

# VICKSBURG WEEKLY HERALD.

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## THE WEEKLY HERALD.

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SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1870.

In several towns in Vermont, the Republicans and the Democrats are uniting in their calls for caucuses to nominate delegates to the State Constitutional Convention, that the best men may be selected regardless of political opinions.

A species of brigandage has been commenced by the Indians of Texas. They abduct wives and daughters of white men in that section and hold them for ransom. This fact has been reported to the Government, but as yet no steps have been taken to punish the copper-colored ruffians. Reason why, because Texas is a Southern State.

Why is the New York Tribune hostile to the Fenians and Irish freedom? Three years ago it had for its watchword, "America is with Ireland," and this when the Irish were in revolution. Meantime the Tribune has lost none of its enthusiasm for the negro.

The Philadelphia Age says:—"In city and country the Democratic party is a unit in opposition to the fraudulent and infamous Fifteenth Amendment. There is not a break in the line. No Democrat is absent from his post. All are ready for the contest to again make this a white man's country, a white man's government, and an inheritance fit for the children of white men."

GRANT has been very gruff with "interviews" since his late visit to his accomplished brother-in-law Mr. Corbin, and other shining Northern lights. The New York World hints that things did not work altogether smoothly in respect to certain arrangements for contracts predicted upon a prospective Indian war. The Doylestown Democrat thinks his Excellency should, nevertheless, be contented, for although "he is the laziest man that ever occupied the Presidential chair, he has already contrived to make more clear money out of the position than any ten Presidents we have ever had."

A TEXAS correspondent makes this statement, which is capable of more than one construction:—"Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, and Butler are renewing their youth all over the South in the shape of juvenile fifteenth amendments, from one to five years of age, the assistant voters of the future."

Says the Richmond Dispatch: "If the members of the Virginia House of Delegates expect in this day of calamity in Richmond and poverty in Virginia that they are to have a hall fitted up for them with desks and all the confluents of modern legislative halls, they look for more than their forefathers had, and they were quite as good as their descendants."

MR. SUMNER proposes another law for the special good of the negro, which he earnestly declares is, so far as he knows, to be the last. This law is to give the negro the same rights on steamboats, railroads, and such places, as white men have. It is, in fact, a recognition of the failure and insufficiency of the Civil Rights bill. That bill gave the negro the same rights as the white man everywhere, and, therefore, of course, founded these cases; but it is found ineffective, and hence the present effort to give again, by special law, what was fully given before. In this necessity for iterative legislation, we see the futility of attempts to establish by legal means facts that the people are not willing to accept. Negroes may travel in the first cabin in Massachusetts because the people are pleased to indulge themselves with that little vanity of superior philanthropy; but they will not elsewhere, despite a great many laws of Congress; for courts are in sympathy with the people, and there are few judges not sufficiently acute to find in the wildness of the law, plenty of valid points against an unpalatable statute.

## DEDICATION OF THE JEWISH TEMPLE.

Yesterday was the occasion of a most important and interesting event to the Jewish portion of our citizens. It was the dedication of their church and brought out their full strength to participate in the ceremonies. About the hour designated in the programme, the procession formed at Baum's Hall, on Washington street, in the following order: Police, musicians, youths of the congregation, (both sexes) congregation and invited guests. It was a pleasing sight to witness the little girls, who were beautifully attired in white swiss dresses, with scarfs of pink tulle thrown across the shoulder and waist. Closing their rear were four or five carrying a circled wreath, in the centre of which was a young girl with a velvet cushion and a key. The procession moved down Washington street to Grove, up Grove to Cherry, and to the Temple where open order was formed and the rear marched through into the Temple.

The chairman of the building Committee proceeded to the pulpit, accompanied by the priests and those bearing the scrolls of the law. The little girls were placed just in front of the pulpit, while music from the organ was kept up till all were seated, when benediction was pronounced by Mr. Nick Scharf, Chairman of the Building Committee. The choir then sang "Baruch Haba"—Blessed be those who come in the name of the Lord.

Lina Reiss, a pretty and interesting young Miss, presented the key with the following remarks:

MR. PRESIDENT: I acknowledge that this, my first effort to speak before such a large and brilliant assembly, embarrasses me. Yet, having been chosen for the honor to present you the key to this beautiful house of worship, I feel as though a touch of it, electric like, runs through my veins, imparting strength and courage for the task.

I feel as though it were a key entering my heart to open the portal of its holy sanctuary, animating me with God-inspired joy to do homage to the king of Kings, and receive the blessing of Him on High, as one of the branches of Judah's great tree.

Forbearing, and offering the key with which the Gate of an inclosure will be opened when the seed of our religion will be sown, which will be transplanted from time immemorial by our ancestors, without degeneration, regardless of the many conflicting elements, which have been brought to bear against its genial influences.

The prosperity of our holy religion, depending much on the present rising generation, I here, on behalf of my juvenile companions in faith, and all those who will come here for the re-encore of their tender thought, express to Him the great architect of the universe, that a House—a House of God has arisen here. Within, our holy faith may be expounded, and where our fellow beings of all creeds may come to listen to the teachings of our minister, whose laudable object it will be to pour divine instruction over our minds and to imbue us with the generous principle, the divine and moral doctrines of our religion.

Elated, therefore, Mr. President, with our bright future, I hand you this key. It is placed in your keeping, with our fervent prayers that with it peace, harmony, and prosperity may attend your congregation, and may this temple proudly and worthily take its place among all the high and sublime houses of God that have been consecrated to the King of Glory, here in the New and yonder in the Old World.

MR. SAM FISCHER responded in the following happy strain:

MY DEAR CHILD: My lips almost fail to give utterance to the emotions that stir me, on being the recipient through your pure hands, of so great a trust, so high an honor, as the custody of this key. It is not often in a life-time, that one is called upon to give expression to the sentiments which animate me, on so great, so soul-stirring an occasion as the present. The consecration of a building, erected to the worship of our Universal Father, is the noblest deed, the grandest triumph a Nation or community can achieve, and it is with no little pride and gratitude that I accept the great trust you have just confided to my care.

When I look around me, and upon this imposing assemblage, I can not too fervently thank God for permitting the completion of this great work.

I thank you, my dear child, and through you the Members of the Congregation, for their flattering mark of esteem. To your playmates and little friends, you may carry my assurance, that no effort shall be spared by their "Elder," to impart to them a full knowledge of the Divine teachings and trust of our beloved Religion.

The choir then sang "Mah Tofa"—"How good are thy tents, O, Jacob." The following was read, from Psalm xxvii:

"Raise your heads, O ye Gates! and be raised high ye everlasting

doors, and let the King of Glory enter.

"Who is the King of Glory? God, strong and powerful: God mighty in battle."

"Raise your heads, O ye Gates! and be raised high, ye everlasting doors, and let the King of Glory enter."

"Who is the King of Glory? God Zebaoth! He is the King of Glory? Selah!"

A circuit was formed around the pulpit by the officiating ministers and the bearers of the scrolls, the choir singing in the meantime. The following from psalm c. was read: "Shout glory unto God, all the earth! Worship with joy; appear in his presence with rejoicing; yet that God is the Lord; it is He who hath made us, and His are His people, and the sheep of His pasture. Enter ye his gates with thanksgiving, and his courts with adoration; thank Him and praise His name. For God is good; His grace is everlasting, and His truth endureth to all generations."

The choir repeated, during which time a second circuit was performed around the pulpit.

The following from the first chapter of Moses was read:

"In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. And the earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep, and the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters, and God said, let there be light and there was light."

Psalm cx—"Hallelujah"—was then sung by the choir, and the perpetual lamp lighted, when the third circuit was performed.

"Janchet Alli Laude" was then sung. The little girls placed the wreaths around the scrolls, and the Bible and Prayer book on the pulpit stand, when the scrolls were deposited within the Tabernacle. Everything done was followed by music from the choir, who sang in the sweetest strains. The congregation sat with uncovered heads, while the gas burners were all lighted. The scrolls contain the five books of Moses, which are all read, we understand, in the course of three years. The "perpetual lamp" is to burn constantly and without intermission. It is suspended in front and above the tabernacle, and presents a reddish appearance. Upon the conclusion of the ceremonies, evening services were held, which were closed with benediction. The officiating priests were, the Rev. Dr. M. Lillenthal, of Cincinnati, and Dr. B. H. Gotthelf, stationed Minister. An able and eloquent sermon was delivered by Dr. Lillenthal, which will be found below.

Among the invited guests we observed Governor Alcorn and several other distinguished gentlemen, who seemed to enter into the ceremonies with much interest.

The interior of the church presents a beautiful appearance and is not surpassed, if equaled, by any church in the city in point of workmanship. The structure cost about twenty-five thousand dollars and is arranged something similarly to the Presbyterian church, on Walnut street. The front part of the building is not very prepossessing; in consequence of its clumsiness; but we have been informed that a more chaste and elegant appearance will be given it in the course of time.

We understand that refreshments were partaken of on board of the steamer Pargoud last evening.

A grand ball terminated the affair, which came off at the Prettiss House. There were a great many in attendance, and all appeared as happy as they could be. Doubtless, yesterday will be a day ever kept fresh in the memory of the Israelites of our city. They now have a place of worship of handsome structure, and one of the most learned ministers in the South, which they should feel proud of, as they doubtless do.

## SERMON DELIVERED AT THE DEDICATION OF THE JEWISH SYNAGOGUE IN THIS CITY BY THE REV. DR. LILLENTHAL.

Psalm CXXII. 1—"I was glad, when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord."

The work is done, and your task, my brethren, nobly accomplished. The hour, you have longed for, for the consecration of this splendid structure to the service of God has arrived, and with one heart and one psalm of thanksgiving you join in the words of the Psalmist: "Enter into his gates with thanksgiving and into his courts with praise; be thankful unto him and bless his name; for the Lord is good; His mercy is everlasting, and His truth endureth unto all generations."

Yes, I can comprehend your joyous sentiments; I can fully appreciate the pride and satisfaction with which you look on this temple, the noble result of noble sacrifices and exertions. You, my brethren, though as yet but few in numbers, have spared neither money, nor trouble and labor, to complete this house, the first Jewish temple in the State of Mississippi,

of which henceforth it will be said: This is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of Heaven! You, dear and pious mothers of Israel, with cheering looks and words, have you encouraged the men, not to spare and not to falter, till they had complied with the old sacred command: "They shall make a sanctuary, that I may dwell among them." You, my dear children, and you, the young men and maidens of Israel, you feel proud in the pride of your good parents, and with eyes, sparkling with filial love and gratitude, you say with the Psalmist: "Open to me the gates of righteousness, I will go unto them and I will praise the Lord. This is the day, which the Lord has made, we will rejoice and be glad on it."

Accept all, each and every one of you, our best thanks for this solemn and happy hour, we are now celebrating. May Heavens' best and richest blessing reward you, the efficient officers, committees and members of this congregation; may unto you the sacred promise be verified, "He that soweth in tears shall reap in joy; he shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." Heavens' best and richest blessings on you, dear and good mothers in Israel! may the blessing given by the High Priest Eli to Hannah, be fulfilled also unto you—that the God of Israel may grant unto you all that you ask of him. Heavens' best blessing on you my young friends, and my dear beloved children; may He grant our prayer for your welfare, as it is said: "The Lord will bless them that fear the Lord, both small and great; ye are blessed of the Lord, who hath made heaven and earth."

But our thanks and God's blessing also to the skillful architect and all the workmen who have assisted in the construction of this noble temple: God's blessing on all those who have worked for its embellishment and adornment; and Heavens' blessing above all on the noble Governor of this State and our American brethren of other denominations, who have assembled with us to celebrate this consecration and are greeting this day and this temple as a new proof of that religious liberty, which is the brightest gem in the glorious and heaven-born diadem of our country.

But let us come back to our text. "I am glad when they say unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord." These inspired words were sung by the pious pilgrims, when every year, on the three Jewish holidays, they left their homes and happy families to worship in Jerusalem, the holy city. From every town and every hamlet there came the members of the twelve tribes. However various their avocations and engagements; however different their clannish aspirations and predilections, all were forgotten in the noble sentiment of their common nationality. All differences were surrendered; all animosities buried; all their ideas centered in the idea. In the love, power and wisdom of God we must renew our life, sanctify and hallow our actions, elevate and ennoble our wishes and desires. In the temple of God we shall ever be impressed with the truth that there is something higher and grander than mere wealth, power and lust and ambition. And when they had worshipped there, when they had listened with devotion and emotion to the mighty choirs of the leaders; when they had been edified and instructed by the admonitions and teachings of the prophets; when their better nature had been aroused and awakened; then, as their amen to prayers, psalms, and sermons they shouted in glorious emulation, "Indeed we are happy when they say unto us, let us go into the house of our God."

This, henceforth, will be your happy lot, my brethren. Hither, you men of Israel, you shall come to humble yourselves and bow down before the throne of Heavens' majesty, as we are praying every morning and every evening. Away with the egotistical pride, that boasting of its success, will say: "My power and the strength of my hand has won for me, all this fortune." Away with that stony heart, that beats only for selfish purposes, and knows of neither love to God or to man; away with those staring eyes that know but to glare their way through the moles of the earth, without a look up to Heaven or to the welfare and happiness of others. No, here you shall be reminded of your nobler and holier nature, of your higher and lasting destiny, so that, really happy and really contented with your lot, you may exclaim, "He that has clean hands and a pure heart, who has not lifted up his soul unto vanity nor sworn deceitfully, shall receive the blessing from the Lord and righteousness from the God of salvation."

A well tried friend to the grave, to his last resting place, may they find here comfort and consolation; may the hope of immortality reflect itself in their tearful eyes. May they go away, confirmed in the faith so beautifully expressed in the words,

Life is real, life is earnest,  
And the grave is not its goal;  
Dust thou art, to dust shalt thou return,  
Was not spoken of the soul.

Thus, in life and in death, in happiness and adversity, we know where to look in order to find shelter, hope, and comfort. No matter how the storm of life may rage, we know where to cast our anchor; no matter how lonely and forsaken we may feel, we know where to find our father who always will be with us. No matter how cunningly deceit and falsehood, and selfishness may try to entrap us, we know where our friend is, and will never

deceive us; no matter how much wealth and gain, and pleasure and lust may attempt to ruin us, we know where to find the fountain-head of real and lasting joy and pleasure, and exclaim: The joy in God shall be our strength and might. And thus looking to this sacred place, to this holy shrine, we say, better than the old Patriarch Jacob did: "Surely the Lord is in this place and we know it;" and therefore, "we are glad when they say unto us, let us go into the house of the Lord!"

But we have still another cause for rejoicing, when now-a-days we repeat the words of our sacred laws. For eighteen long centuries we have been sitting mourning and weeping, not only on the shores of every river on the old continent. Religious hatred and prejudice, fanaticism and bigotry ruled supreme. Instead of loving one another like the children of one father, men hated and persecuted and murdered one another, and all for the glory and in honor of God. Then there stood the synagogue, a forlorn outpost on the dark and gloomy ghetto, resounding with wailing and lamentations. The joy with which the worshippers entered the house of God, was not pure and unadulterated; it was alloyed with tears and fears, and only faith and hope were the ministering angels. The heavenly messengers that whispered confidence in the ears of the devout mourners; it was dark, terribly dark right on earth; only the stars of a hope of better times were twinkling in the rightly firmament.

And the better scenes were coming, for He sleeps and slumbers not, the guardian of Israel. On that same day, on which Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, instigated by Forquemada, drove 800,000 Israelites from that proud peninsula, Palestine to discover the virgin soil of American liberty. Once more the Creator spoke, let there be light, and there was light. Of course, the twilight lasted yet for centuries, for the progress of the human race is a slow one, and especially slow in religious matters. But day was dawning, and the sun like a bridegroom was coming out of his bridal chamber, rejoicing as a strong man, to run his race. Frederick the Great, of Prussia, was the first monarch who uttered the famous word, let every one be blessed, according to his ideas. And nobly he was followed by Joseph II, the liberal Emperor of Austria, who first granted an order of mutual religious toleration.

But the true prophets and apostles of modern civilization were those God-inspired men, who, on the 4th of July, 1776, proclaimed the divine principle of civil and religious liberty. They declared State and Church separated forever. They proclaimed the self-evident truth that every man is entitled to life, liberty and happiness; they broke the chains of every fettered race and class; and America, the giant child of America became the beacon light for the hopes and aspirations of all humanity. O, God bless America. Heavens' best reward to those immortal spirits of Washington and his competers who first asserted man's innate rights and titles; and Israel's lasting gratitude to them and their descendants for evermore.

Religious liberty, at last has won the victory and has become a truth, a well established matter of fact. And nowhere more than here in the sunny South. Since fifty years the most important positions and offices have been entrusted to Israelites by their American brethren and fellow-citizens. There has not been mere religious toleration nor mere passive acquiescence; but religious liberty and equality in the fullest sense of the word; and while we glory in this noble fact, how appropriate is it that we now exclaim, when entering our temples: "I am glad, when they say unto me, let us go into the house of our God;" for now we have cause to rejoice indeed; the hour of our salvation and redemption has come; in spite of all momentary drawbacks, the reconciliation of the human race in the love of God can and will not be retarded.

And this is the third reason why we proudly exclaim: "I am glad, when they say unto me, let us go into the house of God, our God, for Israel's religion will assist in accelerating this happy time so long desired and prayed for. While we shall repeat here day after day, the words of our sacred creed, "Hear, O Israel, Jehovah is our God, Jehovah is one," we do not worship a veteran God, he is but our Father, but our Redeemer and our special Providence. No, this idea of a national God has exploded long ago. We consecrate this temple to the common Fatherhood of God, and the common Brotherhood of man. While within these walls the descendants of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob will convene to worship the God of their fathers, we at the same time will pray, sincerely and devoutly, with King Solomon: "Hear them in heaven, thy dwelling place, and do according to all that the stranger calleth to thee for." "While here we shall inculcate to the great and the little ones the paramount doctrine, that "love thy fellow man as thyself" is the supreme and all-comprising command of the Bible, we shall teach them also, in the words of our teacher and prophet Moses, that this word does not apply merely to the relations between Israelites and Israelites, but as we emphatically exclaim, "But the stranger that dwelleth among you shall be unto you as one born among you, and thou shalt love him as thyself; I am the Lord your God" (Lev. 19:34). While here we

shall try to win by a life of justice, charity, and benevolence, admission into the blissful regions of future life; we shall never claim an exclusive privilege for ourselves, but with our old Rabbi, shall preach and teach: The good ones of all denominations, no matter what their creed or faith, shall participate in the blessings of future life. These are our doctrines. This is our religion, breathing universal, all-comprising love and charity, and, therefore, we shall repeat:—"I am glad, when they tell me, let us go into the house of our God." No fanaticism, no bigotry, no exclusiveness any longer. Broad as God's love shall be our love; broad and encompassing as God's mercy shall be our charity for heaven and earth; bright as God's light and might, shall be the truth and religion to be taught here; and every sermon shall enlarge on the Prophets' verse. Have we not all one father? Has not one God created us all, why should we become fatherless one to the other, and destroy the covenant of our fathers; and cheerfully therefore we close for Jews and Christians with the prayer of the Psalmist: "Peace be within my walls and prosperity within thy places;" for my brethren and fellow-citizens sake, I shall now say: Peace be within thee; because of the house of the Lord our God, I will seek thy good for evermore, Amen!

## The Cotton Crop.

We have seen a remark made by a paper in New York—"if it were not for the cotton crop, there would be no coin balances in New York banks or in the Federal Treasury! it would all be on the other side of the Atlantic"—which we believe. We add, if the growers of cotton would grow their necessities, such as corn, hay, hog and horse, the South could resume specie payments after two crops; and the "Federal Treasury," with the "New York banks," would soon be crushed under the weight of the green rags and the gold interest bonds.

We dare not let an opportunity slip to give "line upon line," "precept on precept," until there be a change. Say we can make two and a quarter millions of bales, and worth at least two hundred and fifty millions of dollars, it would not need two years to give us specie for all purposes. What is the truth in connection herewith? We ask, what has become of say 4,000,000 of bales, netting four hundred millions of dollars? How much gone for the gew-gaws of fashion; for corn and other articles that we can make cheaper than we can make cotton and buy?

We are, with our cotton, supporting the dirty trash called greenbacks and all the thievings incident to an excessive taxation to support these rag prices.

Suppose our cotton crop was kept at home—all it sells for—how long would it be necessary to support the system? We believe in twelve months the bottom would fall out, the top would fall in, and the walls fall down, a wreck of matter as foul as the Augean stable.

We affirm, we have the means within our borders to make a crop of cotton to sell for as much as did the crop of 1869, or will that of 1869, and yet make all of our corn, meat, hay, wool and butter.—[Southern farmer.

## A CORRESPONDENT OF THE Natchez Democrat. writes from Jackson as follows:

The Governor devotes himself to the duties of his office, which are particularly arduous and urgent just now. He must have wonderful stamina, industry and administrative talent, to get through the labor. The strain on mind and body must be exhausting. He has recently sent in a series of special messages of great interest exhibiting a wide range of information, and all the evidences of a masterly and practical mind. In one of these there is an intimation that you may have at Natchez the institution for the blind. His views on public education are liberal and discriminating, having ever in view the burden of taxation, and the necessity of gradual amelioration. He is fully up to the duty of movement in all things, but will not open the floodgates of an unbearable taxation on an impoverished people. I discern in his course many indications of a wise and discreet statesmanship, and there is a perceptible growth of confidence in him among those that did not vote for him. I have not seen the Governor, and what I say is based on a close reading of his State papers, and what I hear among the people. He is a firm, determined business man, and will do what he believes to be right.

YOUNG MEN—BANKERS MEN—It is as easy to be good business man as a poor one. Half the energy displayed in keeping ahead that is required to catch up when behind will save credit, give more time to attend to business, and add to the profit and reputation of those who work for gain. Be prompt; keep your word; honor your engagements. If you promise to meet a man or do a certain thing at a certain moment, be ready at the appointed time. If you have work to do, do it at once, cheerfully, and therefore, more speedily and correctly. If you go out on business, attend promptly to the matter of hand, then as promptly go about your own business. Do not stop to tell stories in business hours. If you have a place of business, be found there when you are wanted. No man can get rich by sitting around stores and saloons. Never "fool" on business matters. Have order, system, regularity, promptness, liberality.

Do not meddle with business you know nothing of. Never buy an article you do not need, simply because it is cheap, and the man who sells it will take it out in trade. Trade is money. Strive to avoid harsh words and personalities. Do not kick every stone in the path; more miles can be made in a day by going steadily on than stopping to kick. Pay as you go. A man of honor respects his word as he does his bond. Ask, but never beg. Help others when you can, but never give when you cannot afford to simply because it is fashionable. Learn to say no. No necessity of snuffing it out dog fashion, but say it firmly and respectfully. Have but few confidants, and the fewer the better. Use your own brains rather than those of others. Learn to think and act for yourself. Be vigilant. Keep ahead rather than behind the times. Young men cut this out, and if there be a folly in the argument, let us know.

THE SIMPLE SECRET.—Twenty clerks in a store, twenty hands in a printing office, twenty apprentices in a ship-yard, twenty young men in a village, all want to get along in the world, and all expect to do so. One of the clerks will rise to a partner, and make a fortune. One of the apprentices will come to be a master builder. One of the compositors will own a newspaper, and become an influential and prosperous citizen. One of the villagers will get a handsome farm, and live like a patriarch. But which is destined to be the lucky individual? There is no luck about it. The thing is almost as certain as the rule of three. The young fellow who will distance his competitors is he who masters his business, who serves with integrity, who lives clearly and purely, who never gets in debt, who gains friends by never deserting them—puts his money into a savings bank. There are some ways to fortune that look shorter than this old dusty highway; but the staunch men of the community, the men who achieve something worth having—good fortune, good name, and a serene old age—all go this road.

The first cotton exported from America in bales, seems to be a lot of seven bales shipped from Charleston in 1747. To pick a bale of cotton in that day, with the applications then known, was no light job, the lint having to be picked from the seed by hand. We can remember hearing an old gentleman of our acquaintance say, that about the year 1814 when he raised cotton in Mississippi, the labor required to prepare it for market was greater than to raise it. After regular work hours the hands sat around a pile of "seed cotton," and the one who picked a pound of "lint" before bed time, was regarded as the "brag hand" of the place.

WHAT a pity it is that Philadelphia is not in a Southern State, there would then be such a fine opening for reconstruction. Here is what the Press of a recent date says of the condition of affairs in the Quaker city:

IMMIGRATION—STILL THE CORNER.—Last week nine thousand Europeans were landed in this city from emigrant ships, in search of new homes. From Ireland and Germany came five thousand, in about equal proportions, while England and Sweden had the bulk of the remainder. So we draw from the best physical and intellectual sources of the old world—and we improve all we get.—[N. Y. Herald.

PRESIDENT GRANT. It is said, will visit St. Louis some time in July, on strictly private business.

PROSECUTION.—The administration has proposed that the office of Secretary of the Navy be abolished, and that the duties devolve upon the War Department.