

# THE GREENVILLE ENTERPRISE.

Devoted to News, Politics, Intelligence, and the Improvement of the State and Country.

JOHN C. & EDWARD BAILEY, PRORS.

GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA, FEBRUARY 9, 1870.

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**B. WHERLE,**  
GREENVILLE, S. C.  
DEALER IN  
**GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES,  
CLOCKS, JEWELRY,  
SPECTACLES,**  
18 & 22 Carat Solid Nuptial Rings,  
SILVER & SILVER-PLATED  
**WARE.**  
WORK of all descriptions in his  
line done promptly.  
Oct 27 28

**PAPER MILLS.**  
THE undersigned have this day  
formed a copartnership under  
the name of  
**JAMES BANNISTER & SON,**  
For the purpose of carrying on the  
MANUFACTURE  
OF  
**PAPER**  
James Bannister,  
T. J. Bannister.

THE Mills are now in excellent  
order, and we are prepared to  
turn out a  
**FIRST CLASS PAPER,**  
Which we will warrant to give  
satisfaction.

A FULL SUPPLY OF  
**PRINTING, COLORED,  
YARN & WRAPPING  
PAPERS**

Can be found at all times at our  
Agents, Messrs. DAVID & STRAD-  
LEY'S.  
September 1, 1869. 16-1f

**NEW MILLINERY.**  
**MRS. L. T. JENNINGS,**  
RESPECTFULLY IN-  
forms her friends and the  
public generally, that she has  
just received and opened a  
**BEAUTIFUL  
AND HANDSOME LOT OF FALL AND  
WINTER  
MILLINERY,**  
Which she offers at prices low and reasonable.  
Ladies before purchasing their  
**HATS, BONNETS, RIBBONS, &c.,**  
Would do well to give her call, at her old  
stand.  
Oct 12 21 6m

**MRS. WALTON'S  
NEW MILLINERY ESTABLISHMENT,**  
ON Avenue Street, in the rear of Mr. Best-  
ly's Store, and next to Dr. Dean's Of-  
fice.  
The subscriber has received a new and beau-  
tiful assortment of Fall and Winter Millinery  
also beautiful Bridal Bonnets. Dress Making  
in all its branches. Dresses Cut and Made  
at the shortest notice.  
Nov 10 25-3m

**The State of South Carolina,  
GREENVILLE COUNTY.**  
In the Common Pleas—Equity Side.  
**THOMAS C. GOWER,** Administrator, ex P.  
F. SUDDUTH, et al.—Bill for Sale of  
Real Estate, to Pay Debts, &c.  
WHEREAS the Decree of the Court of the  
above case, the Creditors of the Estate  
of Mrs. MARTHA LOVELAND, are required  
to establish the rank and amount of their  
claims against said Estate, before the Clerk,  
within nine months from the date.  
W. A. McDANIEL, C. C. P. C.  
Clerk's Office, September 28th, 1869.  
Sept 29 19 9m

**United States Internal Revenue.**  
ASSISTANT ASSessor's OFFICE,  
7th Division, 3d District, S. C.,  
Greenville, S. C., Dec. 27th 1869.  
THIS is to give notice that under recent  
orders from the department, that all the  
portion of Division No. 6, 3d Collection Dis-  
trict of South Carolina, embracing all of the  
County of Pickens, has been attached to the  
7th Division.  
I do hereby notify all parties who have  
failed to make their returns for the year  
1869, to do so at once to the undersigned  
or subject themselves to the full penalty of  
the Law.  
HENRY C. HACK,  
Assistant Assessor, 7th Div. 3d Dist. S. C.  
Dec 29 32 1f

**TOWNES & EAST,  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW**

**SOLICITORS IN EQUITY.**  
THE UNDERSIGNED HAVING FORMED  
a copartnership in the practice of Law  
in Greenville and the surrounding Counties  
of Anderson, Oconee, Pickens, Spartanburg and  
Laurens, will give prompt attention to all busi-  
ness entrusted to them.  
2d Office at Greenville.  
G. F. TOWNES. OLIE D. EAST.  
Nov 19 25 1f  
W. E. BASKLEY. G. W. WELLS.  
**BASKLEY & WELLS,  
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law  
AND IN EQUITY.**  
GREENVILLE, S. C.  
PRACTICE in the Courts of the State and  
of the United States, and give especial  
attention to cases in Bankruptcy.  
June 12 8

**WATCHES, CLOCKS,  
Jewelry, Periscope Spectacles, &c.**  
WILL order an extra article  
for any person. Special atten-  
tion will be given to REPAIR-  
ING and POLISHING every de-  
scription. Best references given.  
JAMES G. BLACK.  
June 20 1f

**G. F. TOWNES, EDITOR.  
J. C. BAILEY, ASSOCIATE**  
Subscription Two Dollars per annum.  
Advertisements inserted at the rate of  
one dollar per square of twelve lines lines  
(this sized type) for the first insertion.  
Fifty cents each for the second and third inser-  
tions, and twenty-five cents for subsequent  
insertions. Yearly contracts will be made.  
All advertisements must have the number  
of insertions marked on them, or they will be  
inserted till ordered out, and charged for.  
Unless ordered otherwise, Advertisements  
will invariably be "displayed."  
Obituary notices, and all matters relating to  
the interests of any one, are regarded as  
Advertisements.

**Original Poetry.**  
FOR THE GREENVILLE ENTERPRISE.  
**My Palace of Dreams.**  
BY LAURA GWIN.  
Far, hidden away from the pomp and glare  
Of this dreary world where we droop and  
pale,  
Wrapt in soft shadows and balmy air,  
In a land that is always green and fair,  
Stands my palace of dreams divine!  
And whatever of change or woe  
The years may bring me I know, I know  
They never can darken my palace of  
dreams;  
For 'tis as a cloud in the sunset rolled,  
Is turned to colors of crimson and gold,  
So each thought-flower that hither I bear  
Drinks the dew and is knit by the air—  
Springs the petals and glows and gleams  
With the magical hue of my palace of dreams!  
My beautiful palace of dreams.

In this charmed palace so fair, so fair,  
A wonderful spring-time reigns always;  
Here are sweet June-roses to breathe the hair,  
Buds of April and flowers of May,  
Flowers, flowers with dew drops dolefully hung,  
Under their jewels they sparkle and quiver.  
And wearing these, I forget that ever  
Hearts were broken or hopes laid low—  
I forget old sorrow and only know  
That life was sweet when I was young;  
For deep in the shade with a liquid flow  
The beautiful fabled Lethæan river  
Goes by my palace of dreams.

The voice of a bird in the twilight singing  
Its early song with dewy throat—  
The dreamy hum of a glad bee winging  
Its heavenly flight from flowers remote,  
Is not more sweet than the sounds that float—  
Moving wind-like evermore  
Through each long shadowy corridor—  
Soft echoes borne from the vale of youth  
Voices that gladdened me long ago—  
Passionate vows that were murmured low,  
Full of tenderness, love and truth!  
But all things evil that darken my soul,  
Thoughts of sorrow, and sounds of dole  
Can enter not—they have found a grave  
Under the shimmering Lethæan wave  
That flows by my palace of dreams.

Clothed with soft raiment of Poesy  
There are forms that move with stately pace,  
And looking forth from each niche, I see  
Smiling welcome and love to me,  
Wonderful faces, wonderful faces!  
And lo! through all this palace of mine  
The sweet rhythms wander, ballad and song,  
Quaint and merry! and many a time  
On the wings of some melody, glad and  
strong,  
My soul is borne to the innermost shrine—  
To chambers fair, that are furnished meet  
With Lydian music, faint and sweet,  
For the ingoing of Love's light feet  
In my beautiful palace of dreams!

The silken poppy with drooping head,  
The lotus blossom and myrtle spray,  
And heavy roses of white and red  
Hang over the portals, cool and gray,  
Of my beautiful palace of dreams!  
And tenderly, tenderly evermore  
Love meets my soul at the open door—  
The sweet lost love of the days of youth,  
That lives in my palace of dreams!

There, served forever by Memory,  
This fair immortal love of mine,  
Forgotten of all the world save me,  
Wearies its immortality!  
Is crossed with its immortality  
In my palace of dreams divine!  
In this world of shadows alone, alone,  
Whatever of sorrow or pain I dread,  
Let no soft heart have pity for me—  
Let no sweet soul for me make moan;  
For have I not Love in my palace of dreams?  
All gorgeous—music mine to hear!  
All pleasure—roses this mine to wear!  
O, I softly love, and I faintly fare,  
With Love in my palace of dreams!  
Greenville, S. C., 1869.

**A GOOD MOTHER.**—Sometimes  
one hears it said of a good wife  
and mother that "she's a regular  
home-body." The phrase is sim-  
ple, but what a world of ennobling  
qualities it indicates, and what a  
universe of frivolities it excludes.  
The matronly home-body is  
"Heaven's best gift to man."  
Dashing ladies, whose mission it  
is to set the fashions, will you not  
look in upon your gentle sister as  
she sits in her well ordered nur-  
sery, making the children happy  
with her presence? Note how she  
adjusts their little difficulties,  
and admonishes, encourages, in-  
structs and amuses, as the case  
may require. Do you think any  
nursmaid could produce such  
harmony in that little circle? Is  
she not an enchantress? Verily,  
yes, and her charm is "love strong-  
er than death" for those sweet  
young faces, where you may see  
her smiles and frowns (though she  
seldom has occasion to frown) re-  
flected in glee and sorrow like sun-  
light and cloud-shadow in a quiet  
pool. What she is, she will teach  
her daughters to be; and blessed  
are the sons that have such a moth-  
er.

## Original Communications.

**Farming—Manure.**  
Messrs. Editors—Solomon says:  
"The sluggard will not plow  
by reason of the cold, there-  
fore shall he beg in time of har-  
vest and have nothing." Poor  
Richard says: "He that by the  
plow would thrive, must himself  
either hold or drive." The next  
thing after early deep breaking of  
the land, comes the manuring of  
the soil. On this subject, there  
are diversities of opinions as to  
the best manures, and the best  
mode of their application. Among  
our people, this matter has not re-  
ceived that attention its impor-  
tance demands. A great deal of  
manure is often lost, or proves in-  
jurious to the growing crop, by  
being improperly applied. An-  
other fact is, different varieties of  
soil and plants, both require differ-  
ent kinds and quantities of manure.  
The cheapest and best manure  
that we can use, is of home man-  
ufacture. The question is not,  
"Will mercantile manures pay?"  
but "What manure will pay the  
best." Just here I am told, that  
with our system of labor, we can-  
not make manure so far as it is to  
be profitable. It is true, in my op-  
inion, that the present system of la-  
bor will break itself down. The  
sooner, no doubt, the better for the  
country. Instead of paying a  
share of the crop, every laborer  
should be employed for standing  
wages. It would be better for the  
employer and employed. I be-  
lieve such is the only system by  
which free labor can ever be profit-  
ably and satisfactorily worked in  
this country. But it is not my  
purpose at present to discuss the  
labor question, only so far as it  
pertains to that of manuring the  
soil: First—Home-made manure  
will pay better as a matter of in-  
vestment. Suppose that a land  
owner has one hundred dollars to  
invest in manures; instead of lay-  
ing it out for commercial fertiliz-  
ers, he employs hands to haul  
loose loam and decaying vegetable  
matter lying about his farm and  
converts it, with the scrapings of  
his lots and the cleanings of his  
stables into composts; would he not  
obtain more actual manure for the  
same money? Experience shows  
that these manures, every year, add  
more fertility to the body of the soil.  
The most of commercial fertilizers  
are exhausted with one crop, but  
the effects of home-made manures  
may be seen for four crops. If  
the present crop fails with foreign  
fertilizers, all is lost, which is not  
the case of the other. By contin-  
uing to apply composts for ten  
years to the same fields, it would  
at the expiration of this time be  
much more productive, besides  
every year, from twenty-five to  
one hundred per cent. profit would  
be realized from all the moneys  
expended upon it. If a man  
should take ten acres of land, and  
each year for ten, should make  
and apply one hundred dollars  
worth of manure to it, and then  
find his land worth one thousand  
dollars more after having obtained  
that much more of products,  
would it not pay better than if he  
had gained the products only?—  
There is exactly this advantage of  
composts over commercial man-  
ures. Second—It is often said  
by the tenant, "It will not pay  
me to manure another man's  
land." It will pay the tenant.  
Say you rent ten acres of land.  
It will, with favorable seasons and  
good culture, produce ten bushels  
of corn, or an equal amount of  
cotton per acre. You bestow five  
days per acre, or fifty days to the  
field in cultivation, and gather one  
hundred bushels of corn. Now  
say you take five acres of the same  
land and take twenty-five days, or  
half the time required to cultivate  
the whole, and apply yourself to  
making manure. This increases  
the productive capacities of your  
land to twenty-five bushels per  
acre—the other twenty-five days  
cultivates it. You gather from  
the five acres of land, for fifty  
days labor, one hundred and  
twenty-five bushels of corn. Has  
the making of manure not paid  
you? But does some one say, "I  
don't think it will pay that well."  
Try it. Take one acre along by  
the side of two, put the same work  
on it in manure and cultivation  
that is required to cultivate the  
other two, and see what the results  
will be. It is for you to use your  
labor in that way that will pay  
you best, even if others are benefi-  
ted by it. In applying manure,  
put it deep in the soil. It does  
best in drilling, to run a long  
shovel plow deep in the ground,  
put in the manure and then run a  
small plow in the same furrow.—  
This mixes the manure with the

soil so as to prevent its firing the  
growing plants—as it is called.—  
Don't think this takes too much  
time, and that you are not getting  
over land fast enough. Remember,  
great haste often makes great  
waste. Home-made manures are  
the best, for the following reasons:  
They keep our money at home.—  
They give employment to those in  
want of labor. They add more  
permanent fertility to the soil. The  
moneyless can make them. They  
suit alike the rich and the poor.  
They develop home energy, and  
lead to the discovery of our own  
wants and resources. There is less  
risk of loss in using them, for if  
they fail to pay this year, they  
will next.

Yours, most respectfully,  
A. C. STEPP.

**Story for the Ladies.**  
A LEAF  
FROM THE DIARY OF A DETECTIVE.

The Neptune was, as fine a vessel  
as ever plowed the Atlantic  
Ocean, and although she was  
caught in several storms every  
year, yet for ten years did she  
make her monthly trips, with her  
usual large cargo of living freight.  
Her captain was as jolly an old  
sea-dog as ever lived, and if once  
you crossed with old Bowler, you  
would, if possible, make the trip  
with him again, his greatest plea-  
sure being in making his guests at  
home. I had been acquainted with  
him for several years before the  
occurrence I am about to relate,  
and what was at first but a pass-  
enger's acquaintance, had ripened  
into a firm friendship, cemented  
by such strong ties that it would  
have been difficult to sever them.  
It was in the month of Decem-  
ber, 1864, that a despatch reach-  
ed me from Cape Race, from Cap-  
tain Bowler—it read as follows:  
STEAMER NEPTUNE, OFF CAPE RACE,  
10.30 A. M., December 14.

"DEAR R.: Meet us at the wharf.  
I have a strange and dangerous  
case on hand."  
The next morning I also notice  
in the papers a despatch to the  
effect that a murder had been  
committed on board the Neptune,  
on her trip across. No particulars  
were given.  
I readily knew from this that the  
Captain wanted me to sift this mat-  
ter for him, so I was at the wharf  
some time before the steamer was  
to arrive; and so anxious was I,  
that I chartered a tug and steamed  
down the bay to meet her.

The Captain was delighted to  
see me, and as soon as I got on  
board, carried me into his private  
office, and told me the full partic-  
ulars of the strange case, without  
making any comments whatever,  
until after I had expressed my  
opinion. "Well, R.," he said, "as  
soon as he set down, 'I have a  
strange case on board, I have  
been crossing the ocean now these  
seven years, and this is the first  
time that anything unpleasant has  
happened on board."  
"The circumstances are these:  
The murdered man shipped as a  
first cabin passenger at Liverpool  
for New Orleans, and seemed to  
be a man of some wealth. The  
third day out we met with several  
strong puffs of wind, and on the  
fourth and fifth we had right stiff  
breezes, something that you would  
call a storm. Well, Mr. De Vere,  
the murdered man, was very un-  
easy and very sensitive, and once  
or twice, during the most severe  
part of the gale, he was jostled  
and knocked by the prisoner, a  
Mr. Wallace. This, of course, was  
accidental, for when the old ship  
would give a lurch the passengers  
would have to look out for them-  
selves. Still De Vere was under  
the impression that Wallace had  
knocked him intentionally, and  
threats of dire vengeance passed  
between them. I own found it  
necessary to interfere to preserve  
good order. At length the last  
straw was placed on the camel's  
back. The morning of the even-  
ing on which he was murdered,  
while he was taking a glass of wine  
at the bar, by some accident Wal-  
lace tripped and fell against him,  
dashing the wine in his face. This  
was too much, and as Wallace fell  
on the floor of the deck De Vere  
gave him a kick in the face with  
great venom, at the same time  
outraging him.

"Wallace raised himself up, and  
wiping the blood from his face,  
merely remarked, 'Your blood  
shall be equally poured out.' I  
endeavored to pacify them both to  
the best of my ability, and thought  
nothing more of it during the day.  
"That night there were two  
new hands that I had shipped in  
Liverpool, who were going to work  
their passage across, on duty in  
the fore-part of the ship. [The  
Captain did not use any nautical

terms, as I was a genuine land-  
lubber.]  
"The next morning De Vere  
did not come down to the break-  
fast table, but I did not pay any  
attention to this, as he frequently  
remained in his bed until 12  
o'clock; but when he did not come  
to lunch I began to look for him,  
and could find no trace of him  
anywhere. A strict search was at  
once set on foot, and after several  
hours his murdered body was  
found hanging on the anchor. I  
at once had the body drawn up,  
and instituted a searching investi-  
gation into the cause of the murder,  
for it was evident that it was not  
ing but a murder. As a first pre-  
caution I caused Wallace to be  
put under arrest, and then held an  
informal inquest. The body bore  
marks of rough usage; the skull  
was mashed in on the top, display-  
ing a portion of the brain; there  
were also bruises on his breast and  
back, and a wound in the throat  
which had the appearance of hav-  
ing been made with a razor or some  
such instrument; and it was evi-  
dent that some very strong person  
must have inflicted all of these  
wounds.

"I first examined the two new  
sailors, and, although they were  
examined separately, still they  
both made the same statement, to  
the effect that about 1 o'clock in  
the morning they saw De Vere and  
a much smaller man, whom they  
recognized as Wallace, approach  
the prow of the vessel and engage  
in a very animated discussion. Af-  
ter talking for a short time, De  
Vere struck his companion, knock-  
ing him down; and he, on rising,  
picked up a belaying pin and  
struck De Vere on the head, and  
then continued striking him on the  
breast and shoulders; after which,  
to make things sure, he cut his  
throat, and heaved him overboard.  
This was conclusive, and I im-  
mediately had Wallace watched close-  
ly.

"On examining the body, I  
found that his pockets had been  
rifled; his watch was gone, and  
his purse and a very handsome  
diamond pin; but a search among  
the effects of Wallace failed to dis-  
close any of these things. I ex-  
amined everything in his berth,  
but could find nothing that would  
lead me to believe that he was  
guilty, and yet the testimony of  
these two men was such as not to  
be doubted; and, besides, the un-  
pleasant feelings between the pris-  
oner and the murdered man were  
the talk of the passengers, and the  
threat made by Wallace on the  
morning of that night was of itself  
evidence sufficiently strong to war-  
rant any steps I might take. This,  
then, is how the case stands now,  
and I sent for you, for I did not  
know what to do."

"As soon as he finished, my first  
wish was to see the body of the  
murdered man.  
It bore marks of hard usage. It  
had been embalmed the day it was  
found. After seeing this I went  
to see the prisoner, and was start-  
led to find that he was a college  
mate of my brother.

I at once felt a deep interest  
in the case, and after a short conver-  
sation with him I felt fully con-  
vinced that he was innocent of the  
crime, although the circumstan-  
tial evidence was so strong against  
him, and the great trouble now  
was to discover the guilty person  
or persons, as the case might be.  
My first care was to secure the  
presence of the two witnesses, al-  
though they seemed unwilling to  
have to give such damning testi-  
mony against a man who was a  
stranger to them; and, besides,  
they had no means, and were com-  
ing to pursue their trades, one be-  
ing a shoemaker, and the other a  
blacksmith; but when I promised  
to pay them for their time and  
trouble, they seemed more willing.  
I then examined very carefully  
the spot of the murder, to see if I  
could discover any kind of a clue.  
There were the blood stains on the  
floor, and the coils of rope were  
knocked about in a very unsailor-  
like manner, which bore unmis-  
takable marks of a struggle. I also  
looked over the side of the ship, to  
see where the body was found;  
and on a very close examination,  
I thought I noticed the handle of  
something caught in one of the  
links of the anchor chain. I suc-  
ceeded in letting myself down, and  
found that it was the handle of  
a shoemaker's knife that I had  
seen, and the blade had spots  
upon it resembling blood. I was  
confident then that it was with  
this instrument that the throat of  
the murdered man had been cut.  
I placed the knife in my pocket,  
but said nothing about it.

I then brought the two witnesses  
in the presence of the prisoner,  
and asked them if he was the per-  
son they saw commit the murder.

They both stated unhesitatingly,  
"Yes."  
There could be nothing done  
now but to hand over Wallace to  
the proper authorities, upon the  
arrival of the ship in dock.  
I sent for my brother as soon as  
we landed, and we went together  
with Wallace, so as to obtain for  
him as comfortable quarters as  
possible. At the same time I as-  
sured him that I would eventually  
succeed in having him acquitted.  
As there were no witnesses to wait  
for, and as the lawyers could only  
confine their investigations within  
the narrow limits of a ship, there  
was no necessity for any delay in  
the investigation and trial, which  
took place within three days after  
the arrival of the ship in port.  
The evidence given was in ac-  
cordance with the facts stated  
above.

The captain testified to the quar-  
rels between them, and the appar-  
ent unpleasantness that existed.  
He also gave his testimony with  
reference to the money and valu-  
able effects which De Vere had  
about him, but which could not be  
found, either on his person or in  
the possession of the prisoner.  
The two sailors testified to the  
struggle in about the same lan-  
guage as that given to the captain.  
And on being questioned as to how  
they could distinguish the features  
of the murderer sufficiently well  
to swear to him, they both replied  
that they saw by the light of the  
moon. Both of these witnesses  
were examined separately.  
The bar-tender testified to the  
threat made by Wallace on that  
morning, "Your blood shall be  
equally poured out," and also to  
the unfriendly feelings that exis-  
ted.  
The evidence was so conclusive,  
that Wallace was put upon his  
trial, charged with murder in the  
first degree.  
Wallace was a small man of a  
sickly nature, and had been travel-  
ing in France for his health; and  
was now returning, confident that  
for the rest of his life he would be  
an invalid. And my brother, after  
examining the fractured skull and  
bruised shoulders and breast of  
De Vere, said that it was impos-  
sible for him to have made them.  
At the trial the evidence was the  
same.  
In the intervening time between  
the inquest and the trial, I had  
made myself familiar with the  
haunts of the two sailors, and had  
obtained for them both work at  
their respective trades, with per-  
sonal friends, whom I charged to  
keep a watch over their new work-  
men. And by the day of the trial,  
which was only four days after the  
inquest, I had obtained consider-  
able information, and I determined  
to manage the case for Wallace  
myself.  
As it was at the inquest, so at  
the trial I had these two witnesses  
examined separately, the black-  
smith first; and when he testified  
that he saw the murderer by the  
light of the moon, I called for the  
log of the ship as testimony, and  
read the following as the record of  
that night:  
"Dec. 10.—Wind, W. S. W.;  
cloudy and foggy—had to keep the  
fog bell ringing all night. *Neither  
moon nor stars visible*, so could not  
tell position."  
I dismissed this witness, or rather  
asked the sheriff to keep him in  
custody, as I might want him in  
again, and called the other.  
The testimony was the same,  
and again I put in the log-book as  
testimony; and when I saw him  
falter, I pushed things, and taking  
the knife from my pocket, I placed  
it on the table before the Judge,  
saying:  
"I charge this man with the  
murder, and can prove my charge."  
I was then about to begin with  
my proofs, when a deputy sheriff  
entered, and stated that the black-  
smith wanted to turn State's evi-  
dence and confess all he knew  
about the crime.  
I assented to this, provided he  
would be also put upon his trial,  
and that his confession would not  
alter his chances for conviction.  
He was then brought in, and  
stated that the shoemaker had sug-  
gested the deed, for the purpose of  
obtaining the money and valu-  
ables of the murdered man. He  
said that he went to Mr. De Vere's  
cabin, and told him that the gen-  
tleman whom he had insulted in  
the morning wanted to see him in  
the forward part of the boat; that  
Mr. De Vere got up and dressed  
at once, and went to the place  
where the shoemaker was waiting.  
As soon as he got there, he—the  
blacksmith—hit him on the head,  
felling him to the floor; and the  
shoemaker, fearing he might cry,  
cut his throat with his knife, while  
some more blows were given. They  
then both pitched him overboard,

not thinking but that his body  
would be the food of sharks before  
morning. But when the body was  
found the next day, they consulted  
together and formed their plans.  
The testimony which they had  
both given, and had repeated so  
often and so accurately each time,  
was the result of this.  
Search was then made among  
the effects of the two men, and  
pawn-tickets for the valuables were  
found in the shoemaker's trunk.  
An officer was sent to the pawn-  
shop, and there found the watch  
and a diamond pin, the property  
of De Vere.  
There was no use for delay—the  
same jury was retained, the pris-  
oner was made witness, and the  
witnesses became prisoners; and  
after only one hour, both of the  
prisoners were sent to the State  
prison for life. Wallace never re-  
covered from the shock he received  
at being placed on his trial for  
murder; and two months after this,  
I assisted at his funeral.

**The Farm.**  
Farming is a profession, not to  
say a science. If any one doubts  
this statement let him leave his  
city home—for no one bred in the  
country will doubt it—and under-  
take to cultivate even a garden of  
half an acre for the summer. He  
will then find that knowledge is  
as essential to the right use of the  
spade as the pen, and that there is  
as great a difference between the  
scientific farming of Flanders,  
where literally not a weed is to be  
seen, and that of many of our farm-  
ers, the wealth of whose soil is  
as equally divided between fruits  
and weeds as between the trade of  
a modern commercial city and the  
barter of a backwoods settlement.  
It is true that agriculture has been  
the last to receive the impetus of  
modern science. It is true that  
many agriculturists are content to  
go on in the ways of their fathers,  
because experiments are costly.  
But it is also true that they are un-  
able to compete with those who  
understand the use of a few new  
instruments, methods and fertiliz-  
ers. Agriculture is also becoming  
in this country a popular recre-  
ation. Many a gentleman is  
content to spend on his country-seat  
money which he makes in the  
counting room. The practical farm-  
er is thus able to get the benefit  
of experiments without paying for  
them. This change in agriculture,  
which has converted it from drudg-  
ery to an art, has created a demand  
for corresponding literature.  
"Fifty years ago a stable agricul-  
tural periodical did not exist on  
the American Continent." Now  
every considerable district has one,  
while almost every weekly paper,  
secular or religious, has its agricul-  
tural department, and it will not  
be long before something of a lib-  
rary will be a part of the furni-  
ture of every well ordered farm.  
[Book Table Harper's Magazine.

**Our Corn Policy.**  
At this moment, when prepara-  
tions for planting are universally  
made; and in a paper which will  
be in the hands of all our planters,  
we cannot omit a few words to  
impress on their theory of a Corn  
Policy for the South. It is an old  
error of our planters to suppose that  
when they make an immense crop  
of cotton they have made so much  
clear gain; to forget that when  
they are without grain they must  
rob cotton Peter to pay corn Paul.  
And yet this old foe puts on a new  
face this year, and we hear of im-  
mense preparations for cotton and  
very slim ones for corn. This will  
not do.  
"Corn is independence!—it is  
life!" With heavier grain crops  
this present year we could have  
held back cotton, if needful—as it  
would not have been—and kept  
the price to any figure we pleased.  
With heavier grain crops next  
year we can do the same, thus  
making a smaller cotton crop  
equally valuable in money. If  
foreign buyers feel that planters  
can hold, they will not wait to buy  
and the demand will come. If,  
on the other hand, they know we  
must sell to buy food, foreign buy-  
ers will wait until necessity forces  
the cotton upon the market.  
Vaulting ambition to produce im-  
mense crops overleaps itself; and  
prices are made to tumble by the  
very means the planter uses to  
enhance the money value of his  
production. Hence do we say—  
Plant Corn!—Mobile Register.

"People," says a modern philo-  
sopher, "go according to their  
brains; if these lie in their head  
they study; if in their belly they  
eat; if in their heels they dance."  
THERE are 128 monasteries in  
the United States, where men live  
under vows of celibacy and pov-  
erty, and 300 nunneries of various  
grades.

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