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NEWS ITEMS.

Europe owes \$17,000,000,000.

Puget Sound produces clams weighing from one to two hundred pounds each.

They have no sheep nor grass in Japan.

Chinese marriage ceremonies last three days.

California apple trees bear three crops of fruit a year.

Revenue statistics show that in London 300 horses die weekly.

There are 11,600,000 square miles of the earth's surface still unexplored.

Live fish were recently sent by mail from Naples to London packed in seaweed.

Japan furnished nearly forty-five tons of human hair to the French market last year.

Russian detectives have shown themselves to be the most persistent and skillful in the world.

Florida is growing famous in the export trade of oranges and alligator's hides.

A new railroad is needed between New York and Boston every ten years.

A practical English chemist has discovered another process of extracting fuel from water.

There are nearly 20,000 pauper children in attendance at dry-schools in London.

A machine is now in operation in Philadelphia which turns out 3,000 complete paper match-boxes per hour.

The France war indemnity is to be paid in full before next September.

The Russian Government has given a \$30,000 order for Fairbanks scales, for custom houses and railroads.

Three years ago one grain of wheat was planted by a Florida farmer, and from it he now has three acres of grain.

An acorn suspended a thread over water, changed about one a month, will gradually expand into a miniature oak tree.

There ten thousand male Chinese in San Francisco, and it is estimated that they occupy less than 700 dwellings and stores.

The mouths of the Mississippi river, especially that of the Southwest pass, are filling up with mud so as to be absolutely impassable for shipping.

Half a million pounds—or almost \$2,500,000, gold—are to be expended on the fortifications of Halifax, this year, by the British government.

Eight hundred persons were killed and \$12,000,000 worth of property destroyed by the earthquake in San Salvador, South America, on March 14.

Corn planted as late as June 20 in the cotton lands of Green, Scott and Calhoun counties, Texas, fully matured before the frosts.

Mr. Augustus Mead of Westchester county, has bought an Alderney cow, twenty-eight years old, imported by the late Mr. Greely over a quarter of a century ago.

Connecticut manufactures about half of the carriage trimmings, cutlery and edge tools, hardware, plated ware, spectacles and eyeglasses made in the United States.

A young girl left Lowell, Mas., two years ago, with \$500 in her pocket, and went to Kansas and traded farmer. She could sell out her property, this day, for \$60,000. Don't all start at once.

The earth plant recently found in Oregon is said to be a very fine article, given a stain when properly applied very much like mahogany, and free from dirt, grit and poisonous properties. The supply is inexhaustible.

Eight years ago Gen. John B. Gordon led a column of Virginia troops against Fort Stedman, one of Grant's fortifications in Petersburg. Now he sits in the United States Senate. In the House, Alexander H. Stephens, ex-Vice-President of the Confederacy, has seven ex-rebel generals to greet.

The land wires and sea cables have now been extended so as to cover nearly three-fourths of the circumference of the globe. Were a cable laid under the Pacific the circuit would be complete. Telegrams can now be sent from Hong Kong by way of India and England, to San Francisco, and it was only within a short time that a Telegram, leaving Hong Kong Tuesday morning was received in New York Tuesday night, whence it could have been sent in a few minutes to San Francisco had that city been its destination.

Woman's Power.

BY ALICE KING.

Woman has hitherto been nominally called the weaker sex, and yet in all great movements of the world's history she has taken a leading—nay, often a ruling part.

So long as woman went quietly her way through life, taking her own rightful share in it, she was strong; but it is not probable that now, when, with reckless vanity, she struggles to make her own what belongs to men, she will become weak.

In the matter of suffrage, which, just at the present, is making so women's pens and so many women's tongues red hot, it seems to us very likely that woman, if she reaches her object, will lose much more than she will gain.

She will give one vote in her own person, but she will lose the command over many other votes.

The political influence of woman has always made up for its indirectness by the breadth of its extent. This was best shown in the drawing-rooms of old France. There, while the gentlemen talked of State affairs, the ladies sat by, playing with bouquet of a lap-dog, seeming to hear nothing, and yet really hearing everything, until suddenly their pretty mouths spoke a word or two, which appeared to be dropped carelessly, but which always hit the point in discussion. These unexpected shots seldom failed to tell; but had the ladies entered into the battle of tongues, like the male disputants, their influence would have been most likely quite lost.

In this was, however, these French women managed to bias, more or less, the opinions of most men of their acquaintance. It is exactly this sort of indirect influence which we fear female suffrage might destroy for woman.

But if the influence of wives is great over their husband's opinions, may it not be said that the mothers hold in their hands the electioneering votes of the next generation? Will the boy, whose heart has been fired by his mother to kindle at the glorious shout of freedom, ever give a vote that will raise up tyranny in the land?

It is a precious and an awful thing, this power of the mother; for through it she may take part in the good or ill of the nation long after her soul has flown to the eternal land.

Can any one compare the petty distinction which the suffrage would give to woman to such a solemn dignity as this? We fear that the women who clamor for sex, are forgetting this, their rightful, vast responsibility in the infinitely smaller responsibility they wish to take upon themselves.

It is a proud thing for a woman, as she sits by her fireside in the softly-carpeted drawing-room, or the neat, farm kitchen—it is a proud thing for her, on the day of election, to be able to say, "My six sons have all votes, and I know they will be on the side which, all my life, I have thought the right one." If women are ambitious, here is surely something worth their striving after.

And what shall we say to her who, remembering the great Apostle's words has chosen the single life?

As a vision of sweetness and of mercy, she glides from house to house in the crowded, busy town, or trips, like a friendly spirit, up and down the muddy lanes of the remote, country village. To all men she is a woman, and yet more than a woman. She is one who administers, and yet one to whom homage must be paid.

Whether she is a woman who clings to old forms, who would not move with a finger the smallest stone in the ancient building of Church and State, or whether she is one of the broader thought and more all-embracing charity, she is certain, in her goings in and out among men, to instill into them her own opinions.

Then, again, the influence is great of her who holds the pen; that peaceful weapon, which fits so well the female hand, but which is, nevertheless, so mighty in its way. She has but to clothe her thoughts in words, and they find their way into thousands of homes. They who have never seen her face, or heard her voice, speak lovingly her name. She is ruler over hearts; perhaps can make us swell in anger, or melt in pity.

The ideas she gives forth are discussed by the roadside and in the snug library. Her mind permeates other

minds, and tinges them with the color.

We fully believe that if a band of the literary sisterhood were to agree to try to abolish any one of the few grievances of their sex, such as the right of a worthless husband to take his wife earnings, they could make such a stir in public opinion that it would be abolished.

And can women, with wide influence, stoop to pray and cry out for so comparatively small a privilege, as the suffrage? Surely a Queen might as well come down from her throne to beg for a gaudy, paste diamond to be added to her crown.

Even the single woman, without any especial calling, has in her hands a strong power for leading other into her way of thinking, if only she will boldly, yet modestly, have opinions of her own, and use this power with tact.

The middle-aged woman, who has openly chosen the single life, has more influence with the generality of her male friends than the married woman, or the girl who wishes some day to be a wife.

It is often a great relief to a man to have a familiar talk with a kindly, sensible woman, who has, he knows, no thought of catching him, as the phrase goes, and of whom no one can be jealous.

Here, again, the single woman, if she is fond of power, has opportunities of letting her opinions filter artfully, drop by drop, into men's minds, until they often become saturated by them. In this manner French women of the past frequently governed the rulers of the country, and through them they all France.

Thus in different ways, and from different causes, we see that nine-tenths of the so-called lords of the creation are under female influence. With such great, wide power in their hands, woman is surely lowering her dignity by crying out so widely for a thing of so comparatively slight value as the suffrage, which, after all, cool, common sense seems to point out to be more man's business.

If any women who read this are discontented with the position of their sex in society, let them remember that woman's mission in the world is, in reality, a much holier and more spiritual mission than that of man. Let women not try and turn themselves into men. Remaining women, but good, and useful, and high-hearted women, they shall always govern three-quarters of the world.

Getting Married.

Girls, don't think you have reached the sum and substance of earthly bliss when you can write Mrs. before your name.

To be sure, it is very proper, as well as pleasant, to have a house and husband of one's own, provided that one is old enough to take care of the same; but simply to get married, is only a small part of the plan designed by our Creator for our wisdom and happiness. To most girls, their wedding day is a day of emancipation from care: a joyful beginning to a new state of existence; of life without a shade of grief or aught to mar its perfect harmony.

It is this mistake that so many women make at the commencement of married life. They take no thought of their duties towards another, nor remember all are erring creatures, and their idol no less clay than others, only that their love has made it gold. They expect freedom from care in married life, but they have only given up their freedom and commence life's cares in earnest.

Then, after the first excitement of being "the bride," and "observed of all observers," has passed away, come the sitting down to real, actual life, and the young wife must needs learn to eat, drink, sleep, visit, and receive visitors; these are parts of her duties as before; while, in addition to her domestic cares, she must learn to adapt her temper and disposition to another's views, and learn the beautiful lesson of self-denial if she expects perfect peace.

Poets may sing of love's dream and life in the cottage, but practical people will tell you how much more real is love's awakening and a comfortable house.

If woman dream less of love, and accepted its wide-awake reality, there would be less disappointment and more real happiness.

Not until the couple have left off the dream and turned to the joys of real love and life, do they understand how perfect love may make the heart.

peace: but, alas! too often the awakening comes after the spirit has flown. So take my advice, girls, and if you are fortunate enough to get a steady, honorable man for a husband, don't spoil your chances of happiness by mistaken views. Look upon "getting married" as part of your mission.

The English Idea of Americans.

The old fashioned English observer has passed away, and has been succeeded in the inheritance by the modern English critic, a very different person, whom it is difficult to describe though we know him when we see him. He knows a good deal more than his progenitor, both about the world at large and himself, and he has been taught from his cradle up that the old fashioned system of English observation was wrong. He has learned that his progenitor and his progenitor's friends in Parliament made terrible mistakes during the Rebellion in thinking that they understood the American question; he finds it admitted on all hands that this is a great country with a great future before it. He finds a general disposition among his own countrymen to be as civil as circumstances will permit to America, and has learned from Carlyle to be earnest, and from Ruskin to be faithful in his work, and from Matthew Arnold that criticism must be full of sweetness and light. He is filled with an earnest desire to do right, and to find out what he can about the United States from the best sources. Accordingly he consults our own press and studies the sayings and speeches of our great men, and the result is that he has reduced himself to a state of bewilderment which baffles description. He is given to understand, for example, that this country, which is so corrupt that Senators at Washington are able to rise in their places and announce that the way is being paved for a Tiberius or a Napoleon, is at the same time so pure that owners of newspapers decline to receive large amounts of money honestly due them for public advertising, and awarded them by a legal board, because they consider the way in which the board was constituted was not illegal, but inexpedient on grounds of public policy; that it is a country in which the late Mr. Greeley was a literary light and political guide, and that at the same time it is a country in which Mr. Greeley's career was universally looked upon and talked about as a joke; that it is a country which, to a man, regards its late Vice President as a perjurer, and one Oakes Ames, a member of Congress, a corrupt scoundrel, and that at the same time a country in which the same Vice President is honored as a Christian, and the same Ames receives an ovation in public celebration of his honesty; that is a country without any taste, or any art of any kind, and at the same time a country with a national school of sculpture, a literature rich in poetry and prose of every kind, a stage on which the grandest Shakespearian acting takes place; and as for painting and music it can buy all it wants. We found the other day, in a leading English newspaper of no very philo-American tendencies, a statement that the Americans "are rapidly taking their place among the most luxurious and most cultivated people" in the world. It possesses, too, the "American gentleman," who, according to one account, is simply a perfect type of man, besides being a complete man of the world, and having a wonderful faculty of acquiring foreign languages, but who according to another account, is a simple-boor, with no education, morals or manners, and very *MAL VU* in good society abroad. It has a press, too, which is, according to its own account, venal, unreliable and indecent, and which at the same time is the mainstay of society. Then there is the American girl and the American wife life, and American family life—but on these subjects we confess we are bewildered ourselves.

—Galaxy for June.

A California lion sprang from a thicket and devoured the dog of John Taylor, of Bartlett Springs, while that animal was taking the air with his master. What did John say? Why he said "Dog-gone," of course.

Commander to dripping Tar—"Confound you, where did your come from?"

A. B.—"Feli overboard, sir."

Commander—"Confound you; the next time you leave the ship without permission, I'll put you in the sea."

In Vino Veritas.

The following, fresh from over sea, is told at the expense of a distinguished and estimable son of Scotia. It seems that a dinner party was in progress during a brilliant display of northern lights, and this gentleman, stepping out to cool his burning brow, was startled by the display. He stood amazed; then, turning to the window, saw, within, his wife, sitting with the ladies waiting for the gentlemen to end their claret and cigars. Pushing aside the lace curtains, he beckoned his wife Agnes to come out. She complied, when he said to her, solemnly:

"Wagnes, d'er see anything exstronory now?"

"Yes, Dolly, I see you have been drinking too much wine."

"No, nor this Wagnes: I mean exstronory phornomomms in atmosphere."

"Why, where, Dolly?"

"Up yonder, Wagnes."

"Why, dear me! yes, I do, indeed—the most brilliant aurora I ever saw."

"Wagnes, are things a shootin'?"

"Yes, dear."

"An' a flashin', Wagnes?"

"Yes, Dolly."

"An' a sorter spreadin' and dancin', eh, Wagnes?"

"All that, my dear."

"Ho!" (much relieved). "Do you know, Wagnes—I mean Agnes—when I come out an' saw the celestial phornomomms a glowin' upper yonder, bless me offer I didn't think I was in vino verit—ass."

—Harper's Magazine, for June.

Advertisements.

To advertise is to inform the public that you are ready for business, and have something to dispose of, either in the way of services or stock. A sign over the door, or across the face of a building, may catch the eye of a few passers by, but a well displayed notice in a live paper is read by thousands. Some men while saving ten dollars by not advertising, lose hundreds in the lack of custom. The live business man is always found in print. He deals with the people, and knows that the best way to reach them is through the columns of the local paper. He never lacks customers, but is kept busy waiting upon those who have read of his stock and who have come to examine or buy. We favor judicious advertising. Good as it is, it can be overdone. A man may exaggerate his stock, and thereby disgust those who visit him. Another may expend too much money on a slight effort, and fail in its object. The best way to advertise is, first, have something to dispose of worth the price you ask; keep within reasonable bounds in your notice to the public; pay for the space you occupy, promptly; as your business enlarges, let your advertisements keep pace with its growth; lay aside a certain per cent. of profit for the sole purpose of keeping before the public. Thousands of men owe their fortunes to a judicious system of advertising.

There is a woman in Washington who has buried five husbands. Recently she married a sixth. Upon the day of the wedding a man called at the house of the groom, asked for that gentleman, and proceeded to measure his body with a tape line. The infatuated groom, entertained an idea that this might, perhaps, be a man sent round by his tailor. After the ceremony in church, however, the husband was surprised to observe the same person standing in the vestibule and winking furiously at the bride as the party came out to the carriages. Just as they were starting off the mysterious being put his head into the carriage window and whispered to the bride:

"Got a ready-made one that'll just suit him! Beautiful fit—beautiful!"

When the happy man demanded the name of the intruder, the bride blushed, and said she believed he was some kind of an undertaker. Then the man was not so happy. He was hardly happy at all, and a certain gloom seemed to overcast the honeymoon. Perhaps the undertaker was too prompt. But still, we like to see a man take an interest in his business.

Very few horses eat corn beef, but we saw one standing the other day before a store with a bit in his mouth.

A Quaker said to a gunner, "Friend, I counsel no bloodshed; but if it be thy design to hit the little man in the blue jacket next thing engine, thou mus'st lower."

POLITICAL.

There appears to be no doubt that a vigorous effort is to be made to secure a repeal of the law abolishing the franking privilege through the next Congress.

The investigation into the charges against the suspended American commissioners to the exhibition has been completed, and voluminous details have been forwarded to Washington. The inquiry developed the fact that the appropriation made by the United States Congress for the exhibition is nearly exhausted.

Candidates for the chief justiceship are multiplying rapidly. The most recent are Caleb Cushing, Judge Black, William S. Groesbeck and Lyman Trumbull. The Cincinnati Commercial withdraws General Butler from the field by recommending that he be given the command of an expedition to the North Pole.

A special dispatch from Jefferson City, Mo., says the funds in the State treasury are completely exhausted.

General John B. Gordon made a little speech, at a reception given him in Savannah, Ga., a few days, closing with the sentiment: "The heroic dead of both armies, who fought for principle and backed their convictions with their lives. Let both be duly honored."

The Grand Commandery of the Knights Templar for the State of Virginia will assemble in Norfolk on the 11th of June next for drill, inspection and review.

The Democrats of Louisiana are a chivalrous set. These men say simply this: "The forces of the United States are too strong for us; we will not fight them; the Republican majority are weaker in discipline and in armament, and we will kill them;" or, in plainer words, "The strong we run away from, the weak we butcher." This is simply the attitude of bloodthirsty cowards.

The new commissioner of Indian affairs, Hon. E. P. Smith, is greatly embarrassed in his efforts to provide for the Indian service in Arizona. An examination of the records of his office shows the appropriation for the current fiscal year entirely exhausted, and the supplies entirely exhausted. The total appropriation for the service in that Territory amounted to but \$200,000.

L. Cass Carpenter, Esq., goes to Europe in the early part of June, for the purpose of recuperating his health, which has been failing for some time. He will make the tour pretty thoroughly, as he intends to visit many of the principal cities, among them Vienna, during the exposition there, and to which he has been appointed an honorary commissioner.

When H. was a boy, his uncle presented him with a Swiss musical box, a small one, playing two or three tunes, and which, when wound up with a key, was set in motion, by touching a button on the side. H. was delighted with the present, carried it about with him wherever he went, until he finally came to grief by placing it in his pocket and taking it to church with him. The serman proved long and tedious to H., who was extremely anxious to return home and listen to the melody of his wonderful, little instrument. Finally, in the midst of the sermon, an idea occurred to him; it was a brilliant one—he though he would just touch that button a trifle, have the instrument make a not or two, and he'd push it back, and stop. He did so, but the confounded thing would not stop its playing, notwithstanding he nearly wrenched the button from the box in his frantic desire to stop it. All his efforts proved unavailing,—the machine kept on playing, to the great surprise of the congregation and the supreme disgust of the officiating clergyman. All eyes were turned upon poor H., who would have given the world, including the musical box, could the door have opened and let him through out of sight. All tragedies have an ending, and it came at last to H., who was colored by the sexton and marched down through the aisle of the church, the infernal box playing Yankee Doodle, to time to every step. H., says, when he reached the door, he fainted; but the first thing he did, when restored to consciousness, was to smash the confounded musical box.

A beautiful Indiana school girl, thirteen years old and six feet one inch high, is causing a general rupture