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Weekly Republican.

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... and Friday's at 4 P. M.

..... Editor.

TERMS:

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...ntleman, aged eighty-... married in Mobile, ... his intention of finding ... where he could ... and grow up with ...

...tor Wilson be nomi-... President Grant, it will ... there is nothing like ... shall have the tanner ... President, and the ... for Vice.—*Chicago* ...

... Undegraff, in a speech, ...ered in the Ohio State ...self the following epi-... profound scholar can ... English in which ... sense, but I never ... who wasn't rich in ... catnip tea or mus-...

...Gazette states that ... American Legislators ... officers of State have ... Alabama claims on spec-... that this is the reason ... for inferential dam-... in the American ...

...expected heiress is a ..., of East Saginaw, ... has just come into a ...,000 by the death of ... Orleans. It is need-... she has for years ...self and her aged ...work. If she had ... course she would not ... uncle, or at all events ... supported herself ... would n't have ... good.

...ino, of Paris, Bar-... Vienna, Thomas Gibbs ... a German banking-... Petersburg, propose to ... and pay the in-... of France amounting ... of francs, and se-... by the revenue de-... tariff on to-... Rothschild has had ... source of revenue ...—has farmed it ... of thirty years. ... to be 204,000,-... $10,000,000.

...ons, editor of the ... speaks thus of the ... : "Now, if the ... seeking to outlive ...n, defeated in eve-... which it ever took a ... in every principle ...tinctive character—... of a party, by re-... to decent burial in ... has been yawning ... the war closed, still ... in the South from ... in the Union, and ... authority of the ... you think it would ...lier, and honester ...e our aid in the ...ing the old corpse ... into the grave, and ... and heels out of ... of judgment.

...—These items are ...iana *Patriot*, of ...

... a colored renter ... and burned the ... belonging to Mr. ... four miles west ... about $400."

...morning last, the ...A. S. and Fanny ...ally poisoned by ... of carbolic acid. ... had mixed the ... to dress a burn, ... called off, neg-... wife, who, in his ...abe, as she be-...stor oil, from a ...t purpose. The ...ate and alarm-... sent for, but he ...ing no antidote ...h was inevitable. ... in great agony. ...our medical con-... an article on ... this drug."

The Royal Ghost at Antwerp.

[From the St. Louis Republican.]

Never was the key-note of character more accurately struck than when the first Bonaparte spoke those words concerning the Bourbons, which have now passed into a proverb—"They neither learn nor forget anything." It was true then, when the blood of Louis XVI had hardly dried upon the knife of the guillotine and his successors were intriguing for the crown they had not brains enough to wear; it was true later, when Louis XVIII and Charles X ascended the throne and played the same fantastic tricks which but a little while before had turned it into a scaffold; it has been true since, when amid a vortex of revolutions some feeble representative of the ancient family has attempted to slip through the ranks of contending factions and plant the historic lilies in the halls of his ancestors; and it is true to-day when the Count de Chambord has set up his mimic court at Antwerp, and looking thence toward Paris, really believes himself on the point of regaining the empire once ruled by Louis le Grand.

Poor, weak, foolish old man! To him the France of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is still a reality; the France of the nineteenth century only a myth, a shadow without a substance. Gazing across the gulf of years, he sees the saloons and gardens of Versailles crowded with obsequious courtiers, bowing and cringing before a manikin arrayed in velvet and gold lace; he sees the cowardly parliament crooking the knee to this manikin when he struts into the assembly chamber, riding-whip in hand, crying out: "The State! I am the State!" He hears the feeble moaning of a nation of slaves groaning beneath the weight of tyranny and debt, and before his eyes glitters that ring of sovereignty which the divine right of kings once held upon the brows of fools and scoundrels. He does not seem to understand or realize, that between then and now an ocean rolls—an ocean of blood and tears, of awful suffering and terrible trial, of deadly hatred and fiercest wrath; an ocean where his frail boat could not live an instant. And so this feeble off-spring of a vanished era sits impatiently in that venerable city, so rich with memories of a glorious past, musters his little group of retainers about him, listens to their vows of allegiance, smiles at their threadbare flatteries, and promises honors and rewards "when the king shall come to his own again." What a melancholy farce to be played in the face of a world which newspapers, steam and lightning have revolutionized!—What a spectacle of human folly, of insane ambition, of unreasoning and unreasonable faith, of credulity which neither sharp experience nor hard facts can shake!

The telegram tells us that Antwerp is full of french detectives, and the mob gather around the Chambord headquarters, intimating in unmistakable language that the illustrious exile's room is better than his company. Detectives and mobs may calm their perturbed souls—Henri Dieudonne is as harmless as a sucking dove. He has nothing of the heroic in his composition; he does not belong to a race who know how to make circumstances, or to improve circumstances when made.—His heart is weak, his friends are few, his purse is short, and a childless man, he holds, at best, "a barren sceptre in his gripe, no heir of his succeeding." And he is a Bourbon of the strictest sect—learning nothing, forgetting nothing."

President Thiers can call home his spies, and the burghers of Antwerpt drive off their rabble, for this scion of dead royalty, this ghost of a defunct dynasty, will do no manner of mischief if given full scope. Let him alone with his pasteboard diadem, his moth-eaten robes, his wooden sword, his toys and trickeries of empty state. He injures no one, this Count de Chambord—he is simply a tottering monument of buried greatness, which we may contemplate with smile or sigh; to be pitied, perhaps, but certainly not to be feared.

Eli Perkins says that Albany was named after the Albany *Evening Journal*. "Mr. Weed," he says, "started the *Journal* there a great many years before a house was built, and people came and settled near by, so as to be where they could read the newspaper.

Money in Farming.

It is true, as one of our exchanges remarks; that "much labor is done on farms that is not farming in its true sense." By such labor it is impossible to make money. A man "may" support himself and family, keep out of debt, and have a few dollars in his pocket by practicing the most stringent economy. If he is otherwise than industrious and sober, he is on the down grade with loose brakes, and the end is reached. But farming, in its true sense, is a profession equal in dignity to that of law or medicine, and needs equal study, mental capacity and intelligently directed labor to command success in it. The principle which underlies the practice of the true farmer must be well understood, and a steady, consistant course of operations must be followed. Having thoroughly learned the nature and capacity of the soil he possesses, and chosen the rotation most suitable, and the stock to be most profitably kept on it, he does not swerve from his chosen course, but in good markets and bad, raises his regular crops, and keeps his land in regular increasing fertility. No special cry tempts or affrights him. He does not talk dairy this season or crops the next; but, doubtless, if any particular product be in demand and brings a good price, he has some of it to sell and reaps his share of the advantage. He saves as much money as some men make by care and economy in purchasing and preserving tools, seeds, manures and machines; and his business habits and constant readiness for all occasions, give him reasonable security against the effects of adverse seasons and bad weather. Always prepared, he is never too soon; and thus, "taking time by the forelock," he has the stern old tyrant at his command, and turns him at his will. He has no losses, and his gains are steady.—*Our Home Journal.*

Reverdy Johnson, in his speech on the Alabama claims treaty in Baltimore, used this language in speaking of the negotiations while he was minister.

Now, gentlemen, neither I nor Mr. Adams had ever heard about indirect damages, at this stage of the negotiations; nothing further than individual losses of the citizens of the United States. There was not a word alluded to consequential or indirect damages in the instructions to either of us. Now let me come to the treaty of Washington. Public opinion in England was growing more friendly every day, and more favorable to a peaceful solution of the difficulties, till Mr. Sumner's famous speech on the subject, which set the whole of England in a frenzy. Mr. Sumner said he was astonished at the effect of his speech, saying that he intended it for a pacific one. I told him the next time he intended to deliver a pacific speech to get somebody else to write it.

We join the Baton Rouge *Gazette & Comet*, in the following wail:

"What are the "mail Kouns" doing? The irregularity of the arrival and departure of mails at this point still continues to be the subject of general complaint among our citizens. We hope some effort will be made by the proper authorities to rectify this evil in the mail service, and would respectfully call their attention to it. Let the press at the towns along the route from New Orleans to Vicksburg speak out and keep hammering at the subject until the contractors do better or the authorities cancel the contract with that line and give it to others who will see that the mails are delivered "on time."

There is a report going about that the Grand Duke Alexis has married, in America, Mlle. Jonkofsky, maid of honor, to whom he has been attached for a long time, and who was banished to Switzerland on his account. The on dit is that the young lady managed to join him in America, and that the other day the Grand Duke announced to the minister and the admiral that he was married, to the utter dispair of both gentlemen, who will probably have to do penance in Siberia for not looking more sharply after their charge. There may not be any truth in this rumor, but it receives credence here in high circles.

There is a woman ninety-three years old, living in Bloomfield, Connectient, who does her own work, and last year knit over one hundred pairs of stockings, besides refusing an offer of marriage.

The Decline of American Commerce and its Causes.

Not more than ten years ago the commerce of the United States was one of the wonders of the world and the envy of the nations. Our ships dotted every ocean and whitened every sea. There was not a great foreign port in the world that was not crowded with our merchantmen. Not only was our own carrying trade in our own hands and in our own bottoms, but we also monopolized a vast proportion of the carryin gtrade of Europe, and in point of tonnage our mercantile marine was second only to that of England, our tonnage footing up 5,000,000 tons, while that of England was 6,000,000. Not merely was our commerce geat and flourishing, but for speed, symmetry elegance and carrying capacity our ships and steamers were unrivalled the world over. Our clippers outsailed the ships of all nations and even, with a good wind, would outstrip some of the best steamers out of English ports. Indeed, it became proverbial among seafaring men that American clippers could beat anything ever built. In every foreign port the largest and finest vessels carried the starry flag proudly flying at the peak. In the matter of steamers we were equally ahead of our competitors; for size and speed, carrying capacity and splendid finishing our steamers were unrivalled. Such steamers as the "Baltic" "North Star," "Vanderbilt" and others had no peers afloat on the ocean. But our commercial supremacy did not end here. There were constructed in this country great numbers of sailing vessels and steamers for the naval service of different European governments, and some of the largest, best and most powerful frigates in the navies of Russia, Italy, Austria, Spain and Turkey were built in this country. Among them the "Great Admiral," the "Re d'Italia," and "Re don Portogalio Secundo" are among the lagest and most powerful wooden vessels in the world. Even England, although building her own war vessels, adopted the lines of our American vessels and introduced the American improvements into both her naval and mercantile marine, all which was greatly to the honor of the Republic. With such a record before us the question presents itself, "What has caused this unparrelled decline in our commerce?" We reply first, the almost universal use of steam instead of sails as a means of ocean locomotion, and second, the substitution of iron for wood in architecture, which last has alone completely revolutionized the business of ship building. The simple fact that wooden vessels cannot compete with iron vessels accounts for much of the decline of our commerce. To-day, English iron built steamers and ships have monopolized the carrying trade of the world and the only way in which we can recover our commerce is to build iron vessels. No amount of law making will upset the great natural law that an iron ship is stronger than a wooden one, and will run at a less expense. Until we can build iron vessels as cheaply as England, it is useless for us to compete for the trade of the high seas. England, in her cheap iron and coal, has an overwhelming advantage over all other countries, an advantage secured mainly through her pauper labor. It must also be admitted that her old and long established iron industries, also, are a source of and immense cheapening in the first cost of manufactured iron, engines, machinery and boilers. When we have built up our iron manufactures, there will be a considerable reduction in the first cost of those articles, and we can then be in a condition to compete with England. Another element of English supremacy on the high sea is in her iron screw propellers, against which no wooden vessel, no matter how strong or cheap, can complete for a single month.

These propellers are built at a comparatively small expense; as they carry no masts or rigging, they carry an enormous cargo in proportion to size, cost but little to run, and last for a generation. They are fast, go and come in all weathers, and perform as much carrying in a year as half a dozen clippers of the same size. Thus a smaller number of vessels are now required for a given amount of work than formerly. By these means the English marine enjoys a monopoly on the high seas amounting to prohibition on wooden vessels, of whatever nationality. The recent introduction of steel into marine architecture has created almost as great a change as did that of iron. The immense strength of steel admits of a corresponding reduction in weight so that a steel steamer will carry twice as much dimension. Thus a very few iron and steel vessels do as much transportation as a large fleet of wooden ones did a few years ago; there is, therefore, a smaller demand for vessels according to the well established laws of supply and demand. Another very important fact is that we manufacture here at home a vastly increased proportion of what we consume than formerly, consequently we import less, and there is a smaller demand for vessels than formerly, as a matter of course.

Steam and iron have entirely changed the nature of commercial matters, and with the severe check given us by the late civil war our ocean trade has experienced the decline which we are now suffering. The sooner the American people acknowledge the new order of things the better it will be for us. The time will soon come in the natural "course of human events," when we will build steel steamers that will take "the bunting" out of anything afloat on salt water, and America will be, as she is bound to be, once more the Mistress of the Sea.

Farmer's Club.

We copy the following timely article from the *Union Record*, and hope to see the advice, contained in the same, followed by our planters and farmers:

In the *Claiborne Advocate*, we notice a proposition from one of its subscribers to form a farmer's club at Homer. We have suggested a similar club here, and elsewhere in this parish, years ago. There should be such a club in every farming community; both to interchange views and discuss different crops, and the mode of culture, as well as to consider plans for united action in many matters relative to their interest. While farmers are the main pillars of society and the support of the world, it is a fact that their calling is behind every other in progress and improvement. Every other trade and profession has its organizations, its rules concerning work and prices, its co-operative unions, but as a general thing, the farmers move along, every man for himself, with more or less prejudice against experiments and new things, and thereby frequently suffer from combinations of other callings against them. This does not arise from a lack of intelligence, for farmers, as a class, are, generally, intelligent men; but it arises from a lack of enterprise and a proper appreciation of the importance of united action. Farmers, too, are more wedded to custom and precedent than other men. Show a mechanic a new tool for saving labor, and he will at once try it, and if it is a success, he at once adopts it. But show a farmer a new plow, and he shakes his head and says: "My old plows are pretty good."

No man is so wise, but that he may learn something from any other man. Now, a Saturday evening, spent once or twice a month, which is frequently spent far less profitably, could be turned to good account by the farmers of every community, in discussing and giving their several views and experiments in raising their different crops, stock, etc. Such a club as this would need a suitable constitution and by-laws, president, secretary treasurer. In this country, lack of experience in these things, might prevent the putting of these things exactly in "ship-shape" at first, but experience would soon suggest the necessary amendments and alterations. The appointment at one meeting of some member to give at the next his views, either in writing or otherwise of any given subject, connected with farming, could be made, and such othere things done as might be neccessary. Almost every body would be pleased to hear several practical farmers give their opinion and experience on the best mode of culture and fertilizer for potatoes, grape vines, onions, corn, etc, etc., etc.; and these farmers would be severally interested and profitted by hearing each others views. These meetings, besides being intering and profitable, would assist in cultivating social and neighborly relations and feelings in a community.

Many would plead a want of time for these things, but a meeting of three hours, twice a month, would only be six hours each month, and there are very few men who do not spend more time than this in talking of unimportant things, or in some other manner less profitable. We, therefore, again call the attention of our farming friends to the subject, and earnestly reccommend it to them, as one full of interest and intellectual if not pecuniary profit.

Forney on Schurz.

The following editorial by Mr. Forney, written immediately after his late return to Philadelphia, is regarded there as the most significant of any since his resignation:

Glittering audiences always attend the Senatorial drama, and General Carl Schurz attracted an unusual crowd in his display of Tuesday. Besides, we must remember that Washington city is filled with a large body of rebel citizens. The truth is that the former Southern society has returned to its old haunts, and anything that operates against the Republican party and its success is sure to attract them. We are far from believing that General Schurz is in sympathy with the Democratic party. He is too old and too brave a soldier against slavery. That his animosities have carried him astray, we have no doubt; that he is disposed to look at the alleged sale of arms to the French government with unusual jealously is natural. But that, with all his free trade and amnesty proclivities, he has ever intended to join the political enemy, we do not believe. The present agitation in Republican circles is simply the clearing of the atmosphere; no indication of weakness, but a good sign of strength, of reorganization, that can permit the fullest investigation into alleged errors, even into the errors of those who are accepted as its leaders. Suppose the Democratic party in the day of its supremest power had invited as full an investigation into the acts of its leaders, how long would it have lasted? It should be remarked in reference to the exciting proceedings at Washington, that all the committee of investigation have been originated by Republicans, and that no Republican has yet been found willing to declare himself against the Republican nominee for President in 1872. In every case there is deference to the ultimate tribunal. They question, they even quarrel, but no one Republican with all his suspicion and hostility to General Grant or to his Cabinet ministers, or his private secretaries, has yet been found bold and brave enough to declare his readiness to oppose the next Republican nominee for President.

Negro Slavery in Cuba in 1872

[From the Baltimore American.]

Reaching the plantation after such feasts of beauty, the visitor sees many things soon enough which call his mind back from the enchanted region. Man's inhumanity to man is practically illustrated before his eyes, and, if American, he sees at once the great difference of slavery as it existed before the war in the South and here. You miss at once the nicely whitewashed little houses, with their verandas in front, standing in rows close to the master's dwelling; you miss the gay laughter and innocent merriment of those little black urchins tumbling about in the dust, looking at you with laughing eyes, very often intermingling in close intimacy with the master's children; and when you inquire here where the negro quarters are, they point out to you an uncovered space fenced in similar to the baracoons I have seen negroes confined in on the coast of Africa previous to their shipment to the West Indies or Brazil—Where—the hours of labor of slaves are past they are driven into these inclosures like so many cattle, the gates are closed on them and they are not allowed to pass out without special permission—watched during the night by armed white men and their savage bloodhounds. As for the children being allowed to play in idleness, your Spanish planter knows better. They are all put to work. If too young and weak to carry sugar cane, they must carry *bagazo*—ground cane, which is used for fuel here—to the sugar house; and if too young even to do this, they are employed turning the *bagazo* over while it is spread out to dry in the sun.

If ever I felt like committing a murder, it was when, stopping one of the little curly-headed blacks to speak to him and to give him a dime, the overseer came along and

[CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.]