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OUR FOREIGN LETTER.

LAYING, GERMANY, September, 1872.

Correspondence Interior Journal:

Mayence—Frankfort—Wartburg.

Mayence is one of the strongest fortifications in Germany. It seems nothing but a camp of walls and brick, and tramp, tramp, tramp the soldiers go all day long without intermission—drilling and preparing for future conquests. Eight thousand soldiers are quartered in the city. The Romans are the founders of the place. A large aqueduct, built within the last century, been discovered, which the Romans had constructed. The guide told me that many hidden passages were under the city, in which were stored many barrels of powder to blow the French heavenward, as they ever in the future should capture the place. Visitors are not permitted to enter these subterranean passages.

There is some art in selecting a guide, as in all other things, and of the many who wished to favor me with their services, I selected a jolly red-faced fellow, and made him promise that he would not mention the word gold to me during the day, nor look thirsty when we passed a beer garden.

The first place the guide took me to was St. Peter's church, a very old and interesting building. We entered just in time to witness a marriage ceremony performed. The bride, a pretty young lady, was dressed in black, while the bridegroom was a young man of about twenty-five years, while the bride was young enough to be his daughter—an exchange of gold for beauty, I am not in a marrying mood, and if I were, it would be folly to discuss the subject of barter and happiness for gold before your reader, as it would be out of place.

The guide then took me to the "Holy Ghost Church," a church that was opened—I did not ask about the church, but that for a name.

While admiring a large statue of Gutenberg, there passed by one of the most unnatural creatures I ever saw. His attire gave evidence of great age and he was hatless, his hair, unmolested, fell a foot long down his back. My sympathy was aroused but I was in the act of throwing him a shilling when the guide prevented me by saying he was one of the wealthiest citizens of Mayence and one of the most generous, liberal men in the city, and distributed yearly hundreds to the poor. For thirty years he had worn the same coat, and never, in heat or cold, had he worn a hat. I regarded this man as the greatest curiosity I had yet met; for never before had I heard of such benevolence and philanthropy combined with such eccentricity and self-abnegation.

The guide next took me to the shrine of the Cathedral where I was delivered over to the priest. This massive building exhibits the architecture of many centuries as it slowly advanced to completion. Many Saints and Bishops lie burried here, covered by a solid roofing on pillows. I saw and heard the names of more heroic men in one hour than could be found in the whole of East Tennessee. They were so laid in their graves that their tombstones touched, forming an even pavement over which you are allowed to walk and read the inscriptions written in Latin. The iron gates show the dents of a bombardment by the French, who afterward made the Cathedral a slaughter house. The priest gave me a piece of rotten wood. I won't be positive, but I think he said it was from the cross on which our Savior was crucified, and told me what wonderful miracles it had worked, etc. At any rate I have the wood and he has the money for it! The priest had not heard of the wonderful plank that was found in the Rocky Mountains, where, having become detached from Noah's ark, it had floated during the deluge, and which had the property of curing all diseases. The finder had made an immense fortune, selling it at $100,000 per shaving. (?)

At Mayence, I parted with the Rhine with much reluctance, and took the cars for Frankfort on the Main. It is a beautiful city, and its squares and gardens, decorated by trees and flowers of all kinds, prepossesses the traveler at once in its favor. The "Palm Garden" contains an extensive collection of rare fruits and flowers from all climes. In this garden I saw flowers of different hues so growing as to spell names and form figures, and in one place the flower pots were so artistically arranged that the growing flowers formed a magnificent bouquet, exquisite in beauty and fragrance. The zoological garden had many animals I never saw before. Frankfort is the city where formerly the election of the Emperors was held; and this took place in a building called the Romer. From its balcony the newly elected Emperor showed himself to the people. Earlier the Jews were very severe on the Jews, but the wealth and influence of the Rothschild family, who live in the city, have wrought a complete change in the treatment of their kindred, and now a Jew enjoys the rights and privileges that others do.

I was unable to see many of the curiosities of Frankfort, as it was the great confirmation holy day, which the young people of the age of 14 are admitted into the bosom of the church. The next day I visited the Wartburg, the castle in which Luther was detained a prisoner for his protection, by Elector Fred, of Saxony. He there translated the Bible, and one night threw a bottle of ink at the devil, who ventured into his room. But the devil [illegible] Dickens' character, was "[illegible] fellow," and so Luther aimed his ink and made a huge black spot on the wall, which the guide take great pleasure in showing you for a few cents.

I left Frankfort in a coupe in which there was a pretty young girl and a handsome young German who seemed to be "loving wholy." I amused myself by coaxing Uncle Pete Eudre in them, i. e., sleeping with one eye open. Such tender, loving caresses, beauteous smiles and poetic sipping acted on my nerves with such peculiar force that I sought another coupe; but alas! that one had a spinster within who was extravagantly caressing a poodle! I was forcibly reminded of that little freak of the cardine that "jumped from the frying pan into the fire."

The next day I was resting from my travels in Jena. R. W. L.

Amusing Blunder.

An English paper has been gathering up curious bits of typographical blunders, and revives the celebrated story of Dr. Madge. The Doctor had been presented with a gold-headed cane, and the same week a patent pig-killing and sausage-making machine had been tried at a factory in the place of which he was doctor. The writer of a report of the presentation, and a description of the machine, for the local paper thus records the accident that ensued: "The inconsistent Caxtonian who made up the forms of the paper gave the two locals mixed up in a delightful manner; and when we read of a pig, something like this was the startling result: Several of the Rev. Dr. Madge's friends called upon him yesterday, and after a brief conversation, the unsuspicious pig was seized by the hind legs, and slid along a beam until he reached a hot-water tank. His friends explained the object of their visit, and presented him with a very handsome gold-headed butcher, who grabbed him by the tail, swung him round, slit his throat from ear to ear, and in less than a minute the carcass was in the water. The corpse came forward, and said that there were times when feelings overpowered him; and for that reason he would not attempt to do more than thank those around him for the manner in which such a huge animal was cut in its fragments was simply astonishing. The Doctor concluded his remarks, when the machine seized him, and in less time than it takes to write, the pig was cut up into fragments and worked up into delicious sausages. The occasion will long be remembered by the Doctor's friends as one of the most delightful of their lives. The best pieces can be procured for tenpence a pound; and we are sure that those who have sat so long under his ministery will rejoice that he has been treated so handsomely."

The Best Have Their Failings.

A painter was once engaged upon a likeness of Alexander the Great. In one of his battle, Alexander had received an ugly scar on the side of his face. The artist was desirous of giving a correct likeness of monarch, and, at the same time desirous of hiding the scar. It was a difficult task to accomplish. At length he hit upon a happy expedient. He painted him in a reflective attitude, his hand placed against his head, while his finger covered the scar. The best men are not without their failings—their scars—but do not dwell upon them. In speaking of them to others, adopt the painter's expedient, and let the finger of love be placed upon the scar.

Felon on the Finger.

Many persons are liable to extreme suffering from felons on the finger. These afflictions not unfrequently occasion permanent crippling of the members affected. The following simple prescription is recommended as a cure for the distressing ailment: Take common rock salt, such as is used for salting down pork or beef, dry it in an oven, then pound it fine and mix it with spirits of turpentine in equal parts. Put it on a rag, and as it gets dry put on more, and in twenty-four hours you are cured—the felon will be dead. It will do no harm to try it.

For the Interior Journal.

SHOULD PARENTS BE COMPELLED TO SEND THEIR CHILDREN TO SCHOOL.

BY MARSHALL E. HALL.

In order that we may have sufficient boundary for the presentation of our subject, I shall present a few items regarding the necessity of educating all humanity so far as our abilities will admit, by a few suggestions expressive of the wonderful inventions and achievements of man, together with a comparison of civilized and savage life, as far back as the historical pages of antiquity furnish any account.

We find those who have made greatest progress to be those who have taken advantage of the brutal degeneration and evil thoughts of the uncultivated, by resorting to the wise and efficient counsel transmitted to them by the pioneers of literature. Step by step the benign virtues of literature have been making themselves manifest to the world, slowly accumulating, and as wave follows wave, addition has been made to addition, until the virtues of the present are set in defiance to those of the past, while with soliciting and beseeching cries the golden future speaks out in thunder tones, and wafts tidings of hidden and unexplored regions of knowledge—a vast inexhaustible treasure—that has been held in reserve from time immemorial, which she says is within the arena of thought, and within the mighty power and genius of man.

Taking a view of the past, we find man very anciently incapable of establishing or sustaining a civil government, and not until literature began to dawn upon the dark and bloody annals of heathenism and idolatry, spreading her wings in bold defiance, and proclaiming the necessity of a revolution to establish her supremacy, do we find him capable of ruling the affairs of a nation.

It is the ancient Greeks to whom we are mainly indebted for the morning starlight of the arts and sciences with which we are acquainted. This people, according to history, made greater progress in less time than was ever previously known of any other nation. From a mere tribe of animal-like heathens, who e haunts were not known except in the forests, troll hovels, and subterranean recesses amid wilder animals, and whose food was fruits and beast of the forest, each monarch of all he surveyed, strangers and bitter enemies in the cause of civilization and refinement, and mastered only by the dictates of brutal passion, they come to the most conspicuous eminence, and to the highest point of civilization and refinement that man was known to acquire in that era of the world. And how did they rise? Simply by educating their youth and training them in the light and influence of literature.

Often have we read of the Athenean and Spartan youths being trained up at the feet of their aged, experienced and worthy professors, and of their virtuous achievements after having mastered their professions, which are not scouned at by the most fastidious and critical historian, but stand out as a lone star guide to their more modern successors.

Not only to the Greeks could we recite our minds, but to others who have been so equally successful in both the ancient and more modern dates of the world to the present, which is very significantly the "golden age of the world." Compared with all the ages which compose the measures of the past, there is none to equal it. It is a towering eminence from whose summit the eye may survey the broad expanse of the world's history. It is the age in which old fogyism and superstition are fast receding from the scientific truths of profound investigation.

Depotism, with its haggard train of moral and social evils, has no sway in our free and enlightened country. The empire of mind, the spirit of investigation and research, are enabled to grapple successfully with the powers of ignorance, vice and superstition, which have ever bound man to earth and ground him in the dust. The vast inland seas and the mighty volume of ocean, upon which the superstitious and uncultivated savage looked with no small degree of amazement, now teem with the mighty fleets of commerce, thus converting the world into one vast, general assembly.

Not only this, but many other achievements have followed in the wake of man's inventive genius. The great iron-bound thoroughfares which span our continents with their train of cars and noisy locomotives, enabling the people of different sections to traffic and carry on their inland commerce, have been added to the wonderful inventions.

But the greatest of all are the electric telegraph and the telescope, the one through its wonderful magnifying powers, enabling us to bring planetary bodies, millions of miles distant in the realm of space, seemingly to one immediate presence in the twinkling of an eye, and the other to bring down triumphantly the lightnings of heaven and cause them to yield allegiance to the mighty power of a cultivated reason, to become the willing servant of man, the common carrier of human thought, and enabling distant friends, at a small cost, to converse with each other with as much facility as if they were transported to each others immediate presence.

With the above remarks showing forth the necessity of an education, I shall bring you to a nearer and more minute discussion of the subject. We find in this, as in all other ages of the world, a disposition of some parents to prevent their children, where they are willing, from taking an interest in our educational institutions, and thus, by their intervention, debarring the child from securing those virtues and qualities imparted by a proper development of the mind, and at each successive step, instead of enlightening and ennobling their minds, taking measures to defeat what the very law of nature as an intrinsic essential to the perfect constitution of either woman or man for superiority of blood, race or color.

We should be inspired with a greater zeal for the education of our offspring when we behold all around us the upward tendency of the "race." African race, who are beginning to train their children up in all the acquirements of which our race has been the sole founders, and some of whom bid fair, at no distant day, to reduce to inferiority that portion of our race who have taken no interest in our educational institutions, and even the wild savages of the west are also daily increasing in literature.

Thus you see two foreign and distinct races are in our midst, who by reason of parents not suffering their children to attend school, are fast gaining superiority over that portion of our race. Our schools are free; the people have been taxed and the money deposited in the State treasury for distribution among the teachers of the State. Our teachers have been duly selected, and produce certificates of qualification from competent examiners. Then shall despotic parents through their brutal jurisdiction compel their offspring, in opposition to their wish, to remain in the hovel of ignorance, vice and destruction, thus engendering strife and nourishing brutality, and instead of cultivating their minds with enlightenment and knowledge, causing them to degenerate into heartless outlaw and law-despising ruffians.

As there is a remedy for all evils, we can as significantly assert that there is one for this very serious evil. As we have before asserted, and as the age and experience of six thousand years clearly demonstrated, that nothing has a greater tendency toward civilizing and christianizing a nation, giving it a standpoint of enlightenment above barbarism, than the education of its people, and as laws have always been very important in the accomplishment of all national efforts, we think it equally applicable in the present case as any other over which the laws rules.

Then we being advocates of the cause of education and civilization, knowing and appreciating from observation and experience the necessity of educating our people, and having the advantage of a concurrence in voice of a majority of the people of our country, should at once urge our legislators to a due and just consideration of it as most important of all school laws, and with the united efforts of all friends and advocates of education, civilization and Christianity, burst loose the fetters of parental despotism, by having a law enacted at the next session of our legislature; an human and benevolent law in behalf of the children of despotic parents, the parents, our country and the world.

Hon. Garrett Davis' Successor.

As appears by our special dispatch from Frankfort, Governor Leslie yesterday appointed Hon. Willis B. Machen, of Lyon county, to fill the unexpired term in the United States Senate of Hon. Garret Davis, deceased. Mr. Machen is well known in this State, having been prominently connected with Kentucky politics for many years past. He was a member of the Confederate Congress from Kentucky, and but recently had his disabilities removed. He is one of the most popular and esteemed citizens of the First district, is one of the board of Directors in the Elizabethtown and Paducah railroad, and a gentleman esteemed for private worth as for public probity. Mr. Machen is, we believe, between 50 or 60 years of age, his hair being well whitened with years, and is of dignified carriage and impressive demeanor. His term of service expires March 4, next, when he is succeeded by Hon. Thomas C. McCreery, elected to the Senate at the last session of the Legislature.—*Louisville Journal.*

DISSOLVE a bushel of salt in a barrel of water and with the salt water slack a barrel of lime, which should be wet enough to form a kind of a paste. For the purpose of a disinfectant, this home-made calcide of lime is nearly as good as that purchased at the shops and drug stores. Use it freely about kitchens, cellars, gutters and outhouses, and in this way prevent sickness, suffering and expense.

From The Atlantic for September.

TIRED MOTHERS.

There is a mournful tenderness sleeping in the following beautiful lines, that will dim more than one mother's eye, as memory sweeps his saddening fingers over mourning heart strings, chastened with the bitter remembrance of a dark day when she folded the little hands—that had been wont to clasp her neck in purest love—for the lonely and endless sleep of death.

A little elbow leans upon your knee,
Your tired knee that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
Perhaps you did not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers, holding yours so tight;
You do not prize this blessing over-much,
You almost are too tired to pray to-night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day,—
We are so dull and thankless, and too slow
To catch the sunshine until it slips away.
And now it seems surpassing strange to me,
That while I wore the badge of mother-hood,
I did not kiss more oft, and tenderly
The little child that brought me only good.

And if, some night when you sit down to rest,
You miss this elbow from your tired knee;
This restless, curling head from off your breast,
This laughing mouth that clatters constantly;
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped,
And never would nestle in your palm again;
If the white feet into their grave had tripped,
I could not bear to utter your heart-ache then.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret,
At little children clinging to their gown;
Or that the foot-prints, when days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap, or jacket on my chamber floor;
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear its patter in my home once more:

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky,
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.
But ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a sinning head;
My singing birdling from its nest is flown;
The little boy I used to kiss is dead!

Floating or Rowing.

The fact is, we *float* too much, and we row too little. It is this floating, instead of rowing, which draws us on and on to habits of indolence, unthrift, helplessness. "I couldn't help it," "I can't," simply mean *floating*. "I can" and "I will" mean ROWING. A young man starts out in life resolved on having and easy time. He keeps this as he keeps no other resolution. He shuns real work, and floats downward.

The young man who starts out in life intent on "working his way up," expects to climb hills, overcome difficulties, endure feats, suffer reverses, and row against tide, currents, and breakers. But he will never *float*. He hears the roar of the cataract in the distance, and exerts himself to keep clear of it. It is the lazy floating boatman who is carried over!

Parents owe it to their children to wake up, call out, and develop the latent powers with which they are endowed. We grant that the first duty, or business, or privelege of childhood is to GROW—to grow bodily rather than to overtask their brains or nerves. Still they may—must—be trained to use their faculties in order to make headway in life. Over-indulgence is as fatal as over-work.

Every boy and every girl should be thoroughly impressed with the fact that self helpfulness is a DUTY that idleness is a sin.

Teach children that there is real merit in achievements. One success will be followed by another; and when the boy becomes a man, he will go through, not around a hard task. He will tunnel the mountain, when in his way; or force his way "up the rapids," instead of lying on his oars and floating down the stream. It requires energy, combativeness, firmness, executiveness, and ambition to excel—to insure success in life. The absence of these manly qualities leaves the miserable creature among imbeciles and paupers.

Young man, whither are you tending? Are you standing still, drifting on the tide or hardly floating down the current? Are you already a miserable slave to bad habits? Do you chew tobacco? smoke tobacco? snuff tobacco? and drink? Or, are you still clean-mouthed, pure-minded, and unperverted? In the one case you are on the road which leads to dissipation, disease, crime, and premature death; in the other,—if you live right,—you will rise in life, become a useful, successful, honored and worthy citizen, growing in health, in grace, godliness, and will leave the world somewhat the better for you having lived in it. Choose ye, whether to FLOAT or to MOW your way through life, and suffer the sorrows of a misspent life, or enjoy the happiness which comes of obedience to the laws of God.—*Phrenological Journal.*

WHEN bitten by a snake, or any other poisonous reptile, insect or rabid animal, at once apply the thumb and fingers to the wound and vigorously squeeze it. This will remove the infected fluids near the bite, and prevent their extending the poison through the system, generally making any other remedy unnecessary. The remedy is simple and has saved many lives.

Married Bachelors.

Men continually mistake their vocation in life, and undertake duties for which they have no natural qualification. The impulsive artist who considers himself a better man of business than his lawyer, and who will therefore manage his own affairs, comes to grief by the way; the famous clown who complains that he is a first rate tragedian spoilt, and disappears into the provinces to play *Hamlet* to the natives, as often as not breaks down in the ghost-scene, and falls off into a gag that sets the back benches in a roar; the thick witted squire who cannot keep a secret to save his life, and who never sees farther ahead than to-day, thinks his rightful mission diplomacy, because he can put his tenant in good humor on rent-day by his bluff jokes, and so undertakes the most delicate bit of social intrigue in his neighborhood, with the result of universal confusion and a hastened catastrophe; and the poet, whose hands are as white and nerveless as a woman's and whose life is a dream, laments that he was not sent to sea at an early age, because "the clash of elements" delights him, and gives him ideas for a brace of sonnets. If these and other such square men can be kept from carrying out their mistake into action, and prevented from thrusting themselves into round holes, it is all right—they are saved from failure and provided with a grievance, either of which is an inestimable boon; but if they get the upper hand of circumstances, and are allowed to realize their fantasy, then they may make a mess of their lives which no after efforts can repair. One of the mistakes into which some of them fall is marriage. Home is a word which has no real meaning for them—a place where there is no charm and as little duty. A wife is a tie, a clog, an incumbrance, or at best a painful necessity—anything but a "half" better or worse, a helper, or a companion; and children are locusts that devour hunters and opera-stalls, kid gloves and "little tinners," at an alarming rate of progression, and finally grow up into tall men and women who make the best work of tailors and hair dressers a patent anachronism. These men married one day, because they coaxed the unpardonable folly of giving way to a temporary madness they called love, and they recovered by the process; or they sold themselves for so much in the stocks, to find the bargain when concluded too bitter to be digested. They are bachelors by nature, and no legal ties can make them anything else. Their line is essentially single, and they have no notion of life *a deux*. They give up no old habits of their bachelor days because of the wife at home; recognize no new duties because of their change of state. The utmost concession they make to their condition is to be seen together in formal society, and to receive formal company at home. For anything closer or more domesticated—for *tete-a-tete* evenings passed with the wife alone, for pleasant little jaunts together, renewing the love time and the honeymoon, for conversation carried on with grace, with spirit, with a desire to please or to shine where she is the only listener, for anything like home joys or home pride—they have no more vocation or desire than they have for rocking the cradle upstairs as the small locusts successively arrive. *Toujours perdrix* is the text on which they found the acted sermon of their lives; and, in their fear of their getting prematurely tired of their matrimonial partnage, they are careful to take her society only in infinitesimal doses, and not to risk the chance of being cloyed by a surfeit.—*Tinsley's Magazine.*

How a Spider Spins.

Few things are more wonderful than the spinning apparatus of the spider. On the under side of the creature's body are placed four or six knobs, each not larger than the point of a pin. These are outlets to certain receptacles within the abdomen, where the silk is prepared. When the spider wishes to spin a thread it presses the knobs or spinnerets, with one of its legs, and forthwith there issues from each, not one, but a thousand fibres of such exquisite fineness that it is only when the product of all the spinnerets are united that they become visible to the naked eye. The thread of the spider is thus a tiny rope of four or six thousand strands. The twisting into one cord is performed by the rest, are furnished with three claws apiece. Using these claws as fingers, the little rope maker twists her groups of thread into one with surprising rapidity.

IF a young person will begin and persevere in learning by heart, say four lines of good poetry every day, there will be laid up in the treasure-house of memory fourteen hundred and sixty lines in a year. So of facts and various kinds of information. All great things are done little by little. Atoms make worlds. The greatest fortunes consist of farthings. Life is made of moments, and a succession of well-spent moments make a well-spent life.

No Lapland wife was ever known to elope. They simplify matters greatly by ordering the husband outside the wigwam, and he obeys.

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