

VICKSBURG WEEKLY HERALD

VOL. VI.

VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI, SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 10, 1870.

NO. 2

THE WEEKLY HERALD

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF WARREN COUNTY AND CITY OF VICKSBURG.

JAN. H. SWORDS, Publisher.
W. H. SPEARS, Editor.

SATURDAY AUG. 3, 1870.

"To the South the Chinese are a timely gift from Heaven."

So says the Selma Times. That journal is led to this declaration in commenting upon the fact that the Messrs. Stanton have introduced several hundred of these people into Alabama as railroad laborers.

To our judgment, "the Chinese are a most untimely gift from Hell." The lice to Egypt and the carpet bagger to the oppressed South, were not more ruinous than will the Chinese prove to us. Our land is already cursed by ignorance, and suffers dreadfully under the goading rule of a low type of humanity. With the injury which has come upon us from the presence of the negro in his present attitude, we cannot conceive how a sane people can declare the introduction and permanent domiciliation of a yet more brutal and degraded class of human beings in this land—which we are laboriously striving to restore to its legitimate proprietors, the whites, a blessing. This land was not given to such creatures as the Chinese. Let such lands as we have not the labor necessary to cultivate, lie idle.—We have too much land in cultivation as it is. If much of the land now cultivated was "turned out to rest" for a few years, and that retained better cultivated, our crop would be equally as great. The time has come when our lands must be owned and cultivated by the "small planter." "Big plantations" are now the curse of the country. Let them be cut up and sold to the "small planters." The possession of lands never made a nation rich yet. It is the presence of people who cultivate from whence comes national wealth, and power and greatness. But national wealth and greatness will never come from the introduction of such people as the Chinese. He is brought here solely in the interest of the capitalists and the proprietor of large bodies of land and will tend to perpetuate the system of "big plantations." And so long as this is done will the progress of the country in the path of prosperity be retarded. When the owners of large bodies of land are satisfied that they can no longer procure a sufficient supply of controllable labor, then will they be willing to divide their land and sell, and when that is once commenced, then will a people, who will be an ornament and a support to any nation—white men and worshippers of the true God—rush eagerly to us, purchase homesteads and become permanent citizens, fully identified with us in race, sentiment and religion. Until that is done, we will continue to drag on as we are.

Mr. Editor: I will not adopt the usual course pursued by letter writers, and preface this with an apology for obtruding myself upon your readers, but will go at once into a brief, detailed account of my travels since we parted.

About three weeks ago I left Vicksburg to seek a cooler and more retired place among the mountains.

Having some business in Memphis, I was detained there a day or two, but the time was passed very pleasantly with my acquaintances, among whom were several of my old friends and classmates at college, whom I had not seen since we left the shades of our "Alma Mater," just about the initiation of hostilities between the Northern and Southern sections of our country in 1851.

While in Memphis I took occasion to examine carefully into the working of the celebrated Nicholson pavement, with which the streets of that city are laid, and of which I had heard so much through the columns of our own local press. The result of my investigation satisfied me that it is a most admirable pavement; perhaps the best that has yet been invented, and it is to be hoped that the day is not far distant, when this will be substituted for the dirty, miserable, wretched streets that now disgrace our own city.

If the people of Vicksburg were possessed of one half the spirit and enterprise which seem to characterize her neighboring towns, she would soon expand into the dimensions of a large, thriving and flourishing metropolis, and in a short while would regulate and control a very large, if not the largest proportion of the gigantic commerce of the Mississippi Valley.

Why is it that our people will not arise in the majesty of their strength, and shake off the lethargy which seems to be weighing upon them like a nightmare, and show themselves equal to the advantages with which a kind Providence has blessed them? For it cannot be gainsaid that Vicksburg possesses far more natural advantages than any place on the Mississippi between St. Louis and New Orleans, and but for the indolence, apathy and inertia of her citizens, she would soon outstrip all of her competitors in the grand race of material progress and prosperity.

From Memphis I bent my course to that famous summer retreat, the Montgomery White Sulphur Springs. Here a week glided by, hours seeming like minutes, and days like hours, so pleasantly did the moments wing their flight. There was an elegant company in attendance of about two hundred, or two hundred and fifty persons, principally from Louisiana and Mississippi. Among the visitors from our own immediate section of country, were our well known citizens, Dr. James C. Newman and Major George C. Waddill, with their families.

The spot is indeed beautiful. The Springs are located in a lovely valley, through which pursues the "even tenor of its way," a laughing, babbling brook, the ceaseless flow of whose melodious warblings makes music to the ear, while all around in every direction tall and majestic mountains lift themselves in lofty solitude far away.

During the war the buildings there were used for Confederate hospitals, and one evening while taking a pleasure stroll around the foot of the mountain, I came upon a cemetery containing the remains of the gallant men who had there died I was particularly impressed with the appositeness of the spot selected as the last resting place of the sleeping dead. The majestic mountains which towered around seemed like giant sentinels guarding the approaches to this repository of sacred dust which slumbered at their base.

MONTVALE SPRINGS, EAST TENN., August 30, 1870

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Each grave is marked with a head board, on which is written the name of its occupant and the State and regiment to which he belonged.

My stay at the Montgomery, was a pleasant one, and I regretted that my engagements necessitated my leaving so soon.

From there I came to this place with a party of relations and friends from Knoxville. The scenery around Montvale is equally as grand imposing, and more picturesque than at the Montgomery.

to beguile the tedium of the passing hours.

The Springs are situated just at the foot of the Chilhowee mountain. On yesterday I took a stroll to its summit, a distance of about two miles.

The poverty of language will prevent my giving anything like an accurate description of the gorgeous panorama which is presented to their view from that lofty elevation. On the east, range after range of alternate mountains rise in sublime majesty one above the other, far away into the glorious old North State, while on the west, far as the eye can reach can be seen the beautiful valley of the Tennessee, teeming with its rich fields of grain, and dotted here and there with quiet farm houses, and clusters of green trees, which on the far off horizon, are faintly perceptible in dim outline, the hazy mountains. I never before so thoroughly realized the truth of the poets' conception.

"This distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue."

I know of nothing so well calculated to make man feel his own littleness on the one hand, or to inspire him with a profounder degree of reverent awe towards the divine architect on the other, than to stand as I did, solitary and alone on the summit of some tall mountain that lifts its "awful form" in proud isolation towards Heaven, and from his lofty position, "view the landscape o'er."

I know of no place, Mr. Editor, more pleasant than this as a summer resort, and I especially commend it to the consideration of those of our citizens who may hereafter desire to spend the summer months in the mountains.

Judging from recent developments and late telegrams from across the waters, it would seem that the Franco-Prussian war is rapidly approaching its culmination.

It is by no means an easy matter, however, to extract the truth from the muddy dispatches which have reached us from Europe, but sufficient is known, I think, to show that, thus far, the fortunes of war have rested upon the Prussian banners. Most naturally the sympathies of the Southern people lean towards France in this great struggle, but it must be candidly confessed that, except the war recently waged by the North against the South in our own country, this war, on the part of Napoleon, is the most gigantic crime of modern times.

It is but too apparent that the Emperor of the French as a military chieftain is a decided failure, and that he has inherited but little of the splendid genius of the Corsican, beneath the reverberating thunders of whose artillery all Europe was once made to tremble.

Before bringing this desultory letter to a close, I will say a word in reference to the crops. I have never in my life seen such magnificent fields of corn and grain as I witnessed along the entire line of railway through North Alabama, East Tennessee, and Southwestern Virginia. The very earth seems absolutely to labor beneath the weight of its luxuriant magnificent yield of cereals. It is very certain that the people in this section of country will not suffer for the substantial of life during the coming year. More anon.

MELNOTTE

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York Herald says that the colored cadet, Smith, at West Point, is again in trouble. "He is just now in disgrace, being under arrest and confined to his tent. Thinking himself capable of teaching a white cadet politeness, he undertook to do so through the medium of a tin dipper, brought down with considerable force on the latter's head. He sits in his tent Remote, friendless, melancholy, slow.

And this last adjective of the poet seems quite appropriate in his case. There is certainly nothing promising in his appearance; nothing indicating any Promethean spark liable at any time to ignite any river."

The Okolona Monitor, of the 27th ult., says:

A few days since, while digging a well, a Mr. Hubbard, a poor man, the only support and stay of a large and helpless family, while in the act of being drawn up in the bucket, fell out and was precipitated to the bottom of the well some seventy or eighty feet. His lifeless form, crushed and mangled, was recovered from its depths and buried. Fire-damp had collected in the well, and he was so sufficed by it that his hold to the rope was relaxed, and hence his fatal fall.

The New York Sun, a Radical journal, declares the administration of President to be a greater failure than any that ever preceded it.

(Darkish Correspondence of N. Y. Herald.)
ORIENTAL BARBARITIES—NAILING HORSE-SHOES ON A LIVING MAN'S FEET.

The present Pacha is a good example of the Turkish Pacha of the old regime. He is a man of the meanest possible extraction, having been, it is said, at one time a private soldier. Destitute of capacity of any description, unable to read his own telegrams, or sign his own name, it seems, at first, difficult to understand how he has risen. But having found favor in old times in the eyes of a former Pacha, he got some small office. Once on the official ladder, he stole enough to buy a higher post, and then stole more and bought higher promotion; and thus, by regular stages of peculation and corruption, has at last reached the supreme authority of the Pashalic. This is his history. It is not wonderful that, under such a Governor, the province should decline in prosperity, and that revolts should be frequent. Perhaps I have been wrong in saying that he has absolutely no capacity. He has, indeed, two governmental virtues in the largest possible measure—cruelty and treachery.

I will give two instances of his recent exploits in this direction, which incredible as they may appear, are perfectly true. About two years ago there was an extensive revolt in his province. For some weeks the insurgent towns held their ground, but at last the Pacha got hold of the ringleader and hung him. Upon this a large town, which had been regularly invested by the Government troops, proposed to capitulate. Its "notables," six in number, conducted the negotiation of surrender, and stipulated only "that they should not be treated as the recently executed leader had been;" implying, of course, that they should not be put to death.

The town once in the possession of the Pacha, he ordered the six notables to be led out and shot. "But," said they, "the Pacha has promised us our lives." "No," said the Pacha, "I have only promised that you shall not be treated as that other rebel was. He was hung. You shall be shot." And the execution took place. Soon after the Pacha gave a yet more horrible illustration of the fiendish cruelty of his character.

Another prominent rebel was captured. The Pacha ordered horse-shoes to be nailed upon the bare feet of his victim, and then, giving him a few yards start, told him to run for his life as the soldiers would fire at him after half a minute's grace. The poor wretch endeavored to run away, and as after the volley he still continued to run, and as his body could not be found, it was thought he had contrived to escape; but his remains were subsequently discovered in some earth hole, where he had dragged himself to die.

Can such things be in this nineteenth century, and is the face of the noble sentiments of humanity and progress periodically proclaimed to the civilized world from Stamboul? Yes, most certainly, in the interior of Asiatic Turkey. I can only repeat that these stories have been given me on the best possible authority. This Pacha has, indeed, obtained so confirmed a reputation for cruelty that, by a pun upon his name, even his own officials have found a means to indicate his character. He is a Koord by birth, and "koort" in Turkish means a wolf. Instead of saying, therefore, "Ismail, the Koord," by a slight softening of the last word, people manage to say, "Ismail, the Wolf."

There is another joke among the Europeans upon his ignorance, which, perhaps, is not very well founded, but which shows the general estimate formed of his capacity. When the English Consul went home, the Pacha, it is said, asked him to send him through the mail a steamboat for the navigation of the Tigris. The Pacha thought the steamboat was like any other invention of satan, and could expand or contract its dimensions according to the necessities of the case.

There is a story, though, about the chief Cadi, which is strictly true, and which illustrates the ignorance of the highest officials here. When the telegraph line was open from Bagdad to Stamboul, every city where it rested sent a congratulatory message signed by all its principal men, to the Sultan. The dispatch from Diarbekir was presented to the Cadi for his signature, but he resolutely refused, alleging seriously as his reason that he would have nothing to do with a work of magic, such intercourse with evil spirits being expressly forbidden by the Koran.

A VOLUNTEER company has been organized in Brandon with the following gentlemen as commissioned officers: J. L. McCaskill, Captain; T. S. Macey, First Lieutenant; H. H. Batte, Second Lieutenant; W. H. Macey, Third Lieutenant.

Rearing of Fishes.

We may chronicle the restoration of one of the lost arts, in the successful experiments which have been made in raising fish. There is no reason why all our large rivers should not be restocked with that most delightful of all the piscatorial tribe, the salmon. Instead of being a rarity, so that the capture of a single fish of the kind is enough to make a sensation for miles around, every river might be stocked with it. Measures have been adopted recently to introduce a new variety of bass into the Susquehanna, and by passing laws to protect them for a term of five years, it is hoped that they will soon multiply to such an extent as to afford a good supply. The great difficulty is however, in the enforcing of the statutes. It is easy to frame stringent laws, but not so easy to compel the observance of them.

One of the best, because the most delicious of the fresh water fish, next to the salmon, is the trout. It is an easy matter for any one who has a pond of spring water, to stock it with trout. They increase rapidly in size and number also. If well fed, in three years from the time of hatching, they will average a pound. Any one who is fond of angling, knows that a fish weighing a pound makes something of a spurge when drawn out of the water. Trout are exceedingly voracious, and their growth will be in proportion to the opportunity afforded for the gratification of their appetite. In "Norris, American Fish Culture" there is a statement made on the authority of a gentleman of age and experience in these matters, to the effect that he had had them weighing four pounds when four years old, but they had the run of the spring-house, to say nothing of many a spoonful of cream, curds, &c., besides worms which the boys fed to them, caterpillars' nests, and the larvae of wasps and hornets. The most surprising results have already been gained by persons who have paid attention to these interesting experiments.—[American Engineer.]

The Brandon Republican has a very ludicrous cut representing Stafford in his regimentals on a very drunk mule, and Stafford sober. How the artist could have made such a mistake we can't imagine; it is the first time we ever saw Stafford sober.—[Okolona Monitor.]

We learn that J. G. Felton, an estimable citizen of Prairie Mer Rouge was on Monday last killed by a man named Everett. No particulars have been yet received. [Monroe (La.) Intelligencer.]

Evil and idle words may seem, as they are uttered, light and trivial things; yet if light they are like the filaments of the thistle-down, each featherly leaf, floating on the slightest breeze, bears with it the germ of a noxious weed.

O man of all fools, a fool with a gray head is the worst fool anywhere. With one foot in the grave; and another foot on a sandy foundation, how shall I delect you, but by saying to you, as God said to the rich man, "Thou fool! a few more nights and thy soul shall be required of thee; and then where art thou?"

LAST week an old man named John Roberts, commonly known as the mountain hermit, who has lived for many years in that portion of Mount Washington which borders on the three States of Connecticut, Massachusetts and New York met with a frightful death from the bite of a rattlesnake. Roberts, for years past, has been in the habit of catching these reptiles and exhibiting them in the neighboring towns. Occasionally he would allow himself to be bitten, claiming to possess a remedy which rendered the bite perfectly harmless, and, indeed, if reports of eye witnesses are to be credited, the old man has proved himself invulnerable to snake bites. Last summer he was bitten on three different occasions while handling his snakes, but after a few days of retirement he again appeared, apparently as well as before. Mr. Roberts was a man apparently over sixty years of age, and possessed of considerable property. Since the death of his wife, which occurred many years ago, he has lived a hermit life on the mountain. Neighbors seldom visited him, by reason of the vast number of rattlesnakes with which he was always surrounded, and which he allowed to run at large throughout the house.—[Litchfield Enquirer.]

A SENSATION paper has started the story that on one of the battle fields in Europe, a French *viandier* passing some wounded Prussian soldiers, who calling to her for water, gave them *boiling oil*. The writer should have known that no one would believe any such statement. It is too revolting, and besides how did the girl get boiling oil in the midst of a battle? Did she carry with her a pocket stove?

It depends much upon how we get into trouble, whether it will be very disagreeable or endurable. Jonah and Paul were both in a storm. The first got in by disobedience, and found it all but insufferable; the other was in the path of duty and found it pleasant. The angel of God stood by him, and the everlasting arms were beneath him.

From Pomeroy's Democrat. TERENCE MCGRANT.

The President Goes to Newport, and Teddy and Bridget Run Things.

LONG BRANCH, August Twenty-sixth.

MISTHER PUMMEY.—Ye mind that passage of scripture which says "All men are created free and equal, endowed with uncertain naturally-soundable rights, among which are life, deliberately pursued happiness, and the like." Me Cousin Ulisses said to me on Sunday, "Teddy, bring me the Bible!" Be gorra I thought the man was crazy, and I didn't know fether it was best to indulge him in his wild ravings or not. It fraht occurred to me he had neglected to get vaccinated, and that he might have caught that cutaneous disease called "repentance," that has been prevailing to a great extent at a camp-meeting near here, and has carried off some of our moost hardened sinners. Then I meditated that the disease musht have tuck a moighty firm howled on him to cause him to cry out for the Bible so sudden, whin divil the glance had he given the good book since the early part of his life, whin he performed in a circus on wake days, and attended Sunday School on the Lord's day, at the suggestion of old Jesse, who always "suggested" such things to me cousin wid a raw hide. As I was saying, I feared to give him the Bible on such short notice, so I took a leather-covered book, presented to me cousin be a Dimocrat who thought me cousin deficient in a knowledge of the wording of the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence, and some such dead languages. I handed me cousin this book, fith he never saw before, and he first thing that shtruck his eyes was the passage quoted above, and after reading it he never knew before that the Bible contained such beautiful language. He said it was equal, in point of literary merit and convincing argument to anything in "Cicero Duval" or Graylay's "economical politics." Then says he till me, "Terence, have me carriage saddled up, and me thrunk and me wife packed at an early hour the morrow, and I will throw off the cares of office, and go to Newport to recuperate me exhausted energies. The Bible says all men are entitled to the pursuits of happiness, and I will pursue her, even unto Rhode Island. If the people of Newport know their business, as I am informed they do, and presint me wid a better house than the one we now live in, we shall move there immediately, and be our presence, give character till the house. In the language of beautiful France, "Aw Reservoir."

At an early hour on the following morning "solitary horseman might have been seen," in a carriage wid a valise containing five bottles of cholera medicine and cigars enough to kape the bottles from breaking, and the solitary horseman's wife, on the way till the dippo. As the train moved off, containing the head and so forth of this great nation, including the cholera medicine, the aforesaid head handed me the following note, written wid a lead pencil on a pine shingle:

To Terence McGrant, Assistant President of the United States:
Sir—During the three days absence of the Chief Magistrate, and the absence of the Vice President, who is unaccountably neglecting his duties by making speeches in the West, the cares and responsibilities of President will devolve upon you. You will proceed to carry out all plans that I may have inaugurated, and support my previously expressed opinions in everything, so far as my plans and opinions may be known to you. Let us have peace. Bridget has the key to the wine-cellar.

ULISSIS I.
Only man that has ever been left in charge of great responsibilities can imagine me feeling as I would me way from the dippo till the cottage on the bache. I pondered over that note till me head ached, trying to think that plans he had iver inaugurated, but divil the won could I think of, except a plan to get Bonner to presint him wid Dexter, fith didn't appear to work. Thin I tried to remember that opinion he had ever expressed, fith I was expected to maintain, but divil the opinion could I bring to mind except those he had expressed wid regard to fishy and cigars. But I gave up trying to fathom the mystery, as I knew Bridget could see through it in a minute. Arriving at the cottage, I tuck me seat in me cousin's official chair, and ringing the bell, I ordered the servant to acquaint Bridget wid the fact that the Assistant President would have an interview wid her. Bridget, who was engaged in the pleasant and healthy recreation of washing the back stoop wid soap suds, came in wid her sleeves rowled up, and says, till me, says she:

"Teddy, ye sphalpeen, that are you doing in that chair? Get out of it and pale the practice for divil ner, or I'll bust the top of yer head like a ripe melon."

This fmail is getting disquipped at our moost odious aristocracy.

"Mrs. Assistant President," says I, "your ignorance of the position you occupy, and your ignorance of the usages of civilized society is a reasonable excuse for the use of such language to the Brevet Chief Magistrate. Fave, me by a perusal of that shingle as also your views on the same."

This lucious fmail reopened her scrubbing-brush on the piano, and handing me a bowl of soft-soap fith she had been using, fith I tashed of before I thought on the supposition that 'twas fishy, she sat-down on the piano stool and proceeded to unravel the signs of the zodiac made on the shingle be me cousin. As the magnitude of our position gradually worked its way through her watherfall, a smile illuminated her Mobile or New Orleans month, and her countenance looked as open as navigation. She looked shwaite at me, and says she:

"Teddy, darlin' of me hair, forgive me for hurting your feelings be a promise of a bating. We have at last rached the highest round of the ladder of fame. It is evident to meself that me Cousin Ulisses means that we shall carry out his plans be giving the usual weekly reception in his absence. Issue tickets at once, Minister President, and lave the daddle to meself. Hip hurra! Erling Long Branch!" and this fmail turned her shlop-pail bottom side up and danced a jig on it.

So we have decided to have a grand reception. Not having any money to get cards printed announcing the reception, I thought of a novel plan. I tuck a paint-brush and a piece of paste-board and wrote the following in large letters:

"REGULAR WEEKLY RECEPTION AND BIT OF A BANGE, THIS EVENING, AT THE PRESIDENTIAL COTTAGE ON THE BACHE."

No naggers made apply unless accompanied wid white ladies.

TERENCE MCGRANT, Assistant President.

[From the Springfield (Mass.) Republican.]
Take Warning Ladies!

The recent revelations about "Jute"—the dark, fibrous bark, wherewith women endeavor cheaply to counterfeiter the luxuriant heads of hair denied them by nature—have been regarded, no doubt, as merely sensational, or perhaps the product of some satyrical imagination. But the doubters have no chance. The disgusting little besses that fill the fibres of the jute plant, whether used in massive clip-ons or long bunches, are causing a lively and by no means pleasing excitement in various quarters. Finding their way to the heads of their laborers, they burrow there until the scalp is raw, and in some cases effect the whole nervous system and craze the brain. In this city several women lie in danger of death from this loathsome insect; one of these dwells on Hill, another on Dwight street, and the disease in its lesser form is quite frequent. Without any hair-splitting, the moral seems to be that "honesty is the best policy," in personal adornment as in business; and jute clip-ons must take their place with the poisonous dyes and lotions of the quacks, as among the implements of fashionable suicide.

We find the following very suggestive and significant scrap in the Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution:

DAMAGE TO CROPS FROM STROKE RUNNING AT LARGE.—An estimate was made in the fall, in Camden county, of the cost of three small pigs. They destroyed the planting of over two acres of sweet potatoes, estimated, by the crop gathered from another acre, at five hundred bushels, worth then \$1. Several times a man was sent to drive them out and find the holes under the fence and repair them, requiring two hours' work, valued at ten cents per hour, sixty cents.

Whole cost of three small shoots..... \$1.00
Sold for \$1.30 each..... \$3.90
Net loss..... \$2.90

The fanatic is unyielding in his course; but they who are filled with spirit submit themselves one to another in the Lord.

There is not a more repulsive spectacle than an old man who will not forsake the world, which has already forsaken him.

No preacher is listened to by the time, which gives us the wrong train, and turn of thought that other people have tried in vain to put into our heads before.