recrossing it at various places to St. Louis, arriving here for the third time on Friday last at 4 p.m.

We have thus followed the Colonel rather minutely in his travels. To give the reader a more accurate conception of the vastness of the undertaking, it must be borne in mind that this enormous distance (17,000 miles) was accomplished *on foot* by one solitary man during the short space of four years and carrying an average weight of forty-five pounds. He was called upon to use almost every civilized tongue—one night beside the bright blaze of some princely hearth; the next at the peat or turf fire of the humble peasant—to-day in the home and study of the savan, to-morrow in the gilded salon, where "pleasure wakes a delight as keen and fresh as the breath of spring," and hoping, as it were, against hope, in the effort to carry out his medical advice, traveling alone in the face of usually insurmountable obstacles, over remote and trackless regions, day after day, under torrid suns, or through the rigid cold or stormy winds of winter—the Colonel instances in his marvelous experiences what indomitable pluck and courageous perseverance, which neither fatigue, hardship nor pain can subdue, may finally accomplish.

Aside from the results sought for physically, and happily found in his complete restoration of health and strength, the scientific data and practical information that has accrued to his store is well worth a life-time, to say nothing of his large contact with the operations of the laws of the social and moral world, as they manifest themselves among the various populations of the earth. The Colonel has copious notes on the manners and customs of the people among whom he has traveled, and sketches of the most attractive scenery which it has been his fortune to behold. He purposes to give the results of his observations to the public at no distant day in the form of a book, to be illustrated from the sketches mentioned.

Viewing the colonel's tour in all its grand proportions, it stands unequaled and without a rival in modern annals. The country traveled over, the magical cure of his decrepitude, and the results accomplished in other respects, stamp it as one of the most remarkable feats of our remarkable times.

The colonel is a singularly attractive man in personal appearance, such an one as you would turn to look at again as you passed him. He is about thirty years of age, a little over six feet high, square built, lithe and muscular, of fine physique, dark brown hair, with Dundreary whiskers and mustache a shade lighter, blue eyes, and a quick, intelligent expression. He is scholarly and refined in his conversation, and altogether a most pleasing and fascinating companion. His mind is stored with an inexhaustible fund of classic lore and modern Continental, English and American literature, and a rich fund of amusing anecdote. His dress, too, deserves a note. His ordinary walking-suit is made of corduroy—coat cut short, knee-breeches, with woolen hose, Alpine shoes and corduroy cap.

The colonel, who is now at the Western House, resumes his march to-day for his home in Virginia, through Illinois and Kentucky, to settle up his affairs, preparatory to returning West, which he intends making his permanent home, so pleased is he with our country and so thoroughly convinced of its ultimate greatness and importance.

Christianizing Japan.

Bishop Williams, writing from Aosaka, on the 21st of July last, says: "Japan is passing through the most remarkable revolution recorded in the history of any nation. But little more than a year ago it was a most decidedly, pronounced despotism; now it has a written constitution, and will soon be a constitutional monarchy. The supreme power was then virtually in the hands of the Tycoon, whose ancestor has been the *de facto* sovereigns for more than two hundred years. But after a short struggle, which amounted to litte more than a slight skirmish, the Tycoonate was abolished, and the Micado—the sovereign *de jure*, and as they say by divine right literally, as the lineal descendants, in unbroken succession, of the God, to whom the heavenly Gods, assembled in grand council, gave Japan—was restored to his legitimate rights. And now we are seeing accomplished, so far, without shedding a drop of blood, what cost England the long sanguinary 'Wars of the Roses,' and Europe, streams of blood to effect—the abolition of the powers of the feudal lords, and the consolidation of the several principalities under one supreme head. Profiting by the lessons which the histories of other countries teach, the princes are coming forward and voluntarily offering to resign their lands and feudal rights into the hands of the Mikado, that Japan may become a united and strong Government. Already about 120 princes, many of them the most powerful in the country, have presented memorials, asking that they may be allowed to hand over to the Mikado their lands and perogatives as feudal lords. There are, of course, great difficulty and dangers in such sudden changes, especially if made only by a portion of the princes, and a definite reply has in such instances been deferred until after the Convention of the Daimios now assembled in Jeddo. There is a wide-spread opinion and feeling through Japan, that Christianity is to prevail. The Buddhists, anxious to take the lead among those who embrace it, or rather to gain part of the harvest which they see Christianity must gain, are preaching up points of similarity between Buddhism and Christianity. Mr. Carnes, a Presbyterian missionary, describes a discourse from a leading priest, in which he sets forth how Sahaka, the founder of Buddhism, had taken all the sins of mankind upon himself, and all we had to do was to receive this work by faith. We could not be justified by works of our own, but must do all from a sense of gratitude, and depend upon Sahaka for justification."

One of the hours each day wasted on trifles or indolence, saved and daily devoted to improvement, is enough to make an ignorant man wise in ten years—to provide the luxury of intelligence to a mind torpid from lack of thought—to brighten up and strengthen faculties perishing with rust—to make life a fruitful field, and death a harvester of glorious deeds. —*Anon.*

HON. Fernando Wood has been completely exonerated from the charge sought to be established of selling a cadetship. He appointed the son of a retired and worthy old regular army officer, and there is no shadow of corruption about it. Mungen has been exonerated, and even Golladay has not been found guilty by the committee of investigation.

The Pope has presented a box of relics to the Archduchess Sophia, of Austria.

WAITING FOR THE SPRING.

As breezes stir the morning,
A silence reigns in air;
Steel-blue the heavens above me,
Moveless the trees and bare;
Yet unto me the stillness
This burden seems to bring—
"Patience! the earth is waiting,
Waiting for the Spring."

Strong ash and sturdy chestnut,
Rough oak and poplar high,
Stretch out their sapless branches
Against the wintry sky.
Even the guilty aspen
Hath ceased her quivering,
As though she, too, were waiting,
Waiting for the Spring.

I strain mine ears to listen,
If, haply, where I stand,
But one stray note of music
May sound in all the land.
"Why art thou mute, O blackbird?
O thrush, why dost not sing?
Ah! surely they were waiting,
Waiting for the Spring."

O heart! thy days are darksome!
O heart! thy nights are drear;
But soon shall streams of sunshine
Proclaim the turning year.
Soon shall the trees be leafy,
Soon every bird shall sing;
Let them be silent waiting,
Waiting for the Spring.

IN SORROW.

When thou art sorrowful, and cares around
Crowd fast upon the steps of happier days;
When thou believ'st e'en brightest things can lend
The saddest echoes to the gayest lays—
As men of old were fed with angels' food,
Go, seek thy remedy in doing good.

When those to thee the dearest shall have died,
And each fresh day grow weary to thine eyes;
When every hope that others build upon
Come to thy senses with a sad surprise—
Take up the burden of another's grief;
Learn from another's pain thy woe's relief.

Mourner, believe that sorrow may be bribed
With tribute from the heart, not sighs nor tears,
But nobler sacrifice—of helping hands,
Of cheering smiles, of sympathetic ears.
Oft have the saddest words the sweetest strain;
In angels' music let thy soul complain.

Then Grief shall stand with half-averted foot
Upon the threshold of a brighter day;
And Hope shall take her sweetly by the hand,
And both kneel down with faith to meekly pray.
Lifted from earth, Peace shall immortalize
The heart that its own anguish purifies.

CHIQUITA.

Beautiful! Sir, you may say so. Thar isn't her match in the county,
Is thar, old gal? Chiquita, my darling, my beauty!
Feel of that neck, sir—thar's velvet! Whoa! Steady—ah, will you, you vixen!
Whoa! I say. Jack, trot her out; let the gentleman look at her paces.

Morgan!—She ain't nothin else, and I've got the papers to prove it.
Sired by the Chippewa Chief, and twelve hundred dollars won't buy her.
Briggs of Tuolumne owned her. Did you know Briggs of Tuolumne?—
Busted hisself in White Pine, and blew out his brains down in 'Frisco?

Hedn't no savey—hed Briggs. Thar, Jack! that'll do—quit that foolin'!
Nothin' to what she kin do, when she's got her work cut out before her.
Hosses is hosses, you know, and likewise, too, jockeys is jockeys;
And 'tain't every man as can ride as knows what a hoss has got in him.

Know the old ford on the Fork, that nearly got Flanigan's leaders?
Nasty in daylight, you bet, and mighty rough ford in low water!
Well, it ain't six weeks ago, that me and the Jedge, and his nevey,
Struck for that ford in the night, in the rain, and the water all around us;

Up to our flanks in the gulch, and Rattlesnake Creek just a bilin',
Not a plank left in the dam, and nary a bridge on the river.
I had the gray, and the Jedge had his roan, and his nevey, Chiquita;
And after us trundled the rocks jest loosed from the top of the canon.

Lickity, lickity, switch, we came to the ford, and Chiquita
Buckled right down to her work, and afore I could yell to her rider,
Took water jest at the ford, and there was the Jedge and me standing,
And twelve hundred dollars of hoss-flesh afloat, and a driftin' to thunder!

Would ye b'lieve it, that night that hoss—that ar' filly—Chiquita—
Walked herself into her stall, and stood thar all quiet and dripping!
Clean as a beaver or rat, with nary a buckle of harness,
Just as she swam the Fork—that hoss, that ar' filly, Chiquita.

That's what I call a hoss! and what did you say?—O, the nevey?
Drownded, I reckon—leastways he never kem back to deny it.
Ye see the derned fool had no seat—ye couldn't have made him a rider;
And then, ye know, boys will be boys, and hosses—well, hosses is hosses!

—*Bret Harte, in the Overland Monthly for March.*

GOLDEN GLEANINGS.

'Tis better to love to hear than to love to speak.—*Cleobulus.*

Procure not friends in haste; nor, procured, part with them in haste.—*Solon.*

A man may live justly by avoiding what he blames in others.—*Thales.*

It shows a diseased mind to desire such things as cannot be obtained, and to be unmindful of the misery of others.—*Bias.*

The blood of a healthy, full-grown, average man weighs twenty pounds.

Thinking is the least exerted privilege of cultivated humanity.

There is much folly that is well expressed, as there are many fools who are well clothed.

Fetes are not occasions of happiness to people of society, but only opportunities of appearing happy.

Good actions sown in our pathway bud and blossom to embalm our remembrance at some later day.

There are readers who get no farther than the title-page of books, like the Indian fox which devours only the heads of insects.

Worldly pleasures are no more able to satisfy the soul than the light of a candle to give day to the world.

Rhetoric and Logic—Demosthenes said of Phocion, that he upset by his logic what he set up by his rhetoric.

One solitary philosopher may be great, virtuous, and happy in the depths of poverty, but not a whole people.

CHANTING—A chanted prayer is the poetry of devotion, while a prayer read is merely the prose of it.—*Whitaker.*

MERIT.—Men are often treated like barrels—the empty ones made to stand up, the full ones laid down.—*Jean Paul.*

DOGMATISM.—When once a man is determined to believe, the very absurdity of the doctrine confirms him in it.—*Junius.*

There is a whole sermon in the saying of the old Persian, "In all thy quarrels leave open the door of reconciliation."

A Christian should never plead spirituality for being a sloven. If he should be a shoe-cleaner, he should be the best in the parish.

When man revolts against the Gospel, he takes another master—himself; one who renders all inferior masters possible.

Most persons choose their friends as they do other useful animals, preferring those from whom they expect the most service.

POVERTY OF POETS.—It may be truly applied to poets what St. Paul speaks of the early Christians: If their reward be in this life, they are of all men the most miserable.—*Cowley.*

Quotation, sir, is a great thing; there is a community of mind in it; classical quotation is the parole of literary men all over the world.—*Johnson.*

Knowledge in general expands the mind, exalts the faculties, refines the taste of pleasure and opens numerous sources of intellectual enjoyment.—*Robert Hall.*

Read not to contradict and refute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider.—*Bacon.*

Eloquence that leads mankind by the ears gives a nobler superiority than power, that every dunce may use, or fraud, that every knave may employ, to lead them by the nose.—*Bolingbroke.*

RECTITUDE.—It is more desirable to be miserable by acting according to reason than to be happy in going against it.—*Epicurus.*

Don't be afraid of the storms of time, knowing that God holds the moral as well as the physical ocean in the hollow of his hand.

Melancholy falls upon a contented life like a drop of ink on white paper—which is not the less a stain because it carries no meaning.

We have a power to suspend the prosecution of this or that desire; this seems to me the source of all liberty; in this seems to consist that which is improperly called Free Will.

Husbands.

A lady writes in these words to the editor of the New York *Observer*:

Will you allow me to say to those who are not aware of the facts, that the New Testament man lived in the Garden of Eden, a noted locality in the northern part of Asia. Unfortunately, the pattern of this man was lost, about the time of Adam's fall. Since then, men have been modeled after one Petruchio, who said of his wife: "She is my goods, my chattels, my horse, my ox, my anything, and I *will* be master of what is my own."

It is hinted by some of the knowing ones that the lost pattern will soon be found; and those who admire the New Testament man, may certainly expect him to make his appearance shortly after the commencement of the millennium. The many disappointments resulting from ignorance of the above facts, is my only apology for mentioning them. I was well acquainted with a lady of talents, education and mature judgment. She was a professor of religion, and about to marry a man of respectability, who was also a professor of religion. One of her friends suggested the propriety of retaining a right to the use of her own property after her marriage. She rejected the ultimatum with scorn, saying, "Am I afraid to give my property where I give myself?" Shortly after her marriage her husband refused to provide things decently and in order, neither would he allow her to use the property, once hers, for this purpose. In answer to the proffered sympathy of a friend, she quietly replied, "If I were to live my life over again, I would do differently." The case was just this: she thought she married a New Testament man, but she was mistaken.

I would like to say, in connection with the above circumstance, that I honor and esteem unmarried ladies for their talents and virtues, but I have very little respect for their opinions touching matters wherein they have no personal experience. Miss Mitford speaks of woman's sphere and mission very prettily and poetically, but not truly. A true woman will feel that there is "room for happiness on a throne," as well as in a cottage, if duty placed her there. And a throne is not the only station in life where a woman feels that she "belongs to her husband, without possessing him." If, as Miss Mitford says, "Woman's glory is only reflected glory," the *husbands* of Dorcas, Lydia, Phebe, Tryphena, Tryphosa, and the beloved Persis, must have been exceedingly brilliant, although Luke and Paul make no mention of them.

And another sends the following to the Yonkers (N. Y.) *Statesman*, about wives:

"Why is it?" asked a lady, "that so many men are anxious to get rid of their wives?" "Because," was the reply, "so few women exert themselves after marriage to make their presence indispensable to their husbands!"

When husband and wife have become thoroughly accustomed to each other, when all the little battery of charms, which both played off so skillfully before the wedding-day, has been exhausted, too many seem to think that nothing remains but the clanking of the legal chains which bind them together. The wife seeks to develop in her affection no new attraction for her husband; and the latter, perceiving *lapsus*, begins to brood over an uncongeniality which does not exist, into insurmountable obstacles in the way of his earthly felicity. This is the true secret. The woman who charmed before marriage can charm afterward, if she will, though not of course by the same means. There are a thousand ways, dear ladies, if you will but study them out, in which you can make home so attractive that your husbands will unconsciously dislike to absent themselves from it. In this way, and only in this way, it would seem to the writer, can you make yourselves the particular *deities* of domestic Paradise. This done, you may quietly laugh at all attempts to alienate their affections and inclinations, and with those will always go their active judgment. Such an experience of married life as the author of these few lines has enjoyed now nearly forty-five years, should be of some importance to the marrying and recently married generation. There can be no good reason why we cannot be so "joined together," that not only man cannot "put us asunder," but that our whole life long may be one "honey moon."

Progress.

Few men, used as they are to labor-saving machinery, reflect on the vast advance made through its means by the human race during the last century and a half. One invention, indeed, may be said to have built up the foreign commerce of the United States, laid the foundation of large manufacturing towns in England, and indirectly created a sectional strife, which will cure itself by its own action—that is, the cotton gin. The planing machine, the machine reaper, the mower, the telegraph, the locomotive, and others, are labor-saving machines, each and all. To appreciate them properly, just suppose, for a moment, that we should lose all these inventions—both the machines themselves and their modes of construction. Back goes the carpenter to his bench plane, the farmer to his scythe and sickle, the cotton planter to Sambo and Dinah's fingers, and Uncle Sam, with his mail bags, and the public, with its bodies, back to the old-fashioned, four in hand, suffocation jolters, called "stages." But the progress which the use of the machines we have enumerated has made is slow, compared with another—the Sewing Machine. Connected, as it is, with the comfort of families, and a priceless luxury, both to the over-burned mechanic's wife and the lady of fashion, it is becoming as much a matter of necessity as the gridiron or tea-kettle—a piece of furniture, in fact, without which no family can exist with comfort. At the present time, every family, no matter how moderate their means, can have one of these little iron and steel laborers, singing with its low and cheerful tones the pleasant "Song of the Shirt," by paying *ten dollars per month*, at No. 256 Second street, opposite Court Square, and thus obtain a machine, as the saying is, "almost without knowing it."

Integrity is the first moral virtue, benevolence the second, and prudence the third; without the first, the two latter cannot exist, and without the third, the two former would be often rendered useless.—*Anon.*

Some of the most stirring men in the world, persons in the thick of business of all kinds, and indeed with the business of the world itself on their hands, have combined with their other energies, the greatest love of books, and found no recreation at once so wholesome and so useful.—*Leigh Hunt.*

To abstain from bringing into view the infirmities of others, is one of the marks of negative efficient benevolence. To hold up to view the accomplishments or merits of another occupies the corresponding place in the regions of the positive benevolence.—*Bentham.*

INQUISITION.—On the walls of the old inquisition chambers at Avignon the parable of the Good Samaritan was painted.—*Dickens.*

TO LAND BUYERS.

THE Overton Lands, six miles north of Memphis, on the Big Creek Plank Road and Mississippi River Railroad track, which are to be sold at our REAL ESTATE EXCHANGE, on Tuesday next, should attract the attention of land buyers, both for their fuel and lumber value in the Memphis market, and farm value when cleared. No property within the same circumference can make a safer or more profitable investment of capital. Mr. Overton, the owner, is now here, and being a non-resident has DETERMINED to sell before returning home, if buyers can be had. We therefore invite the attendance, on Tuesday next, of the many persons who have been so often applying to us to buy these lands. They can get them by becoming the highest bidder.

The terms of the sale will allow ample time to meet the deferred payments from the products of the land.

ROYSTER, TREZEVANT & CO.,
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