The Watchman and Southron.

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A BEAUTIFUL POEM.

Who wrote the following exquisite lines we do not know, but whoever did need never write anything else to convince the world that he or she is a poet of the sweetest and tenderest thoughts in the language. We think we have never read anything so deliciously, so entirely beautiful:

"'I am weary of the Garden,
Said the Rose;
For the winter winds are sighing,
All my playmates round me dying,
And my leaves will soon be lying
'Neath the mows.

"'But I hear my Mistress coming,
Said the Rose;
She will take me to her chamber,
Where the honeysuckle clamber,
And I'll bloom there all December
Spite of snows.

"'Sweeter fall her lily fingers,
Than the Bee!
Ah, how feebly I resisted,
Smoothed my thorns and e'en assisted,
As all blushing I was twisted
Off my tree.

"'And she fixed me in her bosom,
Like a star;
And I flashed there all the morning,
Jasmine, honeysuckle scorning,
Parasites forever fawning
That they are.

"'And when evening came she sat me
In a vase,
All of rare and radiant metal,
And I felt her red lips settle
On my leaves till each proud petal
Touched her face.

"'And I shone about her slumber
Like a light;
And I said, instead of weeping,
In the garden vigil keeping,
Here I'll watch my mistress sleeping
Every night.

"'But when morning with its sunbeams
Softly shone,
In the mirror where she braided
Her brown hair, I saw how jaded,
Old and colorless and faded,
I had grown.

"'Not a drop of dew was on me,
Never one;
For my leaves no odor started,
All my perfume had departed,
I lay pale and broken-hearted
In the sun.

"'Still I said, her smile is better
Than the rain;
Though my fragrance may forsake me,
To her bosom she will take me,
And with crimson kisses make me
Young again.

"'So she took me—gazed a second—
Half a sigh—
Then, alas! can hearts so harden?
Without ever asking pardon,
Threw me back into garden,
There to die.

"'The jealous garden gloried
In my fall!
How the honeysuckles chid me,
How the sneering jasmines bid me
Light the long grass that hid me
Like a pall.

"'There I lay beneath her window
In a swoon,
Till the earth worm e'er me trailing,
Woke me just as twilight failing,
As the whip-poor-will was wailing
To the moon.

"'But I hear the storm winds stirring
In their lair.
And I know they soon will lift me
In their giant arms and sift me
In the ashes as they drift me
Thorugh the air.

"'So, I pray them in their mercy
Just to take
From my heart of hearts, or near it,
The last living leaf and bear it
To her feet, and bid her wear it
For my sake.'"

—*Exchange.*

LITTLE GERTRUDE.

In a dark room upon the second floor of a large tenement house, which, from its dilapidated appearance, would denote to an observer that it had not for many years felt the renovating hand of carpenter or painter, sat a young girl beside a straw pallet, upon which lay a pretty, fair-haired boy. There was scarcely any furniture in the room; only an old worm-eaten table, two broken chairs, the bed, and a rusty little stove, on which a tin kettle was steaming faintly.

The darkness of the room was now growing more intense as the dusk of evening was fast approaching, and the figure of the young girl grew more and more indistinct; while the wind outside moaned fitfully against the windows.

The girl seemed to be about fourteen years old, and might be considered handsome; but her figure was small and slight, and there was an anxious and careworn expression on her pretty features which strangely contrasted with her extreme youth, and seemed to denote a premature acquaintance with sorrow and suffering.

The sick boy was her brother. Her mother had been dead three years, and her father was unable, from extreme poverty, to procure a nurse for his son. The neighboring women, therefore, had taught little Gertrude to feed and take care of the child.

The little boy, while he claimed from her a mother's care, had awakened even thus early, a mother's love. He was to her in place of the toys and recreations of her youth, her pet, her plaything—her own! She had watched over him until her young cheek had become pale and her form wasted.

The noise of the wind awoke the child. He asked for a drink, which was immediately given him by his little nurse. After having drank a deep draught of the lukewarm milk, he wished to rise.

'You are too weak, Harry; you must 't talk of getting up for some time yet.' And her voice trembled suddenly.

Little Harry gazed into her tearful eyes with a strange, unnatural look.

'I—I am afraid that I shall never get up again, Gerty!'

Be still, dear Gertrude! Press back that gasping sob into thine almost breaking heart, lest your brother hear it!

'Sister, sing to me,' he said. 'Sing one of the old songs. You haven't sung any now for—oh, so long!'

Covering her face with her hands to hide her anguish, Gertrude tride to sing one of the old nursery songs which, in days long past, her mother had sung for her.

The children looked into one another's eyes, both filling with tears; then Harry, with childish sympathy, put his arms about her neck and kissed her.

'Now, darling, you must go to sleep,' Gertrude said. 'You must not talk any more.'

Harry smiled faintly, and composed himself to sleep; then Gertrude sank upon her knees and resting her arms upon the bed, with her hands clasped, she prayed that God might spare her brother.

Her father had been away since morning searching for work, and had promised to be home early; but one hour, another, and yet another, had passed, until the long evening wore away—and yet he came not.

In the solitude that was around her countless thoughts seemed springing into life; her mind wandered back to the little moss covered cottage where she was born; where the birds sang about the door; that door around which, when a happy little thing by her mother's side, she had so merily sported, catching the butterflies in the deep clover, or listening to the birds which nowhere else ever sang so sweetly.

Misfortune came suddenly upon her father, and he was forced to mortgage the little homestead; and a short time after, her mother became ill. In very warm weather a little brook imperceptibly shrinks and is absorbed, till some morning we awake and find the channel dry. Just in this way Mrs. Wilson was wasting—and so was her life, pure and beautiful to the last. Her death was peaceful—almost happy—but, resigned as she was, it could not but be afflicting to her departing spirit to leave her husband and little ones.

A few months after, the mortgage on the cottage was foreclosed, and they moved to the city. For a few days Harry wondered at the change and complained for his old home; but the sorrows of childhood are as evanescent as the joys of maturer years, and he soon forgot the privations in the novelties of his situation. To Gertrude the change in their circumstances brought no selfish regrets; and, although the bustle of a city was painful to an ear so acutely sensitive to the melody of nature as hers, no murmur passed her lips.

The house was situated in a narrow and obscure street, the character of whose neighborhood was of questionable respectability. The interior of this place was wretched in the extreme, and it needed no inordinate stretch of the imagination to concieve its occupants as being among the most wretched, if not the most debased, of human kind.

Suddenly Gertrude heard footsteps on the stairs. She went to the door and opened it. As she did so, her father entered, accompanied by a gentleman. Gertrude went over to the mantle and lit a candle, which was all they had to give them light.

'Gertrude dear,' said her father, 'this gentleman is a doctor. I brought him to see Harry; and, with God's help, who knows what he may do?'

Gertrude instantly arose from the chair. Her cheeks, which before were very pale, became deeply flushed; and as the doctor bent over the cradle, feeling the sick boy's pulse, and watching his hurried breathing, she stood opposite him, her figure leaning forward, her hands clasped, her bright eyes keenly and eagerly fixed, as if to catch from his first glance some presage of her brother's fate.

'Sir,' said she, after a short and painful pause, 'will he live?'

The doctor seemed unprepared to answer this question, or, willing to evade it, he remained silent for a moment, and then enquired for the child's mother.

'We have no mother, sir,' faltered Gertrude; 'she is dead.'

'Well, my dear, who nurses the child?'

'I nurse him, sir,' she answered; 'there is nobody else.

'Can it be possible that you have nursed him?'

'Yes,' answered Gertrude, with a heavy sigh, and she stooped over to arrange the coverings the doctor had thrown aside; 'I have nursed him, and now he is going to—'

The poor little nurse turned away and burst into tears. Her father endeavored to cheer her with some hope of her brother's recovery; but the doctor's silence had not escaped her.

'Oh father!' said she in a whisper. 'The Doctor don't think so—you do not know how ill he is.'

The doctor now assured her that there was still a chance of recovery, which, however, would depend on his being able to bleed the child; and for this purpose directed her father to take Harry upon his lap; but Gertrude interposed.

'He wouldn't stay with you, father—let me take him.'

She now seated herself beside the cradle and took Harry on her lap, holdout his arm and hiding his face in her bosom, so that he might not see the doctor.

When the lancet appeared Gertrude shut her eyes and turned her head aside; yet, although her whole frame shook, she held him firmly till the operation was over.

The child bled rapidly and became faint; and the doctor had some difficulty in convincing Gertrude that he was not dying. After a few moments, however, the relief he had experienced became manifest. The physician then bade them good-night, promising to return the next morning. As he passed Mr. Wilson he told him that although the child was relieved he was by no means out of danger. The poor man sighed deeply.

'Welcome,' said he, 'be the will of God! But it will break *her* little heart. I do not know what I should do if anything happened to her!'

As the doctor rode home, he thought how much heavier might have been the burden of that fond father but for that pure faith which, in its deepest sorrow, yet welcomed 'the will of God.'

It was now near midnight. Harry grew rapidly worse, and by his side Gertrude knelt, bathing his little hands and moistening his parched lips; she felt no fatigue; her sorrow seemed to bear her up with a wonderful strength.

The little sufferer lay quite still, and all around was wrapped in silence save for the noise of the broken shutters as the gusts of wind struck upon the old building, causing its roof and sides to groan, and threatening their displacement, if not the destruction of the building itself.

Gertrude saw the flush gradually passing away from her brother's cheek, until it became quite pale, like marble, and his glazed eyes were half closed.

'Do you feel better now, Harry?' she asked him.

'Oh, much better! Are you not tired, Gerty?'

'No, dear,' she said gently.

Suddenly he folded his little hands together and began to say 'Our Father.' His voice towards the end became very faint and weak; and as he finished he fell back heavily upon the pillow, with a smile.

'I hear some one singing, Gerty,' he said; 'look! see!' and he pointed upward. 'Look at all the pretty boys and girls calling me!' And with a gentle sigh he whispered, 'Papa,' then gave one last look in his sister's face, and was gone. So softly his spirit had passed away!

How deeply Gertrude felt the loss of her brother it is in vain to describe. It seemed as if the last glimmer that had cheered her life was now extinguished. But she was not one to sit down content with fruitless repining when it was possible to act as well as to suffer.

Weeks passed away in rapid succession, and Gertrude wandered about like a shadow. Her father, instead of bearing up gallantly, drooped in spirit and effort, and sought consolation in the wine-cup. In a word, intemperance obtained the mastery over that which was not shielded by pure and high minded principle.

It was evening, and Gertrude stood at the window anxiously awaiting her father's return. Suddenly she heard a noise as of some one stumbling up the stairs, and the next moment he staggered into the room and fell upon the floor. With a shriek Gertrude knelt down, then started to her feet with a cry of horror. The truth flashed upon her—her father was drunk! All night she sat beside him, with a painfully anxious countenance, and watching his every gesture and movement. Morning dawned at last, and found Mr. Wilson very ill. He endeavored to rise, but could not do so. Poor Gertrude! There was not a copper in the house, nor a morsel to eat. Ah! God, who suffereth not a sparrow to fall to the grund unheeded, will help thee, poor child!

Her father fell asleep, and Gertrude seated hereif by the window. Suddenly she started to her feet, and crossing the floor softly, went out. She passed rapidly through many streets, only stopping now and then as she went along to read the signs.

She halted before the door of a large warehouse, and then went in. With a trembling voice she asked to see the proprietor. She was shown into the office by a clerk. After waiting a short time the proprietor entered, and struck by the mournful expression on the countenance of poor Gertrude, spoke kindly to her. Thus encouraged, the poor girl, sobbing bitterly, related her pitiful tale, to which the busy merchant listened apparently with much interest.

'But why did you come to me?' he asked.

'Oh, sir, because I have heard you are good and kind. Oh, if you will be so good as to procure me some sewing to do I will do it as good as I can.'

The gentleman was a practical philanthropist, and was kind and benevolent in his feelings. He smiled at the earnestness of the child, and replied,—

'Well, I think I may trust your looks that you are not deceiving me; it is a strange story that you tell me, but I will see that you have some work to take home with you at once; and here is five dollars in advance.'

It was quite late when Gertrude reached home and she found her father still asleep. After a time he awoke.

'Gertrude where have you been?' he said.

'Earning some money, father. See what I have brought—a nice little supper for you; and better than that, father, I have brought the hope of brighter things in the future.'

'In what way, my dear?'

'Employment for me dear father.'

And she told him what she done. Mr. Wilson, overcome by bitter thoughts, and weak from illness and suffering, bowed his head upon his clasped hands and wept those bitter tears which are often wrung by grief and despair from the hardest heart. Think him not unmanly because he wept. This proud man who thus gave way was in all probability one who, on the field of battle, would have led a band of as daring men as ever trod a battle-field; but he was only human. Never until now had he known the want of money, and his proud spirit was goaded almost to madness by their necessities.

Poor Gertrude worked day and night, sewing and stitching, and it procured her money just sufficient for food, and that was all. Oh, for an hour's sleep! And how her back and heart ached! Courage, my brave little heroine; courage yet awhile, and all will be well!

Many and long were the days that passed away before Mr. Wilson was himself again. At last, one bright morning, he was able to leave his bed and sat opposite Gertrude, watching her as she worked.

'So you feel much better, dear father?'

'Yes,' he answered faintly, 'I feel much better. Oh, my dear child, how can I repay you for all your care and goodness—I, your degraded, dishonored father?'

'Hush!' she said gently. 'Do not; you must not talk so.'

'I must, Gertrude!' he cried; 'hear me, and bear witness, as I promise now, before God, that I will never drink a drop of liquor again, so long as my mind holds together—so help me God!'

Oh, I am so glad!' exclaimed Gertrude with a sob of joy. 'May God enable you to faithfully keep this resolution, for without his assistance the strongest of us are weak.'

'How can I repay you for all my injustice toward you? I have felt it all as I lay upon my bed and watched your noiseless feet stealing as you ministered to me.'

'Say no more at present, father,' said Gertrude, gently, 'but lie down, and may your dreams be sweet.' And she tenderly wiped from his forehead the moisture which had gathered there from his excitement.

Oh, how happy Gertrude was! She felt an inward feeling of self-applause, which is the tenant of their bosoms alone who have done a benefit for a fellow-creature—she had redeemed her father! Her heart beat high with a promise of happiness for the future.

Well might John Wilson say to his child, 'How can I repay you!' She, a child yet in years, had watched at his bedside, and day after day, night after night, had soothed him in his pain, and beside all this, had earned a sum of money, scanty indeed, but still enough for indispensible necessaries to prolong their lives.

Mr. Wilson rapidly recovered his health, and he was at once employed by the gentleman who had so kindly assisted Gertrude. From humble beginnings, and by untiring energy, he gradually acquired sufficient to live in an easy and comfortable manner, and also to keep a small bank account.

Time passed over their heads pleasantly, and in a few years Mr. Wilson had saved enough to once more possess himself of his little cottage, where, amid the reviving breezes and tranquil seclusion, Gertrude recovered her health and happiness.

The cottage was situated in a beatiful village, surrounded by lofty hills, crowned to their very summits with fragrant pine trees. Beyond the cottage lay a meadow, spread out in all its freshness and verdure; and almost in the centre a little brook went leaping and dancing among the white pebbles and mossy boulders like a child at play.

It was a beautiful, sunny afternoon, and upon the porch sat a young woman, upon whose face rested a look which would make the heart feel something in its quiet loveliness that breathed of the spirit of a cultivated life. It was Gertrude, and with her sat her father.

How like an angel's sigh of loving pity the summer wind breathed upon her cheek. The very roses that grew over and beside the door seemed to vie with each other as to which should kiss her small white hand; and her large, sad eyes beamed forth a world of love as she gazed upon her father.

'God bless you, my child! exclaimed Mr. Wilson with deep emotion; and a glow of satisfaction lighted his countenance as he bent down to kiss the sweet face that rested on his arm.

'And are you happy?'

'Oh, so happy!'

And thus we will leave them. The father as an example of what a man can do when he exerts his reason; the daughter, a heroine in a field more truly noble and exalted than all the world beside.

The Cultivation of Sorghum.

Professor Silliman has written a letter, published in the New York *Tribune*, showing the value of sorghum as a sugar-producer. It is a condensation of the reports of Dr. Peter Collier, chemist of the Agricultural Department, the result of several years of painstaking experimental investigation. It is claimed that in Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, Mississippi, lower Missouri and Tennessee sorghum can be cultivated with great success, even though planted after the spring floods, for it matures—according to the variety planted—in from four to six months, allowing a working period of about thirty to sixty days before the severe frost. It should be fully ripe before it is rolled; otherwise the chemical changes will produce an excess of glucose or grape sugar; also, there should be as little delay as possible in rolling it after it is cut, to avoid fermentation; the juice can be treated with lime and sulphur in the same way that cane juice is defecated. The amount of terriory suitable to the safe and profitable cultivation of the sugar cane is comparatively limited, but sorghum can be raised over an extent of country vast enough to supply the whole world with sugar.

A case of conscience: It was an Ohio man who, when a terrible storm set in one night, rushed into the house of a neighbor and cried out: 'Jones, this is the ending up of earth!' 'I'm afraid so—I'm afraid so!' was the reply. 'And what shall we do?' 'Make our peace with Heaven.' The wind blew still stronger, the house began to shake and the excited man exclaimed: 'Jones, you lost five bushels of wheat last fall!' 'Yes.' 'And you have your suspicion?' 'I have. The man who took my wheat had better own up.' 'Can you forgive him?' 'I can?' 'Well —.' Here the wind suddenly dropped, and after a look through the window the conscience-stricken man turned and finished: 'Yes, if ever I meet him I'll advise him to call around.—*Detroit Free Press.*

'My wife,' remarked a prominent manufacturer,' never attends auctions. She went once, before we were married, and, seeing a friend at the opposite side of the room, nodded politely, whereupon the auctioneer knocked down a patent cradle, and asked her whether she wished it delivered.'

Among the Indians.

[From the Carolina Sun.]

Editor of the Sun: If you will take the trouble to look on the map of the U. S., North of Texas, West of Arkansas, South of Missouri and Kansas, you will find 'Indian Territory.' This is the home of the so-called five civilized tribes of Indians, the Cherokees, the Creeks, the Choctaws, the Chickasaws and Seminoles. The Cherokees from Georgia, the Creeks from Alabama, the Seminoles from Florida, the Chickasaws and Choctaws, from Mississippi. West of these five tribes are the wild tribes on the great Western Plains. The Cherokees are the most advanced of any of the tribes in civilization, education and christianization. The Cherokees are in the northern part of the Territory adjoining Missouri and Kansas on the north. They have their own government, and elect a Chief every four years, as the United States elects a President, electing at the same time a second Chief in place of the vice-President, who is to the nation the same as the vice-President is to the U. S. They elect their senators and councilmen every two years as you do your senators and representatives. These when assembled are called the 'National Council of the Nation,' just as you would say 'State Legislature.

There is a great deal of intelligence in the Cherokee Nation. Col. W. P. Adair who died a few years ago in Washington City, was one of the first men of the whole Territory—a man of fine natural ability, well educated both in the Nation and in the States, and of the finest personal appearance. He had long been a representative man among his people, and a delegate to Washington. The Cherokees have very fine educational advantages; they have a large intrusted fund in the United States Treasury; the interest is paid annually as an educational and orphan fund. They have two seminaries or high schools, male and female, besides about one hundred primary or common diet schools. They have an orphan Asylum, where there are from one to two hundred of the Nation's orphan's fed and clothed every year and educated at the Nation's expense. These institutions are will provided for; they are large, fine brick buildings with ample accommodations for at least two hundred pupils in each, with as good teachers, (mostly natives) and as fine collection of books as to be found anywhere.

If acceptable, I will give particulars of the other tribes at some future time. The Cherokees publish a national paper at the capital, Tahlequah; I send you a copy. EUNACHA.

The Tokay Vineyard.

The Tokay Vineyard, near Fayetteville—planted about twenty-five years ago by the late Henry L. Myrover, more for a pastime than for profit—has been extended every year, until, under the proprietorship of Col. Wharton J. Green, it has assumed huge proportions, as one of the great industries of the State. Col. Green, a gentleman not only of fine culture and attainments, but of much business talent and energy, has now a wine trade which even his great wine cellars can scarcely supply. His Concord wine is pronounced by connoiseurs to be equal to the Claret; his Scuppernong, Delaware and other wines command a ready sale at home and abroad, while he manufactures, 'champagne' that is as good as the large proportion of what is bought in this country as 'Dry Roderer' or 'Green Seal.' Before the Scuppernong matures, the early grapes come on, and Col. Green ships thousands of boxes of Delawares, Concords, Ionas, &c., to New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore. The table varieties are not grown as the Scuppernong, on arbors, but aretrellised, and kept pruned downed year after year.

When the Scuppernong is ripe all the women, boys and girls—white and black—through the surrounding country, who are in need of work, are employed to gather the harvest, and they go over the ground, with great cloths which are spread upon ground, and the fruit is carefully picked or beaten off, and conveyed by hundreds of bushels to the vats and presses. One Scuppernong vine, alone, at Tokay bears every year, it is estimated, 100 bushels, and there are many which produce from 25 to 40 bushels.

A Dog and Cat.

Here is a story, for the truth of which we vouch from personal knowledge, and which we commend to Mr. Darwin. It concerns a terrier and a cat. The dog's part was chiefly passive, but he must have possessed remarkable qualities to awaken the affection which the cat had for him; so we record with honor the name of Pip. We do not know the cat's name, which is a pity, for she deserves whatever immortality a newspaper can bestow. Thus, then, it fell out—Pip fell sick, and for several days lay languidly in one place, eating nothing. Again and again the cat brought to him bits of food given to her, and tried to coax him to eat, but in vain. At last, one day, a woman, sitting in the room where they were, saw the cat, who had been watching Pip with evident anxiety, dart suddenly out of the window, and rush across the street. In a moment she came back carrying something in her mouth, which she brought to Pip, and laid it down. Pip got up, sniffed at it, then turned away and lay down again. The cat dragged it close to him, and thrust it under his nose. Thus persuaded, he tasted it, and ate half of it. Puss then carried the remainder to the grassplot, and herself fell to work on it with good appetite. It proved, on examination, to be a hot mutton chop! The person who had watched the affair went to the house across the way, and asked in the kitchen if they had had mutton chops that day? "Yes," was the answer; "and as the dish stood before the fire, in rushed your cat, and before we could stop her she carried off one of the chops!" We are happy to add that Pip got well.—Christian Union.

Dispose not thyself for much rest, but for great patience.

South Carolina's Despoilers.

The story of the men who robbed South Carolina, and despoiled and oppressed her people is a confirmation of the faith that God is a God who remembers and punishes. Scott has just escaped a felon's cell, and bears the brand of a murderer in Ohio. Moses lingers in the Toombs in New York, a prematurely old, disgraced and ruined man. Daniel H. Chamberlain has felt the finger of the Almighty, and is abroad fleeing from the freezing, withering blight of paralysis. Hubbard, who used to boast of having aided in the murder of Mrs. Surratt, creeps about with paralysis and imbecility combining to curse body and mind with a curse more bitter than the deepest anathemas of his enemies could have devised. John Patterson suffers under domestic afflictions that it is needless to recite. Worthington is abandoned by his old companions, despised by his new ones, and lacks a friend or hope Bowen fills an unhonored grave. Whittemore has relapsed into the obscurity from which he originally rose like some foul spirit to scatter misery, blood and fire through the middle country. Elliott is a poor political hanger-on depending on the chance bribes of some petty office in payment for the use of the remnants of his influence among his people. One by one they have withered under the blight of old crimes, and only a few remain of all the crew who held gay and reckless carnival in our State and plunged their arms to the shoulders in the Treasury. Taft, Corbin and E. W. M. Mackey, we believe, are the only members of the loathsome crew who can show to-day a dollar of the remnants of their plunder. The curse of the yeoman's unrequited sweat, the widow's tears, the sorrowful sighing of the prisoners in unjust captivity, and the blood of white and black has rested heavily on it and them. The money has gone, where nobody knows, and the inexorable wheels of time and fate slowly overtake and grind them down to testify with racked bodies and tortured hearts that the Almighty does not forget and cannot be escaped. There is ample reasons for belief that the desperate hands of maddened men were withheld from striking the life from their persecutors that the Lord might deal with the flaunting violators of all His laws. Probably no body of men has ever had so many deaths and disasters in proportion to number in six years as the Radical rulers of South Carolina.—*Greenville News.*

How the Indians Farm.

A gentleman just up from Standing Rock agency said the Indians were engaged in planting. In answer to an inquiry as to how the reds were progressing in the peaceful ways of grangering, he smiled and said their manner was odd. Every year they seem to know less about how to farm. This is attributable to the fact that they are learning the ways of the whites too rapidly. They begin to understand that as soon as they can grow crops their rations will be cut off, and hence their growing ignorance of agriculture. If they are given a bushel of beans to plant, they will eat nine-tenths of the amount and plant one-tenth, and the one-tenth will be dumped in three or four holes in the ground. Last spring they were furnished with five bushels of onion seeds. They couldn't eat them, and consequently planted the entire five bushels on a piece of ground fifty by one hundred feet. They were too lazy to prepare a larger patch; besides it would have been contrary to their policy of maintaining the ration system. When the onions came up it was a curious sight to see the young stinkers crowd each other. The whole dry, naked surface of the ground was raised up on top of the sprouting plants. It is our informant's opinion that the present generation of Indians will not make successful grangers.

The Lime-Kiln Club.

'How wicked we am when we sot down and fink it ober,' said Brother Gardner as the voice of the triangle struck the hour of 7. 'While I keep tryin' to believe in Heaben, I keep wonderin' how any of us wil eber git dar. We mus' not envy, an' yit we do envy We mus' not b'ar false witness, an' yit we am for eber stretchin' de truf. We mus' not lie, an' yit it comes so handy dat we can't help it. We mus' not steal, an'—an' some of us don't. Dat is, we doan' get inter a posishun to handle de funds. We mus' not be jealous, an' yit when de women across de way, whose husband airns $6 per week, sails out wid fo' new bonnets a year, am it human nature' fur my ole woman to look arter her an' not wish she had hold of her back hair? We mus' not sw'ar, an' and yit what am I to do when I strike the eand of a sidewalk plank wid my fut, or whack my thumb wid de hammer? Am it to be supposed dat I will calmly sot down an' sing a gospel hymn?

'When we trade hosses wid a man, we cheat him. When a man wants to borry half a dollah of us, we lie to him. We play keerds, dance, go to de theater an' circus' an' we doan' turn our backs on a dog-fight. I tell you we am all poo', weak human bein's, an' eben while we flatter ourselves dat we am slidin' 'long to'rds Heaben at de rate of a mile a minute, we am all ready to pass a lead nickel on a street kyar company, or pocket de $5 bill foun' in de Postoffice. When I sot down at night an' pull pull off my butes an' put my feet in de oven an' git to thinkin' of how hard I try to be good, an' how pow'ful easy it is to be bad, I become so absorbed in my thoughts dat de ole woman has to hit me on de ear wid a 'tater to bring me back to airth an' start me out arter an armful of wood. Gem'len, let us continer to try to be angels, but let us count on wrestlin' wid Satan about fo'ty times a day, an' on bein' frown flat on our backs ebery blessed time. We will now irritate de usual order of bizness.'

If you see a brother fall
Lend a hand.
There will sometime come to all
Error's fall or sorrow's moan.
Live not for yourself alone,
Lend a hand,

Sydney Smith Outdone.

A PATHETIC PLEA FOR FREE TRADE.

[*Congressman S. S. Cox's Speech.*]

The little girl cannot play with her doll, nor the boy whiz his top, nor the mother wash her offspring with soap, except at an expense of from one-third to one-half of their cost for the domestic privilge [Laughter.] If the mother gives her child castor oil, she pours down 148 per cent. advalorem [laughter;] if the child does not enjoy the dose there is a 25 per cent. bowl as the recipient of the contents of its tender stomach. And though she 'wash it with niter and take to it much soap, yet the iniquity is marked before me,' saith the Lord, for the soap is taxed 40 per centum! God help the child!

Mr. Towsend, of Illinois: How about candy?

Mr. Cox, of New York; I am coming to that in a moment, my honey. [Great laughter.]

If she wraps the little dear in a plain bleached cotton night-shirt, it has a nightmare of 5½ cents per square yard specific, [laughter,] when the child awakes in the morning fretful she combs its little head at 35 cents ad valorem, [laughter;] if she would amuse it, she rolls it, over a Brussels carpet at 90 cents per square yard, or gives it confectionery made of refined sugar at 4 cents a pound tax and 25 per cent. ad valorem; if it tears its little panties, the gentleman from Pennsylvania (Mr. Kelly) sews them up with spool thread taxed at three-quarters of its value. [Laughter.] Why, if she used a shingle to bring the little 'toddling wee thing' to its senses, as the honorable gentleman can recall, the cost would be enhanced at the rate of 17 per cent. taxation. [Laughter.]

If the youngster has a patriotic inclination on our fourth of July his firecrackers are taxed as a patriotic luxury at $1 extra a box, and the bunting which furnishes the flag, though but 23 cents a pound, cost 121 per cent. extra, while the band plays on instruments taxed at 30 cents. She takes him to the menagerie to study natural history. There is the zebra, symbolic of a mixture ad valorem and specific [laughter,] and the stately giraffe, high protection [laughter,] the royal tiger and unicorn of Holy Writ at 20 per cent.' and the procession of elephants, every one 20 per cent. True, Jumbo, for purposes not to be mentioned, is excluded by the affidavit of a consistent protectionist. But the log chain that holds his huge legs binds the monster in protective chains. [Laughter.]

The Persecution of the Jews.

The regular corespondent of the New York *World* writing from Vienna, May 6, says: The reports of the horrible outrages perpetrated on the unfortunate Jews of Balta and Hozolo which reach us are almost incredible Moved by these reports the wealthy Jews of Vienna are coming to the aid of their brethren generously. An Austrian physician, who visited a Jewish hospital in Odessa where about 150 of the victims of Balta were received, tells us that their wailings and cries of pain were unendurable. The one-year-old baby of one young woman who had suffered extreme violence herself, had both his eyes put out by a heated iron. The incensed husband drew a revolver to protect his wife and child, but he was bound and carried off, his young wife being kept in ignorance of his fate. An old woman was scourged for hiding her grandchildren, and when the children were found they were cut to pieces before her eyes. A child of six had her ears cut off for running away with her baby sister and died soon afterwards. In one room of the hospital was an old man whose arms had been thrice broken while he was being tied to a pole opposite his house and made a witness to the burning in its flames of his wife and children. Another man had both feet sawn off and thrown to the dogs in his presence.

It appears that in all there are 3,000 children who by these atrocities have been deprived of their parents. Although subscriptions are being raised in all quarters there are not means sufficient to provide all these poor creatures with the very first necessaries of life. Many of them are to emigrate to America, and a proposal has been made for sending them to the fertile districts of Palestine. But is is said the Turkish Government does not favor the plan. In many parts of Russia the ruffians, when they have finished massacreing the Jews, begin on the German colonists. The police, in some cases, have made common cause with the rioters instead of trying to stop them.

A Young Colored Woman Murdered by Her Paramour.

Passengers by the steamer *Passport* yesterday report a most foul and brutal murder which was committed at Orton plantation, about 18 miles below the city.

Bella Jones and Dave Sykes, both colored, have been living together as man and wife for some time past, and for several days Sykes has been unrelenting in his demands for the woman, to marry him. For some reason the woman persistently refused and Sykes became jealous and angry and while she was in her house, with no one with her but a little child, caught her and cut her throat from ear to ear. The woman fell to the floor, and Sykes then placed the child on its mother's breast and left. When the murdered woman was found the child was asleep on her body. The murderer is supposed to have come to this city, and officers were on the lookout for him last night. There is a strong feeling against the man and, it is thought he will be lynched if caught.—*Wilmington Review.*

Here is the Kabyle's idea of a 'tale:' An old man had seven sons. His wife died, and he remained a widower. Once his sons were seated and talking. The youngest one of them said to his brothers: 'Come, O my brothers! let us sell some goats, and with the price of them marry our father again.' They dropped the subject of conversation and passed to another. The old man said to them: 'Let us return to the conversation about the goats.'—*Barkclay's Life in Algeria.*

News and Gossip.

Two mad dogs were killed just about Camden last week.—*Journal.*

A New York detective has just overhauled an English thief named Woods and got $69,000 of stolen securities.

The Queen of Italy has a nice sense of the picturesque, and in summer never wears a bonnet if she can help it. She takes her afternoon drives with her beautiful head covered only by the mantila or black lace veil.

Mr. J. A. Anderson, who lives near Athens, Ga., has a gourd that has been in use to hold pepper and spices over 200 years. The genealogy of the gourd is clearly traced.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher says that a disordered stomach will prevent a man from being good more than two hours in the day. The old gentleman grows easier on sin every hour he lives.

At the close of the late war two women of Penfield, Ga., began farming with an old blind horse. Now they own a good plantation, well stocked. Our women of to-day should learn a lesson from this, and at the close of the next war procure an old blind horse and begin farming.

Reports from all portions of Georgia and South Carolina show that an immense oat crop has been made. The planters will be in a better condition next winter than at any time since the war. If they will follow the same plan next year they will be independent.

The London Saturday *Review* is afraid that the population of the United States will become too dense after awhile and cautions the country against too much immigration. Our British cousins need not be anxious about us. We have territory and resources sufficient to support 500,000,000 of people.

The people living in the city of New York are complaining of what they call the 'church bell nuisance.' They don't want church bells rung on Sundays, and declare that since clocks can be had for a dollar, the necessity for church bell clangor no longer exists. It is quite likely that the music of church bells will in the near future be forever hushed in the city of New York.

It has been decided to dispose of the crown jewels of France, and expend the proceeds in works of 'public utility,' or establish a relief fund for sick and disabled workmen.' The proceeds have been estimated at ten to twelve million francs. The date of the sale has not yet been announced. This will prove a legacy from royalty to those of the people most needing it. But, without a republican executor of the estate of the deceased, it is doubtful if the populars heirs to the throne of authority would ever have received the souvenirs, or their equivalent.

Miss Mary Hanrehan met with a singular accident several days ago. While riding on a street car she was seized with a sudden fit of sneezing and burst one of her eyeballs, from which she has since been suffering the most intense pain. Her physician says that such an occurrence is very uncommon, especially when, as in the present case, there was apparently no ulceration of the eye or disease of the organ sufficient to cause it to burst. He says that probably the sneezing was so rapid that the eye lid remained open, and this would have greatly increased the effect of the sudden strain. Of course the young woman lost the sight of the injured eye. —*Indianapolis Times.*

It is rumored that at the recent picnic of the young ladies of a certain college not over two thousand miles from Macon, four of the ladies strayed off from the crowd, and, finding a secluded place on the bank of a pond, disrobed and enjoyed a bath. While disporting themselves one of the professors walked up and caught them in the act. He declared he would report them to the faculty, but on the train coming home the girls put on a brave front, and told the President of their venture, and he, good soul, forgave them freely. It is said that the girls boasted to the other girls of having stayed under the water two minutes, diving like a fish, etc.—*Macon Telegraph and Messenger.*

Our Consul at Shanghai entreats us to cultive the bamboo, which will grow in our Southern States. Some years ago, George D. Roberts, knowing its value, planted 500 bamboo roots on Andros Island, in the Sacramento. They grew luxuriantly during the year, and next Spring they formed a dense thicket over twelve feet high and thick as ones wrist, giving proof of the adaption of our climate to the growth of this valuable plant. Unfortunately the island was submerged by a flood and the plants were drowned. Our Consul enumerates over 500 uses which the bamboo serves in China. There are sixty varieties. One grows 40 feet high and 6½ inches in diameter. This, as it is round and polished, makes building timber, and the exact size is readily found. Next year new growth springs from the roots, which also are utilized; the leaves also. This plant will thrive everywhere South, and its multifarious uses commend it to universal cultivation.

A curious story of a nun who was ill-treated in a convent of Cracow is told, and has caused some sensation. It appears that Sister Salomea, who is descended from a wealthy Silesian family, refused to obey certain new rules introduced into the convent by a young confessor, and that she was punished accordingly. She was not allowed to have any new clothes or linen during seven years, and the straw of her bed was never changed during all that time. For a whole year she was locked up in her cell and was not allowed to speak to any of the sisters. Her cell was not even once cleaned during the twelve-months. Her brother found her in a very emaciated condition and wished to take her away with him, but the convent rules forbade this and he informed the authorities of the facts. The superior of the convent denies the charge of cruelty, although she admits having punished Sister Salomea severely for being disobedient. The Governor of Cracow has taken up the case and will have it inquired into.