

THE WEEKLY HERALD

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16, 1870.

THE CRACKING OF THE DEMOCRATIC WHIP.

The Radical Journal of this city... the crackling of its party with a violence and a correctness... the crackling of its party with a violence and a correctness...

the edit go forth. It is not with us let him be against us. Crack the lash and spare it not. If man prefer the british embraces...

But, as regards this matter of patronizing Radical journals and a failure to patronize Democratic journals we do not put the same construction upon the conduct of Democrats addicted to this practice...

There never was more truth embodied in a whole volume than is contained in the following sentence: "To be Queen of Hearts, a woman need only be sympathetic, tender sort-voiced, with faith, hope and charity tempered in her soul."

A TRIBUTE TO THE SOUTH.—The South has two noble characteristics which, left to their natural working in society, are enough in themselves to lift communities from any depth of disaster...

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.—On Monday morning last, Dr. Peery, while standing on the switch waiting for the train going west on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad...

FACTS OF THE WIRE NUMBER

Yesterday we published some extracts from the World relative to the barbarities and atrocities practiced in the Wirz trial. It attracted the attention of a gentleman who relates to us the following additional facts: After Wirz had been executed—as the world now knows, upon perjured testimony...

It is besides a matter of record that the man whom it was sworn Wirz shot and killed in Andersonville prison, was at that time more than one hundred and fifty miles distant, and had not been seen by Wirz, Holt and Stanton as the murderers.

The Most Beautiful Hand.

I recollect that once there was a dispute between two ladies, which had the most beautiful hand. One sat by a stream and dipped her hand into the water, and held it up; another plucked strawberries until the ends of her fingers were pink; and the third gathered violets until her hands were fragrant.

One hundred women are now preparing themselves for submission to the bar in the United States.

WHEN ARE WE TO HAVE AN ELECTION?

For what length of time were the present civil officers and the Legislature of Mississippi elected? If we understand the matter aright, they were elected by virtue of the Reconstruction Acts, and not by authority of, or under the provisions of the State Constitution.

Can any man tell when an election will occur? If this is the Legislature of the State of Mississippi for what time was it elected? Did the Reconstruction Acts under which it was elected declare that it was elected under the State Constitution...

THE MECHANISM OF MAN.

Wonders at home by familiarity cease to excite astonishment; but hence it happens that many know so little about the "house we live in"—the human body. We look upon a house from the outside just as a whole or unit, never thinking of the many rooms, the curious passages, and the ingenious internal arrangements of the house...

In the human skeleton, about the time of maturity, are 165 bones. The muscles are about 500 in number. The alimentary canal is about 32 feet long. The amount of blood in an adult averages thirty pounds, or one-fifth of the centre weight.

The heart is six inches in length and four inches in diameter, and beats 70 times per minute; 4,200 times per hour; 100,800 per day; 36,772,200 per year; and 2,665,440,000 in three score and ten; and at each beat three and a half ounces of blood is thrown out of it; 175 ounces per minute; 656 pounds per hour; 734 tons per day. All the blood in the body passes through the heart in three minutes.

The lungs will contain about 1 gallon of air at the usual degree of inflation. We breathe, on an average, 1,200 times per hour; inhale 600 gallons of air, or 24,000 gallons per day. The aggregate surface of the air cells of the lungs...

THE FARM.

THE USES OF JUTE. A few words may be of interest regarding the new staple, jute, which the Commissioner of Agriculture is desirous of introducing into the South...

Man is made marvelously. Who is eager to investigate the curious, to witness the wonderful works of Omnipotent Wisdom, let him not wander the wide world round to seek them, but examine himself. "The proper study of mankind is man."

A THRILLING STORY.

Thirteen Braves and Five Squaws Carried Over the Falls of the Yellowstone.

A correspondent of the Helena (Montana) Herald thus describes a thrilling scene on the Yellowstone river: After nearly three hours' sharp riding we came upon the bank, and in such a manner as to cause us some surprise...

This strange sight bursting upon our view rendered us, for the time being, incapable of action. At a glance we could see that they were gradually going down stream despite the efforts of the squaws, and although our senses for the moment forsook us...

The raft having been caught in an eddy, no vestige of it was to be seen, it having sunk several inches below the surface, and the Indians seemed to be like so many weird spirits floating on the rushing waters. One of the Indians rose, and bending his bow shot our Crow through the arm. The shot was returned, and again a yell of pain was heard proceeding from a "sheep-eater."

The mid channel in which they were now swiftly gliding down, seemed to be clear of obstructions while on either side jagged rocks peered out from the foaming water. When about fifty yards below where we were standing, an old Indian arose and stood erect in the centre of a circle of braves.

He spoke a few words, turned his face toward the sun, and seemingly bade it farewell; then wrapping his robe around him, he sat down. The squaws immediately flung their pieces of bark into the river, threw themselves on the submerged raft, and commenced pulling out their long tresses, in the meantime screaming and howling more like demons than human beings.

Indians seated in the circle shook hands and then commenced wailing their always mournful death song. Nearer, nearer, they approached the fearful abyss; still not a movement was perceptible on the part of the braves. They sat as immovable as statues, and did not quake with fear at the approach of the King of Terrors.

As they shot swiftly down the stream, our party instinctively raised our hats while looking at them, and I doubt if there was one, except the Crow, who did not show signs of visible emotion.

THE RADICAL MENAGERIE MUST HAVE ESCAPED FROM THE KEEPERS.

The Jackson Pilot of the 14th inst., says: "Night was made hideous by the most unearthly cries, howls and screeches as though all the imps of darkness were let loose at Spangler's corner between the hours of twelve and one o'clock this morning."

THE FARM.

THE USES OF JUTE.

A few words may be of interest regarding the new staple, jute, which the Commissioner of Agriculture is desirous of introducing into the South...

The plant is of the cochorus order, nearly allied to hemp, and has been hitherto grown almost entirely in India, where it is cultivated on a large scale; and last year the crop amounted to about three hundred thousand tons, valued at about \$35,000,000.

Besides its great value, as the only material which can be used profitably as covering for cotton bales, it is of still more extensive use now, in the shape of cheap sackings, ropes, rugs and carpets. Dundee is the place where its manufacture is carried on to the greatest extent...

The South can raise enough jute to supply the wants of this country and Europe; and as it can be laid down from our section in Dundee and New York, cheaper than from India, and probably better prepared, it would not be many years, after our planters had taken hold of this staple, before we should be the great rival of India in it...

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Diversity in agriculture is needful for the South, and our planters should do all in their power to give this new staple a fair trial. It is an article in large demand, and will have a ready sale at our own ports.

HOW TO MAKE HENS PAY.

The question, "Do hens pay?" has long ago been settled. With eggs at forty cents per dozen, there is no room to doubt that they do pay, and well, too. It becomes then a matter of some importance to know how to make them pay.

A comfortable, clean, well ventilated, dry and airy house; a dry and sunny range, free from any disturbing influences; access at all times to clean water and plenty of gravel; good and liberal feeding, twice a day, morning and night; good nursing and careful oversight at all times; a careful separation of breeds and roosters, or a judicious crossing of breeds; plenty of nests for all the hens, and an unceasing war against vermin. These things, with no one of them left out, will ensure success, and constitute the sum and substance of all the books ever written upon this subject.

Attend to these things, and you will find that fowls, in proportion to capital, pay better than any other stock upon the farm. Eggs all ways command a ready sale, and always sell at their full value. And a very important item would be taken away if fowls were entirely withdrawn from the market. There is pleasure, there is economy, there is money in this business managed by the above simple rule. Try it.

A GREAT COTTON PLANTATION

A letter from Tahiti to the San Francisco Bulletin describes the Plantation Soares, which was established by a company in the year 1863, and is perhaps the most beautiful place in the Pacific. It is situated at the base of a high mountain, is three miles long, and varies from a quarter of a mile to a mile in width. There are three roads running the full length of the plantation, and four cross roads, which are uniformly planted on either side with banana trees, forty feet high, all forming a delightful shade from the sun, making eighteen miles of beautiful carriage drive. The stores, machine-shop and dwellings cover an area of twenty-two acres. There is a storehouse for at least two or perhaps three years' cotton; it is said in case of war. There are dwellings for 100 families, a good hotel, and buildings for 2000 laborers. The manager's mansion is the largest and best on the island, and he has besides a fine cottage in the mountain side for use in the hot season. It required the labor of 1,100 men for four months to build the road to this mountain retreat. The land was purchased from the natives for \$8,000, and there are about 1,400 acres under cultivation, producing about 400,000 pounds of cleaned cotton annually.

A Curious Discovery—Hetic of DeSoto.

There is an old boatman on the Mississippi river, Capt. Cowdon by name, who has a passion for hunting relics of boats and other valuables lost in the "Father of waters." He has, in his adventures, discovered rare prizes, and the Memphis Appeal says his last is the discovery of a boat which was probably used by DeSoto's crew when they sank the corpse of their daring leader in the bosom of the Mississippi. The Appeal, speaking of this event says: While inspecting the water line along the eastern shore last Wednesday week, he discovered the bow of a small copper-fastened vessel, protruding into the river. Having no tools, and traversing the river in a narrow "dug-out," he could do no more than make a critical examination of the boat, and of the place where it was discovered. He observed that trees from five to seven feet in diameter grow immediately above the buried boat, and that the roots of these gigantic cypresses were twined about the ancient vessel. When boats sink in some localities the current drives or lifts them up an inclined plane, and a violent flood sometimes leaves them above the river's surface on an island or sand bar. It is, however, as above stated generally true that islands are created by sunken vessels heavily freighted, and having iron machinery. The semi-circular shape of this boat, found last Wednesday by Capt. Cowdon, its high prow, its dimensions, twice as great as those of a modern yawl, its copper fastenings the length of time it has rested beneath the soil and water as shown by the mighty trees that stand above it; these are facts which have excited Capt. Cowdon's wonder to the last degree. Who had such vessels on the Mississippi before these great trees sprang into existence? Three hundred years ago DeSoto's body at midnight, was placed in a vessel, a Spanish built vessel (?), and sunk in the midst of the river. His soldiers feared that their Indian enemies would assail them if it were known that the great chieftain was no more. DeSoto, so the old Spanish chronicler, whose story is reproduced Irving, tells us, died near the mouth of the Arkansas, and here Capt. Cowdon discovered the boat which excited all these surmises. There is more than verisimilitude in this recital. Capt. Cowdon is in the city, and proposes at an early day to return to the spot where the supposed Spanish vessel is buried. He has agreed to bring it to this city, and if he find within it the skeleton of the Hidalgo, will not the name of John Cowdon and that of DeSoto be inseparably linked together through all coming time? DeSoto discovered the Mississippi, and became immortal. John Cowdon achieves infinitely a greater wonder in the discovery of DeSoto. Who doubts?

CONDITION OF FLORIDA.—

An correspondent in Florida, writing to the Newark, New Jersey, Advertiser, says: This State can scarcely be said to have ever been properly settled at all. One of the great States of the Union in territorial extent, with an area of 50,000 square miles, nearly as large as the whole of New England, its population to-day scarcely exceeds 140,000—little more than the population of the single city of Newark. Of its 38,000,000 of acres, less than 3,000,000 have ever been set off into farms! And nearly the whole of these are now in the market, advertised by tax collectors for the payment of taxes. I cannot learn that there is a single plantation in the State now under anything like full cultivation. Along the whole extent of St. John's river, for two hundred miles, the most spacious and beautiful tidewater on the continent, I am told that there are not a dozen cultivated farms, and this comprises the richest and most attractive regions of the State—nineteen-twentieths of which are still covered with the primeval forests.

TEXAN, TEXAN, TEXAN!—

In the discussion at the organization of the Texas Historical Society in Houston, Judge Gray referred to the above names of the inhabitants of Texas. In a history of Texas written by D. B. Edwards, and published by James, in Cincinnati, 1838, our people are uniformly called Texasians. The earlier editions of the Texas Almanac called us Texians, which was the favorite orthography of Gen. Houston. Gen. Lamar, however, always contended that from the analogy of such words as Cuba, Cuban, America, American, ours should be written Texan. The later editions of the Almanac, and Yoakum in his history writes it Texan. Texan let it be.—[Houston Telegraph.