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The Pulaski Citizen.

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TIMELY TOPICS.

President Grant has ordered the executive mansion and the various departmental buildings to be appropriately draped with mourning as a testimony of respect to the late ex-President Johnson.

Rifle-shooting is the mania of the day, and the inter-state rifle match, which is being arranged for October, will doubtless be attended by representative riflemen from all parts of the country. The match will take place at the historic Creedmoor, and bull's eyes, subjects of friendly competition between north, south, east and west.

Mrs. Johnson, relict of the deceased statesman, lies seriously ill at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Brown, in Carter county, and is not expected long to survive the shock occasioned by her husband's death. Those cognizant of the deep devotion of this self-forgetting and retiring wife, will be most alarmed at her present illness.

Senator Johnson leaves a widow two daughters and one son: Mrs. Patterson, wife of ex-Senator Patterson, the lady of the White House who received and entertained during her father's administration with such dignity and grace; Mrs. Brown, formerly Mrs. Stover, at whose residence he died: and Andrew Johnson, Jr., of the Greenville Intelligencer.

It is a melancholy sign of the universality with which Americans seem to be forsaking farm work, that, even in a period when the dullness of manufactures and trade leaves thousands unemployed, the farmers find it hard to get sufficient help. The complaint is general in all parts of the country that sufficient help cannot be obtained to handle the crops with.

The stockholders of the Augusta cotton factory have resolved upon the issuance of bonds to the extent of $300,000. As this concern has hitherto been believed to be the most successful cotton manufacturing establishment in the south, the fact that it is compelled to borrow money on so large a scale looks rather discouraging for the immediate future of that industry.

The difficulty of recovering anything from Boss Tweed and his associates may be seen from the fact that, of the 151 vouchers on which warrants were issued, 141 of them have been stolen, and the plaintiff is required to produce the stolen vouchers and bills attached, and specify which portion of them is fraudulent. As the bills cannot be reproduced, the dilemma is apparent. The plunderers seem to be safe.

Senator Norwood, of Georgia, in his recent address at Emory College, made some interesting points. Among them were these: "While emancipation diminished our wealth, it increased our political power. Negroes vote for men and not measures, and their 800,000 votes will be added to ours. The negro is gravitating toward us. The people of the north will soon rise and demand a surrender of the elective franchise or colonization."

S. F. B. Elliott, a well known writer on agriculture, has been collecting certain data in regard to fruit culture, and gives the total market value of the crop of the entire country at $47,000,000. New York leads all the states in amount with $7,000,000. California's figures are largest in proportion to population, being $6,000,000, this sum probably including the yield from vineyards. The total sum for the New England states is put at $6,000,000.

The success of the Cornell crew in the Saratoga regatta has revived the controversy as to the effect of high physical culture on mental training, and this has drawn out President White, of Cornell, who bears strong testimony in regard to the scholarship of the boating men. He says: "The register has furnished to me the official statement of the standing of the members of the university crew which has won the race, and I am glad to say that it represents admirable scholarship in the various departments, and I feel warranted in making the statement that were you to choose out by lot an equal number of students from the university, the chances are two to one that you would not take in as many men who have been as faithful and diligent in their intellectual pursuits at the university."

At last the cotton states are learning wisdom. The experiment of diversified cropping, which the more prudent have for years been urging, has this season been tried with most encouraging results. It is a fact that the gulf states have grown a surplus of cereals, if the estimates of the papers of those states can be trusted. Not only is there an unprecedented wheat crop, but cotton culture has been prosecuted with a new diligence and method, resulting in an unusual yield to the acre. Thus instead of mortgaging the growing cotton crop for food to eat, the planter can this year supply his table mainly from his own acres, while he stores his prime staple and awaits the top of the market. This is the beginning of independence for the south—first diversified agriculture, then manufactures.

There is some evidence that the Mormons are going to make a scapegoat of John D. Lee, and let him be convicted, in the hope that some of the greater lights of Mormondom will escape the punishment which they so richly deserve. Brigham Young is strongly suspected of having given the order for the massacre; at least the evidence in the pending trial at Beaver points that way. The prophet's affidavit has been taken, and he stoutly denies having heard anything about the Mountain Meadow affair for some months. He stated that the reason that he did not take active measures to bring the perpetrators of the horrible deed to justice, when he heard of it, was because a new governor had been appointed, and he supposed he would investigate the matter. It does not seem at all likely that Brigham heard nothing of the massacre for some months. It is said by the Mormons themselves that he received his share of the plunder when it was taken to Salt Lake City.

The Panama Star mourns over the fact that the Pacific Mail Steamship company and the Panama Railroad company have raised freight to such an exorbitant rate that the banana-producers on the Isthmus will come to grief, not being able to ship their fruit to New York, except at a considerable loss. When shipments can be made $12,000 per month in American silver is paid to producers. The law is therefore keenly felt, and the selfishness of the transportation companies is evident from the following paragraph in the Star: When the Pacific Mail refused to divide with the Panama railroad, the Panama railroad company then charged sufficient freight for the two miles transportation of the bananas to cover one-third of the two thousand miles sea transportation. Meanwhile, these two companies contend about the division of freights, the banana merchants are ground between the upper and nether mill-stones, their profits destroyed, their business ruined, and the most important branch of Isthmus exports vanishes.

The recent death of Lady Franklin brings to mind the discovery by Capt. McClintock of the fate of Sir. John Franklin. This is the dreary record: "On the 6th of May Lieut. Hobson pitched his tent beside a large cairn upon Point Victory. Lying among some loose stones, which had fallen from the top of this cairn, was found a small tin case containing a record, the substance of which was as follows: 'This cairn was built by the Franklin expedition upon the assumed site of Sir James Ross' pillar, which had not been found. The Erebus and Terror spent their first winter at Beechy Island, after having ascended Wellington Channel to latitude 77 deg. north, and returned by the west side of Cornwallis Island. On the 12th of September, 1846, they were beset by the ice. Sir John Franklin died on the 11th of June, 1847. On the 23d of April, 1848, the ships were abandoned five leagues to the north-northwest of Point Victory, and the servivors, 105 in number, landed here under the command of Capt. Crozier.'" There has been but little said of one feature of the relics of the Franklin expedition. The discovery of human bones in kettles did not permit observers to avoid the conclusion that the starving men had cooked and eaten deceased comrades.

Josh Billings on Marriage.

History held its tongue as to who the pair was who first put on the silken harness, and promised to work kind to it, through thick and thin, up hill and down, and on the level, rain or shine, survive or perish, sink or swim, down or flote.

But wotever they wuz, they must have made a good thing of it, or so many of their posterity would not have harnessed up since and drove out.

There is a great moral grip to marriage; it is the morter that holds them together.

But there ain't but few phoks who put their money in matrimony who could set down and give a good written opinum whi on arth they come to did it.

This is a grate proof that it is one ov them natral kind ov axcidents that must happen, jest as birds fly out ov the nest, when they have feathers enuff, without being able to tell why.

Sum may marry for buty, and never diskover their mistake; this is lucky.

Sum marry for money, and don't see it.

Sum marry bekase they have been histed sum where else; this is a cross match, a bay and sorrel; pride may make it endurable.

Sum marry for luv without a cent in their pocket, nor a friend in the world, nor a drop of pedigree. This looks desperate, but it is the strength of the game.

If marrying for luv ain't success then matrimony is dead beet.

Sum marry because they think wimmen will be scarce next year, and live to wonder how the crop holds out.

Sum marry to get rid ov themselves, and discover that the game was one that two could play at, and neither win.

Sum marry the second time to get even, and find it a gambling game—the more they put down the less they take up.

Sum marry they can't tell why, and live they can't tell how.

Almost everybody gets married, and it is a good joke.

Sum marry coquetts. This is like buying a poor farm heavily mortgaged, and working the balance ov your days to clear off the mortgages.

Married life has its chances, and this is just what gives it its flavor. Every body loves to phool with the chances, bekause everybody expexts to win. But I am authorized tew state that everybody don't win.

But, after all, married life is full az certain az dry goods bizziness.

No man can swear exactly where he will fetch up when he touches calico.

Neo man kan tell jist what calico haz made up its mind tew do next.

Calico don't kno even herself.

Dry goods of all kinds is the child ov circumstansis.

Sum never marry, but this iz just az risky; the disease iz the same, with another name to it.

The man who stands on the bank shivering, and dassent, iz more apt to ketch cold than him who pitches hiz head fust into the river.

There is but few who know never marry bekause they want—they all hanker and most ov them starve with bread before them (spread on both sides,) jist for the lack of grit.

Marry young! is my motto.

I have tried it, and I know what I am talking about.

Marriage iz a safe way to gamble—if yu win, yu win a pile, and if yon loze, yu don't loze anything, only the privilege of living dismally alone, and soaking your own feet.

There is but one excuse for a marriage late in life, and that iz—a second marriage.

A. T. Stewart as a Master.—"Burleigh" writes to a Boston journal: "Stewart runs his store on the detective system. Each man feels that he is under the eye of some one—that he is watched—and no one disguises the annoyance this fact gives him. I was in the store one day, and in conversation with an employe. It was not a busy time, and all hands seemed to be laying off. Some lounged, some leaned, one or two sat at the boxes. In a moment the scene in the store changed; all came to 'attention,' sharp. No one was seen—no one spoke. Each man was erect; the loungers came to their feet; there was not an idler in the store. In a moment Stewart came in from his little coupe on the curb-stone. He spoke to no one, bowed to no one, seemed to recognize no one. He gave a sharp glance right and left, and went up stairs. 'Did you see that glance?' said the clerk; 'he saw every one of us, and could tell what each was doing.' While Stewart remained not a man 'laid off.'"

NEW ENGLAND'S SCEPTRE.

Why She Will Have to Hand it Over to the South—The Impending Revolution in Cotton Manufacture.

The New York correspondent of the London Standard furnishes some important facts as to cotton manufacture in the northern and southern states, and draws a comparison between the two. He says:

First, as to the north. I have some facts bearing upon the profits of cotton manufacture in six mills, which have been adduced to prove the profitableness of northern manufactures. I give these as presumably correct. The Cocheco Mills, with a capital of $430,000, made an average profit of 25.6 per cent. during the period from 1862 to 1871—the period of the six calculations. The Saulsbury Mills, with a capital of $2,000,000, made a profit of 22 5 per cent.; the Pacific, capital, $2,500,000, made 21.25 per cent.; the Nanmkeag, capital, $1,500,000, made 19 62 per cent.; the Merrimac, capital, $2,500,000, made 15.5 per cent.; and the Middlesex, capital, $750,000, made 12 5 per cent. These profits, leaving out of the calculation the capital invested, shows an average per centage of 17.98. But the result is pretty nearly correct, as we see two facts of opposite character—namely, that the largest profits come on the smallest capital, and that the amount of capital that made above the general average is largely in excess—nearly double, in fact—that which fell below it.

Secondly, as to the south. I have no comprehensive figures to show in this region, for the reason that such industries as these were all in a confusion during the whole of the period of great prosperity, embraced in the northern reports. The Macon Mills (steam) during the last year or two claimed to have realized profits to the enormous extent of 30 to 40 per cent.—say, the average, 35. The Petersburg Mills are said to realize a profit of 25 per cent.; the Langley Mills, over 25 per cent.; the Augusta Mills, over 29 per cent.; the Columbus Mills, the largest probably in the south (running 32,000 spindles and 900 looms), over 20 per cent, and the Tallahasse, 20 per cent. These six average, as above calculated, a profit of over 24 per cent. This, it must be remembered, has been mainly since the financial crisis, September, 1873, during which time many of the northern mills have been running on half time. These facts, so far as they constitute any comparison, tell very strongly in favor of the greatest profits of southern over northern mills. The per cent. profits are—northern, in prosperous times, 17.98; southern, in times of great financial stringency, 24. But, as I intimated above, the facts here given, while I believe them to be honestly estimated and very close to the truth, are not to be taken strictly.

Thirdly, as to one mill, mentioned above, I have specific and trustworthy statements. The mill is the Graniteville manufacturing company, located in South Carolina. Mr. H. H. Hickman, president, has just published his annual report, and it is from this that I take the following details: The capital stock of the company is six hundred thousand (600,000) dollars; and the net profits for the year ended on the 27th of February have been 114,588 dollars, which is 19.08 per cent on the capital stock. President Hickman states that the trade of the country in all its departments has not yet wholly recovered from the depression caused by the momentary panic of 1873. The mills in the north ran on short time during a large part of the year, and some of them stopped work altogether, while the Graniteville ran without interruption. The profits from sales of goods in New York were $44,940; from domestic sales; $71,799; from sales of waste, $15,963; from rent, $595—in all, $133,287. The amount at credit of profit and loss account has been reduced by the sum of $18,699; and by subtracting that amount from the gross profits above given, the remainder is $114,589, which shows the net profits, namely, 19.09 per cent, on the capital stock. The consumption of cotton during the year amounted to 3,676,892 pounds, or 171 commercial bales, 450 pounds each, of the value of $528,602, an average of 14,38 cents per pound. The cotton used was made into 259,826 pieces of cloth, in 10,536,500 yards, a piece being about 40 yards. This is an increase of 170,036 pounds of cotton, 4,725 pieces of cloth, and 793,500 yards over the preceding year. They have in store 1,855 bales, or 834,750 pounds, which cost an average of 13.66 cents a pound—less than the preceding year's prices.

Fourthly, as to the reasons for the greater profits of the southern manufactures. Prominent among these is the fact that they have cotton at their doors. The transportation from the south to, say Lowell, the centre of Northern manufacturers, costs, for freight; $5, for commission on purchase, $1.50; for insurance, 50 cents; and for exchange and shipping expenses and truckage, 65 cents, in all 7.65. Now, a bale of cotton 450 pounds, at 15 cents a pound, is $67.50 a bale; and $7.65 for expenses incidental to transportation deducted is a deduction of more than 11 per cent of the capital invested. But this is not all. Of the 450 pounds in a bale the waste is always calculated at 15 per cent, which is 67.5 pounds, and this from 450 leaves 382.5 as the bale of fibre. Now, $7.65 for transportation is 13.33 per cent of the whole value; and this is the disadvantages with which the Lowell manufacturer begins his work. It costs him then $1.41 a bale to get the cloth to New York, the common market. It costs the southern manufacturer—at Augusta, say—$2.41 to ship his sloth to the same market. But, by referring again to President Hickman's figures above, we find that his market is at home; that is, 62 per cent of his sales are domestic, while 38 per cent go to New York. He has to pay the $2 44 freight on only 38 per cent of his cloths, while the Lowell manufacturer pays his $1.41 on all of his. Another point of economy to the Augusta manufacturer is the cheaper labor he can command. He has no fear of strikes, as his brother in Lowell has to deal with every month. Food and dressed are both cheaper, and far less of the latter is required.

Measles Pestilence in the Fiji Islands.

The London Spectator gives the following account of the fearful depopulation of the Fiji Islands by disease since their recent acquisition by Great Britain: "A British ship, it appears, landed there some returned emigrants ill with the measles, and these men scattered to their homes. The disease being considered trivial by Europeans, no precautions were taken, but, as usual when an inferior race catches an infectious disease from a superior one, its virulence was intensified, it speedily became a plague, and the natives, naturally believing that it had been designedly introduced to kill them off, refused medicine, and rushed into the sea to alleviate the torment of the rash. The bathing produced acute dysentery, and it is believed that most of the chiefs and a third of the population—say 50,000 persons—have died. There is no certainty either that the worst is past, or that the pestilence may not be followed by a native outbreak, against which the colonial office has taken precautions. The native constabulary, who are under discipline, have been compelled to submit to proper treatment, and none of them have died; but though doctors and medicine have been ordered from Sydney, no power exists to compel the natives to use either."

WHEN THE SONG'S GONE OUT OF YOUR LIFE.

"When the song's gone out of your life, you can't start another while it's a-ringing in your ears, but it's best to have a bit of silence, and out of that may be a psalm'll come by-and-by.—*Edward Garrett.*

When the song's gone out of your life,
That you thought would last to the end,—
That first sweet song of the heart,
That no after days can lend,—
The song of the bird to the trees,
The song of the wind to the flowers,
The song that the heart sings low to itself
When it wakes in life's morning hours:

'You can start no other song,"
Not even a tremulous note
Will falter forth on the empty air,
It dies in your aching throat.
It is all in vain that you try,
For the spirit of song has fled—
The nightingale sings no more to the rose
When the beautiful flower is dead.

So let silence softly fall
On the bruised heart's quivering strings;
Perhaps from the loss of all you may learn
The song that the angels sings:
A grand and glorious psalm
That will trouble, and rive, and thrill,
And fill your breast with its grateful rest,
And its lonely yearnings still.

ABOUT SHARKS.

Sharks are usually spoken of as the most rapacious and abhorrent of seanimals. That they are rapacious is undeniable, but why they are so is not generally considered. We will go a little into the matter. The shark, a fish of the family *Squalidæ*, when quite in his infant state, and only a few inches in length, exhibits a pugnacity almost without parallel for his age. He will attack fish two or three times larger than himself; or, if caught, and placed for observation on the deck of a vessel, he resents handling, and, with unerring precision, strikes a finger placed on almost any part of his body.

Two things contribute to the shark's determined fierceness. In the first place, we may refer to his teeth, for of these engines of destruction nature has been to him particularly bountiful; and this species of bounty he has a peculiar pleasure in exercising. If he could speak, he would probably tell us that, besides being troubled with his teeth, which he could not help keeping in use, he has been gifted with enormous abdominal visceri, and that, more particularly, a third of his body is occupied by spleen and liver. The bile and other digestive juices which are secreted from such an immense apparatus, and poured continually into the stomach, tend to stimulate appetite prodigiously—and what hungry animal with good teeth was ever tender-hearted? In truth, a shark's appetite can never be appeased; for, it is ridiculous to think that because he is not a careful masticator, but hastily bolting his food, produces thereby not only the moroseness of indigestion, but a whole host of parasites, which goad as well as irritate the intestines to that degree that the poor squalus is sometimes quite beside himself from the torment, and rushes, like a blind Polyphemus, through the waves in search of anything on earth with his maw that may allay such urgent distress. He does not seek to be cruel, but he is cruelly famished. 'It is not I,' expostulates the man in the crowd, 'that is pushing; it is others behind me.' The poor wretch must satisfy, not only his own ravenous appetite, but the constant demand of these internal parasites, either with dead or living food; and therefore it is that, sped as from a catapult, he pounces on a quarry, and sometimes gorges himself beyond what he is able to contain.

Having said thus much of the rapacious habits of the Squalidæ, we would have it remembered that every man's hand is against them, and that no tortures are considered too severe to inflict upon them when caught. If they are relentless to man and every living thing around them, their insatiable appetite renders them equally destructive to their own species, and we of the white population of this globe ought to recollect, with some show of gratitude, that they always prefer an African to a European; for although they are fond of men of any color, a negro is to them an object of choicest epicurism. Commerson tells us that one of the atrocious amusements practised on board slave-ships was to suspend a dead negro from the bowsprit, in order to watch the efforts of the sharks to reach him, and this they would sometimes effect at a height of more than twenty feet above the level of the sea. Wonderful are the tales that sailors tell of the various things that have been found in a shark's capacious maw; it was thought that any substance that would enter its mouth was at all times acceptable. The following, which details a cruel trick, as described in the Glasgow Observer, dispels this illusion: 'Looking over the bulwarks of the schooner,' writes a correspondent to this journal, 'I saw one of these watchful scavengers leisurely swimming astern and forwards like a long meteor; sometimes rising till his nose disturbed the surface, and a gushing sound like a deep breath rose through the breakers; at others, resting motionless on the water, as if listening to our voices, and thirsting for our blood. As we were watching the motions of this monster, Bruce (a little lively negro, and my cook) suggested the possibility of destroying it. This was briefly to heat a fire-brick in the stove, wrap it up hastily in some old greasy cloths, as a sort of disguise, and then to heave it overboard. This was the work of a few minutes; and the effect was triumphant. The monster followed after the hissing prey. We saw it dart at the brick like a flash of lightning, and gorge it instanter. The shark rose to the surface almost immediately, and his uncasy motions soon betrayed the success of the manœuvre. His agonies became terrible; the waters appeared as if disturbed by a violent squall, and the spray was driven over the taffrail where we stood, while the gleaming body of the fish repeatedly burst through the dark waves, as if writhing with fierce and terrible convulsions. Sometimes we thought we heard a shrill bellowing cry, as if indicative of anguish and rage, rising through the gurgling waters. His fury, however, was soon exhausted; in a short time the sounds broke away into distance, and the agitation of the sea subsided. The shark had given himself up to the lakes, as unable to struggle against the approach of death, and they were carrying his body unresistingly to the beach.'

Crouch, in his Fishes of the British Islands, would indirectly claim some apology for the habits of the shark tribe; in reference to which he asks why the lion and the eagle should occupy the elevated places they do in popular estimation, as the king of beasts and monarch of the air. They live by the exercise of powers similar to those of the sharks, and if insatiable appetites are to take precedence, sharks ought to stand in the foremost rank.

The appearance of sharks occasionally upon our coast naturally creates a certain panic amongst bathers; and we may trace the breakage of the nets of our fishermen to their presence, among other causes. The six-gilled shark, or gray shark, is sometimes eleven or twelve feet in length, and is very destructive among the pilchards on the Cornish coast. The white shark is a formidable fellow; but although his class occasionally send even to our isles deputations of one or two, we have, fortunately, not had to record of late years such a visitation as that of 1785, when hundreds appeared in the British channel. This individual is perhaps the most formidable of all the inhabitants of the ocean. Ruysch says that the whole body of a man, and even a man in armor, has been found in the body of a white shark. Captain King, in his survey of Australia, says he caught one which could have swallowed a man with the greatest ease. Blumenbach says a whole horse has been found in it; and Captain Basil Hall reports the taking of one, in which, besides other things, he found the whole skin of a buffalo, which a short time before had been thrown overboard from his ship. The blue shark is a horrible nuisance to the fishermen, but, fortunately, it is with us only in summer, when it makes itself known by hunting after the fish entangled in the nets, which it does by seizing both fish and net with its keen and serrated teeth, and swallowing fish and mesh together. As it is not always pleasant to have sharks following a ship, it cannot be too well known that a bucket or two of bilge water has been known to drive them off.

The shark tribe are remarkably retentive of life, and instances are related which would be almost beyond belief, if not vouched for by numbers of witnesses. For instance, an individual was caught with a line; its liver was cut out, and the bowels left hanging from the body, in which state the sailors, as an object of abhorrence, threw it into the sea. But it continued near the boat; and not long afterwards, it pursued, and attempted to devour a mackerel that had escaped from the net. In another instance, a shark was thrown overboard after the head had been severed from the body; after which, for a couple of hours, the body continued to use the efforts of swimming in various directions—to employ the conjecture of a boy amongst the crew—as if it were looking for its head. Next, we have the thrasher, which has obtained the name of fox shark, because of the shape of its tail. The title of thrasher, however, is most appropriate, from its habits of lashing the sea with its tail, by which it has been known to put to flight a heard of sportive dolphins, and even to fill the whale with terror. The porbeagle is another of the shark tribe, and is a common visitor on the western coasts in summer. Then follows that too plentiful and rapacious fish, the toper, known likewise as the dogfish, houndfish, or smaller dog. However, as it swims deep, it does not do so much injury to the fishermen's nets as some of its congeners. Then we have the smooth hound, or ray-mouther dog, or skate-toothed shark, which are presumed to come from considerable distances, from the kind of hooks sometimes found in them, which resemble those used on the coast of Spain. They are very contaceous animals, but will take a bait. The spotted dog, spur dog, or bone dog, but commonly known as the dog-fish, is the smallest, but unquestionably the most numerous of the shark tribe. It frequents our coasts all the year round, and even in the severest weather. Then there are the spinous shark and Greenland shark, which will not be driven away from feeding upon the blubber of a stranded, half-immersed whale, although pierced with spears, but come again to the oleaginous banquet while a spark of life exists. The basking shark also occasionally casts up on our coasts. It is of a large size, is capable of breaking a six-inch hawser, and is only taken with considerable difficulty. Then we have the rashleigh shark, the broad-headed gazer, and the hammer-head or balance fish, which may be said to complete the list of these occasional unwelcome visitors to our shores.

The shark fishery is carried on in many parts of the Indian ocean, and on the eastern coast of Africa, and recently it has been pursued on the coast of Norway. About Kurrachi, In India, as many as forty thousand sharks are taken in the year. The back fins are much esteemed as a food delicacy in China, from seven to ten thousand of these being shipped to that empire annually from Bombay. In Norway and Iceland the inhabitants make indiscriminate use of every species captured, hanging up the carcasses for a whole year, like hams, that the flesh may become mellow. The liver, however, appears to be strictly prohibited everywhere, as a dangerous article of food.—*Chamber's Journal.*

Carlyle.—A correspondent of the San Francisco Chronicle, who has been visiting Carlyle, writes: "The pictures in our country of Carlyle are not very good; he has not the wrinkled visage and the thought-weary, almost unhappy, expression generally seen in them, but with the friendly, happy look so apt to characterize the old age of a well-spent life. His thick head of hair is not entirely whitened; his blue eye is bright, but looks worn with use; his form is thin and feeble, and the continual trembling of his hand must interfere greatly, if not entirely, with the use of his pen. Expecting our visit, his eyes and whole face lighted up with a smile of welcome as he entered the room, extending both hands in greeting. His first words, after those of welcome, were of singular beauty and appropriateness. They were a quotation from his own favorite Ossian, in reply to my companion's congratulation on his apparent good health. 'Yes, but age is dark and unlovely.' The almost solemn sadness of the tone in which he spoke the words changed to cheerfulness as he immediately added 'But I ought not to complain,' and the to vivacity as thought and reminiscence followed each other in uninterrupted flow It was quite wonderful to recall how much he had said in our short visit. He knew that we had come to see and hear a great man, and he paid us the compliment of putting as much of himself as possible into our half hour with him."

Prices of Trotters.—Generally speaking, the value of a trotter is the price that he will bring or sell for. But there is a great variety and difference of opinion concerning his actual market value (viewed from another stand-point than the law laid down above), and those of less value often touch long figures. In an exchange of letters with a down-east horseman, he holds forth the following: "Horses are worth here (if not over 7 years old, fresh, sound and green, 15½ to 16 hands), that can trot in 2:50, not less than $1,200. This includes good style, good disposition, and with an easy mouth. Speed of 2:45, with the same qualities as named above, worth $1,500; 2:40 speed, worth $2,500; 2:35, $3,500; 2:30, $5,000 to $8,000; 2:25, $10,000 to $13,000; 2:21, $25,000 (price paid for hopeful); 2:17, $30,000. Now these prices are for first-class goods, and any deviation from it lowers the price." We are inclined to think that these prices are rather high, though it depends so much upon the individual quality of the horse as to prevent a correct estimate being given until we see them go and do it, and their mode and manner.—*Turf, Field and Farm.*

The Fate of the Trade Dollar.—It was a stroke of policy on the part of our government to devise in the trade dollar a coin which should compete with the Mexican dollar and eventually drive it almost out of the Chinese market. After reaching that country it encounters an almost ignominious fate. The Chinese send it to India for the purchase of opium. They go into the Calcutta mint and come out as rupees, which are stamped with the native characters on one side and the value of the piece on the other. The trade of China with India in opium exceeds that of all other commodities, as is shown by the reports of the Chinese custom service. The amount returned for the last eight years, exclusive of the amount smuggled, which would probably double it, is 97,440,930 pounds. The amount of American silver which annually goes to India from China to pay for opium is immense. A base use for so beautiful a coin as the trade dollar, surely.—*San Francisco Call.*

EMPTY.

Your cosy crib is in the corner yet;
I sit and watch it, just as day is dead,
You cannot press again, my vanished pet,
Its pillow, with your drowsy golden head.

You cannot reach plump arms to get my kiss,
Or dart about with rosy, naked feet,
Babbling soft syllables of this and that—
A tiny night-gowned fairy, blithe and sweet.

Empty the house, where, frolicsome and fair,
Your precious presence made so bright a part
Empty your little crib, your clothes, your chair,
But emptiest of all your mother's heart.

The Failure of Duncan, Sherman & Co.

From the New York Post.

The suspension, without premonition, of the banking house of Duncan, Sherman & Co., which for many years had stood high in the estimation of the public, both because of the character of its members and its supposed great wealth, naturally created astonishment. The public at large were surprised that it should have suspended at all; and the few persons who were not wholly unprepared for the event could not understand why it should have occurred at this particular time.

According to the published card of the firm, and according to what those agents who are authorized to speak for it, say its real weakness was but recently discovered, and as soon as it was known to the partners, and it was further ascertained by them that new capital, sufficient to pay every debt if demanded, could not be procured, it was decided that the proper course to pursue was to stop payment and go into liquidation. The only other way open to them was to abuse the credit of the firm, which was good enough, if properly pressed, to have commanded millions of dollars—and to continue in business with the chance of making profits sufficient to put the house again into a solvent condition. That the honorable course, under these circumstances, was instantly taken, affords no surprise to anybody who knew the members of the firm to be men jealous of their personal honor and good name. Wherein they will be blamed will be in that they managed their business so loosely that they did not know the true condition of their affairs until after they had drifted to the point where they could not be rescued without external help.

There is no intimation from those persons who are best qualified to speak on the subject that the losses of the firm were of very recent date. On the contrary, the inference is warranted that the house has been subjected to a series of misfortunes during a series of years, beginning with unfortunate railroad complications, and ending with misjudged transactions in cotton.

If it could be shown that the firm was driven into suspension by the stress of the times—that is to say, that its embarrassments were caused by the condition of trade rather than by its own individual errors of judgment, both in respect to its railroad connections and its transactions in cotton—then there would be reason for suspecting a general unsoundness in the business community, and for expecting more failures from the same general causes. To speak more plainly, it is not the fault of the times that stocks of the Atlantic and Great Western, the Erie, and the New York, Boston and Montreal railroad companies, and others of the sort, are not good securities. Nor can the times be held responsible for the decline in the price of cotton. Advances on cotton, or transactions in it, which, to adopt a term from Wall street, have proved "bad business," should be credited to errors of judgment on the part of those who made them, and not the fault of the country at large. If there are similar special reasons for other failures, they will course; but it is not a fair inference that the suspension of Duncan, Sherman & Company shows any general underlying reason for the downfall of other banking-houses. Whatever failures may occur by reason of losses on account of this suspension are susceptible of calculation. The house had a large number of wealthy depositors who never put all their eggs into one basket, and who can not be seriously distressed by the failure of one of their bankers. It also had others on a smaller scale, who will be embarrassed if they are to lose a considerable part of what they have on deposit. Travelers holding the letters of credit of the house will be inconvenienced and troubled, but their troubles are not those of a kind to cause mercantile suspensions. The house, we are told, had outstanding a comparatively small amount of unaccepted bills, estimated at from £50,000 to £75,000. Assuming the larger amount to be correct, it will probably be distributed among from a dozen to twenty buyers of bills, and certainly no one of these ought to be forced to suspend on account of his loss. With the south the connections of the house were extensive, and it is estimated, perhaps incorrectly, that the larger part of the losses in this country will fall there. There may be no consequent failures in the south, but it is possible that there will be. The banks here, we are assured, will lose nothing which can make any appreciable difference with them. It is possible that the losses to Europe, where it is understood that the larger part of the debt of the firm is held, may cause trouble, but we have seen within a month losses incurred and sustained there which by the side of the total liabilities here make the failure of Duncan, Sherman & Co. look small. It is understood that the Union bank of London and Baring Bros. were both protected. The house had scarcely any connection with stock exchange interests, and was as free of the speculations which center there as if its regular and main business had been in shipping or cotton manufactures.

Properly understood, therefore, this failure ought not to be alarming, and it can be made so only by misrepresentations. It is due to the house to say that there has been no suspension for years which has brought out more sincere expressions of sympathy and regret.

SHERMAN AND DAVIS.

The Assassination of Lincoln—General Bragg on the Stand—Alleged Attempts to Assassinate the Confederate President.

General Bragg was in the city several days during the past week. He referred, in the course of a conversation, to the recent assertion of General Sherman that he had suspected Mr. Jefferson Davis of complicity with the assassins of Mr. Abraham Lincoln. General Bragg said that he had seen Mr. Davis tested in cases of this sort, and while two efforts were made by hired assassins in 1864 to destroy Mr. Davis' life he never manifested the least signs of resentful feeling. It was in June, 1864, that Mr. Davis, when riding along the defences of Richmond, was fired at, the bullets passing very near his person. Once afterward he was shot at when in the outskirts of Richmond. But we propose to settle this question finally. Dahlgren's raid will not soon be forgotten. Col. Dahlgren's address, as written and signed by him, was memorized and spoken or read to his followers. They were disguised as spies, and were captured as spies inside of the confederate lines. They came, as stated, to murder Mr. Davis. When they were captured and this paper was found on the person of this man, Dahlgren, Mr. Davis' cabinet and his military staff concurred in declaring that the prisoners should be executed in accordance with the laws of war. President Davis, after reading the paper and finding that he especially was designed to be assassinated by Dahlgren, peremptorily forbade other treatment than that accorded to prisoners of war. [Gen. Bragg preserved photograph copies of Col. Dahlgren's orders]. If Mr. Davis were capable of enormities which Gen. Sherman would ascribe to his intervention he would never have hesitated to punish with death the disguised followers of Dahlgren. And would it not be well for Gen. Sherman to remember that Mr. Davis at all time intervened in behalf of the condemned? It was the complaint of many confederate leaders that nobody could be executed who appealed to the president for pardon. He spared Harrison Self, the bridge burner of East Tennessee, and each unionist who became a spy rather than soldier, and was captured within the confederate lines. Of all men Mr. Davis' personal virtues and character have been most grievously misrepresented and misunderstood by northern people; even as Lincoln's character and spirit were at first misapprehended throughout the south. Mr. Davis differed from Mr. Lincoln in that—both Kentuckians and both reared in the midst of the same moral atmosphere—Davis was elaborately educated, and taught and refined in all the schools; while Lincoln's generosity, neither greater nor purer than that of Mr. Davis', was more conspicuous because of his personal rudeness, with which his womanly traits were in strong contrast. Gen. Sherman is a man of force and genius and a skillful warrior; his selfishness, and thus his vanity, is his most significant foible, often degenerating into an unpardonable vice. Occupying his position he had no right to ascribe a degree of criminality to Mr. Davis which could only be supposed just to the extent that partisans, north and south, traduced Mr. Davis in order to make the cause he espoused odious. Gen. Sherman, if morally a great man, which he is not, because his vices of intellect are great, should have considered the facts before pronouncing an opinion, as disgraceful to Sherman as designed to be ruinous to Mr. Davis' personal fame.——*Austin Texas Statesman.*

Mushrooms and their Cultivation.

It is difficult to convince the average mind of any English-speaking race that frogs are not toads, and that mushrooms are not toad-stools. Large sources of food-supply, and delicious table dainties at that, are thus lost through the prejudice that results from ignorance.

There are a good many people in this country who use mushrooms and rejoice in them, and there are few probably among the reading classes who are not aware of the fact that they are extensively cultivated in most European countries, forming in France especially a valuable and extraordinary widespread industry. Yet, to the general public here, it is at best a dish rarely seen, never tasted, and looked upon with suspicion and distrust.

All I have to say to those who have never tasted this delicacy, is to buy them just to try it. It must be a very deeply rooted prejudice which would compel them to persist in their dislike after once tasting.

It is a simple and easy matter to distinguish between the true and the false mushrooms. In the first place, the true grow generally in pastures, while the false are to be found in woods, ordinarily on the stumps of trees, and growing in tufts or clusters. Then they differ in appearance, the true being smooth, with a skin generally easy to peel, with gills of a pinky red or white, changing with age to a liver color, with the inner flesh white, and with the stem white, solid, cylindrical, and tapering from the earth toward the cap. The false have a warty protuberance, or else fragments of membrane sticking to the upper surface, are heavy, and generally decay in a few days; they have a hollow stem, turn blue when cut, are moist on surface, are generally of a rose or orange color. The taste of the false is disagreeable and astringent; that of the true, pleasant, sweetish, and inviting, the stem of certain varieties having a marked nutty flavor. Specimens collected may be tested by sprinkling a little salt on the spongy part or gills. If they turn yellow, they are poisonous; if black, they are wholesome. Another test is to boil an onion, stripped of the outer skin, with them; if the onion remains white they are good, but if it turns blue or black, some of them are certainly poisonous.

Now, as to preparing them there are various methods, of which I shall mention a few. The preferred to all of them, if it is desired to make the dish as savory as possible, is to let them lie for an hour or so in salt and water. Stewed mushrooms are prepared thus: take grown mushrooms, preferably such as are young enough to have the gills still reddish, cut off that part of the stem which lay below the soil, wash carefully, and remove the skin from the top, put them in a stew-pan with some salt, but no water—stew them till they are tender, and mix with them a spoonful of butter and one of parched flour. Add wine if you choose, but the subtle flavor of the mushroom is obscured by any other. For broiled mushrooms, prepare your material in the same way; broil the mushrooms on a gridiron, and serve them up with pepper, salt, and butter, judiciously applied. The very young may be prepared without removing the skin; they are then a little tougher, but are preferred by some in this state, as retaining thus more of their characteristic flavor. The recipe for mushroom catsup is: Mushroom juice, one gallon; allspice, one ounce; pepper, cloves, ginger, each half an ounce; salt, four pounds; boil one hour, strain,