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For the Anderson Intelligencer.

"He that keepeth his mouth, keepeth his life; but he that openeth wide his lips shall have destruction."

The mouth needs as much to be well kept as the house; for if the house keeps our health, the mouth keeps our peace. As a well kept house tendeth to comfort, so a well kept mouth tendeth to honor. The mouth is the door of the heart, but that door whence the inmates go out. It is to be observed that the inlets to the heart are more than the outlets. A man hath, for example, two ears and but one mouth, and the ears are with difficulty stopped, but the mouth easily, to denote that Providence would have the doors of knowledge kept ever wide open, but the door whence folly escapes easily and quickly closed, for this, like some plants, without air dies. Most sins need air to grow—out-door vagrants; whereas, the virtues are domestic. Folly, like fire, may be easily smothered in the spark, but with difficulty quenched in the flame.

Silence is divine. God is silent, and the greatest works are noiseless. The world in its motion is not heard. Words are more noisy than worlds, and, perhaps, do more disturb the good order of the universe. Thunder, that shaketh the world, is but the ringing of air, and the roaring of storms is but the complaint of leaves. There is indeed a time to speak, and then it would be treason to truth and humanity to keep silence. But silence oftener rewards the simple with the reputation of knowledge, than speech the wise; for eloquence hath grown degenerate and defames its master. And this is it that makes the woman's silence more ornamental than her eloquence. It never was the virtue of human speech that it had an unbroken continuity. An intervening silence hath a gracious modesty. I rather sit and admire a cheerful silence; but a rattling cascade, that goeth ever, ceaseth to be heard. Conversation doth not consist in stringing beads, and the details of kitchen experience have as little sentiment and as little variety. Yet it requires both courage and grace to keep the mouth, for ignorance puffeth with an inward fermentation, and troops of scandals leap out of a mouth wide open. She that keepeth her mouth keepeth her life—the peace of it, the virtue of it, the power of it. There is far more power in a mother's silence than in a mother's harangues; for silence hath mystery, and mystery ever maintaineth a commanding mien.

It is remarkable that Scripture hath made the out-goings of life to depend upon closed lips; for a man may swallow poison if he have swallowed its antidote, and there need be no vomiting. But he that swalloweth scandal is a willing listener, and poisoneth his own circulation. He himself catcheth the pestilence, and from him its infection goeth forth. As the breath goeth out at the lips, so virtuous life maketh its escape also out of the mouth that is wide open. And when the higher life is gone, the lower tendeth rapidly to corruption. Destruction followeth close upon the heels of him who feareth not to cast firebrands, arrows and death into God's creation.

D. E. F.

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.—A gentleman advertised for a boy to assist him in his office, and nearly fifty applicants presented themselves to him. Out of the whole number, he, in a short time, selected one and dismissed the rest.

"I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you selected that boy, who had not a single recommendation?"

"You are mistaken," said a gentleman; "he had a great many." He wiped his feet when he came in, and closed the door after him, showing that he was careful. He gave up his seat instantly to that lame old man, showing that he was kind and thoughtful. He took off his cap when he came in, and answered my questions promptly and respectfully, showing that he was polite and gentlemanly. He picked up the book which I had purposely laid upon the floor, and replaced it on the table, while all the rest stepped over it or shoved it aside, and he waited quietly for his turn instead of pushing and crowding, showing that he was honest and orderly. When I talked with him I noticed that his clothes were carefully brushed, his hair in nice order, and his teeth as white as milk; and when he wrote his name, I noticed that his finger nails were clean, instead of being tipped with jet, like that handsome little fellow's in the blue jacket. Don't you call these letters of recommendation? I do, and would give more for what I can tell about a boy by using my eyes ten minutes than all the fine letters he can bring me."

INTERMARRIAGE OF BLOOD RELATIONS.—Prof. Richard Owen, of the Indiana State University, stated an important fact which cannot be too widely disseminated, namely: That the intermarriage of blood relations is a physiological error, and he might almost say, with our knowledge of such matters, a crime. Speaking from a close observation of this subject for many years of all the families of his acquaintance where close intermarriage had been permitted, the children were either deaf mutes or afflicted by some deficiency. He knew a young man whose father was a physician, and who should have known better than to marry a double cousin, but the consequences was, as the deficient in his mental faculty. He insisted that it was a great crime for parents to allow their children to grow up with the idea that they might ever intermarry with blood relations. It should be a thing never to be thought of, the intermarriage which those connected by ties of consanguinity.

Mr. Ferguson knew of a case in Ohio, where some thirty families had married and intermarried until they could no longer tell their relationship. Most of the progeny were deaf mutes, and the remainder a little above idiotic.

—Old Dr. Lyman Beecher, the father of Henry Ward, once said: "A great many professed Christians have no other idea of religion than that it is the means of getting to heaven when they die. As to doing anything for God while they live, it does not enter into their plans."

—An Oregon toast to the press of Anderson: "Here's what makes us wear old clothes."

TRIALS OF A DISGUSTED PASSENGER.

BY DONN PLATT.

I never left a depot yet that somebody was not put under my care. I don't know why this is; I suppose it is something in my countenance; if I knew what, I would have it extracted. I don't like having unprotected females and school girls and boys turned over to me. It's a little hard on a man. And what is the good of it? Nobody needs protection; if any one does, it is a benevolent, good-looking, innocent sort of a man—such as the writer of this.

I was leaving on the morning train one from Philadelphia, when a respectable looking old scoundrel, in gold-rimmed glasses, asked me to take charge of his daughter. She could have taken charge of me. She was thirty if a day, with a face that had been on the offensive for ten years. I'd like to see any man attack that woman; I'd go odds ten to one on the scratch.

The old fellow seemed to be in a great hurry, and thrusting the lady under my arm left the cars and drove off. In a thin, angular voice, that was meant to be very sweet and was not, she asked me to take her pocket-book and get the necessary ticket. I left the car for that purpose, but when I approached the opening where the ticket agent, kept in solitary confinement, snaps at the world outside, I found that I had left my pocket-book under my pillow at the hotel, and what was worse, my watch with it. I had about twenty minutes, and jumping into a hack I promised the driver ten dollars if he would get to the hotel and back in time for the train. He started off at a furious rate, ran over an apple stand, crippled a venerable gentleman on the corner opposite, and in less than the time stated, I and the driver found ourselves marched off to the station in the land of the police. We were taken before a corpulent justice of the peace, who had as much adipose in his head as most men carry about their muscles, and it took the old fellow just two hours to try, reprimand and fine us for our drunken and disorderly conduct. Of course the train went off with my clamor. It went off without her pocket-book. I never saw her again, although I made diligent search and advertised in the daily papers. But one unfortunate day, some months after, I encountered a male member of her family, who made some serious charges against me connected with the description of a lady and stealing her pocket-book. I tried to explain, but, failing to get my words in satisfactory manner, was forced to make an assault on this member of her family, that ended in some black eyes and bloody noses.

Now what was the good of putting that aged female under my care? It only led to her giving me that pocket-book and the catastrophe that followed. She could just as well have gone off on the Pennsylvania Central without as well as with me. The thing is an outrage. If people want to put their females under the care of anybody, let them try the conductors—they are hired for such purposes—and not impose upon innocent passengers.

I was reminded of this by an adventure that happened to me the other night in New York. I was about leaving on the nine o'clock train for Washington, when a man who was in search of me approached. I know he was in search of me. He was in search of some respectable, benevolent individual to put a woman under his care. And he did. She happened to be rather good-looking and I didn't object in a violent way, but I was neither very graceful or gracious over the compliment.

When I came to secure a seat in the sleeping car, I found that a delegation of polite people were going to Washington on some charitable business, and had taken nearly all the berths. I procured two—at least I thought I had—and marched my female with her two carpet-bags, straps, satchel, a mocking bird, and a silk umbrella, with a waterproof, and two shawls down to my straps in 161. When we arrived inside, I learned for the first time that my unselected female could not abide sleeping-cars. She said she felt like suffocating, and I wished secretly she would suffocate; but, when we came to occupy our berths, I made two disagreeable discoveries.

The first was that the two tickets called for the same berth; the other, that this was the upper one. My female friend said positively that she could not get into that berth. I informed her that it was her only chance to sleep, and she told me that she would rather sit up. I then gave her the further information that was not very well, but in a sleeping car there was no place to sit except on a wash-basin, and that I thought would be rather inconvenient. At last, with the aid of a step-ladder and the steward, and two pious old Poms, my unprotected female was boosted into her room, and the curtains drawn over her for the night.

Then came the question as to what had become of the undershirt. I consulted the conductor and the steward, and had the satisfaction of hearing the fact stated that if I had told them earlier the blunder might have been remedied. But, as it was, all the berths had retired for the night, and all the berths were occupied. The conductor, however, told me that he would try and make some arrangement, and then went off about his business.

A drunken man had been captured on the platform as we started, where he was found addressing the stars in a rhapsodic way, the sleeping car ticket fished out of his pocket, and the inebriate fellow chucked into an upper berth. I was leaning against the wash-basin of the car in a very melancholy way sometime after, when this intoxicated fellow stuck his head out and, addressing me, said:

"I would like to have a drink."

"No, curse it, darn water! I want some whiskey. I am dry as a chip."

"Well," I responded, "I am sorry to say that I have none about me."

"Ain't you the conductor?"

"No," I responded, "I don't believe I am."

"Nor do I. If you were the conductor you would have something to drink. Where is the conductor?"

I told him he was in the other car.

"Well," he said, "I have a great mind to get up and bustle around all night."

"My Christian friend," I said, "there is nothing in the constitution nor the sixteen amendments that prohibits you from getting up and hunting a drink, if you want it."

Whereupon the inebriate individual rolled out of the berth. He rolled into several others, and was promptly rejected, and at last, getting his legs, disappeared at the further end of the car.

I took in the situation at a glance. Here was a berth vacant. About it was a white hat, I immediately removed that white hat. I carried it further along and put it over a Christian association, who was lost in the sleep of innocence and peace, and then returning I concealed myself in the berth vacated by the man who had a constitutional right to a drink.

"My Christian friend," I said, "I have been sleeping in a berth, for I always sleep in a berth, devoted to that business and invented by Mr. Pillsbury, the motion has the same effect upon my brain that smoking has upon a child, and I not only sleep easily, but profoundly."

foundly. In a few moments I should have been beyond all disturbances; but it happened I was awakened out of my first wink by a row in an adjoining section. There seemed to be a pitched battle going on between one of the delegates and a man who claimed the berth to be the one he just vacated. I heard him say, "Now get out of that!" and he called the good man the offspring of a female dog, adding thereto some very profane language. The conductor came to the rescue of the weary delegate, and when the man called attention to the fact of the white hat, he puzzled him sorely by showing him two or three white hats further along in the same car. At this the inebriate passenger desisted, but as the conductor's back was turned renewed the fight with the next white hat, insisting just as positively that that was his berth, and with the same profane and violent language and suffle. He was repulsed only to begin again, and he kept fighting these good Christian gentlemen who were so unfortunate at to have white hats, until I fell asleep and dreamed till morning of my earlier youth—the church, not round the corner, but in the glen, where the forest trees brushed against the windows, and the sunlight came down as if in response to the prayers of the beautiful maidens, and snowy-headed fathers of the land. I only awoke when entering the sinful city of Washington.

A Palace Car Episode—A Bride's Toilet on the Plains.

When morning came with Wednesday, we had left civilization behind us. We were pushing along the valley of the Platte, and on either side, as far as the eye could reach, there extended a grey and melancholy ocean. All that day we wore along, ourselves the only human occupants save at the stations, where we stopped a moment to water, and then tore on again.

On the Wednesday morning I had interrogated the plains at first dawn, but, repelled by their sad monotony, I fell back in my berth with disappoinment. Sunrise came, and I still lay there dreaming and waiting, when my attention was attracted toward a stateroom which was just beyond me on the opposite side. The door was slightly open, and accident or the wind had so displaced a curtain that I could not see but see the white of the interior.

I blush as I write it, but I saw I could not help seeing, and my sensations were so curious that I cannot resist attempting a description of BEAUTY AND ITS TOILET.

It was she—the slender, spirituelle bride—the fond husband was laughing himself before the mirror in the wash-room—and she awaited herself in the dressing-room to resume the proper garments of the day.

She sat so that I had a three-quarter view of her back. She sat on her berth, with her eyes fixed on the mirror in the wall. Her hairdressing shoulders were bare, and a naked foot with rosy toes, peeped out from the mass of white upon which she was seated. Her arms were bare to the shoulders, save a narrow bridge of white; and these white and slender arms went whirling around in all kinds of mad twirlings and interwindings, as their fair owner arranged her beautiful locks.

Many of these early nests of attraction which I noticed upon her head the day before were taken from a box, where all the night they had had the supreme pleasure of resting by the feet of their charming mistress. How those locks grew from their remoteness into a many-colored tangle was as artistic as it was entrancing.

And now the happy ecstasies of the slender waist, and long fingers came around behind and deftly wove up the raveled wool, whose completion was a close and eviled embrace. Then a critical glance into the mirror, as the head turned from side to side, and the slender fingers moved here a curl and there a frizz, whose change made the *tout ensemble* the more coquettish and charming.

And then the long, shapely hands went down into the box and fished forth a twin combination of an unknown character. They were graceful in color, and looked like an immense pair of goggles, save that their convex exterior was placed carefully within her corset, at the upper edge, in front, and then she glanced into the mirror and regarded the blissful twin convolutions with approval.

Just here I blushed at discovering what I was doing, and I at once withdrew my eyes. What! gaze thus upon an innocent, beautiful creature as she puts on the armor of her charms! Never will I be guilty of a clandestine operation of such a nature. And I persistently looked out of the window upon the sad wastes of the plains.—*Our Chicago Times.*

HOW GOVERNMENT NOTES ARE MADE.—As very little is known by those generally who handle or possess the circulating medium, as to how the notes are made, we append the following:

"Government notes are printed on paper furnished expressly for the purpose by the Treasury Department. It is of a peculiar grain and texture, and manufactured by a secret process known only to a few sworn individuals. A strict account is kept of every sheet furnished to the note printers, and all which are spoiled in the process, or imperfectly struck off, must be carefully preserved and returned to the Treasury Department. Every sheet and part of a sheet must be strictly accounted for. It is thus that all probabilities of fraud are prevented. The lathes for making the scroll work cost an immense amount of money. They are so expensive that counterfeiters cannot afford to procure them. It being in this feature especially that the Government relies for protection against counterfeiters, the different bank note companies have vied with each other in building complicated and accurate lathes. A good machine for doing first-class scroll work is worth a million of money to the owners.

"There are few persons accustomed to handling greenbacks and blunders daily who have any idea of the amount of work necessary to produce the engraving. We admire the fine workmanship and beauty of designs, but unless we take pains to inquire into the matter we cannot appreciate the intricacy of detail. It is said that a man worked two whole months in engraving the head of Columbus on the back of \$5. greenbacks. This seems like a somewhat improbable story, but it is doubtless true.

"A bank note or greenback is printed by several distinct impressions. That is, it is run through the press several times. For every impression there is a separate engraved plate. Proof of these plates are taken separately and closely examined before the notes are struck off.

—It generally takes twenty years of training to eradicate the word "nice" from a woman's vocabulary. "The falls of Niagara, the pabos of David and the progress of the human race," says a fond father, "were all nice to my oldest girl she got married."

Water will make a man's back stiff. We have seen several men with their backs stiff lately. They must have been out in the damp.

The State Fair.

The officers of the State Agricultural and Mechanical Society have not been idle during the summer, and it is confidently expected that the third Annual Fair of the society will show a large increase in the number of exhibitors from the South and West, as well as this State. Copies of the premium lists have been sent to the principal newspapers in every State, from Maine to California, and their comments have, no doubt, excited an interest in the subject which will manifest itself practically in November. In this State the preparations for the Fair have been made quietly and privately, but we have reason to hope that they are both extensive and thorough.

We have always been of the opinion that the State Fair should be held alternately in Charleston and Columbia, in order that there might be no waste of force. It is difficult for South Carolina to organize two State Fairs, worthy of the name, in one season, and the State Agricultural Society of Columbia and the South Carolina Institute of Charleston ought to accomplish more, if working together, than when each is striving to attract to itself the larger part of the common stock of exhibitive material. This, however, should be an incentive to greater exertion. Hard work will secure the success of one; harder work will make both successful. And it must be remembered that we owe the officers of the State Agricultural and Mechanical Society a heavy debt of gratitude. They began their labors more than two years ago, when it was difficult to re-awaken the people to the importance of these Annual Fairs. A voluntary association of gentlemen, having no other object than the industrial improvement of the State, they faced and overcame a host of difficulties, and made their very first exhibition attractive beyond all reasonable expectation. As a consequence of their action, new life was given to the planting and farming communities. Agricultural societies sprang up on all sides. This fall there will be county fairs in Anderson, Abbeville, Barnwell, Darlington and Orangeburg, and other counties, which have not organized, express their determination not to be laggards in the race. These fairs will bring men together, will show them what their neighbors are doing, will make them acquainted with the latest discoveries in agricultural chemistry, and will give them an opportunity of testing the latest improvements in implements and labor-saving machinery.

Empirical knowledge is not sufficient for the progressive planter, and, as a thorough school, teaching the lessons of experience and science, every community should, for its own sake, strive to build up and enlarge its annual Agricultural Fair. And what we have said of the county exhibitions applies with still greater force to the State fairs, which, having larger means and a more central position, draw exhibitors from a wider field, and possess in a higher degree the qualities upon which their usefulness depends. In its sphere, nevertheless, the County Fair is as important as that of the State.

The Fair of the Agricultural and Mechanical Society will be held at Columbia, beginning on the 6th and closing on the 14th November. We print the rules and regulations in another column, and the secretary, Colonel D. Wyatt Aiken, Cokesbury, S. C., will be pleased to give intending exhibitors any further information they may desire. Premiums are given for field crops; cattle, horses and mules; wines, honey and preserves; fruits and vegetables; manufactured goods; needle and fancy work; machinery and manufactures in wood and iron; objects of art. There are, also, special premiums; including one of three hundred dollars for the best steam plow successfully operated one hour each day during the Fair. All that is needed now is a determination on the part of the public to make the Fair equal to its rivals in our sister States, and worthy of our own anti-bellum reputation. This can be done.—*Charleston News.*

Gen. Wade Hampton.

The Atlanta Constitution, referring to the letter of Gen. Hampton on the situation, says:

It will be seen that this patriotic and able son of South Carolina takes emphatic ground in favor of the policy that we have been carrying of Southern inactivity while our Democratic friends at the North are fighting their battles. He goes farther than we do, and counsels that we take no part in the National Democratic Convention of 1872. We are not prepared now to go this far, as it is rather early to decide that question. We would leave that open for the time when we must act. Then we must be governed by the facts before us. But his indorsement of our position now we regard as valuable.

General Hampton occupies a peculiar position that gives great weight to his views. He is today the cherished man of the Edisto State—more thoroughly representative of her good people than any of her sons. His people idolize him, and he is worthy of it. They would call him to their first places of honor. He has brains, integrity, character, antecedents.

Yet, because he has a war record, and because he was a secession leader and fighter, and therefore his leadership now would damage his section and afford material for the Radicals in their reconstruction of Southern purposes and warfare on Southern rights, he has the patriotism to forego all promotion and prominence, and only to speak and write words that can soothe sectional irritation, allay strife, and prevent misconstruction. We say in all candor that the example is noble. He has the discernment to see its benefit and the self-denial resolution to act upon it. Hence, that is why we think he is his prominence as a Southern leader at this time can only harm his section. In the diseased condition of public sentiment North, consequent upon the fear of losing war, the action of old and popular Southern leaders is an injury to the people that love them, and to whom they are devoted.

His example is worthy of imitation, and has many patriotic self-sacrificing imitators. General Lee was a conspicuous instance. His conduct was a model. His resolute refusal of all honors, because it might hurt his beloved South, his unbroken silence upon all subjects where misconstruction was possible to the injury of his section, his unflinching spirit of conciliation and patience under troubles that might not be aggravated to the detriment of his people, embodied the essence of patriotism and wisdom. He never allowed himself to be drawn from his fixed line of privacy and reticence.

Gen. Brockbridge is another notable instance. Whatever else may be said of these noble spirits that is good, their highest praise is that they have not retarded the restoration of their country's welfare.

Under the light of the example of these great spirits, we are confirmed in our opinion that we should be quiet now when mediation is doing infinite and we fear irreparable harm. Hampton's words are wise, and well-considered, as well as his example, and we commend them to our allies in the cause of Southern national liberty North.

On the Cultivation of Wheat.

Any one who has paid any attention to the wheat product of the United States, comparing the yield per acre in past years with what it is at present, cannot fail to be struck with the fact that in the best wheat growing regions of the older States, the product of grain per acre for a long time steadily declined; but that recently, through more judicious cultivation, the average yield—taking into consideration the area under cultivation—has gradually, but slowly increased; although it has not yet reached—except in rare instances—the creative product of the original soil. A quarter of a century ago the average product of wheat in Maryland did not much exceed seven bushels to the acre. Since then the average in good seasons has risen to fifteen bushels, thus more than doubling the crop. A similar decline and a similar improvement is observable in the reports from all the older States since fertilizers have been more liberally employed; and a better system of cultivation has taken place of the old slovenly practices. But we are far from having reached the maximum yield. There are occasional instances of the yield reaching thirty and thirty-five bushels to the acre. But these instances are few as compared with those which indicate returns of ten, twelve and fourteen bushels. The same results are observable in the Western States. The best wheat growing regions there are losing their former fertility, and the wheat fields from which the heaviest supplies are drawn for sale in the Chicago and St. Louis markets are those that have been newly opened to wheat culture. In short, the great granary of the United States has been steadily moving Westward, and the cost of transportation to the eastern markets has increased in proportion to the distances of the fields from which the wheat crops are drawn.

The advantage to the older States lies in this: that they are occupied by a dense population; that the best wheat markets, whether for home consumption or exportation, are in their midst, are easily accessible by rail or water, and the cost of transportation is light, whilst the wheat offered for sale brings the highest market prices. All these circumstances are in favor of the wheat growers of the older States, and even now tend to counterbalance the heavier acreable yield of the newly occupied Western States. But there is no earthly reason why the product in the Atlantic States should not be equal to that of the best Western soils. Lands are never exhausted except by carelessness and improvidence. When farmers take everything off their land, even to straw, and put little or nothing back upon it, of course by constant cropping the land will wear out. But the lands of England and Germany and France have been under tillage for a thousand years—we say nothing of the lands of China—and since science has been brought to bear on the cultivation of the soil, the wheat crop in numerous instances has been brought up to forty-five bushels to the acre, and the average, except in bad seasons, has rarely fallen below twenty-five. The climate, in England especially, is, moreover, greatly against the farmer, whilst with us it is unexceptionably good. It is, therefore, far fair to say that if we pursue their methods, and lime and fertilizer as liberally as they do, that our crops should be at least equal to theirs.

And, now, what have we to do to bring about this result? In the first place we must steadily pursue a system of cultivation and a system of manuring, which, instead of robbing annually the soil of a part of its plant food, should add to it more than has been carried off in the crops. We know by the analytical tables that have been so frequently given in the pages of the *Maryland Farmer* that the essential constituents of a good wheat soil are potash, soda, phosphate of lime, carbonate of lime and silica. We throw out the silica, for that is superabundantly found in almost every soil. We have then to look principally for potash, soda, phosphate of lime and carbonate of lime. If these are present in good quantities, and the soil is not too light, the wheat product is bound to be good in a good season and under cleanly and thorough preparatory tillage. If these are deficient in quantity, or if any one of them is missing, the crop will be light. Under such circumstances what is to be done? One or two means may be resorted to: 1st. Liming and manuring until the land will bring good crops of clover. This crop turned under will, in rotting, give to the soil all the constituents that a crop of wheat requires, for strange to say, the constituents of the ash of clover and those of the ash of wheat, both of straw and grain, run parallel with each other. Hence, as every good farmer knows, clover turned under is an excellent preparation for wheat. But this process would take several years to accomplish. The quicker method is to supply the same constituents, either by composts made on the farm, or by the use of commercial fertilizers. The best mixture of the latter kind is a combination of soluble super-phosphate of lime, which is better known by some as bone dust, potash and soda—or their equivalent of unteached wood ashes—and a small per centage of ammonia. From two hundred and fifty pounds to three hundred pounds to the acre of the above mixture would not only restore to the wheat crop the constituents it lacks, but would leave a residue for the next crop.—*Maryland Farmer.*

TREAT ANIMALS KINDLY.—It is a pity every one does not treat animals kindly, for much more can be done with them in all ways; they will do us any wish them readily, and you become completely master of them, without knowledge on their part that they are subservient to your desires. There is not a more interesting sight than to see a first-rate headman, or a thoroughly good shepherd, move a number of his animals and draw them out into different yards and then perhaps into pens—one here, two there, &c., but in every instance the right one going into the right place, and all this done without any bundle and in most regular, quiet manner imaginable. Man, too, is an animal, and how very much better it would be if any one having that sort of animal around him would treat them kindly. He might, as stated with the lower animals, become completely master and have entire control of them, without their being any really subservient to him. Overbearing manners, however, and his partly dissatisfied and discontented, and in fact, they are generally a great deal of sense in any one who tries to make others feel inferior to him, and depend upon it, there is nothing better than kindly treatment towards all animals.—*Our Country Gentleman.*

A Remarkable Murder Trial.

Two years ago, on the 5th of September, 1869, Mansuet, Michigan, Herbert Field, the partner of George Vanderpool, mysteriously disappeared. Ten days later his dead body was found in Lake Michigan, bearing unmistakable marks that he had come to his death by violence. George Vanderpool was arrested for the murder. On the morning of Sunday, the 5th, the day on which Field was last seen, he and Vanderpool dissolved their partnership, Field retiring, and the two men went together to a store adjoining their bank to obtain the signatures of witnesses to the papers containing their final agreement. With the exception of a single witness, who was positive that he saw Field later in the day, there was no record that his existence continued an hour beyond the time that he and Vanderpool were supposed to have returned to the bank. That they did so return, and that then and there Vanderpool robbed and murdered Field, and conveyed his body to the lake, has been the theory of the prosecution from the beginning to the end. Seemingly forgeries in their books, an incongruity between Field's private memorandum of the amount to which he was entitled, and the figures representing that amount in the firm ledger, Vanderpool's absence from home during a portion of the day, and his return in the afternoon wearing Field's pants and vest; his possession of gold which was seen in Field's hands on the previous Saturday; his having cut out and burned several feet of the carpet on the bank floor, and the presence of blood on the boards whence the carpet had been removed—all these circumstances seemed to make the case clear against Vanderpool, and on his first trial, which took place in Manistee, he was convicted and sentenced to State Prison for life. His counsel obtained a new trial, with change of venue to Kalamazoo County; his own resources had become exhausted, and a subscription was taken up throughout the State to pay the expenses of counsel and witnesses, many of the latter being indigent and hundreds of miles away. The trial was conducted with great vigor on both sides, and resulted in the disagreement of the jury. Change of venue was then taken to Barry County; no new testimony was developed on either side. Vanderpool explained the burned carpet, and the borrowing of pants and vest from Field, as having been made necessary by sickness which he could not control, and while he had considerable positive assertion on his side, the prosecution were confined to one of the strongest chains of circumstantial evidence that ever encircled a prisoner. The case was given to the jury on Wednesday, September 13, and after an absence of six hours they returned a verdict of acquittal. It is due to the eminent counsel on both sides to say that the result of the trials was more dependent upon their comparative abilities, than upon the testimony in the case. The location of Vanderpool's young wife to her husband during his imprisonment, her friendless condition, and firm belief in his innocence, did much to influence public opinion in the State, which, at the outset was almost solidly against him. The testimony certainly pointed to Vanderpool as the murderer of Field, but no man saw him do the deed, and the jury preferred to face a possible murderer rather than shape so fatal a verdict on circumstantial evidence.—*This Statesman, Sept. 19.*

CHARGED WITH KIDNAPING.—On Monday night, H. C. Mosley, United States Deputy Marshal, upon warrants issued by Samuel T. Poirier, United States Commissioner, arrested under the Ku Klux Act of Congress the following named persons residing in the upper part of this county: O. C. Beaumgard, Charles Beaumgard, J. Newman Thomas, William C. Thomas, John C. Watson, Thomas H. Lesley, William D. Lesley and John L. Wood. They were arrested on a charge of having whipped a negro woman by the name of Phoebe Smith, who resides in the same neighborhood of the persons accused, on the night of the 12th of May last. The prisoners were brought to town about daylight on Tuesday morning by a squad of United States soldiers, and lodged in jail, preparatory to a preliminary examination before the United States Commissioner.

Robert Faulkner, of the same neighborhood, charged with participating in the same offence, and for whose arrest a warrant had also been issued, was absent from his home when the officer called to arrest him; but on his return, and ascertaining that a warrant had been issued for him, he immediately came to this place and surrendered himself to the Marshal.

On Tuesday an investigation was had by the Commissioner, and after an examination of witnesses in behalf of the prosecution, the accused were required to give bond, in the sum of \$2,000 each, for their appearance before the United States Circuit Court, to be held in Columbia on the second Monday of November next, at which term, we understand, Judge Bond will preside. At the time of writing, Wednesday morning, the required bail had not been given.—*Yorkville Enquirer.*

MARTIAL LAW IN THE SOUTH.

The letter of Mr. A. J. Ransier, the colored Lieutenant-Governor of South Carolina, in which he opposes the proposition to declare martial law in that State, has caused much discussion, and ought to have some influence on the President. He asserts that peace may be restored if the Republicans will discharge from office all incompetent and corrupt officers, and the Democrats will be content to obtain redress for their complaints through legal and peaceful means. Mr. Ransier's plan is not a new one. He simply expresses the sentiment of the best men of both political parties in the Southern States. Senators Robertson, of South Carolina, Hill, of Georgia, and West, of Louisiana, in opposing the Ku Klux bill in Congress, took the ground that interference by the administration in local affairs, whatever temporary success it might have, would have a bad influence, and would be the beginning of an endless series of similar legislation. Governors Aboorn, of Mississippi, Lindsay, of Alabama, and Scott, of South Carolina, were confident, at that time, that they could preserve the peace better without the interference of the United States officers. The same opinion was expressed by the independent Republican journals of the Southern States. These witnesses are worthy of confidence, because they are most deeply interested in restoring peace.—*New York Evening Post.*

PRIMITIVE MEDICAL PRACTICE.—A gentleman in Alabama, in exerting himself one day, felt a sudden pain, and bearing his internal machinery had been thrown out of gear, sent for a negro on his plantation, who made some pretensions to medical skill to prescribe for him. The negro having investigated the case, prepared and administered a dose to his patient with the utmost confidence of a speedy cure. No relief being experienced, however, the gentleman sent for a physician, who, on arriving inquired of the negro what medicine he had given his master. He promptly responded: "Rasin and alum, sah."

"What did you see them for?" continued the doctor.

"What?" replied the negro, "I saw how his pants and drawers were soiled."

Two ladies were walking the other day, each having her child with her. Soon they met two gentlemen. "There," said one, "are our husbands." "Yes," said the other, "and our fathers." "And our grand-fathers," said the children. All were correct in their statements. Who can solve this relationship?

Early snow cuts are seldom injured by frost, they take root more vigorously, and yield better than when sown late in the fall.

The time for sowing wheat crops is not to be delayed. On sowing good seed, and it should require an abundant supply of fertilizer, will make a crop.