

Geo. C. Gorman, Republican, will have no opposition for the Secretaryship of the Senate. It pays \$6,000 a year.

It was the Legislature of the Territory of Washington and not that of the state of Oregon that voted last week to strike out the word "male" from the election laws.

Mr. C. C. Givens, editor of the Madisonville Gleaner, has taken in Mr. John Hall, a young lawyer of Madisonville, as a partner and associate editor of his paper.

Nothing has been heard of the Crumbaugh matter for several days. It will probably be called up under the head of "unfinished business" as soon as Congress meets.

There is a strong probability of war between France and China. China has put a clip on her shoulder and if the impulsive adversary dares to knock it off, "then comes the tug of war."

Several leading Republicans have come squarely out for "Arthur and Libola" as a presidential ticket. It looks now like that is the ticket the Democrats will have to beat. Can they do it? Yes, verily.

Gen. George Washington and Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman, by a curious historical coincidence, issued their farewell orders to the army on the same day a century apart—November 1, 1783-1883.

The following is the Salutory of the new editor of the Louisville Trade Gazette: "Some one called me. Here I am! What do you want?"

Wm. M. Everts, the celebrated New York lawyer, is the father of thirteen children and weighs less than 100 pounds. His practice pays him \$10,000 a year, and it may be concluded that William is "tall but loud."

Congressman Frank Woolford, of the Eleventh Kentucky District, is either a very exorbitant genius of a consummate idiot. A Washington dispatch says the first thing he did after selecting his room in Washington was to have the carpet and curtains removed and the spring mattress replaced with a straw bed. Then he moved his grip-sack in and announced himself ready to see his friends.

The United States Court has been hunting Partridges in New York and considerable "bustle" has been created thereby. Head this: There is a suit pending in the United States Court in New York against the Misses Partridge, milliners, recently returned from Europe, for smuggling. A customs inspector (a lady) found concealed in Miss A. C. Partridge's battle robe lace ribbons. Miss P. testifies that it was a matter of choice what ladies wore in their bustles. Some wore newspapers and others hair. It was her privilege to wear lace if she wanted to.

The editor of the Hopkinsville South Kentuckian confesses that an old farmer found him "too full for utterance." And this is the same young man who has been pointed out by Hopkinsville parents to their offspring as an example worthy of emulation. See—Owensboro Messenger.

The above paragraph when taken alone contains a deep, dark insinuation but when followed by the one below it is all as clear as mud. This is going the rounds of the papers:

"It is said that country editors wear a belt to hold up their pants instead of suspenders. When they get word from home that there is nothing for dinner, they simply tighten up one hole, and feel too full for utterance."

You see it was after one of these imaginary meals that our farmer friend found us.

A dispatch from Cairo, dated Nov. 23, announced that Gen. Hicks' Egyptian army had been entirely destroyed in the Sudan by the forces of El Mahdi, the False Prophet. Gen. Hicks, Col. Farquhar, Chief of Staff, five English officers, two German officers and O'Donovan, correspondent of the Daily News, are among the slain. The forces of the False Prophet are estimated to have numbered 300,000, including regulars, Bedouins, mulattoes and Dervishes. They fell upon the troops of Hicks Pasha, numbering only about 10,000, and completely annihilated them. The only person known to escape is an European artist who accompanied the expedition. The news of the disaster was brought to Khartoum by a Coptic official. The battle occurred near El Obeidi, the capital town of Kordofan, 120 miles west of the White Nile. It began on the 3rd inst. and continued with fierce fighting on both sides until the afternoon of the 5th, when the final attack was made by El Mahdi's fanatical horde.

The Speakership.

Never has there been a more animated race for the speakership, or one fraught with more portentous consequences than that which will be settled in the Democratic caucus to-morrow. There are three organized forces supporting three able and determined contestants. Mr. Carlisle, of Kentucky, embodies the western ideas upon the tariff question. He favors, not absolute free trade but a reform of the tariff laws and a "tariff for revenue only."

Mr. Randall is a strong protectionist and is a representative not of the great Democratic party but of the high tariff monopolies of his own state, Pennsylvania, and the eastern manufacturers. He favors free whisky and tobacco and a tariff on articles of wearing apparel and other necessities of life.

Mr. Cox, of New York, occupies a position similar to Mr. Carlisle's and has developed a good following in the race.

For more than a week the battle has been raging and every new arrival but augments the interest manifested. The fight will end to-morrow and the country is waiting with eager expectancy the announcement of the result. The result will determine in a great measure the policy and platform of the party in the Presidential campaign.

There are 196 Democratic Congressmen and not counting the two contending candidates, on the final ballot it will take 98 votes to nominate. The Courier Journal correspondent, Mr. O. O. Stealey, has been making careful estimates, based on personal interviews, from day to day, and up to Wednesday the forces were arrayed as follows: For Carlisle, 51; Randall, 29; Cox, 16; Springer, 2; non-committal, 8.

These figures indicate a very flattering prospect for Mr. Carlisle, but it must be borne in mind that Mr. Stealey is the same correspondent who shot so wide of the mark in his estimates and predictions as to Indiana just prior to the Presidential election of 1880.

DOWN SOUTH.

By V. M. Metcalf, MISSISSIPPI. In the year 1541, Hernando De Soto penetrated the wilderness of the South from Florida, passing through Alabama, thence through Northern Mississippi and at last discovered the great Mississippi River at Chickasaw Bluffs, now called Memphis, but after crossing the river died in Arkansas in 1543. It would be interesting no doubt to many from this time to trace the settlement of this country and give many thrilling incidents of the struggles and trials of early settlers, but this is not our purpose, only to say a few words about Mississippi. In 1817 a convention assembled at Washington, Adams' Co., and framed a constitution and gave the State the name of Mississippi, and under this constitution the State was admitted to the Union. It is useless to go through the many trials and struggles of the pioneer life of the early settlers, only to remark that the rising generation can have but little idea of the difficulties with which our forefathers had to contend. Since the settlement of Mississippi it has been considered one of the best, if not one of the most productive, of all the southern States. The prairie region which comprises the greater portion of the State lies in the northern and middle sections. The soil consists of a brownish yellow loam, underlaid by orange sand or red hard pan. The fertility of the soil depends on the thickness of the loam, which varies from a few inches to several feet, usually from three to four feet. The great Mississippi basin lies between the Mississippi and Yazoo Rivers and embraces about four millions of acres. The soil is usually a rich dark alluvial deposit, often overflowed which makes it inexhaustible. The great trouble with this section usually is, it is unhealthy but many of the best and largest planters of the South reside here. These lands frequently produce two bales of cotton to the acre, and if it is not uncommon to get 60 to 80 bushels of corn. Everything grows to the greatest perfection. The long leaf or yellow pine section, lies in the southern portion of the State, and while it is not so rich as other sections, yet it has its advantages. It is generally considered healthy. The soil is of a light, sandy character and easily cultivated. Vegetables and fruits of all kinds grow to great perfection except perhaps apples. It will in some cases become very valuable for early vegetables and tropical fruits for northern markets. The bluff region runs parallel with the Mississippi and Yazoo rivers, commencing at the mouth of Yalobusha River, and extending almost to the Gulf. This region is rated at the head of uplands and is adapted to the growth of grasses, and abounds in witch-hell cane which affords fine grazing for cattle all winter. I am astonished that planters do not raise more and better cattle, as they can be raised with so little attention and expense. I regard this by far the most valuable part of the State, as it is generally hilly and sufficient-

ly undulating to drain itself well and is regarded more healthy than any bottom. I might have much to say about the soil of the State, in a few places it is poor, waxy and unfit to cultivate, but even this can be made valuable by proper management. The summers are long and warm, but seldom reach the extreme heat of many southern sections, seldom reaching 95 degrees. The winters are mild and pleasant; ice seldom forms more than an inch in thickness in the extreme northern part of the State. The bluff lands around Natchez, along the Mississippi river are truly a marvel of richness and productiveness. Yet strange to say this section is almost a wilderness. In company with a friend I went out in the country some fifteen miles to see the former greatness of this section. We passed one plantation that before the war contained twelve thousand acres. The planter usually raised two thousand bales of cotton, worked some four hundred hands and had everything in perfect order. But how changed, the old mansion in decay and ruins, the wide and long vegetable fields were once beautifully irrigated and festooned with flowers and vines are now in ruins; a few lazy, ragged negroes could be seen loitering around on the sunny side of the old house or perhaps one would be riding a poor, sleepy looking horse through the old fields. In all this distance I scarcely saw a decent house for a man to live in, and only here and there a little cabin nestled among the canes, covered almost over with creeping vines, or a but like a lone sentinel, out in the middle of an old sedge field, no fences, no barns, no comforts, no churches, no schools, no cheerful faces, no happy hearts except perhaps the lazy negroes, who have no care for the morrow. One could not help feeling sad, as we rode along the beautiful road and among the great live oaks and spreading magnolias, interlocked with vines and canes, and especially to see and hear the gentle winds moving among the long moss which hung in festoons from tree to tree—a sad picture and one that will afford food in facts for the most "romantic" to write. But "life is real, life is earnest." What is the cause of all this, and what the remedy? Until now I never realized the curse of slavery to the white man. But here it is, the white man raised up to do no work and to regard it as degrading, entirely dependent on negroes, mules, and cotton, without constitution, without money, without control of labor and in some cases without brains, to do anything except to hunt, fish and drink whisky. No wonder many of the descendants of the wealthy are now in the penitentiary, some in the poor house, and many of their tramps and wanderers. No doubt some will not think me for this gloomy picture, yet it is a true one. But there is another and brighter side; even in the section I have just been describing, there is some sign of life yet. "I do not expect much from those who were born and raised here, but if they will only change their mode of farming they will soon make it surpass its former glory. This must be done, raise less cotton, more grain, grass and stock, cultivate less land and cultivate it better, cut up their large plantations, sell or give away part of their lands to industrious, hard-working, thinking emigrants, who will work themselves and have others to work around them. I know of no country nature has done so much for as this. Yet there are more waste lands and old fields in Mississippi than any part of the South I have seen. No use repeating over departed glory or talking about our long line of illustrious ancestry. Young man, remember you are the maker of your own fortune, and as vigilance is said to be the price of liberty, so industry, economy and a rightly balanced mind and heart will bring you success.

THE MORAL OF IT.

We may moralize as much as we please about pain; but the fact is, that we don't like it while it lasts, and that we want to get rid of it as soon as we can. Whether caused by rheumatism, gout, disordered liver, weak nerves, irregular kidneys, bad blood, or anything else that is just the reverse of what it should be, the sooner it is out of the system the happier we are. Whether pain is the result of imprudence or of accident, or is sent as a punishment for our sins, may be a nice question for the philosophers to argue; but people who are suffering want first to be rid of the pain, after which those who are fond of argument may argue the matter to their hearts' content. Above all theory, argument, and philosophy, comes the delightful fact that BROWN'S IRON BITTERS drives pain away. Sufferers run no risk in trying this medicine, the only compound containing iron which carries no mischief with it. Those who have used it will tell you so; and you can try for yourself by buying a bottle of the nearest druggist.

RETAIL MARKET REPORT.

Table with columns for various commodities like Pork, Bacon, Ham, Flour, etc., and their prices.

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The house in which I now reside on South Main Street, with six rooms, good cellar. The lot contains one acre, with good stable attached on three sides, corn crib, coal house and wood shed, good vegetable garden, etc. etc. etc. Terms easy. Apply to Jeff Allshouse, Hopkinsville, Ky. Nov. 20/83

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N. B.—In writing to me state where you live. Respectfully, C. E. WEST.

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