

INTERIOR JOURNAL.

VOL. I.

STANFORD, LINCOLN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, FRIDAY, AUGUST 2, 1872.

NO. 22.

THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.
PUBLISHED IN
STANFORD, KENTUCKY,
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.
OFFICE—SOUTH SIDE MAIN STREET, (17th ST.).
HILTON & CAMPBELL, Proprietors.
TERMS—Two Dollars per Year in Advance.
RATES OF ADVERTISING.
One inch square a space.
One dollar per line for first insertion, 50 cents for each subsequent insertion. Single columns of advertisements to be paid for in advance. Local notices 10 cents per line. All advertisements must be paid for in advance.
All bills due on first insertion of advertisement.
No credit will be given for any bill.
Original copy ONE DOLLAR for each week, in gold. Money due before the first issue is written. We will not vary from these terms.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

A. F. MERRIMAN,
SURGEON DENTIST,
STANFORD, KY.
Office—Corner Masonic Block.

M. KEE & HOPPER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
LANCASTER, KY.

H. T. HARRIS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
STANFORD, KY.

R. C. WARREN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
STANFORD, KY.

THOS. W. VARNON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
STANFORD, KY.

D. W. DUNLAP,
LANCASTER, KY.

DUNLAP & COOPER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW AND COLLECTORS,
STANFORD, KY.

W. M. G. WELCH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
STANFORD, KY.

LANCASTER HOTEL,
LANCASTER, KENTUCKY.
A GOOD BAR.
EXCELLENT STABLE, &C.
R. L. GREYSAIN, Prop'r.

MASON HOUSE,
STANFORD STREET,
LANCASTER, KENTUCKY.
Keeps a Good Stable.
JAS. B. MASON, Prop'r.

ALEXANDER'S HOTEL,
Cor. Main and Eighth Streets,
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

NATIONAL HOTEL,
Cor. Main and Fourth Streets,
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.
Bathed and Refreshed.
Fare \$2 50 per Day.
HATCHER & BELL, Prop'r.

CARPENTER HOUSE,
Corner Main and Seventh Streets,
STANFORD, KENTUCKY.

GARVIN HOUSE,
[LATE WARREN HOUSE],
STANFORD, KENTUCKY.

HARRIS HOUSE,
East Side Main Street,
CRAB ORCHARD, KENTUCKY.
THE BAR WELL SUPPLIED.
A Good Stable, &C.
M. J. HARRIS, Proprietor.

FROM MONTICELLO.

MONTICELLO, KY., July 26th, 1872.
Correspondence Interior Journal.

AYERS SENTENCED.

The Governor, after considering the matter for a considerable time, has finally decided that the sentence of the Court in the case of Ayers, shall be executed on Friday 30th of August next.

During the war Ayers and Bell (claiming to be Federal soldiers) arrested Marion Daffron, of this county, a soldier in the Confederate army, but at that time home on a furlough on account of sickness, and pretended that they were going to take him to Col. Bramlette's regiment at the time stationed near Jamestown, Kentucky.

After leaving the house of Mr. Ethaynon Daffron, the prisoner's father, a short distance they halted for some purpose when Mr. Daffron and a neighbor of his came up with them and tried to prevail upon them to release his son. Bell, however, leveled his gun upon them and declared that he would kill them if they did not leave the spot immediately, and was actually preparing to execute his threat upon the person of Mr. Daffron when Ayers interfered and prevented it. Daffron and his neighbor then retired. Shortly afterwards they heard reports of a gun and pistols in the direction of the party, and as soon as they thought safe returned to the spot and found young Daffron dead, his body pierced by some five or six gun and pistol balls.

Ayers and Bell were arrested in Barren county two or three years ago and lodged in jail at that place. At the last November term of our court Ayers was put upon trial, found guilty of murder and sentenced to be hung on the second Saturday of February. A short time before the day of execution he, with some three or four others, made his escape, by cutting through the iron grating of the jail, and made his way into Illinois under the name of Crabtree. He says that his wife revealed his real name to a lady with whom they were stopping who communicated it to the sheriff and in May last he was returned to jail here.

Bell, his accomplice, confessed that he was party to the killing of Daffron and without trial was sentenced by the court to twenty years imprisonment in the penitentiary. He afterwards acknowledged that he did the killing and that Ayers had no hand in it. From this a petition was gotten up and sent to the Governor asking him to commute the sentence of the court to twenty years in the penitentiary also. The result is stated above.

THE CANDIDATES.

The aspirants for nomination of the Democratic party in the next Congressional race were with us on Monday the 22nd inst. Col. Hoskins led off in an able and forcible manner, showing up the corruptions of the Radicals in the matter of class and sectional legislation. Col. Talbot spoke next for some fifteen minutes, during which time the great questions that have sprung out of war and the present policy of the Radical party passed in review before him with the rapidity of a drama, and if he had power for only a short time, would dispose of all our troubles in the way of national debt, &c., in a perfectly off-hand manner. The remainder of his time was taken up in personal explanations and endeavors to show that he was a more consistent Democrat than his competitors, and especially that he was "better blue" than Judge Durban.

The Judge's time was mostly consumed in answering the speech of Col. Talbot, or rather explaining the matters of a personal nature presented in Talbot's speech. He closed by appealing to the Democratic voters of Wayne county to support the nominees of the Cincinnati Convention.

DIED.

I have to record the death of another one of our old and respected citizens. Mrs. Elizabeth Warden died at her residence in this place on the 17th inst. She, for a number of years, had been an invalid and had endured an immense amount of suffering with that patient fortitude which those prompted by the Christian's hope alone can exhibit. Mrs. Warden, for the greater portion of her life, was a faithful member of the Methodist church.

AN AFFRAY.

The usual quiet of our village was broken on yesterday by an affray between Col. Alexander and Mr. J. T. Wilhite. We understand that the assault was made by the Colonel. No serious damage done to either party.

We have had a large amount of rain recently and at present indications are favorable for a continuance of wet weather. Weather sultry. Thermometer 85° in the shade.

I have other items which I will reserve for my next.

OCCASIONAL.

Educational.

One of our correspondents at Monticello sends us the following, which we publish with great pleasure, and to which we invite the especial attention of school

FROM PINE HILL.

PINE HILL, KY., July 24th, 1872.
Correspondence Interior Journal.

EDUCATION.

Our county Board of examiners consisting of R. C. McBeath, commissioner, and J. Smith Frisbie and Marcus L. Fleming, held a session of two days during last week for the purpose of examining teachers for the common schools. Some forty teachers were in attendance, and formed a large and interesting class. The exercises were entertaining and instructive. Mr. McBeath makes a splendid commissioner. His heart is thoroughly alive to the cause of education, and to the necessity of making teaching a profession adapted to developing the finer and nobler feelings of the human heart. The following appropriate remarks were made by him to the class before the exercises began, and which I obtained his permission to have published in your valuable journal:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: You have assembled for the purpose of undergoing an examination the object of which is to test your ability to instruct, discipline and govern a school in accordance with the requirements of common school laws of Kentucky. I desire that each one of you will act with deliberation, and be entirely self-possessed, so that your examination will be a fair exhibition of your knowledge of the sciences. I assure you, most positively, that it is not the intention of this Board to conduct the examination in such a manner as to embarrass or confuse you, but by fair and proper interrogatories to ascertain your knowledge of the sciences contained in the common school course, and your ability to impart the same to others.

Believing that the only method we have of ascertaining your knowledge of scientific principles is by testing your ability to clothe the same in words, we must necessarily ask you a great many questions. These shall not be abstruse or unnecessarily technical. If, at any time, a question is propounded, the object of which you do not understand, you should not attempt an answer until it is given in a plain and comprehensive manner. Every improper answer or failure to answer will stand against you.

We shall not confine you to any particular text book. Our object is to examine you with reference to science and not authors. It matters not what author's work you may have studied, nor with what words you may express your ideas, so they are clear and well defined. If you understand the science it is of little consequence who is the author of the book from which this knowledge has been derived. That old, absurd and foolish notion, once prevalent among teachers, that all authors except those whose books they had studied were ignoramus, is now classed with many other peevish and erroneous opinions once entertained by our pedagogic brethren. Truth, Science and Progress are now the only legitimate watch-words that will enable us to pass the vigilant sentinels of this scrutinizing, investigating and progressive age. Onward and upward the car of progress rolls with amazing speed, and those who will not mount and take a ride, will soon be left far in the rear, and find themselves entangled in ignorance and intricately bound in the maze meshes of old fogeyism.

Teaching is now recognized as a profession, and the true teacher's worth and power are beginning to be felt and realized. The time is past when considerate parents will entrust the training of their children to those who are morally and socially their inferiors. The time was when men were employed to "keep school" because they were either too lazy or unable to do anything else. Now we must have true men and women—teachers professionally—who are industrious, energetic and thoroughly alive to the work; who feel and appreciate their noble calling, with its many grave and weighty responsibilities, and who can arouse, stir up and cause the young mind to develop its powers and grapple with the thoughts of others, and thus seeking knowledge for the pleasure it affords. We must have those who will exalt, elevate and refine the impulses and aspirations of their pupils, causing them to subordinate their natural propensities to a refined taste and high-toned, moral sensibility, harmoniously blending scientific knowledge with moral culture, suppressing the baser passions and giving tone, life and energy to the finer feelings and nobler impulses of the human heart. We want men and women who, in their efforts to mould human nature into human character, will take the divine code for their guide, making the individual happiness and prosperity of each pupil the mainspring of all their actions, checking the forward, encouraging the timid, and subjecting all to a well regulated system of morality. Then, and not until then, will the grand design of education be accomplished.

I will write again in a few days. Respectfully,
WAYNE.

A Cynthia's father has furnished his daughter with a music box, which plays "Home, Sweet Home" at 11 P. M. precisely. The beaux are all gone, and the house closed up in five minutes after.

CHANCELEY AND THE DEMOCRACY.

NEW YORK, July 18, 1872.

AN ABLE DOCUMENT.

A Gospel of Peace.

GENTLEMEN—Upon mature deliberation it seems to me that I should give you your letter of the 10th inst., some further and fuller response than the hasty unpremeditated words which I acknowledged and accepted your nomination at our meeting on the 12th.

Your convention saw fit to accord its highest honor to one who had been prominently, pointedly opposed to your party in the earnest and angry controversy of the last forty years, is eminently noteworthy. That many of you originally preferred that the Liberal Republicans should present another candidate, and would more readily have united both of us in the support of Adams or Trumbull, Davis or Brown is well known. I owe my adoption at Baltimore wholly to the fact that I had already been nominated at Cincinnati, and that a concentration of forces on any new ticket had been proved impracticable. Grateful as I am at your concurrence in the Cincinnati nomination, certain as I am that you would not have thus occurred had you not deemed me upright and capable, I find nothing in the circumstance calculated to inflame vanity or nourish self conceit.

But that your convention saw fit in adopting the Cincinnati ticket to reaffirm the Cincinnati platform, is to me a source of the profoundest satisfaction. That body was constrained to take this important step by no party necessity, real or supposed. It might have accepted the candidates of the Liberal Republicans upon grounds entirely its own, or it might have presented them, as the first Whig National Convention did Harrison and Tyler, without adopting any platform whatever. That it chose to plant itself definitely by a vote nearly unanimous upon the fullest and clearest enunciation of principles which are at once incontestably Republican and emphatically Democratic, gives trustworthy assurance that a new and more auspicious era is dawning upon our long-distracted country.

Some of the best years and best efforts of my life were devoted to a struggle against chattel slavery, a struggle none the less earnest or arduous because respect for constitutional obligations constrained me to act for the most part on the defensive, in resistance to the diffusion rather than in direct efforts for the extinction of human bondage. Throughout most of those years my vision was unclouded, my exertions were rarely unavailing even so much as a hope that I should live to see my country peopled by freemen alone. The affirmation by your convention of the Cincinnati platform is a most conclusive proof that not merely is slavery abolished, but that its spirit is extinct; that despite the protests of a respectable but isolated few, there remains among us no party and no formidable interest which regrets the overthrow or desires the establishment of human bondage, whether in the letter or in the spirit. I am thereby justified in my hope and trust that the first century of American independence will not close before the grand elemental truth on which its righteousness was based by Jefferson and the Continental Congress of '76 will no longer be regarded as glittering generalities, but will have become the universally accepted and honored foundation of our political fabric.

I demand the prompt application of those principles to our existing condition. Having done what I could for the complete emancipation of the blacks, I now insist on the full enfranchisement of all my white countrymen. Let none say the ban has just been removed from all but a few hundred elderly gentlemen, to whom eligibility to office can be of little consequence. My view contemplates not the hundred proscribed, but the millions who are denied the right to be ruled and represented by the men of their unfeathered choice. Proscription were allowed if these did not wish to elect the very men whom they are forbidden to choose.

I have a profound regard for the people of that New England wherein I was born, in whose common schools I was taught. I rank no other people above them in intelligence, capacity and moral worth. But while they do many things well, and some admirably, there is one thing which I am sure they can not do wisely or safely, and that is the selection for the States remote from and unlike their own of the persons by whom those States shall be represented in Congress.

It is my duty to do this to good purpose, then republican institutions were unit and aristocracy the only true political system. Yet what have we recently witnessed? Zebulon B. Vance, the unquestioned choice of a large majority of the present legislature of North Carolina, a majority backed by a majority of the people who voted at its election, refused a seat in the Federal Senate to

FROM PINE HILL.

PINE HILL, KY., July 24th, 1872.
Correspondence Interior Journal.

EDUCATION.

Our county Board of examiners consisting of R. C. McBeath, commissioner, and J. Smith Frisbie and Marcus L. Fleming, held a session of two days during last week for the purpose of examining teachers for the common schools. Some forty teachers were in attendance, and formed a large and interesting class. The exercises were entertaining and instructive. Mr. McBeath makes a splendid commissioner. His heart is thoroughly alive to the cause of education, and to the necessity of making teaching a profession adapted to developing the finer and nobler feelings of the human heart. The following appropriate remarks were made by him to the class before the exercises began, and which I obtained his permission to have published in your valuable journal:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: You have assembled for the purpose of undergoing an examination the object of which is to test your ability to instruct, discipline and govern a school in accordance with the requirements of common school laws of Kentucky. I desire that each one of you will act with deliberation, and be entirely self-possessed, so that your examination will be a fair exhibition of your knowledge of the sciences. I assure you, most positively, that it is not the intention of this Board to conduct the examination in such a manner as to embarrass or confuse you, but by fair and proper interrogatories to ascertain your knowledge of the sciences contained in the common school course, and your ability to impart the same to others.

Believing that the only method we have of ascertaining your knowledge of scientific principles is by testing your ability to clothe the same in words, we must necessarily ask you a great many questions. These shall not be abstruse or unnecessarily technical. If, at any time, a question is propounded, the object of which you do not understand, you should not attempt an answer until it is given in a plain and comprehensive manner. Every improper answer or failure to answer will stand against you.

We shall not confine you to any particular text book. Our object is to examine you with reference to science and not authors. It matters not what author's work you may have studied, nor with what words you may express your ideas, so they are clear and well defined. If you understand the science it is of little consequence who is the author of the book from which this knowledge has been derived. That old, absurd and foolish notion, once prevalent among teachers, that all authors except those whose books they had studied were ignoramus, is now classed with many other peevish and erroneous opinions once entertained by our pedagogic brethren. Truth, Science and Progress are now the only legitimate watch-words that will enable us to pass the vigilant sentinels of this scrutinizing, investigating and progressive age. Onward and upward the car of progress rolls with amazing speed, and those who will not mount and take a ride, will soon be left far in the rear, and find themselves entangled in ignorance and intricately bound in the maze meshes of old fogeyism.

Teaching is now recognized as a profession, and the true teacher's worth and power are beginning to be felt and realized. The time is past when considerate parents will entrust the training of their children to those who are morally and socially their inferiors. The time was when men were employed to "keep school" because they were either too lazy or unable to do anything else. Now we must have true men and women—teachers professionally—who are industrious, energetic and thoroughly alive to the work; who feel and appreciate their noble calling, with its many grave and weighty responsibilities, and who can arouse, stir up and cause the young mind to develop its powers and grapple with the thoughts of others, and thus seeking knowledge for the pleasure it affords. We must have those who will exalt, elevate and refine the impulses and aspirations of their pupils, causing them to subordinate their natural propensities to a refined taste and high-toned, moral sensibility, harmoniously blending scientific knowledge with moral culture, suppressing the baser passions and giving tone, life and energy to the finer feelings and nobler impulses of the human heart. We want men and women who, in their efforts to mould human nature into human character, will take the divine code for their guide, making the individual happiness and prosperity of each pupil the mainspring of all their actions, checking the forward, encouraging the timid, and subjecting all to a well regulated system of morality. Then, and not until then, will the grand design of education be accomplished.

I will write again in a few days. Respectfully,
WAYNE.

A Cynthia's father has furnished his daughter with a music box, which plays "Home, Sweet Home" at 11 P. M. precisely. The beaux are all gone, and the house closed up in five minutes after.

CHANCELEY AND THE DEMOCRACY.

NEW YORK, July 18, 1872.

AN ABLE DOCUMENT.

A Gospel of Peace.

GENTLEMEN—Upon mature deliberation it seems to me that I should give you your letter of the 10th inst., some further and fuller response than the hasty unpremeditated words which I acknowledged and accepted your nomination at our meeting on the 12th.

Your convention saw fit to accord its highest honor to one who had been prominently, pointedly opposed to your party in the earnest and angry controversy of the last forty years, is eminently noteworthy. That many of you originally preferred that the Liberal Republicans should present another candidate, and would more readily have united both of us in the support of Adams or Trumbull, Davis or Brown is well known. I owe my adoption at Baltimore wholly to the fact that I had already been nominated at Cincinnati, and that a concentration of forces on any new ticket had been proved impracticable. Grateful as I am at your concurrence in the Cincinnati nomination, certain as I am that you would not have thus occurred had you not deemed me upright and capable, I find nothing in the circumstance calculated to inflame vanity or nourish self conceit.

But that your convention saw fit in adopting the Cincinnati ticket to reaffirm the Cincinnati platform, is to me a source of the profoundest satisfaction. That body was constrained to take this important step by no party necessity, real or supposed. It might have accepted the candidates of the Liberal Republicans upon grounds entirely its own, or it might have presented them, as the first Whig National Convention did Harrison and Tyler, without adopting any platform whatever. That it chose to plant itself definitely by a vote nearly unanimous upon the fullest and clearest enunciation of principles which are at once incontestably Republican and emphatically Democratic, gives trustworthy assurance that a new and more auspicious era is dawning upon our long-distracted country.

Some of the best years and best efforts of my life were devoted to a struggle against chattel slavery, a struggle none the less earnest or arduous because respect for constitutional obligations constrained me to act for the most part on the defensive, in resistance to the diffusion rather than in direct efforts for the extinction of human bondage. Throughout most of those years my vision was unclouded, my exertions were rarely unavailing even so much as a hope that I should live to see my country peopled by freemen alone. The affirmation by your convention of the Cincinnati platform is a most conclusive proof that not merely is slavery abolished, but that its spirit is extinct; that despite the protests of a respectable but isolated few, there remains among us no party and no formidable interest which regrets the overthrow or desires the establishment of human bondage, whether in the letter or in the spirit. I am thereby justified in my hope and trust that the first century of American independence will not close before the grand elemental truth on which its righteousness was based by Jefferson and the Continental Congress of '76 will no longer be regarded as glittering generalities, but will have become the universally accepted and honored foundation of our political fabric.

I demand the prompt application of those principles to our existing condition. Having done what I could for the complete emancipation of the blacks, I now insist on the full enfranchisement of all my white countrymen. Let none say the ban has just been removed from all but a few hundred elderly gentlemen, to whom eligibility to office can be of little consequence. My view contemplates not the hundred proscribed, but the millions who are denied the right to be ruled and represented by the men of their unfeathered choice. Proscription were allowed if these did not wish to elect the very men whom they are forbidden to choose.

I have a profound regard for the people of that New England wherein I was born, in whose common schools I was taught. I rank no other people above them in intelligence, capacity and moral worth. But while they do many things well, and some admirably, there is one thing which I am sure they can not do wisely or safely, and that is the selection for the States remote from and unlike their own of the persons by whom those States shall be represented in Congress.

It is my duty to do this to good purpose, then republican institutions were unit and aristocracy the only true political system. Yet what have we recently witnessed? Zebulon B. Vance, the unquestioned choice of a large majority of the present legislature of North Carolina, a majority backed by a majority of the people who voted at its election, refused a seat in the Federal Senate to

FACTORIES.

What a Southern Man Saw in New England and How it Impressed Him.

SECRET OF PROSPERITY.

From the Kentucky Gazette.

A Southern man, after having made a flying trip through the New England States, comes back filled with astonishment at what he has seen, and perfectly discouraged with his own section of country. There he saw little villages sticking in the midst of barren and uninhabitable mountains, with no surroundings to support them, evincing a spirit of life and prosperity unknown even to our large towns—the recognized trade centers of our best agricultural regions. And in the country he saw little farms producing like first-class English gardens, though on soil originally too poor to have grown bear grass, and in situations a Southern man never would have thought capable of being converted into a goat pasture. The people all, as a general thing, seem contented and prosperous; if he had inquired into their circumstances he would have found, strange as it may appear, everybody in these little villages well off and making money, and the little farms, with their stone piles here and there, and the stones constantly working to the surface to be carried off into other piles, and their annual calls for fertilizers to the extent of one hundred and fifty dollars per acre, actually clearing their owners from two to three hundred dollars on every acre enclosed. No wonder that he is discouraged when he looks from his picture upon our favorably located towns and notes their inactivity, their poverty, and dilapidation, and upon our broad and fertile acres, and reflects that they are really, in very many instances, not paying the expense of culture.

One would naturally conclude that there must be some secret connected with all this, and so there is. At the village section the close observer would see piles of cotton, a circumstance calculated to create no particular interest in the South, but there, cottons of miles away from where, cottons could be seen, it would take the form of a mystery. Stepping out upon the platform in quest of a solution, his ears would be greeted by a sound as of a waterfall having a peculiar humming accompaniment—spindles. The case would be made plain—the strange little village would be recognized as a manufacturing point, and then he would know that we, in a far off section, were digging its prosperity from our soil—feeding it into a vigorous life upon the very food for which our towns are starving, and asking it nothing in return. Actually shipping it, our cotton, at our own expense, and then, in order that it might grow fat in its business, buying its fabrics at its own profitable prices, and paying transportation on them to our homes. What a kind-hearted people our Southerners must be.

Then for the secret of success among farmers: Passing through the country with his eye open, the close observer would at the proper season soon have his attention arrested by an improved mower, sweeping over the meadow under the exclusive management of a youth of sixteen, and accomplishing more in a day than could in that time be worked out of a dozen freedmen with their scythes. A little later and he would see a younger brother of the youth driving in the field on a "toddler," turning the hay, and then in due time would come a still smaller boy with a "horse-rake," followed by a trio of little fellows having all sorts of fun as they with a hay-fork, stored away the crop in the hay-loft.

In everything done on the farm in New England, this same plan is resorted to. If the soil must be prepared, instead of setting a dozen freedmen at it with their mules and plows, to sweat through a week, as we would do, out comes a machine, managed by a boy or two, and in an incredibly short space of time the job was done, and well done. A lot of seeds to be sown that would give our hands a long, tedious task, but a strippling with a seed-sower puts it down exactly right, and very short order. And when the crop is to be hoed, instead of charging it with a black army to play for pay, a boy harnesses his nag to a horse hoe, takes his seat as in a sulky, and rides about over the field, hoing several rows at a time. In short, New England works by machinery, and therein lies the secret of Yankee prosperity. She has simply changed places with us—she owns her labor. If it were otherwise, or in different words, did she have to work her own plan, and depend on our kind of labor, and did we not, in the goodness of our hearts, give her the profits on our products, a few years would find her depopulated, a happy hunting ground, upon which the red man might pitch his wigwam, never to be disturbed by any encroachment of civilization.

There is no reason why we in the South should not own our labor in the same way, and set our spindles going, thus giving prosperity to our own towns and villages. We can never be assessed till we do it. Let us think the matter over.

Half the sorrows of woman would be averted, if they would repress the speech they know to be useless—nay, the speech they had resolved not to utter.

Roll call, 1:30 to 1:35.
Music, by pupils of Frankfort Public Schools, 1:35 to 1:40.
Address, by H. A. M. Henderson, 1:40 to 2:30.
Music, 2:30 to 2:35.
Address, by His Excellency, Gov. P. H. Leslie, 2:35 to 3:30.
Miscellaneous work, 3:30 to 4:12.

AFTERNOON.
Roll call, 1:30 to 1:35.
Music, by pupils of Frankfort Public Schools, 1:35 to 1:40.
Address, by H. A. M. Henderson, 1:40 to 2:30.
Music, 2:30 to 2:35.
Address, by His Excellency, Gov. P. H. Leslie, 2:35 to 3:30.
Miscellaneous work, 3:30 to 4:12.

FRIDAY FORENOON.
Opening exercises; Roll call; Music, 9 to 9:15.
Lecture—Recent discoveries in Astronomy, by Wm. J. Davis, 9:15 to 10:15.
Recess, 10:15 to 10:30.
Paper—Mental Discipline, by Mrs. N. Savage Roberts, 10:30 to 11:15.
Discussion on the paper, 11:15 to 12.

AFTERNOON.
Roll call, 1:30 to 1:35.
Paper—Educational rights of Women; John Aug. Williams, 1:35 to 2:30.
Recess, 2:30 to 2:40.
Discussion on the Paper, 2:40 to 3:20.
Paper—Primary Schools, by Hiram Roberts, 3:20 to 4:10.
Discussion on the Paper, 4:10 to 5.

FRIDAY FORENOON.
Opening exercises; Roll call; Music, 9 to 9:15.

THURSDAY FORENOON.
Roll call, 1:30 to 1:35.
Paper—Educational rights of Women; John Aug. Williams, 1:35 to 2:30.
Recess, 2:30 to 2:40.
Discussion on the Paper, 2:40 to 3:20.
Paper—Primary Schools, by Hiram Roberts, 3:20 to 4:10.
Discussion on the Paper, 4:10 to 5.

FRIDAY FORENOON.
Opening exercises; Roll call; Music, 9 to 9:15.

THURSDAY FORENOON.
Roll call, 1:30 to 1:35.
Paper—Educational rights of Women; John Aug. Williams, 1:35 to 2:30.
Recess, 2:30 to 2:40.
Discussion on the Paper, 2:40 to 3:20.
Paper—Primary Schools, by Hiram Roberts, 3:20 to 4:10.
Discussion on the Paper, 4:10 to 5.

FRIDAY FORENOON.
Opening exercises; Roll call; Music, 9 to 9:15.

FACTORIES.

What a Southern Man Saw in New England and How it Impressed Him.

SECRET OF PROSPERITY.

From the Kentucky Gazette.

A Southern man, after having made a flying trip through the New England States, comes back filled with astonishment at what he has seen, and perfectly discouraged with his own section of country. There he saw little villages sticking in the midst of barren and uninhabitable mountains, with no surroundings to support them, evincing a spirit of life and prosperity unknown even to our large towns—the recognized trade centers of our best agricultural regions. And in the country he saw little farms producing like first-class English gardens, though on soil originally too poor to have grown bear grass, and in situations a Southern man never would have thought capable of being converted into a goat pasture. The people all, as a general thing, seem contented and prosperous; if he had inquired into their circumstances he would have found, strange as it may appear, everybody in these little villages well off and making money, and the little farms, with their stone piles here and there, and the stones constantly working to the surface to be carried off into other piles, and their annual calls for fertilizers to the extent of one hundred and fifty dollars per acre, actually clearing their owners from two to three hundred dollars on every acre enclosed. No wonder that he is discouraged when he looks from his picture upon our favorably located towns and notes their inactivity, their poverty, and dilapidation, and upon our broad and fertile acres, and reflects that they are really, in very many instances, not paying the expense of culture.

One would naturally conclude that there must be some secret connected with all this, and so there is. At the village section the close observer would see piles of cotton, a circumstance calculated to create no particular interest in the South, but there, cottons of miles away from where, cottons could be seen, it would take the form of a mystery. Stepping out upon the platform in quest of a solution, his ears would be greeted by a sound as of a waterfall having a peculiar humming accompaniment—spindles. The case would be made plain—the strange little village would be recognized as a manufacturing point, and then he would know that we, in a far off section, were digging its prosperity from our soil—feeding it into a vigorous life upon the very food for which our towns are starving, and asking it nothing in return. Actually shipping it, our cotton, at our own expense, and then, in order that it might grow fat in its business, buying its fabrics at its own profitable prices, and paying transportation on them to our homes. What a kind-hearted people our Southerners must be.

Then for the secret of success among farmers: Passing through the country with his eye open, the close observer would at the proper season soon have his attention arrested by an improved mower, sweeping over the meadow under the exclusive management of a youth of sixteen, and accomplishing more in a day than could in that time be worked out of a dozen freedmen with their scythes. A little later and he would see a younger brother of the youth driving in the field on a "toddler," turning the hay, and then in due time would come a still smaller boy with a "horse-rake," followed by a trio of little fellows having all sorts of fun as they with a hay-fork, stored away the crop in the hay-loft.

In everything done on the farm in New England, this same plan is resorted to. If the soil must be prepared, instead of setting a dozen freedmen at it with their mules and plows, to sweat through a week, as we would do, out comes a machine, managed by a boy or two, and in an incredibly short space of time the job was done, and well done. A lot of seeds to be sown that would give our hands a long, tedious task, but a strippling with a seed-sower puts it down exactly right, and very short order. And when the crop is to be hoed, instead of charging it with a black army to play for pay, a boy harnesses his nag to a horse hoe, takes his seat as in a sulky, and rides about over the field, hoing several rows at a time. In short, New England works by machinery, and therein lies the secret of Yankee prosperity. She has simply changed places with us—she owns her labor. If it were otherwise, or in different words, did she have to work her own plan, and depend on our kind of labor, and did we not, in the goodness of our hearts, give her the profits on our products, a few years would find her depopulated, a happy hunting ground, upon which the red man might pitch his wigwam, never to be disturbed by any encroachment of civilization.

There is no reason why we in the South should not own our labor in the same way, and set our spindles going, thus giving prosperity to our own towns and villages. We can never be assessed till we do it. Let us think the matter over.

Half the sorrows of woman would be averted, if they would repress the speech they know to be useless—nay, the speech they had resolved not to utter.