The Planters' Banner.

THE MOTTO FOR THE SOUTH---"PROVIDENCE HELPS THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES."

VOLUME XXXII. FRANKLIN, PARISH OF ST. MARY, (ATTAKAPAS) LA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 21, 1869. NUMBER 9.

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The Planters' Banner.

Terms of Subscription.

FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Every subscriber who pays at this office, in Franklin, punctually in advance, will be entitled to a deduction of twenty per cent. from the above price.

Terms of Advertising.

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The space of ten lines, or one square, in Nonpareil type or less constituting a square, to-wit:

One week, $1 50; two weeks, $2 25; three weeks, $3; four weeks, $3 75; five weeks, $4 25.

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The space of ten lines for one month, $3 75; two months, $5 75; three months, $7 50.

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A column of the BANNER contains 27 squares of nonpareil type.

Notice of Appl'n for Administratorship of Estates.. $5 00
Homologation Notices..... 10 00
Announcement of candidates for office..... 10 00

No credit given for advertising, job work, or subscription, except by special agreement.

Franklin, June, 30, 1869.

FOR SALE AND RENT.

Do You Wish to sell Land?

NEW PROPOSITION.

Strangers are now flocking to Attakapas, and most of them who want land come to the PLANTERS' BANNER office for information. Any one who will send me a full description of his lands and five dollars, can have his property advertised CONDITIONALLY in the BANNER, to pay ONE PER CENT. on the sale WHEN SOLD.

I will give strangers all the information I possess in regard to advertised lands, and will charge NOTHING for SERVICES or ADVERTISING in case no sale is made. If the property is sold while the advertisement is in the paper, the commission will be claimed. No conditional advertisement taken except by special agreement.

Franklin, April 3, 1869. D. DENNETT.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.—The two-story Dwelling house at Centerville formerly the residence of Joshua B. Cary, deceased, is offered for sale at a low price. The house is in excellant condition, large, and commodious. There are fine bearing orange and other fruit trees on the lot, and the out buildings are commodious and in good condition. The size of the lot is about an acre and a half. For price and particulars apply at this office. jy21.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE—A house and lot on Second street, in this place, is offered for sale at a bargain. It is a comfortable house, outbuildings and cistern good, lot 90 feet front, and running from street to street, 200 feet deep. Terms $1 00 cash. Apply at this office for particulars. jy21.

The Chicot Pass Plantation, belonging to the estate of E. W. Fuller, deceased, containing about 500 acres—partly cleared. Is a desirable locality for saw mills, store or sugar raising, not liable to overflow, with good navigation. Also Hog Island, adjoining, either singly or together. For particulars apply on board the Warren Belle to N. P. MILLARD. ap29—1m

A tract of land about a mile above Franklin, on the opposite side of the Teche, adjoining Mrs. Sterling's plantation, ten arpents front and about thirty-three arpents deep. Price $10,000, one-third cash, balance in one and two years, with interest from day of sale. The owner would have no objection to selling it in lots. For further information apply at this office. nov23

Either the east or the west half of a farm of 360 acres, near Jeanerette, on the southwest bank of the Teche. East half with improvements, dwelling house, barn, sugar house and cabins, $6500, one-half cash. West half, $3500, cash. For particulars, apply at this office.

Jeanerette, Nov. 30, 1867.

A SMALL SUGAR FARM situated on Bayou Teche in this parish, on the N. O., O. & G. W. Railroad, four miles from Brashear City, containing about one hundred arpents—about twenty arpents under fence with improvements, etc. Price $1800, half cash and the balance in one year. For further particulars apply at this office, or to W. B. MERCHANT, at Brashear City. feb6-tf

FARM FOR SALE—Eight miles west of New Iberia, containing twenty acres of land, well improved, hotte-hold and kitchen furniture, the whole for $3500.

New Iberia, July 20, 1868. THOS. T. TOLSON.

FOR SALE.—A fine dwelling house, improvements and six or eight acres of land within the corporation limits of the town of Franklin. july13

FOR SALE—The Brashear City Hotel, situated near the Opelousas Railroad Depot, the best location for a Hotel in Brashear City, is offered for sale for $4500 cash or it may be purchased part cash and part on time. Apply at this office, or to Mrs. Daly, at the Hotel.

FOR SALE.—A farm of one hundred and seventy-five superficial arpents, almost wholly above the flood of 1867, soil remarkably fertile, improvements fair, location two miles above Jeanerette's, in the upper part of this parish, a fine location for a residence, some choice fruit trees on the place, in a pleasant neighborhood, healthful location six or seven miles below New Iberia. Terms, $12 000 cash, or its equivalent on time. M. M. VAUGHAN.

A STOCK FARM.—About 15 miles below the town of Abbeville, near the mouth of Bayou Vermilion, and touching the Sea Marsh, containing about 2720 acres. Price $7000, one-fourth cash, the balance in one, two and three years, with interest. Apply at this office for further particulars. dec28

FOR SALE—In the rear of Franklin and adjoining the town. A two story dwelling house and other improvements, in good condition, and about fifty acres of land eligibly situated, good fences, fruit trees, flowers, shrubbery, etc., one side extending to the Harding Road. For terms and particular description, apply at this office. ap17

FINE DWELLING FOR SALE.—"Locust Lawn, in St. Martinville, consisting of six acres of land, a fine dwelling, spacious, convenient and in excellent condition, commanding the banks of the Teche and a fine prairie, 3 miles wide, with kitchen, store-room, servants' room, large brick cisterns, corn-house, stable, carriage house, fruit and ornamental trees, and garden. It is one of the most desirable residences in any village of Western Louisiana. Terms, $7000, one-half cash, the balance in 12 months. Apply at this office. jan1

FOR SALE.—In Prairie Gregg, parish of Vermilion near the Vermilion River, six miles below Abbeville, 270 acres of choice land, in a good grazing country, and healthful climate. The land is good for sugar, cotton corn, sweet potatoes, garden, peaches, oranges and other fruits. The improvements are good, consisting of dwelling house, outhouses, cistern, well, fences, etc., etc. Price, $4,500 in currency. For particulars, apply to J. C White, Abbeville, La., or at this office.

FOR SALE.—The plantation situated in Isle Piquant parish of St. Mary, five miles from Hubertville, or from Bayou Teche. It consists of 3500 acres of land, 1000 of which is heavily timbered cypress swamp, 1200 acres of good arable land, and 1200 of fine pasture lands. It is an excellent place for raising cattle, horses, mules and hogs, as well as sugar cane, corn, rice and other crops. There is on the place seed cane sufficient to plant 75 to 100 acres, ten or twelve mules, eight double cabins, a dwelling house, a small sugar house, etc., etc.

The place can be purchased at $15 per acre, $15,000 cash, the balance in one, two and three years, with six per cent. interest from day of sale. For other particulars apply to Mr. Joseph Leon, Jr., at Martial Sorrel's place and to the editor of the Banner. jan25

FOR SALE—Two and a half miles from Washington parish of St. Landry, on the Bayou Crocodile, near its junction with Bayou Boeuf, a plantation containing about 1000 acres, 450 acres of which are open and under good fence, and all but 150 acres above overflow. It has a large dwelling house in good repair, stables, outhouses. Cotton, sugar, tobacco and rice can be cultivated on the place to good advantage, and it would make a superior stock farm. It is a fine hog range, the place is healthy, and it is convenient to a good shipping point.

A large amount has been spent in procuring seed cane, on plantation repairs, etc., and there is now sufficient grain for seed for a full crop next year.

For a more complete description apply to Mr. A. Millpaugh, Washington; to Hon Thos. C. Anderson, Opelousas; or to the editor of the Planters' Banner.

Terms, $25,000, one-half cash, the balance in one and two years, with eight per cent. interest from day of sale.

Washington, La., May 20, 1869.

PLANTATION FOR SALE—Situated on Bayou Boeuf, twelve miles north of Washington, parish of St. Landry, two thousand arpents in one body. Grosse Tete Railroad passes in two miles of the residence; two-thirds of the land fit for cultivation; plenty of timber of every kind; seven hundred acres cleared, ditched and under good fence; brick sugar house and two acts kettles, and Niles' best engine; good dwelling house, kitchen, and all outhouses good; good stables, corn cribs, fourteen double frame houses for laborers; land adapted to corn, cane, tobacco, potatoes, etc.; fine cane winter range for cattle; no mortgages of any kind on the place; can be cut up into small farms to advantage; mules, cattle, hogs and sheep sufficient to stock the place.

If a purchaser finds the whole of the place too large, I will sell one half, with stock, etc., (as with the whole) containing all the buildings, and between 400 and 500 acres of cleared land, all under good fence. On the same half I have 100 acres of plant cane and sweep, four of first years' stubble, and 125 acres of corn. I am now putting the place, houses, etc., all in perfect order.

For particulars, price, etc., apply to D. Dennett, Franklin, La., A. Millpaugh, Washington, La., John Posey, Opelousas, La., or at this office.

ISAAC F. LITTELL.

Bayou Boeuf, La., May 20th, 1869.

Poetry.

THEY SAY.

They say—Ah! well, suppose they do!
But can they prove the story true?
Suspicion may arise from naught
But malice, envy, want of thought.
Why count yourself among the 'they'
Who whisper what they dare not say?

They say—but why the tale rehearse,
And help to make the matter worse?
No good can possibly accrue
From telling what may be untrue;
And is it not another plan
To speak of all the best you can?

They say—well, if it should be so,
Why need you tell the tale of woe?
Will it the bitter wrong redress,
Or make one pang of sorrow less?
Will it the erring one restore,
Henceforth to "go and sin no more?"

They say—oh! pause and look within!
See how thy heart inclines to sin!
Watchfulness in dark temptation's hour
Then, too, shouldst sink beneath its power!
Pity the fault, weep o'er their fall,
But speak of good, or not at all!

A SHARP REMEDY FOR A CROSS HUSBAND.

"Bedlam let loose! Pandemonium in rebellion! Chaos turned inside out! What is the reason a man cannot be allowed to sleep in the morning without this everlasting racket raised about his ears? Children crying, doors slamming—I will know the reason of all this uproar?"

Mr. Luke Darcy closed the door of his bedroom with considerable emphasis, and went straight to the breakfast parlor.

All was bright, and quiet and pleasant there; the coal snapping and sparkling in the grate, the china and silver neatly arranged on the spotless damask cloth, and the green parrot drowsily winking his yellow eyes in the sunny glow of the eastern window. Bedlam wasn't located just there, and Mr. Darcy went stormingly up stairs to the nursery.

Ah! the field of battle was reached at last. Mrs. Darcy sat in her low chair before the fire, trying to quiet the screams of an eight-months old baby, scion of the house of Darcy, while another, a rosy boy of five years lay on his back, prone on the floor, kicking and crying in an ungovernable fit of childish passion.

"Mrs. Darcy!" enunciated Luke, with a loud and ominous precision, "may I inquire what all this means? Are you aware that it is fifteen minutes past nine o'clock? Do you know that breakfast is waiting?"

"I know, Luke—I know," said poor perplexed Mrs. Darcy, striving vainly to lift the rebellious urchin up by one arm. "Come, Freddy, you are going to be good now, mamma is sure, and get up and be washed."

"No-o-o!" roared master Freddy, performing a brisk tattoo on the carpet with his heels, and clawing the air at a furious rate.

Like an avenging vulture Mr. Darcy pounced abruptly on his son and heir, carried him promptly to the closet and turned the key upon his screams.

"Now, sir, you can cry at your leisure. Evelyn, the nurse is waiting for the baby. We'll go down to breakfast."

"But, Luke," hesitated Mrs. Darcy, "you won't leave Freddy there?"

"Won't! I'd like to know why not! It's temper, and nothing else, that is at the bottom of these demonstrations, and I'll conquer that temper, or I'll know the reason why. It ought to have been checked long ago, but you are so ridiculously indulgent. There is nothing I have so little tolerance for as a bad temper—nothing that ought to be so promptly and severely dealt with."

"But if he'll say he's sorry, Luke?"

Mr. Darcy rapped sharply at the pannels of the door.

"Are you sorry for your naughtiness, young man?"

A fresh outburst of screams and a renewal of the tattoo was the answer.

"I am sure he is sorry, Luke," responded the all extenuating mother; but Mr. Darcy shook his head.

"Entire submission is the only thing I will listen to, he said shortly. "I tell you Evelyn, I am determined to uproot this temper."

Evelyn, with a dewy moisture shadowing her eyelashes, and a dull ache at her heart, followed her liege lord down to the breakfast table, with as little appetite for the coffee, toast and eggs as might be.

A tall, blue-eyed young lady, with a profusion of bright, chestnut hair, and cheeks like rose velvet, was already at the table when they descended, by name, Clara Pruyn, by lineage Mrs. Darcy's sister. She opened her blue eyes rather wide as the two entered.

"Good gracious, Evy, what's the matter?"

"Nothing," answered Luke tartly. "Mrs. Darcy, you appear to forget that I have eaten no breakfast."

Something is the matter though," said Clara, shrewdly. What is it Evelyn? Has Luke had one of his tantrums?"

Luke sat down his coffee cup with a sharp "click."

"You use very peculiar expressions, Miss Pruyn."

"Very true ones," said Clara saucily.

Evelyn smiled in spite of herself.

"It's only Freddy feels a little cross, and—"

"A little cross!" interrupted the indignant husband. "I tell you Evelyn its quite time that temper was checked. O that parrot! What an intolerable screeching he keeps up! Mary take that bird into the kitchen, or I shall be tempted to wring his neck. Strange that a man can't have a little peace once in a while! What does all these eggs, Evelyn? I thought I had asked you to see that they were boiled fit for Christians to eat."

Mr. Darcy gave his egg, shell and all, a vindictive throw upon the grate. Evelyn's brown eyes sparkled dangerously as she observed the manœuvre, but she made no remark.

"And the plates are cold as stone, when I've implored again and again that they might be warmed. Well, I shall eat no breakfast this morning."

"Whom will you punish most?" demanded Miss Clara. "Evelyn, give me another cup of coffee; it is perfectly delightful."

Luke pushed his chair back with a vengeance, and took up his stand with his back to the fire, both hands under his coat tails.

"Please, sir," said the servant deprecatingly advancing, "the gas bill—the man says would you settle it while—"

"No!" roared Luke tempestuously. "Tell the man to go about his business, I have no small bills this morning, and I won't be so persecuted."

Mary retreated precipitately. Clara raised her long, brown eyelashes.

"Do you know, Luke," she said demurely, "I think you would feel a great deal better if you would do just as Freddy does—lie flat down on the floor, and kick your heels against the carpet for awhile. It is an excellent escape-valve when your choler gets the better of you."

Luke gave his mischievous sister-in-law a look that ought certainly to have annihilated her and walked out of the room, closing the door with a bang that would bear no interpretation. Then Clara came round to her sister, and buried her pink face in Evelyn's neck.

"Don't scold me, Evy, please—I know I have been very naughty to tease Luke so."

"You have spoken nothing but the truth," said Evelyn quietly, with her coral lip pressed, and a scarlet spot burning on each cheek. "Clara, I sometimes wonder how I can endure the daily cross of your sister's temper."

"Temper!" said Clara, tossing back her chestnut brown hair, "call it temper, dear fellow hasn't any, than how disagreeable he makes himself."

"Only this morning," said Evelyn, "he punished Freddy with unrelenting severity for a fit of ill humor which he himself has duplicated within the last half hour. I am not a moralist, but it strikes me that the fault is rather more to be censured in a full grown, reasoning man, than a child."

"Evelyn," said Clara, gravely, "do you suppose he is beyond the power of cure?"

"I hope not; but what can I do? Shut him up, as he shut little Freddy?"

Evelyn's merry, irresistible laugh was checked by the arch, peculiar expression in Clara's blue eyes.

"The remedy needs to be something short and sharp," said Clara, "and the dark closet system combines both requisites. Tears and hysterics were played out long ago in matrimonial skirmishes, you know, Evy."

"Nonsense!" laughed Mrs. Darcy, rising from the breakfast-table in obedience to her husband's peremptory summons from above stairs, while Clara shrugged her shoulders, and went to look for her work basket.

Luke was standing in front of his bureau drawer, flinging shirts collars, cravats, and stockings recklessly upon the bed room floor.

"I'd like to know where my silk handkerchiefs are, Mrs. Darcy," he fumed. "Such a state as my bureau is in, is enough to drive a man crazy!"

"It is enough to drive a woman crazy, I think," said Evelyn, hopelessly stooping to pick up a few of the scattered articles. "You were at the bureau last Luke. It is all your own fault!"

"My fault—of course—and fault!" snarled Luke, giving Mrs. Darcy's poodle a kick that sent it howling to its mistress. "Anything but a woman's retorting and recriminating tongue. Mrs. Darcy, I won't endure it any longer!"

"Neither will I," said Evelyn, resolutely advancing as her husband plunged into the closet for his business coat, and promptly shutting and locking the door. "I think I have endured it quite long enough—and here's an end of it!"

"Mrs. Darcy open the door!" said Luke, scarcely able to credit the evidence of his own senses.

"I shall do no such thing," said Mrs. Darcy, composedly beginning to re-arrrange shirts, stockings, and flannel wrappers in their appropriate receptacles.

"Mrs. Darcy," roared Luke, at a fever heat of impotent rage, "what on earth do you mean?"

"I mean to keep you in that clothes press, until you have made up your mind to come out in a more amiable frame of mind. If the system succeeds with Freddy, it certainly ought to with you; and I am sure your temper is much more intolerable than his."

There was a dead silence for full sixty seconds in then a sudden burst of vocal wrath.

"Mrs. Darcy! open the door this instant, madam!"

But Evelyn went on humming a saucy little opera air, and arranging her clothes.

"Do you hear me?"

"Yes, I hear you."

"Will you obey me?"

"Not until you have solemnly promised me to put some sort of control on that temper of yours; not until you pledge yourself hereafter to treat your wife as a lady should be treated, not as a menial."

"I won't!"

"No? then in that case I hope you don't find the atmosphere at all oppressive there. I think it probable you will remain there for some time?"

Another sixty seconds of dead silence. Then a sudden rain of heels and hands against the wooden pannels.

"Let me out, I say, Mrs. Darcy! Madam; how dare you perpetrate this monstrous piece of audacity?"

"My dear Luke, how strongly you do remind me of Freddy! You see there is nothing I have so little tolerance for as a bad temper. It ought to have been checked long ago, only you know I am so ridiculously indulgent."

Mr. Darcy winced a little at the familiar sound of his own words.

Tap, tap, tap, came softly to the door. Mrs. Darcy composedly opened it, and saw her husband's little office boy.

"Please, mem, there's some gentlemen at the office in a great hurry to see Mr. Darcy. It's about the Applegate will case."

Mrs. Darcy hesitated an instant; there was a triumphant rustle in the closet, and her determination was taken.

"Tell the gentlemen that your master has a bad headache and won't be down town this morning."

Luke gnashed his teeth audibly, as soon as the closing of the door admonished him that he might do so with safety.

"Mrs. Darcy, do you presume to interfere with the transaction of business that is vitally important, ma'am, vitally important?"

Mrs. Darcy nonchalantly took up the little opera air where she had left it, letting the soft Italian words ripple musically off her tongue.

"Evelyn, dear?"

"What is it Luke?" she asked mildly.

"Please let me out. My dear, this may be a joke to you, but—"

"I assure you, Luke, it is nothing of the kind; it is the soberest of serious matters to me. It is a question as to whether my future life shall be miserable or happy."

There was a third brief interval of silence.

"Evelyn," said Luke presently, in a subdued voice "will you open this door?"

"On one condition only."

"And what is that?"

"Ah! ah!" thought the little lieutenant-general, "he's beginning to entertain terms of capitulation, is he?" "On condition," she added aloud, "that you will break yourself of the habit of speaking sharply and crossly to me, and on all occasions keep your temper."

"My temper, indeed," sputtered Luke.

"Just your temper," returned his wife, sternly. "Will you promise?"

"Never, madam!"

Mrs. Darcy quietly took up a pair of hose that required mending, and prepared to leave the apartment. As the door creaked on its hinges, however, a voice came shrilly through the opposite key-hole.

"Mrs. Darcy! Evelyn! wife!"

"Yes."

"You are not going down stairs to leave me in this place?"

"I am!"

"Well, look here—I promise."

"All and everything that I require."

"Yes, everything and all that you require, confound it all."

Wisely deaf to the muttered sequel, Mrs. Darcy opened the door, and Luke stalked out, looking right over the top of her shining brown hair.

Suddenly a little detaining hand was laid on his coat sleeve.

"Luke, dear!"

"Well?"

"Won't you give me a kiss?"

And Mrs. Darcy burst out crying on her husband's shoulder.

"Well!" ejaculated the puzzled Luke, "if you aren't the greatest enigma going. A kiss! Yes, a half a dozen of 'em, if you want, you kind-hearted little turkey. Do not cry, pet. I'm not angry with you, although I suppose I ought to be."

"And may I let Freddy out?"

"Yes, on the same terms that papa was released. Evelyn, was I very intolerable."

"If you hadn't been, Luke, I never should have ventured on such a violent remedy."

"Did I make you very unhappy?"

"Very."

And the gush of warm, sparkling tears supplied a dictionary full of words.

Luke Darcy buttoned up his overcoat, put on his hat, shouldered his umbrella and went to the Applegate will case, musing as he went upon the new state of affairs that had presented itself for consideration.

"By Jove," he ejaculated, "that little wife of mine is a bold woman and a plucky one!"

And then he burst out laughing on the steps.

It is more than probable that he left his stock of bad temper in the law buildings that day, for Evelyn and Clara never saw any more of it; and Freddy is daily getting the better of the peppery element in his infantile disposition.

Men, after all, are but children of a larger growth; and so Mrs. Evelyn Darcy had reasoned.

CHINESE LABORERS.

The Picayune, speaking of Chinaman, says:

But what sort of a person is the Chinaman? We are told that the late English Minister to China has declared with a revised reiteration, that the ablest diplomat he has ever met with after long familiarity with the first courts in Christendom, and the best informed man on general subjects he has ever seen, was the Prime Minister of the Empire of China; and all who have ever entered the higher circles of Chinese society, concur in awarding them learning sagacity, business capacity and success.

Of the inferior and emigrating Chinamen, we learn that he makes a better railroad laborer than the European, and as a cook, it is well known he has no superior.

Now, at home, we have a witness in our neighbor, Mr. Tabor, of the Jeffersonian, who says of the Chinese, in his paper of the 3d inst:

"We affirm from a personal knowledge of the race, that the Chinese are eminently industrious and peaceful, and that as producers of national wealth they are desirable. They are superior to the negro or Indian. Much as they have been opposed in California, they have always been preferred before the African or the savage. They are a sober, industrious, prolific and persevering people. They acquire money rapidly and engage earnestly and eagerly in commercial pursuits. The majority of them must ever remain hewers of wood and drawers of water, but a certain per centage of their number will soon become traders, merchants, carriers and leaders. Quick to learn, anxious to prosper, ambitious of wealth and position, what is to prevent John Chinaman from demanding representation according to taxation."

The New York Commercial favors the Chinese immigration movement. The editor thinks it will not only help the Southern planters, but will aid New York also in getting cheaper domestic servants:

These active and capable Asiatics, we are told, will make a great change in the aspect of the labor question, and if they should come in rapidly and in large numbers they would make themselves felt at once. Housekeepers hereabouts have faith that they will make a reliable arm of domestic service.

CHINESE WORKMEN.—Say the Knoxville Press and Herald, of the 1st: An agent of the Wills Valley, the new railroad being constructed Southwest from Chattanooga, Tenn., left Nashville on Monday, on his way to San Francisco to employ three thousand Chinamen and bring them to work on that road. The subject of bringing Chinamen to take the place of negroes on plantations and in the construction of public works is receiving favorable consideration, and the opinion is becoming general that in a few years labor in the South, which has heretofore been done by negroes, will be performed by Chinamen.

THE CHINESE AS LABORERS.—Senator Wade, we see, expresses himself a little astonished with the Chinese laborers on the Pacific, and particularly with the novelties of this labor. He states that he has visited many factories in various parts of the world, but has never seen any class of men as well adapted for the manufacture of woolen fabrics as the Chinese: We quote:

"Mr. Wade stated that he had visited many factories in various parts of the world but had never seen any class of men as well adapted for the manufacture of woolen fabrics as the Chinese. They are patient, ingenious and reliable, and have their minds so little attracted by outside matters that they appear to be as mechanical in their movements as machines. The people of California were standing in their own light by rejecting this very useful labor. He thought other States in the Union as soon as they understand the character of this intelligent, patient and industrious race, would expend millions of dollars in obtaining them. He expressed the remark that before ten years would pass the people of California would be framing laws to prevent the deportation of the Chinese with far more zeal than they now sought to prevent them coming here. He stated that he did not consider the subject of their immigration to this State as of a local character such as its Legislature could control. It was a national question, which since the emancipation of the negroes, and the growing desire to extend home manufactures was of more importance than almost any other subject, because these men came here to perform labor almost exclusively, while the laborers from other countries continued as immigrants only long enough to obtain means to procure lands or set up business for themselves. He stated that he had appointed to meet the heads of the six Chinese companies in this city on Friday next, when he would endeavor to obtain certain information from them direct.

NEW ENGLAND SPECULATION.—Several wealthy New Englanders are about purchasing large tracts of land in the South, and stocking the same with Chinese laborers, with a view to raising Southern produce cheaper than ever before. They say Chinese labor is so much cheaper than any other, and they can make their servants work harder and more hours in a day than the negroes will. What will become of the black man who has no money to purchase lands, and who cannot live on rats and mice, is more than we can tell.—[New York Democrat.

An operative in a Lowell, Mass., cotton mill, writes to the American Watchman, giving an account of many of the employees of these factories. He says that children six years old are obliged to work all day among the flying pickers and wheels to clear and oil the machinery. He speaks of their condition as that of slaves, and says that if any one finds fault at his treatment he is turned off to starve.

WINE MAKING.—A correspondent of the Chicago Republican, in describing vineyards and wine making in Los Angeles county California, says:

The grapes are picked from the vine in bunches when very ripe, and the juice trampled out by "Lo, the poor Indian." It is fun to see eight or ten of these warlike children of the forest dancing over a huge pile of dead-ripe grapes. They put in all the fancy steps of the war dance, learned years ago, and they look so much safer than out on the Colorado river. I take all of my Ingin this way. This method of trampling out the juice is adopted because all of the machinery yet invented for this purpose breaks the seeds of the grapes, giving an acid taste to the wine. Great care is taken to keep out of the press all unripe and defective grapes. Nothing but the pure juice and hull or skin go into the fermenting tanks. White and red wine are made from the same grape. How? White is made from the juice as it comes from the press, and red wine and port by letting the juice and hulls ferment in large tanks until part or all of the sugar is changed into alcohol, which dissolves the color in the skins or hulls and makes the wine red. This is the whole secret, and I trust settles the drugs, sugar and coloring matter, concerning which so much has been said. The only real secret is in having the land that will produce the grape with the sugar, coloring matter and flavor in it. The Rose place has this secret abundantly developed, and every person buying a bottle of the Sunny Slope wine gets a part of it.

A wealthy farmer of St. Clair county, named Buckhardt, had his will recorded on Saturday. It gives, among other bequests, $40,000 to the Catholic Church.

The ability to keep a secret is proved by the conduct of a St. John's girl, who did not tell her lover that she was worth four millions in her own right until after the marriage. But who would believe he did'nt know it.

A young girl in a village in the Ardennes forest recently killed her illegitimate child, cut it up into pieces, and put the pieces into the barrel in which her parents kept their salt pork. The family is said to have eaten the remains of the child without noticing what they were. Not a piece of it was left.

The Mencleys, of West Troy, N. Y., have just begun the construction of a chime of bells for the Catholic cathedral at Rochester, which, when completed, will be the largest in the country—the tenor bell weighing three tons, and the aggregate weight being twelve tons.

A smoking Bishop dined with Admiral Farragut once upon a time, and after the dessert tendered a bunch of Havanas to the sailor, with the invitation. Have a cigar, Admiral?" "No, Bishop, I don't mind if I do," replied the Admiral, with a quizzical glance at the company, "but I don't smoke—I swear a little sometimes."

The Horticulturists recommends the following wash for fruit trees: Last year an experienced fruit grower, the owner of a fine orchard near Niagara river, Western New York wrote us that in care of his trees he had practiced one simple method with eminent success. He takes ley from leached ashes, mixes a little grease with it, heat quite warm, and with a syringe throws it up into all parts of the tree, branches and trunk. It will effectually kill all kinds of worms that are either infesting the trees in nests, or running over the bark. Trees treated in this manner were exceedingly healthy, beautiful and vigorous in appearance, possessing a smooth, glossy bark and bore the best apples in the country. The remedy is cheap and easy.

As an instance of how fortunes come and go to men in this country, we note the experience of Colton, the laughing-gas man. Colton is a brother of Walter Colton, who wrote "Ship and Shores," "Deck and Port," etc. For many years he met with most disastrous fortunes, the last of his schemes—selling lithographic prints of "Peale's Court of Death"—proving the worst of all. At last, when just about penniless, he hit upon the idea of giving laughing gas exhibitions in New England cities. This he did long before the gas was used in dentistry. When this was thought of he grasped at it at once, and he has now an income of forty thousand dollars yearly.—[St. Paul Dispatch.

Under the head of "Stage Secrets" the New York Evening Post says: "Laura Keene is fifty but looks and acts like a girl of twenty. Mrs. John Drew is over sixty, but is sensible. Mrs. Bowers is forty-five. Maggie Mitchell is forty-one, and a blushing bride. Charlotte Thompson is thirty-four. Effie German is forty. Mrs. Barrow is over fifty. Kate Reignolds is forty-three. Lotta is twenty-six. Olive Logan is thirty-seven, and a maiden. Mrs. Davenport is fifty. Lydia Thompson will never see thirty again, and Miss Marriott has arrived at the 'years of discretion.'"

GREATNESS OF THE CHINESE EMPIRE.—Mr. Caleb Cushing, who is perhaps the best authority in the United States on Chinese affairs, tells us that China contains single provinces each of which—in population, wealth, civilization, education and all else that gives power to a State—is superior to France, England, Prussia, or any of the first powers of Europe; that the Empire has 500,000,000 inhabitants (more than all Europe combined); that this inconceivably vast population is governed by the strongest, brightest intellects of the land, upon a system which was old thousands of years before the oldest government of Europe began to exist; that education is universal—even more general than with us, there being absolutely no class of people that cannot read and write; that the great body of the Chinese are intelligent, industrious, apt to learn anything and everything frugal, pre-eminently patriotic and more profoundly attached, perhaps, than the people of any other nation in the world to their own laws and institutions; that China was a great nation ages before what we call the ancient nations of Greece and Rome had been founded, and has remained, a great nation, while its earliest cotemporaries, Egypt and Assyria, are only known imperfectly in the most ancient of the earliest records of our race; that the Rothchilds, the Astors and Stewarts among the millionaires of Europe and America are but pigmies in wealth compared to some of the great capitalists of China.

THE WAILING OF THE JEWS IN JERUSALEM.—The Jews in Jerusalem have purchased the right of the Turkish Government to assemble every Friday afternoon near one side of the Mosque of Omar, against a supposed portion of their ancient Temple, and there lament and weep over their fallen city and faded glories.

Men, women and children assemble all coming with Bible in hand, and acquired the dressed in their best suit—some wear a kind of long dressing gowns made of broadcloth or merino, or calico, of various colors, having the edges trimmed with fur, and upon their heads they wear caps turbaned also with fur. Their hair is cut short behind the ears, but hangs in long curls in front. The better class of women are clothed in a white loose dress and shawl.

As they approach the place of weeping they usually lean first, for a short time, with their heads against the wall, but soon begin to swing their bodies back and forth, wringing their hands, while a priest or patriarch leads off in reading selections from the Prophets in most wailing tones.

At certain periods all voices join in the cry, tears run down their faces, and they seem to be moved by the most agonizing sorrow. Old men and women were there with whitened locks, and feeble steps, and they bowed and wept in deepest grief. Little children, too, were there, their eyes moistened and voices trembling as they joined in the heart-touching lamentations.

No looker-on can doubt but there is sincerity in service. The Jews feel that Jehovah hears their cries and prayers, and according to prophecy, will restore to them, after long seasons of bitter wailings, their lost glories; gathering together all the scattered children of Israel, and henceforth permit them to live and die in the Holy City, and be buried among the graves of their fathers.

This practice is said to have been continued from the twelth century, and perhaps from an earlier period. By the Emperor Adrian the Jews were driven from the city. During the reign of Constantine they were allowed to approach near enough to see it, but at length they succeeded in purchasing the privilege of entering it once a year to weep, and at present they are allowed this privilege every Friday.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Mississippi expects a $40,000,000 cotton crop.

An American school has been established in Sitka.

Two large co-operative laundries are about to be established in Troy, New York.

The free lovers will shortly hold a convention at Indianapolis.

Tennyson is not a type-setter, as half the papers in the land are asserting.

Napoleon will finish his Life of Cæsar before the end of the year.

Donald G. Mitchell receives $5,000 a year for editing the Hearth and Home.

Memphis ships five hundred barrels of fruit North every day.

The army worm is becoming very troublesome in some parts of Missouri.

The valley of Virginia will yield five million bushels of wheat this season.

Ex-Governor Sharkey, of Mississippi, talks of removing to Washington.

Reverdy Johnson has resumed the practice of his profession in Baltimore.

The Ohio Democratic Convention has nominated Gen. W. S. Rosencrans for Governor.

It is officially denied that the new Secretary of the Navy is a descendant of Robinson Crusoe.

Carlotta Patti, went to Madrid to sing at the fetes in honor of the promulgation of the new Spanish constitution.

The negroes of Maryland are more defiant, insulting and riotous than those of any other State.

A potato of the exact shape and proportions of a small Teal duck astonishes a Columbus, (Ga.) editor.

The Minneapolis Tribune is thus malicious. It says: "New York is still afflicted with the small-pox and Greeley's essays on political economy."

The Great Eastern had yesterday successfully laid seventeen hundred miles of the new French cable.

The hotels, saloons and bar-rooms in Boston were closed July 1st, in accordance with the prohibitory liquor law.

The earthquake felt in St. Louis Thursday night last, startled the people all along the Mississippi valley nearly as far South as Memphis.

General Hill has been made Vice President for North Carolina of the Southern Historical Society.

The prohibitory liquor law is being enforced with great strictness in Boston. Among the articles seized yesterday was $1,260 worth of

News from Fort Kearney states that the Indians continue depredations in the Platte Water country.

A young lady has been awarded judgment for $10,000 at Mount Pleasant, Iowa, as a balm for her wounded affections.

The Florida Legislature sat only three weeks in its late extra session. The members have a yearly salary, and not per diem pay.

Extensive fires are raging in Washington Territory, between Montendez and Humphrey, destroying several miles of telegraph line, with bridges and other property.

Ex-President Johnson was serenaded in Washington on the evening of the 1st, and responded by a lengthy speech, which was received with applause by an immense throng of people.

The Gettysburg Monument was dedicated on the 1st; an immense number of people being present Gen. Meade delivered the oration, and Bayard Taylor read the poem.

In ten days from the 23d of June, twenty-three persons were sentenced to the penitentiary from Memphis, Tenn., for the aggregate term of one hundred years. All but two were negroes.

The Irish Radical Convention met at Chicago on Monday, and, as a result of a two days session, declared by resolution in favor of universal suffrage "without regard to race, color, creed or sex," and against free trade.

Oakey Hall is Mayor of New York. He has invented a monogram for himself, which is formed of the letter O, encircling a golden key, which, being laid across two awls, forms the letter H.

Brick Pomeroy's newspaper experiments in New York City have proven disastrous failures.

The Great Eastern is laying the French Atlantic cable successfully. The cable was cut during a gale; but afterwards it was recovered and communication re-established.

The grasshoppers are rapidly vanishing from Platte county, Mo., being destroyed by the little red bug found under their wings. They have damaged the wheat crop but little in Platte.

The dear mules have established a debating society, named in honor of Dr. Wallis, who, in the reign of Charles II, invented the system of signs at present employed by the deaf.

An ambitious Radical in Connecticut, just returned from an unsuccessful carpet-bag excursion South, appeals, over his own signature, "Too the mekanics and laboring men of my nativ town. I will reprizent you in the Stait assemmblee irrespectif of politics, religion or eddicashun."

Great damage has been done in Northwest Missouri by recent heavy rains. Bridges, fencing, and crops have been destroyed, and many streams are higher than they were ever known before.

One of the leading articles of export from San Francisco to China is the dead bodies of the former residents of the "Flowery Kingdom." They are packed up, embalmed or put in spirits and returned to their native soil, the only place where they believe their bones can rest in peace.

The latest returns from the vote on Lay Delegation in the Methodist Episcopal Church develope a more serious opposition to the movement than has been heretofore exhibited. The returns now show twenty-seven thousand for Lay Delegation to ten against it.

It has been said that the Mormon women are generally very unhappy, or at least appear to be so; but a Gentile, who has been in Salt Lake City some time, informs us that although it is no uncommon thing to see the wives and daughters of the principal Mormons at the theatre in calico dress, plain bonnets and modest, unassuming ornaments, very many of them exhibit a desire to be noticed and an inclination to flirt.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A DIALOGUE.

The London comic journals continue to work up the steam on the Alabama question. The following we clip from Fun:

Said Johnathan to John,
"Down your marrow-bone upon,
Confess that you've no honor and no honesty—no none!
Yield your purse without a fuss—
And cede Canada to us—
And I'll think about forgiving you for all you haven't done."

Said John to Johnathan,
"It never was my plan
To truckle to a braggart, or to tremble at a threat.
I shan't give up my gold,
And Canada I'll hold
And for what I haven't done, I never have asked pardon yet!"

Said Johnathan to John,
"You'll repent of this anon,
How dare you use such language to a chap as big as me?
For I'll whip you all, that's flat—
Knock you into a cocked hat,
And my navy shall go forth and sweep your commerce from the sea."

Said John to Johnathan,
"All very well, my man,
But reflect before indul