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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND STATE INTERESTS, AND TO GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

VOL. XXXIV. NEW IBERIA, LA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 3, 1872, NUMBER 41.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

A. C. Allen,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
Office—Franklin, La.
Will practice in the several parishes composing the Third Judicial District. April8 '71-tf

JOHN D. SAINT
RESIDENT DENTIST.
Office on Main Street,
Franklin, La.
March 16, 1871.—tf.

D. CAFFERY. M. J. FOSTER.
Caffery & Foster,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
Will practice in the Courts of the 3d Judicial District of Louisiana.
Office—Main Street, Franklin, La.
Feb. 1. 1871.—1y.

A. S. GATES, M. D.
Having located in Franklin, respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of town and vicinity.
Office next door to Smith & Co., fb29 '71-tf

L. H. Montanye.
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
New Iberia, La.
☞Office with the Sheriff.

HENRY J. LEOVY. F. A. MONROE.
Leovy & Monroe.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
86 Natchez Street,
apr22 '71 1y New Orleans.

Jos. A. Breaux,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Will practice his profession in the Courts of the Third and Eighth Judicial Districts. Office—Front room, over Joshua A. Lee's new Drug Store. 1-1 tf L.

Julius Robertson,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Parish of Iberia.
Office in the Court House. April 22d, 1y L.

Robert R. Perry,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
New Iberia.
Will practice in the parishes of St. Mary, St. Martin, Iberia, Vermilion and Lafayette. ma29 71.

C. B. Golden,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
BROSHEAR CITY.
Having had long experience, he hopes to meet the wants of the people of Brashear and vicinity.
Jan. 11, 1871.—tf.

A. L. TUCKER. IRA DAVIS.
Tucker & Davis,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
OFFICE—FRANKLIN, LA.
Practice in the several parishes composing the Third Judicial District. o14

NEW ORLEANS CARDS.

WM. R. PIERSON. R. L. HEWS.
Pierson & Hews,
13 and 15.....Camp St.....13 and 15
Opposite City Hotel.
We invite buyers to examine our large stock of—
FINE CLOTHING,
and
FURNISHING GOODS,
for
MEN, YOUTHS, AND BOYS.
We also fill orders for PLANTATION CLOTHING Shirts, Trunks, Bags, etc. Persons sending measures can have FINE SUITS and SHIRTS sent by express
Jan11 '71

Dr. A. F. McLain,
DR. OF DENTAL SURGERY
No. 14 Baronne Street.
NEW ORLEANS.
(Over Mr. Saren's Ladies Hair Toilet Saloon.)
Oct8 1yr

House for Rent.
Six rooms, Kitchen and Servants rooms, Stable, Wood House, and Fowl house. Apply to
R. PAYSON SMITH.
Nov. 8, 71.—tf.

PHILLIP A. MULLANE,
ENGINEER,
—AND—
GENERAL MACHINIST.
New Iberia, La.
All orders for the repairing and fitting up of machinery of every description promptly attended to. ed13tf

New York Hotel.
This Hotel is now open for the reception of guests who will find all the accommodations and comforts to make their days roll by. ulyS-71

Richard Freitscher,
SEED MERCHANT.
And Dealer in
BUIST'S WARRANTED
GARDEN SEEDS.
No. 12 Dumain Street, New Orleans.

R. J. PAVY, ALFRED PAVY, J. B. MINCER.
P. J. Pavy & Co.,
COTTON FACTORS
—AND—
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 61 Carondelet St.,
oct7'70 1y. New Orleans. L.

E. F. Virgin,
(SUCCESSOR TO D. MAGNER.)
DEALER IN SEEDS.
106 . . . Gravier Street, . . . 104
Between Camp and Magazine sts.
New Orleans.

WM. GURDY,
ARCHITECT & BUILDER,
Franklin, La.
PLANTATION WORK.
All kinds of Repairing neatly and promptly done. Orders solicited. Shop on Corner Main and Peter streets, adjoining Messrs. Hyman's Store. Franklin, La. Feb. 26, 1871.—1y.

NEW IBERIA BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

BREAUX, JOS. A., Attorney; Front room over Lee's Drug Store.
BALDWIN, J. T., Lightning Rods, Water coolers, Bored wells, etc.
BOAS, A. C., Gun-maker, new building on Julia Street, occupied by Mistrot & Decuir.
BURKE, J. S., Livery Stable, New Fire-proof Brick Store, Main Street,
BROWN, A. H. & Son., Excelsior Cooperage, Hubertville, Parish Iberia.
CARRUTH, J. J., Dry goods, Groceries and Notions, Dupuy building, late "Dollar Store."
DELAHOUSSAYE, D. S., Auctioneer for the parish of Iberia.
DELACROIX, F. T., Dealer in Ramie roots, in care of Banner office.
DEVALCOURT, C. D., Family Groceries, Havana Cigars, and choice liquors.
ERMAN, F., Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Chatter Oak Stores, etc.
L[illegible], [illegible] Street.
LOMBARD, E. H., General Land Agent, Banner Office.
LIVE OAK HOUSE, Near Swaim's Warehouse, Main Street.
MONTANYE, L. H., Attorney at Law, Office with the Sheriff.
MULLANE, PHILLIP, Engineer and general Machinist,
PERRY, ROBERT S., Attorney and Counsellor at law.
ROBERTSON, JULIUS, Notary Public, office in Court House.
ROBERTSON, WM., A General Insurance Agency.
SWAIM, J. D., Warehouse, and general agent for Steamers.
VEST, GEORGE, Fancy and Family Groceries, Main Street

TO PLANTERS.
EXCELSIOR COOPERAGE, Hubert, parish of Iberia. Hogsheads, barrels, half barrels on hand. Ten gallon kegs, for syrup, made to order. Pieux, three feet boards, pickets, and shingles, made to order.
ap13 '71-tf A. H. BROWN & SON.

Henry V. McCall,
34.....Carondelet St.....34
New Orleans, La.
PLANTATION BROKER.
Sugar and Cotton plantations bought and sold, also, Texas wild Lands.
New Orleans, La. Oct. 6, '71.—1y.

B. Kroulage,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
Dealer in
MEN'S AND BOY'S CLOTHING
—AND—
Furnishing Goods.
Main Street, Franklin, La. no22-y

JOHN B. ROBERTSON. D. DEHAVEN.
Robertson & Co.
GENERAL AGENTS
—AND—
COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
No. 4 Canal Street, N. O. no22-y

P. O. Lydon,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,
Court House, New Iberia.
Prompt attention given to business entrusted to him.
Collections made a speciality. d13 1y

Restaurant and Oyster Saloon.
THOS. R. REYNOLDS, Proprietor.
(In Evin's Building),
Franklin La.
Meals at all hours of the day. Nov22—3m

A. N. McRae,
HOUSE, SIGN AND ORNEMENTAL PAINTER,
Franklin, La.
Orders solicited and promptly executed. no22-71-y

ROBERT HARE,
COTTON AND SUGAR FACTOR
AND
COMMISSION MERCHANT.
38.....Carondelet Street, ...
NEW ORLEANS.
oct13 t

R. S. MCMILLAN. G. S. SHEPHERD.
McMillan & Shepherd,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNCILLORS AT LAW
—AND—
NOTARIES PUBLIC,
Will practice in the Courts of the Third Judicial District of Louisiana. Office opposite the Court-House Franklin, La. Nov29 71-1y.

FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES—
JOHN NELSON (Successor to John M. Nelson) Proprietor of the Magnolia Nursery, has re-opened at the Old Depot, corner of Camp and Lafayette Streets, with a superior stock of FRUIT and ORNAEENTAL TREES, Greenhouse Plants, etc., and respectfully solicits the patronage of his friends, the friends of the late proprietor, and the public generally. All orders from the city or country will receive prompt and careful attention. Catalogues furnished on application. Address
JOHN NELSON,
Corner Camp and Lafayette Streets.
Jan11-7 New Orleans

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JNO. F. MEYER. HENRY BULTE.
Inge, Meyer, & Fuse,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
120 and 122 South Main,
and 121 and 123 South Commercial
St. Louis, Missouri,
Sell Flour, Grain, Pork, Bacon
—and other—
Western, Produce
☞ Solicit consignments of Sugar, Molasses, Cotton, etc. etc.
☞ Correspondence invited. jan10 3m

North American
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,
OF NEW YORK.
Assets Over $3,000,000.
ALL CASH AND PURELY MUTUAL.
Dividends Paid in Cash at the end of the First Year.
ALL POLICIES INCONTESTABLE
In the hands of Responsible and the active agents of the Company.
"THIRTY DAYS GRACE"
On all accounts, premiums falling due during the year, allowed by the Company.
[illegible]
GUARANTEE OF SAFETY.
[illegible]

Poetry.

From the Capitol.]

MY MOTHER'S QUEER.

The other night I went to see
The prettiest girl in town.
Her eyes were blue and smiling too,
Her hair was curly brown;
I took her pretty little hand
In mine to draw her near;
When with a pout, she muttered out,
"O don't my mother's queer."

Soon after as we chatted on
Of concert, ball, and show,
I asked if to the opera
With me some night she'd go,
"The tenor's very good," I said,
"And Santley you should hear."
She sighed, and shook her curly head,
"I can't—my mother's queer!"

At last I rose to bid adieu,
How fast the moments glide
When some sweet overskirt of blue
Is seated at your side.
When at the door I begged a kiss,
M lonely way to cheer,
"Oh! no. It would not do," she said,
"You know my mother's queer!"

[illegible] the tempting prize,
As honey steals the bee;
Ah! sweet as early flowers are lips
Of maids as fair as she.
She blushed, and sighed, then murmured low,
So that I scarce could hear,
"You'd better put that back again,
Because—my mother's queer!"

Brady's Escape from the Indians.

Samuel Brady was a noted American borderer who flourished about sixty years ago.

He was over six feet in height, with light blue eyes, fair skin, and dark hair. He was remarkably straight, an athletic, bold and vigorous backwoodsman, inured to all the toils and hardships of a frontier life, and had become very obnoxious to the Indians, from his numerous successful attacks on their parties, and from shooting them in his hunting excursions whenever they crossed his path, or came within reach of his rifle; for he was personally engaged in more hazardous contest with the savages than any other man west of the mountains, except Daniel Boone. He was, in fact, an "Indian hater," as many of the early borderers were.

Brady was also a very successful trapper and hunter, and took more beavers than any of the Indians themselves. In one of his adventurous trapping excursions to the waters of the Beaver River, or Mahoning, which in early days so abounded in the animals of this species that it took its name from this fact, it so happened that the Indians surprised him in his camp, and took him prisoner.

He was taken alive to their encampment, on the west bank of the Beaver River, about a mile and a half from its mouth.

After the usual exultations and rejoicings at the capture of a noted enemy, and causing him to run the gauntlet, a fire was prepared, near which Brady was placed, after being stripped naked, and his arms unbound. Previously to tying him to the stake, a large circle was formed around him, consisting of Indian men, women and children, dancing and yelling, and uttering all manner of threats and abuses that their small knowledge of the English language could afford.

The prisoner looked on these preparations for death, and on his savage foes, with a firm countenance and a stony eye, mocking all their threats with a truly savage fortitude.

In the midst of their dancing and rejoicing, a squaw of one of their chiefs came near him with a child in her arms. Quick as thought, and with intuitive prescience, he snatched it from her and threw it into the midst of the flames. Horror-struck at the sudden outrage, the Indians simultaneously rushed to rescue the infant from the fire.

In the midst of this confusion Brady darted from the circle, overturning all that came in his way, and rushed into the adjacent thickets, with the Indians yelling at his heels. He ascended the steep side of a hill amidst a shower of bullets, and darting down the opposite declivity, secreted himself in the deep ravines and laurel thickets that abound for several miles to the west of it.

His knowledge of the country and wonderful activity enabled him to elude his enemies, and reach the settlements on the south of the Ohio River, which he crossed by swimming. The hill near whose base this adventure is said to have happened still goes by his name; and the incident is often referred to by the traveler, as the coach is slowly dragged up its side.

Brady's residence was on Chartier's Creek, on the south side of the Ohio; and being a man of Herculean strength, activity and courage, he was generally selected as the leader of the hardy borderers in all their incursions into the Indian territory north of the river.

About the year 1780, a large party of warriors from the falls of the Cuyahego and the adjacent country, had made an inroad on the south side of the Ohio River, in the lower part of what is now Washington County, then known as the settlement of "Catfish Camp," after an old Indian of that name who lived there when the whites first came into the country of the Monongahela River.

This party had murdered several families and with "plunder" had recrossed the Ohio before effectual pursuit could be made.

By Brady a party was directly summoned of his followers, who hastened on after them; but the Indians, having started one or two days earlier, he could not overtake them in time to arrest their return to their villages. Near the spot where the town of Ravenna now stands, the Indians separated into two parties, one of which went to the north, and the other west, to the falls of the Cuyahoga.

Brady's men also divided; a part pursued the northern trail, and a part went with their commander to the Indian villages lying on the river in the present township of Northampton, in Portage County.

Although Brady made his approaches with the utmost caution, the Indians, expecting a pursuit, were on the look-out, and ready to receive him, with numbers fourfold to those of Brady's party, whose only safety was in a hasty retreat, which from the order of the pursuit soon became a perfect flight.

Brady directed his men to separate, and each one to take care of himself; but the Indians, knowing Brady, and having a most inveterate hatred and dread of him, from the numerous chastisements which he had inflicted upon them, left all the others, and with united strength pursued him alone.

The Cuyahoga here makes a wide bend to the south, including a tract of several miles of surface, in the form of a peninsula; within this tract pursuit was hotly concluded. The Indians, by extending their line to the neck of land, thought they had him in the bonds of the enemy.

Many in pursuit, of Brady, whom almost every tree concealed from the sight of his pursuers, [illegible] feet across the top of the chasm, although it is considerably wider beneath, near the water, and in height more than twice that number of feet above the current.

Through this pass the water rushes like a racehorse, chafing and roaring at the confinement of its current by the rocky channel, while, at a short distance above, the stream is at least fifty yards wide.

As he approached the chasm, Brady, knowing that life and death was in the effort, concentrated his mighty powers, and leaped the stream at a single bound. It so happened that, on the opposite cliff, the leap was favored by a low place, into which he dropped, and grasping the bushes, he thus helped himself to ascend to the top of the cliff.

The Indians, for a few moments, were lost in admiration, and before they had recollection, he was half way up the side of the opposite hill, but still within reach of their rifles. They could hav[illegible] him at any moment, for [illegible] him alive, for torture [illegible] long-delayed revenge they forbore the use of their rifle; but now, seeing him likely to escape, they all fired upon him. One bullet wounded him severely in the hip, but not so badly as to prevent his progress.

The Indians having to make a considerable circuit before they could cross the stream, Brady advanced a good distance ahead. His limb was growing stiff from the wound, and as the Indians gained on him, he made for the pond which now bears his name, and plunging in, swam under water a considerable distance, and came up under the trunk of a large oak which had fallen into the pond.

This, although leaving only a small breathing-place to support life, still completely sheltered him from the sight. The Indians, tracing him by the blood to the water, made diligent search all around the pond, but finding no sign of his exit, finally came to the conclusion that he had sunk and was drowned.

As they were at one time standing on the very tree beneath which he was concealed, Brady understanding their language, was very glad to hear the result of their deliberations; and after they had gone, lame and hungry, he made good his retreat to his home.

His followers also all returned in safety. The chasm across which he leaped is in sight of the bridge which crosses Cuyahoga, and is known in all that region by the name of "Brady's Leap."

Sparkin' Sunday Night.

We, who have seen as many as sixteen years in this vale of tears, understand to a verity the mingled joys and sorrows of our Sunday nights' courtship.

With what trepidation half doubt, half triumph, was noted the effect of "Warren's Blackin" on our new sewed boots; or, with trembling fingers, essayed to tie the fancy neckcloth, for which our tailor had charged us such an outrageous price, unblushingly affirming that he was making a present of it at that amount! How we palpitated as we containing our j[illegible] and perhaps lost heart as we approached it, and make a circuit of a block or two before coming to the door! How our heart beat tumultuously as we laid a shaking hand upon the knob an gave a pull, and heard the bell ring out in the hall!

Would she come to the door? Would she be glad to see us? No, it is the cook, who propels the mop and wrestles with the frying pan in the lower regions, and this hard-hearted female, supposing that we are in search of the younger brother of our divinity, announces that he is not in.

Master Ned! Ridiculous! A mere schoolboy—whole months younger than we are. We falteringly pronounce the name of our inamorata, and are admitted.

What is this female grinning at? Does she see anything wrong in our apparel? or has she the impudence to class us in the same light with a boy like master Ned?

Our indignation is soon lost, as we stamble into the presence of the fair one, and do wonderful things with the hat which has cost money, before we consent to relinquish it to the tender mercies of the servant. We feel that the eyes of the world are open us; that pater familias is regarding us with a placid smile, and that the partner of his joys and his sorrows is watchin' us."

And then when the old people have asked all the questions they can think of, and have found business in other parts of the house, and we are alone with our charmer!

She has a wonderfully low voice, at first, and yet she leads us on, as women will do to the end of time, until we are talking glibly enough, and have gone so far as to be seat on the sofa, when pater familias comes mooning in with an earthly question, receives his answer, and meanders out again.

We have taken her hand, when the whirlwind enters the house in the shape of Master Ned, who inflicts his presence upon us for half an hour, and is out again.

The moments fly swiftly and we are the seventh heaven of happiness, when again the doors open, and a solemn procession enters. Pater familias, mater familias and Ned, outwardly demure, but inwardly rejoicing, like a demon, in our discomfiture!

After a while we feel for our hat and depart, inwardly full of wrath and vowing never to return. But, as surely as the cycle of time brings round the next Sabbath night, we are back again. And so it will be with the sons of men while the world goes round.

"IF I ONLY HAD CAPITAL."—"If I only had capital," we heard a young man say a few days ago as he puffed away at a cigar, "I would do something."

"If I only had capital," said another as he walked away from a dram-shop where he had just paid ten cents for a drink. "I would go into business."

The same remark might have have been heard from the yonng man loafing on the street corner. Young man with the cigar, you are smoking away your capital. You from the dram-shop are drinking yours and destroying your body at the same time; and you on the street-corner are wasting yours in idleness and forming bad habits. Dimes make dollars. Time is money. Don't wait for a fortune to begin with. If you had ten thousand dollars a year and spent it all, you would be poor still. Our men of power and influence did not start with fortunes. You, too, can make your mark, if you will. But you must stop spending your money for what you don't need, and squandering your time in idleness.

A young girl of Revlon, a village in [illegible] was recently attacked by three [illegible] and [illegible] them and [illegible] to her [illegible]

Desperate Struggle with a Maniac.

Correspondence of the New York World.]

POUGHKEEPSIE, March 7.

A terrible affair happened near Marlborough, Ulster county, this morning at the house of George Wm. Purdy, who resides seven miles north of Newburg, near the first named place. While laboring under temporary insanity Mr. Purdy made a desperate attempt to murder his two sisters. He resided with his mother, Mrs. Phebe Purdy, and his sister, Miss Eliza Purdy. He was ill with an epileptic attack and partially deranged. Another sister, Mrs. Anna Conkling, spent the night at the homestead to assist in taking care of her brother. The three ladies occupied a bed on the floor of the sitting room. Purdy slept in a room opening into this room. At four o'clock this morning George entered the room occupied by the ladies and stopped the clock saying that the ticking annoyed him and prevented his sleeping. A few minutes after returning to his room he again entered [illegible] and threw himself flat on the floor and remained motionless. The sisters took him up and laid him on the bed and then went into his room and occupied his bed. The mother remained with him. In a few minutes he started up from the bed, seized a fire-shovel, and went to the room where the sisters were. Opening the door he shouted: "I'm going to kill you both. The next place I will meet you is at the bar of God," and commenced striking them on the head with the shovel. Then throwing that down he seized each by the throat and tried to choke them to death. After a terrible struggle they freed themselves from his grasp, and escaped to the sitting-room. He followed them, and the struggle was renewed. The stove was overturned and the house was set on fire. At length the sisters succeeded in breaking away from the maniac. Miss Purdy running out at the front door and Mrs. Conkling started for a rear door. Purdy pursued the latter, and having got a razor out of the bureau drawer, overtook her just as she got outside of the door. Here another struggle took place, and the madman endeavoring to cut his sister's throat and she battling for life.

In the effort to get the razor from him she received two cuts, one in the right arm, just missing the main artery, and the other in the hand, but he drew the razor across her throa, making a terrible gash, laying bare the windpipe and the root of the tongue but missing the main arteries. While this struggle was going on Miss Purdy had run to the houses of several of the neighbors and alarmed them. The first one of them to reach the spot was Daniel Van Orsdell, who, on hearing the alarm had dressed himself as quickly as possible and followed Miss Purdy to the house. She reached it first and met the brother. Having, as he supposed, finished Mrs. Conkling, he attacked Miss Purdy, and seized her by the hair of the head, threw her down on the ground. Mr. Van Orsdall coming up at this time, he knocked the brother down, and after another struggle managed, with the help of his young son and Miss Purdy, to secure the madman. But it took their united strength to hold him, and they feared that Mrs. Conkling would bleed to death before a surgeon could arrive. She [illegible] George was tied, and Mrs. Conkling was cared for. She had made her way into the house after receiving her wounds, and the sister, knowing that the building was on fire, was afraid that her mother and sister would be burned up, but the flames were soon extinguished, and all danger from that source was averted. In the course of the morning an officer arrived from Marlborough—about a mile north of the scene of the tragedy—and George was handcuffed. He went to bed and refused to say a word to any one, but lay in the bed as if asleep.

To-morrow he will be taken to the State House at Poughkeepsie.

From the Capital.]

Parson Newman vs. Confucius and Polygamy.

The Rt. Rev. Maj. Gen'l. John P. New man has been selected to teach Christianity to the Japanese embassy and confute Confucius. This is the official announcement made, and its condescending, patronizing tone is, to say the least of it, charming. It is to be hoped that the Rt. Rev. in his crusade against Confucius will be more successful than he was in his attack upon Orson Pratt. The Rt. Rev. went out to Salt Lake city with a band of music, consisting of his own horn, and after no end of blowing threw down the theological glove of the church militant which the polygamous follower of the polygamous Brigham incontinently took up, and at it the two divines went, hammer and tongs. The next we heard of our beloved the Rt. Rev. Maj. Gen'l. he had passed from theology to astronomy, being flat on his back and utterly helpless, while the polygamous prophet Orson stood over him waving the Bible and bigamy in triumph.

By-the-bye, why is it that our dearly beloved turns up in wrath his chaste nose at the mere mention of the polgamous Mormons—pounds his pulpit, Bible and calls upon his Lord the President to hang and quarter these unbelievers, while he is so sweet upon those polygamous Japanese?

We have seen him pour out hot sentences of earthly and everlasting damnation on the poor Mormons while dancing attendance, opera hat in hand, about the embassy and moving his theological bowels of compassion over the young heathen Koddamme. Can it be that the honors and emoluments of minister and envoy of the United States to the Empire of Japan have softened his zeal? We wot not. It cannot be that this great light of the Methodist Episcopal Metropolitan Memorial Church, with the chimes attached—and God's stump orator for the Fog bank—so far forgets his high mission as even to smell of the flesh pots? Certainly not. And yet wherein lies solution to this theological mystery?

We took up our pen, however, to suggest that if we wish to conciliate these Japanese, and not only join the civilization of the new West to that of the older East, and so secure a profitable trade, we had better keep our propagandism well in the background. Religious toleration does not obtain any more in the East than it has in the West, and while we are persecuting the Mormons under color of law, and generally in violation of it, the Japanese government is persecuting the Newmans with about the same zeal and the same reason. It is much to be deplored. Would it were otherwise. But can we not bide the proper time? Won't a little patience benefit? And if the Lord could wait six thousand years—according to theological account—before introducing to us the truths of Christianity, can we not give the Japanese a few hundred? Let us try the Agricultural Bureau and internal revenue for a little while before we turn on the Newmans to teach the truth without the crown of martyrdom that generally marches in advance of bloody wars and cruel persecution.

From the New York Times of the 20th ult.]

Narrow Escape of the Steamer New York.

The steamer New York, of the German line, experienced, on her last trip from Bremen to this port, weather that is seldom met within the Atlantic. The New York left Bremen on the 27th of January, with a full cargo and some three hundred and eighty passengers. The first three days at sea were comparatively mild, but on the 1st of February a gale that evenually led to a hurricane set in, and lasted throughout the greater part of the voyage. On the 6th the barometer fell to an extraordinary low degree. Captain Von Emeter, who was on deck at the time, ordered all sails furled and the hatches battoned down. This was done, and not a minute too soon, as in a few seconds the wind hurled the sea over the vessel. Three days the hurricane continued. On the 9th, the storm having lulled, the first officer of the steamer, Mr. Anderson, ordered several sailors aloft, and Christian Schmidt, while descending, lost his balance and was crushed to death by falling against the guards of the deck.

The passengers, terrified by the force of the storm, commingled together, and, despite the laws of the ship, refused to be separated even refusing at times to partake of the meals provided by the steward. On the night of the 10th, while Captain Von Emeter, the first officer, and a German lady from Hamburg were standing on the bridge, a terrible wave struck the ship broadside. Captain Von Emeter attempted to catch the lady, but missed her. The wave washed him against the bulwarks, and by clinging to a railing he saved his life. The chief officer grasped her around the waist, and by taking hold of the mizzen ropes, saved both his own and his companion's life. The bridge upon which they were standing was torn from its sockets by the wave, together with the lifeboat. The water also flooded the companionway, and entered the first cabin in an immense volume. The scene at that time was indescribable. Women, half dressed, ran from berth to berth, children screamed, and men accustomed to ocean voyages gave up in despair, imagining that the brave steamer was on the eve of foundering. This last wave, however, proved to be the worst of the hurricane, and the coal being all consumed, the vessel, after drifting about helplessly, reached Halifax on the 14th. Here the vessel was revictualed and recoaled, and she arrived safely at this harbor yesterday afternoon.

The New York will have to undergo considerable repairs before she again crosses the Atlantic.

From the Murray (Ky.) Gazette.]

Enoch Arden in Kentucky.

A most strange and thrilling romance in real life has just culminated in this county, and we hasten to lay its details before our readers. It appears that a short time previous to the breaking out of the rebellion a young married man named Eldridge Miller, with his wife and two very small children, emigrated from Calloway county to Arkansas. When the war came on he enlisted in the Confederate army, and soon after was taken prisoner in action and sent to a Chidition that he should enlist to fight Vest and fight the Indians. He had not been in the West long until he was taken captive by the red skins. After a long and weary captivity of years, he at length made his escape and returned to Arkansas. Meanwhile his wife, suposing him to be dead, had left there and joined her relatives in Henry county, Tenn. And here, after searching for her in vain in Arkansas, the long-lost husband came, some two weeks ago, in quest of her and his children. He found her living at Crossland, in this county, but no longer belonging to him. A man named Wm. Schrader, a widower with nine children, and formerly a Calloway countian, had become enamored of her in Arkansas, and, following her to Tennessee, had finally prevailed upon upon her to marry and remove with him to this county. Finding her again married he did not seek to induce her to return to him, but merely laid claim to his children. These were refused him, and he instituted suit to recover them. The case was to have had a hearing on Monday last, but on the Sunday previous, at the woman's instance, there was a private interview between her and her first husband, which resulted in their eloping together, leaving Schrader in the lurch, and going, it is supposed, back to Arkansas. Schrader does not seem to take his loss very greatly to heart, but says his wife was perfectly right in going off with her first husband if she loved him best.

From the Louisville Ledger]

Enameling the Face and the Result.

A lady in Louisaille paid seventy-five dollars, we are told, for having her face enameled for the ball given at the Galt House to the Grand Duke Alexis. The enamel was warranted to last three days, and so it did. The lady was taken ill upon her return home from the ball, her face became greatly swollen, the most acute plan succeeded, and it was only by the employment of the best medical skill that her life was saved. This statement we have from an undoubted source.

But the case of this lady is not so bad as that of another Louisville lady who became enamored of the odious fashion of enameling the face. She visited another city, far to the eastward, some five months ago, for the purpose of having her face enameled according to the latest Parisian mode. She had heard that a noted Parisian was engaged in the enameling business at the city in question, and to him she went upon her arrival. For the sum of five hundred dollars he agreed to enamel her face so scientifically that the enamel would remain undamaged for three years, and a year or two longer if extra care was taken in washing the face according to his prescribed method. The devotee of fashion concluded the bargan, and paid three hundred dollars of the sum named, the balance to be paid in yearly installments, divided into three years.

The lady received the enamel and returned to her home in this city. Since her return she has disappeard from society. There was so much poison in the enamel that its effects were almost total paralysis of the facial nerves, and what was once a truly beautiful face is to-day a distorted, disfigured and ulcerous one.

The lady's beauty has disappeared forever, and if her physicians succeed in saving her life they will have accomplished more than they had a right to hope for. Her eyes are terribly inflamed and disfigured, and the sight of them fast failing.

A teacher in an Illinois district school received the following excuse from an indignant patron: "Miss Brown i want you to strictly understand that you hant boss of my Children if you keep maria for ben late you Will have trubl you need not think Wee are Slave becas wee hant Wee liv inn free land adoo."

Dr Holmes in the Atlantic.]

Women and Poets.

of listeners, knows her business, and it is her business to please. I do not say that it is not her business to vote. But I do say that the women who does not please is a false note in the harmonies of nature. She may not have youth or beauty, or even manner; but she must have something in her voice or expression, or both, which it makes you feel better disposed towards your race to look at or listen to. She knows that as well as we do; and her first question after you have been talking your soul into her consciousness is, Did I please? A woman never forgets her sex. She would rather talk with a man than an angel, any day.

The less there is of sex about a woman, the more she is to be dreaded. But take a real woman at her best moments, well dressed enough to be pleased with herself, not so resplendent as to be a show and a sensation, with the varied outside influences that set vibrating the harmonic notes of her nature stirring in the air about her—and what has the social life to compare with one of those vitals interchanges of thought and feeling with her that makes an hour memorable! What can equal her tact, her delivery, her subtlety of apprehension, her quickness to feel the change of temperature as the warm and cool currents of talk blow by turns? At one moment she is microscopically intellectual, critical, scrupulous in judgment as an analysit's balance, and the next as sympathetic as the open rose that sweetens the mind from whatever quarter it finds its way to her bosom.

That poets are treated as privileged persons by their admirers and the educated public can hardly be disputed. That they consider themselves as such there is no doubt whatever. On the other hand, some of them make use of this as a way of shirking all the civil and social and domestic duties as to settle it in one's mind that one is a poet. The number of these persons is so great that if they were suffered to indulge their prejudices against everyday duties and labors, it would be a serious loss to the productive industry of the country. My skirts are clear so far as others are concerned of countenancing that form of intellectual opium eating in which rhyme takes the place of the narcotic.

O little fool that has published a little book full of poems or other spattering tokens of an uneasy condition, how I love you for at one soft nerve of special sensibility that runs through your exiguous organism, and the one phosphorescent particle in your uncontaminated intelligence! But if you don't leave your spun sugar confectionery business once in a while, and come out among lusty men—the bristly pachydermatous fellows that hew out the highways for the material progress of society, and the broad-shouldered, out-of-door men that fight for the great prize of life—you will come to think that the spun-sugar business is the chief end of man, and begin to feel and look as if you felt as much above common people as that personage of whom Tourgueneff says that he had the air of his own statue erected by national subscription."

IRON VS. WOODEN SHIPS.—Secretary Robeson's hot-house plan for encouraging iron ship building is perfectly consistent with the general policy of the Protectionists. Special interests must be "protected" in some way, whether the process resorted to be detrimental to other interests and the general welfare of the people or not. By the way, it is not a settled fact that iron ships are preferable to wooden ones. That they are not as seaworthy as has been established by experience. The statistics of marine disasters show that out of forty-two Atlantic steamers lost at sea between the years 1841 and 1872, thirty-eight were iron and only four of wood; while of the line of iron ships running into the St. Lawrence and Portland, nine were lost between 1857 and 1864, and five iron sailing vessels, all built in Great Britain, and sent to sea in 1865 and 1868, have never been heard from. The English use iron, as Secretary Robeson wishes, because [illegible] admits, because [illegible] cheap and dear.

A romantic couple of Franklin, Tenn., whose course of true love didn' run smooth, planned a runaway scheme, which they proceeded to carry out early on a recent morning. They had got as far as the depot, when the young lover became nervous, lest the irate father should overtake him, thusly: "I don't see how he can; I really don't. He lives three miles from here, and if he comes he will have to walk. He can't make the distance afoot before the arrival and departure of the train. I foresaw the danger of such denouement last night, and made my arrangements accordingly. I went to the stables, hid all the bridles, locked the doors, and threw the keys away. When I left home this morning, father and mother were asleep. I quietly turned the key upon them and threw it away, too.'

A NEW USE FOR THE DOXOLOGY.—A good deacon, who was naturally a high-tempered man, had been used to beat his oxen over the head, as all his neighbors did. It was observed when he became a Christian his cattle were remarkably docile. A friend inquired into the secret. "Why," said the deacon, "formerly, when my oxen were a little contrary, I flew into a passion and beat them unmercifully. This made the matter worse. Now, then they do not behave well, I go down behind the load, sit down, and [illegible] Old Hundred. I don't know how it is [illegible] tune has a suprising effect u[illegible]

A HUGE [illegible] clock at the English Par[illegible] the largest one in the world. The [illegible] this clock are each twenty-two feet in diameter. Every half minute the point of the minute hand moves nearly seven inches.

The clock will go eight and a half days, but it only strikes seven and a half, thus indicating any neglect in winding it up. The mere winding up of the striking mechanism takes two hours. The pendulum is fifteen feet long; the wheels are of cast-iron; the hour bell is eight feet high and nine feet in diameter, weighing nearly fifteen tons, and the hammer alone weighs more than 400 pounds.

"What is the principal business carried on in this place?" asked a traveler of a citizen in a Connecticut village. "The manufacture of ready made clothing," was the reply. "You are a queer set, to spend your time in the manufacture of what is already made," said the traveller.

Cissy.—So you are going away, Effie, and we shall have no more races round the garden for bon-bons. Effie—Yes, Cissie, dear. And if we don't meet in this world again, when you are an angel, and I am an angel, I'll fly you for a box of chocolate creams.

Henry Ward Beecher says: "It will scarcely be denied that men as men are superior to women; and that women are immeasurably superior to men as women; while both of them together are more than a match for either of them separately."

Cleveland saloon-keepers secure photographs of men whose wives do not permit them to drink, and keep galleries of them. When a customer enters, the bar-keeper looks through his album and sees whether or not the customer's face is good.

"You can't do too much for your employer, man," said somebody to a big-fisted strong man-of-all-work, on the wharf, the other day. "Arrah," replied Pat, with emphasis, "neither will I."

The Radicals in the Mississippi Legislature recently passed a Civil Rights bill. A negro man and his wife tested the matter by taking a seat in the theatre at Jackson. They didn't stay long enough to rest.