COLUMBIA HERALD.

BY HORSLEY BROS. & FIGUERS. COLUMBIA, TENN., FRIDAY, JULY 19, 1872. VOL XVII—NO 46.

UNSEEN.

At the spring of an arch in the great north tower,
High up on thewall, is an angel's head,
And beneath it is carved a lily flower,
With delicate wings at the side outspread.

They say that the sculptor wrought from the face
Of his youth's lost love, of his promised bride,
And when he had added the last sad grace
To the features, he dropped the chisel and died.

And the worshippers throng to the shrine below,
And the sight-seers come with curious eyes,
But deep in the shadow, where none may know
Its beauty, the gem of his carving lies.

Yet at early morn on a mid-summer's day,
When the sun is far to the north, for the space
Of a few short minutes, there falls a ray
Through an amber pane on the angel's face.

It was wrought for the eye of God, and it seems
That he blesses the work of the dead man's hand
With a ray of the golden light that streams
On the lost that are found in the deathless land.
—*London Spectator*

THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

Little Johnny Orne,
Poked some corn
Into the drum of his ear;
And when the corn sprouted
The little boy shouted
"Oh don't it feel jolly queer."

"Boys will be boys," is nonsense. Boys will be men if they live long enough.

A little girl in Hartford, whose mother promised to take her to see the Jubilee singers, wanted to go early so that she could hear the conundrums.

A little boy, after watching the burning of the school house till the novelty of the thing had ceased, started down the street, saying, "I'm glad the old thing is burned down; I didn't have my jogfry lesson no how!"

A seven-year-old boy in Maine, being invited by his mother to accept a piece of cake from her plate, promptly replied that "he wasn't going to become a Lazarus for anybody."

"Papa," said a bright-haired boy, how could the military 'fly' from the field of battle, when they had only one plume apiece, and both wings of the army were thrown into disorder? Say, papa, how could they fly?"

The following notice was served upon a schoolmaster in Texas recently, signed by some eight or ten of the larger boys, three of them between seventeen and twenty years of age: "The undersigned require you to treat to a bushel of pecans, five pounds of raisins, and three of candy. If you refuse we will put you in the deepest hole of water within a mile of the school-house.

A little boy was being instructed in morals by his grandmother. The old lady told him that all such terms as "by golly," "by jingo," "by thunder," etc., were only little oaths, and but little better than other profanities. In fact, she said, he could tell a profane oath by the prefix "by." All such were oaths. "Well, then, grandmother," said the hopeful, "is 'by telegraph,' which I see in the newspapers, swearing?" "No," said the old lady, "that is only lying."

THE REASON WHY.—Infidels should never talk of our giving up Christianity till they can propose something superior. Lord Chesterfield's answer, therefore, to an infidel lady was very just. When at Brussels, he was invited by Voltaire to sup with him and Madame C——. The conversation happened to turn upon the affairs of England. "I think, my lord," said Madame C——, "that the Parliament of England consists of five or six hundred of the best informed and the most sensible men in the kingdom." "True, madame, they are generally supposed to be so." "What, then, my lord, can be the reason they tolerate so great an absurdity as the Christian religion?" "I suppose madame," replied his lordship, "it is because they have not been able to establish anything better in its stead. When they can, I do not doubt but that in their wisdom they will readily adopt it."

Cost of the War.

The whole cost of the war to the Northern and Southern States from 1861 to 1865 is estimated as follows: Lives, 1,000,000; property, by destruction, waste, &c.. $9,000,000,000. The gross expenditures of the United States from June, 1861, to July, 1866, were $5,792,257,000. Of this, the actual war expenses were about $5,352,237,000. The expense of States, counties, cities and towns in the Northern States not represented by funded debts have been estimated at $500,000,000. The increase of State debts on the war account was $123,000,000. The increase of city, town and county debts is estimated at $200,000,000. Total war expenses of the loyal States and the National Government, $6,165,237,000.

The estimated direct expenditures of the Confederate States on account of the war were $2,000,000,000.

Aggregate estimated expenses of the war to the country, North and South, $8,165,237,000.

Be Yourself, and Do Your Own Work.

There is a place for every man, and the way for every man to find that out is to be himself and nobody else; as he used to be himself when he was a sinner, so let him be himself now he has become a saint, and follow out, under God's guidance, the movements of his own individualities, the singularities of his own nature. Tush about planing off your angles and getting rid of the points God has made in you distinct from other men. Wisdom will be justified of all her children. * * * If we loved Christ better, every man would invent something; he would have a mode of action growing out of his own peculiar capacities; he would feel that God meant to meet a case by him that would never be met by anybody else. * * * Follow out, as God the Holy Spirit shall help you, the promptings of the divine life that God has put within you, and as you served Satan with all your individuality, even so serve Him upon whom the Lord of old did lay your iniquity.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

Sunday a Day of Gladness.

God does not mean us always to be sombre, least of all upon Sunday, the glad feast of the Resurrection, a day whose atmosphere throughout should be one of quiet, unworldly joy. Let no boisterous merriment disturb the calm; let hearty worship, and kindly intercourse and refreshing rest—rest of tired mind from its dragging brood of week-day anxieties, rest of tired body from the round of week-day toil—let this be the employment, this the tone of the hallowed day. Religion, not in every word, act, look, obtruded with painful effort, but present in the heart, should prevade the day, its rest, its reading, its conversation. O! never represent Sunday—at any rate to the young—as a dull and gloomy day; nor dream that a heart devoted to the kind God need abjure all that is genial and joyous, or that a subdued, spirit-broken step is necessary to the child who has chosen to walk beside that tender Father, holding by his hand.—*Random Thoughts.*

Happy season of virtuous a youth, when shame is still an impassible barrier, and the sacred air-cities of hope have not sunk into the mean clay hamlets of reality; and man, by his nature, is yet infinite and free.—*Carlyle.*

The man scarce lives who is not more credulous than he ought to be; the natural disposition of man inclines him to believe; experience alone teaches incredulity, and seldom teaches it sufficiently.—*Adam Smith.*

Mr. M., a gentleman having a horse that bolted and broke his wife's neck, a neighboring squire told him he wished to purchase it for his wife to ride. "No," said the other, "I will not sell it—I intend to marry again myself."

A Hartford (Conn.) paper wants people to believe that a married couple was recently to be seen in that town with fifteen children, of whom the oldest was only sixteen years old. This won't do. We know too much of New England's vital statistics to have a boarding school palmed off on us under false pretences.

"Letter go!" as the boy said when he lamp-posted his letter at the street corner.

THE DEACON'S PLOT.

A reasonably good man was Deacon Pilsey, as times went, but if he had a weakness, it was for making things in general go about as he wanted them to go. Not an overbearing man by any means, and certainly not a violent one, but with wonderfully cute and quiet ways of his own, by which he brought matters about without letting other folks know how the thing was done. When a man is accustomed to have his own way, he makes up his mind pretty easily, but there was one point of all others, upon which Deacon Pilsey had been set and fixed for years, and the care of which lay heavy on his mind, for the time had come when, in his judgment, something deep required to be planned and all his skill exercised in carrying it out. To a mind like his, that had taken a perfect measure of every thing in the village, and for miles around it, there could be little difficulty in selecting his tools and assistants, and he had no need of counselors. That was how he came to be talking so confidentially with Joe Gaines, as the two stood by the yard-gate.

"Why, Deacon," says Joe, "I always thought you liked Bob Humphrey. He's a tiptop fellow, and a good match for any girl I know of."

"So he is—so he is," replied the deacon. "Can't say a word agin him. Know him from a boy. Can't forbid him the house, or any of that sort of nonsense; but, then, he can't have Irene Wyer."

"I don't see how you'll help it, deacon. You're only her guardian, and she is about of age."

"Not for a year yet—that's how the will reads—and she's in my own house, you know. I guess I can fix some things, 'specially if you'll turn in and help me. You're a lawyer, Joe Gaines, but you're a young one yet, and I'll give you the fattest fee you ever dreamed of if you'll only hitch teams with me, and see that Bob Humphrey don't get the upper hand."

"Well, if that's what you're after, so it's all right and square, I'd as lief earn a fee one way as another. What's your programme?"

"Well, you know there's nigh on to thirty thousand a coming to Irene Wyer, in her own right, and I've took the best kind o' keer of it. It's been a mighty sight of trouble, and all along I've thought of my son Scott."

"Scott Pilsey?" interrupted Joe. "Why, he's in California."

"He won't be long. He's comin' home inside o' six months, and I want to keep Irene safe for him. They used to be wonderful thick, and he writ to her regularly ever so long after he went away, and so did she to him."

"Do they correspond now?" said Joe.

"No, not now. That's the rub. That's one reason I'm looking out so sharp after Bob. Now, I want you to just take a holt and try and keep Bob off till Scott gets back. 'Twon't be for long, and Irene ain't such bad company anyhow."

"I don't know," said Joe. "There's Maggie and her mother. I couldn't be particularly attentive to Irene without their knowing it. And Bob Humphrey 'll be around most the time, and it won't be long before I have the whole village taking the matter up."

"Never mind that, Joe, never mind that. It'll be all right when Scott gets home. I'll give you the biggest kind of a fee."

"Well, deacon," coolly replied the young lawyer, "it's a pretty tough case, but I'll take it on one condition."

"What's that?"

"Why, so long as it's only fun, and all that, I'll go ahead, but if it seems as if I was doing any harm, anything real bad, you know, I'm to be at liberty to back out."

"Well, I don't mind, so long as you let me know in time."

And so the deacon and the lawyer discussed their plot to their satisfaction, and when all was settled the latter took his own way down the broad and grass-grown street to the village.

"The old shark!" he muttered as he strolled leisurely along. "What on earth put it into his plotting old head to pitch on me for his tool? He never was more 'an half decent to me before. I reckon I'll earn my fee, but I'll be fair and square with Bob Humphrey. What would Irene say if she knew what was up? Wouldn't those black eyes of hers strike fire!"

Now, it happened that of late, unknown, perhaps, to the deacon, there had been growing up more than a little closeness of intimacy between Joe Gaines and Bob Humphrey, and that it was treachery to his friend as well as unfairness to the pretty heiress, to which the young lawyer had allowed himself to be bribed by the deacon's promished fee.

A deep fellow was Joe Gaines, and a marvelous manipulator of social affairs. Again and again, as days and weeks and months went by, did Deacon Pilsey congratulate himself on his admirable selection, and chuckle in his inmost being as he witnessed the well contrived success of Joe's maneuvres. There were picnics and drives and parties, and entertainments of various kinds, but in vain did Bob Humphrey invite or propose; the young lawyer was sure to be beforehand with him, and it almost seemed as if sweet unassuming quiet little Maggie Pilsey herself, the deacon's daughter, had joined the secret league against her friend Irene, so often was some excuse devised by which she was made to appear in the latter's stead.

Then, too, there were the home evenings at the deacon's house, when the subtle-minded old plotter could have hugged himself with satisfaction as he sat by and witnessed with his own eyes the admirable manner in which Joe Gaines worked for his fee.

"It takes a lawyer, after all," said he to himself. "I don't care much what he charges. I only hope he'll keep it up that way till Scott gets home again. And then see Bob Humphrey! Why, the feller's got the perseverance of the saints, but he ain't nowhere with Joe Gaines."

As for Irene Wyer herself, her red lips laughed and pouted, and her bright black eyes sparkled and deepened, and her life seemed flowing onward very pleasantly, as if no deep-laid plots and schemings had any power over her happiness. Moreover, through it all Joe Gaines seemed to maintain the most complete external semblance of frank-hearted friendship with Bob Humphrey. Odd as it may seem, the young lawyer also found that his practice had undergone a very sensible increase, caused mainly by the warm, though covert, encomiums which the good deacon's heart compelled him to utter here and there, in his keen appreciation of his young friend's tact and management.

"Time will fly, however, and the mails brought at last to Pilsey homestead the welcome news that its absent hope and heir would shortly return. There were letters from Scott Pilsey to his mother, and his sister Maggie, and to Irene Wyer, and even to his old cronies and school-mates, Joe Gaines and Bob Humphrey, and to each he had doubtless some matter of special interest to communicate.

No noisy, smoky, disgusting railway trains as yet vexed the retirement and repose of the village, but at last, on a morning when all things were in a state of almost painful expectancy of his arrival, not the ordinary stage coach, but a private hired carriage, heavy with trunks and packages, bore Scott Pilsey to the door of his father's home.

In an instant the little verandah was full of those who awaited him, but when the deacon's tall, sun-burned and bushy-headed son sprang out upon the grass, he turned his back to the verandah for a moment, while he aided the movements of a graceful, well-favored, dark-featured, young lady, who followed him, and whom, even in the first warmth of his "welcome home," he introduced as "my wife, my Lucia."

Maggie Pilsey hugged her and kissed her, and so did Irene Wyer, and so, in a moment more, did old Mrs. Pilsey, and the deacon was too wise a man to seem altogether astonished, while Joe Gaines and Bob Humphrey were fairly boisterous. In fact Scott Pilsey's California bride was so overcome by the warmth of her greeting, that the poor thing forgot her pride, and burst into tears. In half a minute after that there wasn't a lady visible, and then Bob and Joe knew enough to leave the deacon and his son to themselves. The young men walked off arm in arm, but they were back again before the day was over.

The deacon's face was a trifle serious, but not exactly cloudy, and before long he managed to get Joe Gaines off by himself for a bit of private conversation.

"And so Joe," said he, "you and the rest knew all about this matter of Scott's some time ago?"

"Well, yes; Irene told me in confidence, and then, when they wrote and told Scott how matters were here, he wrote to congratulate us, and begged us not to spoil his surprise to you. We couldn't tell after all that, you know."

"Ahem! well—no—I can't say; but p'raps not. I can't be mad with Scott, for she's brought him a big ranche and mine; but what am I to do with you now? I like Bob Humphreys first rate—I allers did like Bob—and now it can't be Scott, I don't see that I ort to interfere. You've arned your fee, and I'll pay it; then, you see, there ain't no more use"———

"Oh, no; not a bit," interrupted Joe, "Bob *is* a good fellow, and he and Maggie are just suited. Irene and I think Maggie couldn't have made a better match, and we think Scott's done splendidly well."

"Irene and you?" exclaimed the deacon.

"Yes of course. I've explained to Irene that I can't afford to lose my fee. I told her at the beginning, and she said I must earn it. Seems to me I've done that; but I'll let you up."

"Done it!" exclaimed the deacon. "Well, yes, Joe; on the whole, I should rather be inclined to say I guess I think you have! Yes—you and Irene!"

Localities of Silver.

Experienced miners know very well that silver mines of much value are only found in mountainous regions where the indications to the geologist are beyond a doubt. Volcanic agencies have in some remote period been exerted on a gigantic scale. Thus in Mexico and the rich silver leads of Utah, the evidences of an upheaval force that elevated extensive ranges of frightfully ragged mountain ridges from profound depths, are so possible as to be admitted at sight, even by those who have no scientific qualifications for guiding them to that conclusion.

It seems that silver is thrown up from a vast depth in the earth, where, from the quantity commingled with rocks in a condition of liquefaction, the quantity from which that on the surface was derived must be in great abundance in its primitive state below. Scarcely more than superficial scratchings characterize silver mining in the West. The deeper the excavations, the richer will probably be the product. For thousands of years to come, those bold, hard, bleak Utah mountains will be scenes of human industry and skill in pursuit of that which will make commerce thrive over the whole world.

HAVE YOU ENEMIES?—Go straight and don't mind them. If they get in your way, walk around them regardless of their spite. A man who has no enemies is seldom good for anything; he is made of that kind of material which is so easily worked that every one has a hand in it. A sterling character is one who thinks for himself, and speaks what he thinks; he is always sure to have enemies. They are as necessary to him as fresh air, they keep him alive and active. A celebrated character, who was surrounded by enemies, used to remark: "They are sparks, which if you do not blow, will go out themselves." "Live down prejudice," was the Iron Duke's motto. Let this be your feeling while endeavoring to live down the scandal of those who are bitter against you. If you stop to dispute, you do as they desire, and open the way for more abuse. Let the poor fellow talk—there will be a reaction if you perform but your duty, and hundreds who were once alienated from you will flock to you and acknowledge their error.

SUNDAY READING.

Love God and serve him.

Lord, direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

We all have a direct relation toward God, and cannot in any way avoid its responsibility.

Some professors of religion are much more ready to fight for Christianity than they are to live according to its precepts.

A man that hath anything in the world so dear to him that he cannot spare it for Christ if he calls for it, is no true Christian.

He that has inherited the love of God, what has the world more to give him? What can the world reach to take from him? He has the chief thing already.

God never fails, never changes, and we have simply to depart from iniquity, and cling to him. We are to do what is right, and, following it diligently, leave results to him.

I may be ever so rich, ever so finely educated, ever so handsome, ever so much admired, and yet the day is coming when I shall die. What then will these profit me? Think of these things, think of them.

If with a double burden the Lord supplies a double strength, it is exactly the same to our experience as if with half the burden he left us half the strength. To all alleged difficulties there is one simple answer—*He giveth more grace.*

All things are now ready the Lord has promised; the fountain is open; the pure river of the water of life, clear as crystal, is proceeding out of the throne of God and the Lamb; *you* are called to its banks, and with you it rests to drink and "be *filled* with the Spirit."

The difference between *receiving* the Spirit and being filled with the Spirit, is a difference not of kind, but of degree. In the one case, the light of heaven has reached the dark chamber, disturbed night, but leaving some obscurity and some deep shadows. In the other that light has filled the whole chamber, and made every corner bright.

As strange as it may seem, the United States possesses more than 50,000 miles of railroad out of the 124,000 in the world. Great Britian follows the United States with 16,000 miles; Germany has twelve thousand; France, 10,000; Russia, 5,600; Austria, 5,600; Spain, 3,700; Italy, 3,400; Belguim, 2,000; Holland, 1,000.

Wash goods are fast gaining in popularity, and even expensive silks is not now indispensable for a fashionable lady's promenade.

Wm. Britton has been appointed by the President marshal of the western district of Arkansas, vice Ex-Congressman Logan H. Roots.

Strength of Gibraltar.

Until you set foot on Gibraltar, you can form no idea of its impregnability. Very properly its real strength cannot be seen from a ship in the bay; only when you land do you find that the sea wall bristles with heavy guns, and groans beneath piles of ball; only as you traverse its flank do you see how formidable breech-loaders peep from every available chink, and powerful mortars lurk behind every convenient embankment. And not till you penetrate the rock do you get any just notion of the marvellous piece of military engineering exhibited in the "galleries." These are tunnels excavated from the solid rock, parallel to its outer side, but some thirty feet therefrom, and large enough to drive a carriage through. They are in two tiers, and comprise a total length of nearly three miles. At every thirty feet or so along them, spacious embrasures are outhewn, that terminate in commanding portholes, which look to a spectator outside the rock like swallows' nest-holes in a sand cliff. These embrasures contain heavy guns always standing ready for action, with powder magazines hard by. From the portholes a beautiful peep of the bay and the Spanish continent are obtained; out of these, on the North side, you look down upon a half-sandy, half-grassy flat, perhaps half a mile long, and as wide, connecting the rock with the main land, and separating the bay from the Mediterranean. Two lines of sentry-boxes, one at the rock end, the other at the distant end, mark the boundaries of British and Spanish land, and between these lines is the neutral ground. The guns of the quarried embrasures and those hidden cannon that stud the Western and Southern slopes of the rock, cover the neighboring Spanish land, the whole of the bay, and the straits; and the strengthing work is ever going on by the fortification of new points that from time to time appear vulnerable. The Eastern side of the rock requires no protection; it is a forbidding wall, with a great sand slope in one place, but with no foothold for anything more than a few fishermen's huts near the water's edge.
—*St. James Magazine.*

A Drunkard's Daily Experiences.

The *Atlantic Monthly* gives the following graphic sketch of the daily experience of every drunkard: The daily life of one of the steady drunkards is like this: Upon getting up in the morning, after a heavy, restless, drunkard's sleep, he is miserable beyond expression, and almost helpless. In very bad cases he will sit almost double, and his hands will tremble so that he can not lift to his lips the glass for which he has a desire amounting to a mania. Two or three glasses of spirituous liquor will restore him so far that he can control his muscles, and get about betraying his condition. After being up an hour, and drinking every ten or fifteen minutes, he will usually be able to eat a pretty good breakfast, which, with the aid of coffee, tobacco and a comparatively small quantity of liquor, he will be able to digest. After breakfast, for some hours he will be able to transact routine business, and associate with his fellows without exciting their pity or contempt. As dinner draws near, he feels the necessity of creating an appetite, which he often accomplishes by drinking some of those infernal compounds which are advertised on the eternal rocks and mountain sides as "bitters," under various names offered to the public, and displayed behind bars in drinking saloons, some with certificates of physicians attached, which are usually vile compounds of refuse whisky, condemned cordials, wines, etc., mixed together and flavored to suit the taste with a few herbs, spices and sugar, and sold under the names of Tonics, Restorers, Appetizers, etc. Many persons are induced to take them, believing them to be beneficial, when if they knew the vile stuff from which they are made, not one out of a thousand would touch them.

It is vain for advocates of temperance to write, speak or labor for reform while this shameful business is carried on, and physicians can be found to recommend them.

It is not surprising that sensible people are becoming disgusted with the name of "bitters," which are nothing but the worst liquors disguised as medicines, and do but lure the tippler on to ruin and destruction.

Wonders of the Universe.

What assertions will make one believe that in one second of time, one beat of the pendulum of a clock, a ray of light travels over 152,000 miles, and would therefore perform the tour of the world in about the same time that it requires to wink with our eyelids, and in much less than a swift runner occupies in taking a single stride! What mortal can be made to believe, without demonstration, that the sun is almost a million miles larger than the Earth?—and that, although so remote from us, a cannon ball shot directly toward it, and maintaining its full speed, would be twenty years in reaching it, yet it effects the Earth by its attraction in an appreciable instant of time? Who would not ask for demonstration, when told that a gnat's wing, in its ordinary flight, beats many hundred times in a second?—or that there exist animated and regularly organized beings, many thousands of whose bodies laid together would not extend an inch? But what are these to the astonishing truths which modern optical inquiries have disclosed, which teach that every point of a medium through which a ray of light passes is affected with a succession of periodical movements; regularly recurring at equal intervals, no less than five hundred million of millions of times in a single second! That it is by such movements communicated to the nerves of the eye that we see; nay, more, that it is the difference in the frequency of their recurrence which affect us with the sense of the diversity of color? That, for instance, in acquiring the sensation of redness, our eyes are affected four hundred and eighty-two million of millions of times—of yellowness, five hundred and forty-one million of millions times—and of violet, seven hundred and seven millions of times per second? Do not such things sound more like the ravings of madmen than the sober conclusions of people in their waking senses? They are, nevertheless, conclusions to which any one may most certainly arrive, who will only be at the trouble of examining the chain of reasoning by which they have been obtained.

The Grain Crops.

From the New York Daily Bulletin.]

The Agricultural Department has again distinguished itself by publishing information relative to the grain crops that was published in this and other journals weeks ago, and which has been already discounted by every grain merchant and operator in the United States and England. Everybody knows that the wheat crop is going to fall beneath last year's average. The Department estimates a crop of 220,000,000 bushels this year against 230,000,000 in 1871, and 287,000,000 bushels in 1869, when the yield was the largest ever known in this country. The figures in support of this estimate are a peculiarity of the Agricultural Department, and require little or no notice, but, as the conclusions are based on accurate newspaper information, they may be accepted without question. The crop will undoubtedly fall below last year's supply, but everybody knew this before the Agriculturat Department undertook to tell it.

A new company has been formed, with a capital of $200,000, to bring Chinese labor into the Southern States.

LADIES' COLUMN.

Bridal parties at Saratoga average a round dozen daily.

Nuts, oats and oak-apples are worn on plain straw hats.

Chip hats of American make are worth five cents in Paris.

Blade-grass hats are the latest loves for rural wear.

Organ grinders in New York dress their monkeys in Dolly Vardens.

The latest styles of ladies' shoes are made to button on both sides of the boot.

Colored linen colors are coming in fashion again this season, with cuffs to match.

A novelty for polonaises is white nets in large square or diamond-shaped meshes.

A large party of New Yorkers are traveling through the Holy Land on horseback.

Slim waists and brick colored hair indicate the belles in French female fashion.

Maiden ladies regard the multitude of weddings nowadays as simply outrageous.

At Niagara the "billing and cooing" of bridal parties is heard above the roar of the falls.

Long Branch, not to be outdone, has its Spa, where all the mineral waters can be obtained.

Vesuvian lava is in such demand for jewely that another eruption is desired to supply the market.

"The Lady of Lorne," the "Reine Margot," and the "Martha Washington," are the poetical titles of bustles.

American girls are horrified to see the fashionable ladies of England wearing light silks and lace shawls on the street.

Fashionable fastness is now known as Dolly Vardenism, which is a very good name for it.

The habit of taking arsenic to beautify the complexion is on the increase among both sexes in New York.

A dressy skirt-trimming for batiste, linen, lawn, or any ordinary spring material consists of two plated ruffles.

Owners of pearl jewelry should be careful to keep them from exposure to greasy surfaces, as contact of this kind destroys their lustre.

Coral necklaces have superseded all other kinds this spring, and the mania for the rose-tinted coral seems rather on the increase than otherwise.

Many partial ladies who are partial to low-neck dresses and have not a pretty neck, wear a false one of wax or alabaster brow, and when a heavy necklace is worn it can hardly be detected from the real article.

A very beautiful fabric is damask gauze for evening wear, perfectly transparent, and brocaded with rich satin flowers. It is made up into polonaises to wear over some delicatetly tinted silk.

A new style of bracelet, called the Marguerite wristlets, has been introduced. They are of gold, made quite wide, and divided into small squares, on each of which is a design in enamel representing different scenes from the opera of Faust, and each of these squares open by a small spring disclosing an appropriate motto.

In Paris, writes a young lady, bonnets are awfully high, "flat," and much overloaded with ribbon, leaves and tulle. The pale sea green, trimmed Sicilinne, preferably to a crepe de chene, and white lilac appears to please most for driving. The richest ornamental wreaths are placed in trails over the chignon and the flowers are exquisite.

Open Windows at Night.

Very much has been written on this subject, and written unwisely; the facts are that whoever sleeps uncomfortably cool will get sick. To hoist a window sky-high when the mercury is at zero is an absurdity. The cooler a sleeping apartment is, the more unhealthy it becomes, because cold condenses carbonic acid formed by the breathing of the sleeper. It settles near the floor and is rebreathed. Hence, we must be governed by circumstances; the first thing is, you must be comfortably warm during sleep, otherwise you are not refreshed, and inflammation of the lungs may be produced, and life destroyed within a few days. An open door and an open fire-place are sufficient for ordinary purposes in cold weather.

When outer windows are opened, it is well to have them down at the top two or three inches and up at the bottom for the same space. In miasmatic locations—and those are along water courses, beside mill-ponds, marshes, bayous, river bottoms, flat lands and the like—it is important, from the first of August until several severe frosts have been noticed, to sleep with all external doors and windows closed, because the cool air of sunset causes the condensation of the emanations which were caused by the heat of the noon-day sun to rise far above the earth; this condensation makes the air "heavy" at sundown, yet heavier by the greater solidification of the emanations by cold; and these, resting on the surface of the earth in their more concentrated and malignant form, are breathed into the lungs, and swallowed into the stomach, corrupting and poisoning the blood with great rapidity.

By daylight these condensations are made so compact by the protracted coolness of the night, that they are too near the surface of the earth to be breathed into the system; but as the sun begins to ascend, these heavy condensations, miasms, begin to rise again to the height of several feet above the ground, and are freely taken into the system by every breath and swallow; hence the hours of sunrise and sunset are the most unhealthful of the twenty-four in the localities named; and noontide, when the sun is hottest, is the most healthy portion of the day, because the miasma is so much rarefied that it ascends rapidly to the upper regions.

The general lessons are,—1st. Avoid exposures to the out-door air in miasmatic localities for the hours including sunrise and sunset. 2d. Have a blazing fire on the hearth of the family room at those hours, to rarify and send the miasma upward. 3d. Take breakfast before going out of doors in the morning, and take tea before sundown; then, being out after night is not injurious.

England was alarmed a week or two ago on account of a sensational report which told of a steady and great increase in English herds. Enthusiasm people formed a solemn league and covenant, by which they bound themselves to eat no veal henceforth and forever.

Wealth of the United States.

It is satisfactory to find out that something still remains to this country besides death and taxes. The returns of the census of 1870 made the total value of real and personal estate in the United States, exclusive of the possessions of the General Government, amount to $30,068,518,507. If this estimate be accepted as correct, it shows that, notwithstanding the war, there has been a remarkable increase in the wealth of the nation since 1860, when the entire valuation was placed at $16-159,616,068. But from remarks of Gen. Walker, the Superintendent of the Census, which are prefixed to the statistics of wealth and public indebtedness, it becomes evident that this estimated valuation must be far from accurate, although no pains have probably been spared to render the returns as complete and precise as possible.

Our Railroads.

We make the following extract from a recent address of Col. W. J. Sykes, advocating the construction of a central road extending from the Eastern to the Western limits of Tennessee:

Such a road has long been a necessity and it is a matter of astonishment that it has not been built. We need a road to connect the coal regions of the Cumberland mountains with the iron districts of the Tennessee river; to bring corn, wheat, pork and beef cattle to the western part of the State growing cotton. West Tennessee needs iron, coal, marble and limestone, that abound on the line of this road, and Middle Tennessee needs direct access to the Mississippi at Memphis, the commercial metropolis of the State. This road, in connection with that from Cincinnati, would constitute the most direct route from that city to Memphis, and penetrate the most desirable portions of both Middle and West Tennessee. From McMinnville to Memphis, by this route, the distance is 270 miles; by the Huntsville and Decatur route it is not less than 290 miles. The distance from Columbia to Memphis is 190 miles; by the present railroad routes it is 270 miles. These facts are pertinent to Shelbyville and all other intermediate towns. It is emphatically a Tennessee road, to be extended, eventually, to Knoxville. This road might be extended from the Tennessee River through Centerville, Hickman county, to Nashville, thus opening the finest iron region of the State to Nashville, Jackson and Memphis. The business that it would do as a mere local road between McMinnville and Memphis would make it profitable, yielding at least eight per cent. upon its cost. To this road from McMinville to Memphis would cost $3,000,000, and eight per cent. upon this amount would be $288,000. The cost of the Memphis and Charleston, including branches, was $6,744,647.17, and yet before the war this road yielded twelve per cent on its cost. Is it not reasonable to suppose that a road from McMinnville to Memphis, which will cost only $3,600,000, will yield larger dividends? The earnings of the Memphis & Charleston, after paying operating expenses, were in 1859, $778,036 and in 1860, they were $873,596. The gross receipts of the Memphis and Charleston road were in 1859, $1,330,812; in 1860, $1635,096, and in 1871, they were $1417,441.46. It thus appears that the gross earning on this road were, for the year ending 30th of June, 1871, quite as great as in 1859, and nearly as great as in 1860.

The gross earnings of the Nashville and Chattanooga road in 1860, were greater than in any year before the war, and were then only $734,118.82, and for the last three years they have exceeded a million of dollars a year, and last year amounted to $1,446,133.32.

These figures are given to show that the business of our roads, as shown by their receipts, has not decreased, and in the case of the Nashville and Chattanooga road has greatly increased. The building of new railroads does not injure, but rather benefits those already in existence. They increase the population of the county, and augment the volume of trade and travel. They cause a reduction of freight charges and increase the business of the roads, making the reduction. Railroads thus create the business they do and "make the food they feed upon." By the time we reach McMinnville, other roads will be there, both from the north and the south, and if of a different gauge, the cost of tranferring freights, not more than ten cents per ton, will be more than saved by the reduced rates at which it can be carried over this narrow gauge central road. It will cross the Mobile and Ohio, the Mississippi Central, the Nashville and Decatur, the Nashville and Chattanooga and the Cincinnati and Southern roads, all running in a different direction from this road, and while it will benefit them all, it will be enriched by all. To show the ability of the people along its line to build this road, it may be stated that the assessed value of the property in the counties through which it is to run amounts to $82,392,739. Without Shelby county they contain taxable property worth $43,512,638. If the building of this road should only increase the value of the property in the counties outside of Sheby, twenty-five per cent., and this is a very low estimate it would amount to 11,128,009, to say nothing of the value of the road, itself. In view of the great necessity for this road and the immense benefits it would confer, to doubt its ultimate success is to doubt the energy and sagacity of the people interested in its completion.

A Few Sheep on the Farm.

The relative profit is much greater from a small flock than a large one. The grain farmer, no matter how few his acres, can make money by keeping a few sheep. There is always room for them somewhere, and they consume and turn into money food that would otherwise waste. But he must be careful not to overstock. To illustrate, suppose the farmer cultivate only eighty acres, raising grain chiefly. He keeps a few cow and necessary teams. One-fifth of his farm is in pasture, one-fifth meadow; one planted, one spring grain and one wheat. He thinks he has as much stock as he can profitably keep, but if he put on one sheep to every five acres, he will find their products clear gain. In the spring, early, they can run on the sod which is to be planted, and one sheep to each acre will not hurt the land, yet they will live well. After that they can go into the pasture and will glean after cows to an advantage. A run on the stubbles after harvest will not be felt where each sheep has two acres, and in the fall there is plenty of feed. Through the winter they can be well kept on what the other stock would not consume, with the addition of a little grain. Probably the most profitable are some of the coarser woolled, mutton breeds. Their lambs sell to the butchers for highest prices, and when fat the sheep fetch as much as a yearling steer. Sixteen mutton sheep, well managed, would produce a yearly income of one hundred dollars, where, if none were kept, nothing is realized. The greatest drawback is liability to loss by dogs; and it is a disgrace to any State to protect its curs so well that they expel, to a certain extent, the only animal which can cheapen the meat and clothing of the people.—*American Rural Home.*

RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

Methodism is strong in Nebraska.

Henry R. B. Bascom, son of Bishop H. B. Bascom, died at the residence of his mother, Lexington, Ky.

The cost of the Methodist church edifice of Akron, Ohio, to the time of its dedication, was $120,248 17.

The executors of the will of Miss Nabby Joy, of Boston, have distributed among fifty-six charitable and trade societies $236,000.

Rev. R. C. Clarke, a worthy Presbyterian minister, died recently in San Diego, California.

The best paid preacher in the world is said to be the Rabbi of the great Berlin Synagogue, Germany. He receives $20,000 per annum.

Rev. Mr. Malcom, defender of the Open Communionists in the Baptist Church in this country, reports that the movement is gaining ground everywhere.

Quite a romantic wedding came off in the first circle of a Franklin county, Pennsylvania, village recently, when the bridegroom, a widower of seventy, married a lady whom he and his former wife had brought up from infancy, and who had lived in his family as a daughter for forty years.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

Next month Iowa has a state billiard tournament.

Niagara Falls had 170,000 visitors the past season.

The health of Gotham is impaired by her cemeteries.

A rich amber mine has been found in Alaska.

Americans are in the majority at the principal Parisian hotels.

Rents in London are about one-third what they are in Boston.

The California strawberry crop has been the largest this year ever known.

Memphis bucks wash their alimentry canal with Dolly Varden cocktails.

Indians have been committing serious depradations in Wise County Texas.

There were only three plural marriages in Utah during the past three months.

Sir Edwin Landseer, the famous English animal painter has gone crazy.

Tennessee contains 29,000,000 acres of of land, of which only 6,000,000 are improved.

Mrs. Fair's second trial has been postponed until the first Monday in September.

Texas fever is raging among the cattle on the prairies near Sabine, sweeping off whole herds.

Americans continue to apply to the German government for patents of nobility.

At the Yarmouth mills, in Maine, brown paper is made from spruce logs in twenty-four hours.

Five European princes, none of whom, however, belong to reigning families, are married to American ladies.

Abt says that the Boston jubilee's attempt to sing "The Swallows" with twenty thousundd voices was a "hoom-poog."

A hundred men are employed two hours every morning in sweeping off the dirt accumulated by the Boston jubilee.

Belfast Ireland has run up in population from 75,000 to 175,000 in the past 39 years.

The value of gold at present in existence in the world is estimated at upward of $5,000,000,000.

Three thousand yards of lace, smuggled in milk-cans, on the steamer Russia, were seize Tuesday in New York.

President Grant, Gov. Washburn, and James Martineau were recipients of the degree of LL. D. at Harvard recently.

Col. R. M. Brown, of the Mississippi "Central" is a candidate fo Congress in the Water Valley district.

During a recent severe thunderstorm Hon. D. S. Hammond, of Hanover Ill., lost 50,000 young trout valued at $3,000.

G. M. Hazen's paper mill, three and half miles from Knoxville, has been destroyed by fire. Loss $25,000—insurance $10,000.

California, in spite of the frosts will manage to squeeze out 8,000,000 gallons of wine and asuggestion of brandy.

Ex-Congressman Clark, of Texas, has been appointed postmaster of Galveston, vice James A. McKee, suspended.

England has exported in the last four months 220,000 more tons of iron than at any corresponding time before.

Parties from Fort Sill report a movement of the wild tribes of Indians upon Texas. There are available forces sufficient to meet them, and serious times are looked for.

Photography promises to do almost as much for man as the steam engine. It assists the painter and the sculptor, the astronomer and the naturalist.

Young ladies now usually carry two umbrellas on the promenade—one in the hand, a dainty thing of black lace and carved ivory, and the other for rain, being swung to the wrist a *la militaire.*

The Barmese embassy which recently landed in England brought costly presents, among which was a magnificent bracelet for Queen Victoria, the gold of which weighs seven pounds.

A correspondent says that New Mexico has a supply of minerals that will bring the energy of the nation there, and create a third civilization which Apache and Navajo cannot destroy.

The California Legislature thinks it has stopped betting on elections, by making the act punishable by a fine not exceeding $5,000, and a term of imprisonment not exceeding five years.

Up to the year 1871, six hundred and forty thousaud copies of Franz Abt's song, "When the Swallows Homeward Fly," had been sold in Germany. The composer received only $20 for that popular production.

A new supply of Peruvian guano has been discovered some distance to the south of Lima and several miles inland. The deposit is reported to be very extensive, and lies under successive beds of black salt, nitrate of soda and borax.

It has been generally supposed by scientific men that the fossil elephant of Siberia had no representative in the same latitude on this continent. Recent examinations on the Yukon river in Alaska, however, have established the fact that the remains are even more plentiful on the west than on the east side of the North Pacific. Enormous quantities of bones are found, and a supply of ivory sufficient to last the world for centuries. The valleys of all the streams and all the low grounds are filled with bones and tusks, so that every vessel now arriving from these remote possessions has part of its cargo made up in part of these new-found remains. The elephant, whose range was formally almost universal, is now confined to a small portion of Africa and Asia, and it would seem as if the species was in process of slow extinction. Neither Europe nor America, which once swarmed with them, has now either a climate or a vegetable fitted to their existence. Their remains, however, are likely to give Alaska a value not previously suspected.

Rev. George Lawes, a missionary of the London Missionary Society, has lived in entire seclusion from Europeans, at Savage Island, for more than ten years. Now he has become not only the translator of the Bible, but he is the poet laureate of the island and the general adviser of the chiefs and people in all questions that concern their welfare.

At a funeral lately there stood in the house of the defunct an old-fashioned clock, which, when it finished the announcement of the meridian hour, was made to play a tune. The officiating minister was in the midst of his sermon when, noon having arrived, the clock commenced striking twelve. In a very solemn tone he impressed upon his hearers the inevitable flight of time; but the exhortation was evidently ineffective, as the clock instantly followed with the cheery old notes of "Take your time, Miss Lucy."

Whenever there is much to offend, there is much to pardon; and where there is anything to pardon, be assured there is something to love.—*George Sand*

Archbishop Manning, Londod, has forbidden the employment of female vocalists in Roman Catholic Churches under his jurisdiction after September next.

Wit and humor belong to genius alone.

GREELEY AND THE SOUTH.

An Important Interview Which has Never Before Been Made Public—Horace Greeley's Pacific Policy Advocated by Him Seven Years Ago. His Opinions of Lee.

[Correspondence of the Courier Journal.]

RICHMOND, Va., June 25, 1872.

An incident in Mr. Greeley's history, so creditable to his head and heart that it ought long ago to have been made public, has just been narrated to your correspondent, and he hastens to place it before the readers of the *Courier Journal*, not less as an act of justice to Mr. Greeley than a matter of general interest to the country. The wonder is that this incident should so long have been kept secret, dating back as it does seven years ago.

ANDREW JOHNSON SENDS FOR GREELEY.

Soon after Johnson was installed as president he sent a gentleman named Camp to New York to solicit an interview with Horace Greeley. Unable to leave the capital, Greeley must come to him at once at the White House. Greeley promptly complied with the request. After the first formal civilities were over, Camp rose to leave, but President Johnson requested him to remain, and he did so during the whole interview.

Johnson opened the conversation by saying that he found himself in a most trying position. The nation was convulsed with passion in consequence of Mr. Lincoln's assassination; the situation was new and embarrassing to him; he felt inadequate to the task to which he had been so unexpectedly called, and he felt the need, as he had never before felt it, of the counsel of some cool and sagacious man. He had, therefore, sent for Mr. Greeley. What course to pursue, how to stem the torrent of Northern frenzy, how to manage the reins of government in a crisis so awful, was a problem too deep for him to solve. Placing himself in Mr. Greeley's hands, he asked,

WHAT MUST I DO?

Thanking him for the confidence he thus reposed in him, Mr. Greeley replied that his best course was to call to his assistance a few of the wisest and best men in the country. They should be representative men from the two great sections. On the part of the North, he would suggest Gov. Andrew of Massachusetts, Gerrit Smith of New York, and Judge Spalding of Ohio. A like number of Southern gentlemen should be called; they should be invited to the White House as guests of the president there to remain and deliberate as long as they saw fit; and, having agreed upon some policy, they should submit it to the president for his approval, and if approved by him, as Mr. Greeley doubted not it would be, it should be faithfully and rigidly pursued, despite the popular clamor which might for a time ensue.

Mr. Johnson thought well of the suggestion. "But what Southern men should I invite, Mr. Greeley, to meet the gentlemen you have named from the North?"

"First and foremost," said Mr. Greeley, "Robert E. Lee, of Virginia."

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Johnson, "he is the very head and front of the rebellion."

"I know that," said Greeley, "and for that very reason you should invite him. He knows, if any man does, the wants of the Southern people; he of all men possesses the confidence of the entire South; he is upright and pure; he would not recommend a single action on your part which would not meet the approval of your advisers from the North and the result of the deliberations in which Robert E. Lee, Judge Campbell, of Alabama, and a third man like them, from the South, took part, would not only insure the approbation of the disaffected states, but, in the course of a few months, would, I am firmly persuaded, bring to your support every right-minded and right-hearted man of the North. The pacification of the estranged sections, your main difficulty, would thus be solved, and your path made clear towards the solution of minor difficulties. How are you to discover the true sentiments of the South and wants of its people if you do not consult her representative men? And what sort of restoration will that be in the plan of which the South has no part whatever? It must of necessity be one-sided, partial and unjust. Be persuaded, Mr. President, and call to your aid men of the standing, position and temper I have suggested, and by all means, call them from both of the sections."

In this strain Mr. Greeley continued until he had

FAIRLY WON THE PRESIDENT

over to his way of thinking. The interview ended with the assurance from the president that he would adopt the views of Mr. Greeley and follow them exactly. He would, however, make a single modification—he would substitute Horace Greeley in place of Gerrit Smith.

"Very well," said Mr. Greeley, "if you call me, I will come gladly and aid you to the best of my ability."

They parted, and ten days afterwards Johnson threw Greeley's suggestions to the winds, adopted "my policy" and pursued it; with what result the country is but too sadly aware.

Thus it will be seen that the roll of pacificator is

NO NEW THING

with Mr. Greeley, but is only a part which he has systematically pursued ever since the close of the war. So, also, his confidence, in the integrity and good sense of the Southern leaders, and his willingness to trust the Southern people is no new thing. What he is to-day he was years ago; and what better guaranty do we want for the future? At a time when the North was wild with rage against the South, when the execution of every one of her political and military chiefs and the confiscation of the entire property of her people would hardly have atoned in Northern eyes for Lincoln's assassination, then Greeley, with the wisdom of the statesman and the sympathy of a great heart, stood up for the South alone in his party, recommending a line of policy which would have brought peace and happiness to the country, and exhibiting traits of character which do credit to and commend humanity. That an occurrence so important should never before have been divulged is, I repeat, simply marvellous. That it should without delay go to the country and to the world should not so much a duty as a pleasure. For

"One good deed dying tongueless
Slaughters a thousand waiting on that."

And the press, which ever loves a pleasant duty, will see that it does go.

Toombs and Wise.

The malignants are coming together from all the four quarters of the political compass. Henry A. Wise joins Robert Toombs in preferring Grant and the party of hate to Greeley and the party of peace. How natural! We believe in the doctrine of affinity, and in Morton and Toombs, in Wendell Phillips and Henry A. Wise, we find the most perfect similtudes. After much wandering and curious divergencies, these men come together at last. Auspicious circumstance!

During a third of a century the South has been misrepresented by such leaders as Wise and Toombs. They are really brilliant men in their way—full of audacity and enterprise, irrepressible eccentrics, who dazzle where they fail to convince. They belong to a type, a most singular, a most startling type. To extraordinary dramatic talents, to a genius for the stage, not inferior to that of Edwin Booth and Joseph Jefferson, they unite a taste for public affairs and a turn for political management, which baffles phrenology and psychologic research. The five-hour speech delivered by Henry A. Wise at Alexandria in 1855 against the Know-Nothings—the speech that squashed the order in the South—was a model of artistic stage-play. Mr. Toombs never made a great "hit." He never appeared, like Jefferson and Booth, as Rip Van Winkle and Hamlet—that is to say, he is not identified with any specialty. But he has "made the pit rise" on several occasions; and, if he had gone on the legitimate boards early in life, he would, as a realist, have emulated Bouffet and Lemaitre.

Every great actor is most at home in his idiosyncratic passion. Edwin Booth has a dreamy, abstract cast of mind, and makes the greatest of Hamlets. Joseph Jefferson has a sweet, generous, charitable nature, and wedges his own beautiful, childlike personality—not unmixed with childlike shrewdness and mother wit—into the rendering of Rip Van Winkle. So with Wise and Toombs, each in his way, they are characteristic in their political impersonations. To them public life is a species of comic opera. They engage in it as professional "stars." Whilst "chivalry" was the cue and key-note of the South—the offspring of a mawkish, provincial sentimentality which the practical realities of the war knocked into a cocked hat—they made their lives a perpetual tourney. They did not consider practical questions, or care about them in their search after sensational. In this way they did infinite damage to their fellow-citizens, whom they were able to misrepresent by reason of their showy and insolent swagger and not by reason of any actual reflection of the wants, the wishes, or the common sense of the Southern people.

When Mr. Toombs declared that he would call the roll of his slaves under the shadow of the monument on Bunker Hill, he simply got off a burst of first-rate, stage clap-trap, regardless of expense. He made a dash, as Junius Brutus Booth once did, at the clamorous galleries, crying wildly "have at ye all," and fairly burst with the spasm of the moment. In like manner Henry A. Wise, a much more artistic comedian, has time and again undertaken theatrical *coups* of startling bravodo and dexterity; consulting always his normal passion, which is hate. Both have done their fellow-man, their period and their section limitless harm; and it is a circumstance of good omen that they are for Grant and not for Greeley.—*Courier-Journal.*

Do We Want This.

Men who appear to have forgotten nothing and persist in learning nothing, ask with an air of triumph, "What will we gain by electing Greeley?" This interrogatory suggests that they do not feel the pressure of Grant's Government upon them, crushing their energies and blighting their peace and happiness. They do not feel that they are yet thoroughly pressed to the wall. They have not yet reached that state of desperation which rejoices at *any* change. If they succeed in giving Grant four more years of rule, they will then be able to determine what might have been averted by electing Greeley. It is not difficult to state what will be gained by the election of him. It is more difficult to conjecture what we would escape by the defeat of Grant. By the election of Greeley we would gain general amnesty, and not partial, as adopted by Congress just adjourned, a measure that would overcome the animosities that the policy of the Republican party has kept alive and intensified; the breaking up of the oppressive military rule in the South and the carpet-bag governments that have disgraced the nation; it would bring to an end the nepotism and favoritism that have brought reproach upon this administration, and dishonor, if not disgrace, upon the country; it would stop the corruption that has been developed in the custom-houses in New York, New Orleans, and wherever there has been a chance to steal; it would stop San Domingo jobs, subsidies, railroad grants and similar schemes to rob the Treasury or the public domain, to aggrandize and enrich partisans at the public cost; there would be no more whitewashing of officials for robbing the Treasury under any pretence, vide Robeson and others; the policy of the administration would aim to local self-government and not to centralization as now, the civil authority would be supreme over the military, the writ of habeas corpus would be jealously upheld as the safegaurd of personal freedom; there would be no Federal supervision of the internal policy of the several States and municipalities, but each left free to inforce the rights and promote the well being of its inhabitants by such means as the judgment of the people shall prescribe.—*Memphis Ledger.*

CAMPAIGN NOTES

In Oneida county, New York, 1,000 Republicans have already pronounced for Greeley.

One hundred Republicans have joined the Greeley club in Elbridge, Onondaga county, New York.

Goodhue county, Minnesota, boasts over three hundred Greeley Republicans.

Red Wing, Minn. has a Republican Greeley club of fifty members.

The Greeley Liberal club of Syracuse, New York, has already three hundred Republican names enrolled and is steadily increasing.

Ex-Gov. Vance is already on the stump for Greeley and Brown in North Carolina. He says the old North state will give them 10,000 majority.

Senator Trumbull says that "the chances of Greeley in the Northwest are better than Lincoln's were in 1860." He is going to take an active part in the campaign.

The administration has scalped a competent brother-in-law of Senator Tipton. The unhappy relative held a position in the general land office and Tipton is a Greeley man.

One hundred Liberal Republicans have called a Liberal Republican mass meeting in Toledo, Ohio, on June 28, to ratify the Cincinnati nominations of Greeley and Brown

The Maryland delegation to the Baltimore convention, headed by Montgomery Blair and Philip Francis Thomas, includes also Col. Harry Gilmore of confederate cavalry fame, Robert J. Banks, ex-mayor of Baltimore, A. Leo Knot, a Baltimore lawyer, G. F. Hunter and W. H. Judson, merchants of Baltimore, and J. W. Baughman, editor of the Frederick Citizen.

It is not a year since John A. Logan charged that at the battle of Pittsburg Landing Grant was "so blind drunk that he could not lie down decently." Logan supports Grant for re-election.

The Bloomington (Ills.) Republican says the indications are, that Greeley will poll about 600 votes in McLean county, and adds that Wilson's proved Know-Nothingism has already decided many naturalized citizens against the support of Grant.

It is understood that the Hon. W. S. Groesbeck, while not by any means an original Greeley man, has signified that he will support the nominees of the Baltimore convention. Mr. Groesbeck and Gen. Thomas Ewing are talked of as senatorial electors for Greeley and Brown.

Having been driven from the assertion that there are no Greeley Republicans in Illinois, the administration organs now declare that the Greeley Republicans of that state are nobodies. The list of delegates from Chicago to the Liberal state convention includes among the most prominent business men and influential Republicans, such names as the following. Hon. Lyman Trumbull, Hon, Jesse O. Norton, Hon. L. B. Otis, Hon. Leonard Swett, Horace White, Hon. W. Woodard, Hon. A. F. Stevenson, Hon. John Wentworth, Gen. R. W. Smith, Gov. Wm. Bross, Gen. Geo. W. Smith, Gen. C. T. Hotchkiss, Hon. David S. Hammond, Gen. Herman Leib.

The Albany *Argus* states that the defection from Grant in the interior of the State is becoming a stampede. Leading papers have changed front, and new ones started where the old one refuse to conform to the march of the public opinion. Advices from Chenango, Oneida, Jefferson, Lewis, St. Lawrence, Herkimer, and Montgomery are to the effect that everywhere the sentiment against Grant in the Republican party is deep and determined.

By way of bringing Grant up in the race with Greeley, the President's friends have got for him the degree of L. L. D. from Harvard College. Grant, like Greeley, is now a Doctor of Laws! What laws he is doctor of, it would be difficult to say. Few men in the world are, in a literary or academic sense more unfit for this degree than our military President.

The Detroit *Free Press* says if Grant's expenses are $10,000 a year more than his salary, and in three years he manages to lay by over half a million dollars, what's the use of bringing out any more arithmetics?

Suits of plain colored lawns, usually trimmed with some harmonizing shade of the same goods, will be much worn for the street. Also linen polonaises, trimmed with black velvet guipure to match the color of the linen, or linen fringe, are much in favor for every day wear. These appear the best when worn over black silk skirts, although skirts of the same material as the polonaise are often seen.

A misquotation from Hamlet is just now going the rounds of the Grant organs. It runs thus. "A tanner will last you eight years." It is curious that none of them has had the enterprise to give the immediate context. Hamlet's next quotation is "Why he more than another?" and the grave digger makes answer. "Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade that he will *keep out water* a good while.