

The Elk County Advocate.

THE LONG AGO.

Oh! a wonderful stream is the river of Time, As it runs through the realm of tears, With a faultless rhythm and beautiful rhyme, And a broader sweep and a surge sublime...

There's a magical lile on the river Time, Where the softest airs are playing; There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime And a song as sweet as a vesper chime...

There are fragments of songs that nobody sings, And part of an infant's prayer; There's a harp unswept and a lute without strings, And the garments that Sir used to wear...

Oh! remembered for aye is that blessed isle, All the days of our life full night; When the evening comes with its beautiful smile, And our eyes are closed to slumber awhile...

THE OLD CARTMAN.

I have a mind to tell a little story, a brief, yet a true one. About five years ago John Ainsley, or 'Pap Ainsley,' as he was familiarly called...

'Merciful God!' exclaimed the old man, starting from his chair, and then dropping into it again, with his head bowed upon his breast. 'This cannot be, and yet why not?'

'You are not going?' said the mother re-appearing, and discovering the act of leaving the house. He stopped, and apparently turned his face, but seemed to lack the resolution to do so...

'No, no!' he exclaimed, not till you tell me I am forgiven.' 'Forgiven—for what?' replied the mother, greatly alarmed. 'Recognize in me your wretched father, and I need not tell you.'

'My poor father,' she cried, throwing her arms around his neck, 'all is forgiven—' All was forgiven, and the husband, when he returned late in the afternoon, was scarcely less rejoiced than his good wife at the discovery.

'Since when?' I inquired thoughtlessly, observing his hesitation. 'The old man told me. Sixteen years ago he was a well-to-do farmer, near Syracuse, New York. He had one child, a daughter...

'Very seldom,' he replied, dropping into a chair at my request and wiping the perspiration from his forehead. 'Well, if you drink at all,' I insisted, 'you will not find as fair an excuse in the next twelve-months for indulging, for you appear fatigued and scarcely able to stand.'

'The father loaded his double-barrelled shot-gun, and swore vengeance, but failing to find the fugitives, he took to the bottle.—His good wife implored him not to give way to despair, and he accused her of encouraging the elopement.'

'In three months the wife died, and at the expiration of a year, when the young people returned to Syracuse from Connecticut, where they had remained with the parents of the husband, they learned that the old man had squandered his money, and was almost destitute. Learning of their arrival, Ainsley drank himself into a frenzy, and proceeded to the hotel where they were stopping, attacked the husband, wounded him in the arm by a pistol shot, and attempting to take the life of his daughter, who happily escaped unscathed through the interposition of persons who happened to be at the spot by the report of the pistol as she was arrested, tried and acquitted on the plea of insanity.'

He was sent to a lunatic asylum, from which he was dismissed after remaining six months. In 1851 he came to California. He had followed mining for two years, but his strength was unequal to the pursuit, and he returned to the city, purchased a handcart, and—the rest is known.

'Since then,' concluded the old man, bowing his face in his hands in agony, 'I have not tasted liquor nor have I seen my child.'

I regretted that I had been so inquisitive, and expressed to the sufferer the sympathy I really felt for him. After that I seldom passed the corner without looking for 'Pap Ainsley,' and never saw him but to think of the sad story he had told me.

One chilly, drizzly day in December following, a gentleman having purchased a small marble top table at an auction room opposite, proffered to the old the job of carrying it to his residence at Stockton. Not wishing to accompany the carrier, he had selected the face giving the best assurance of careful delivery of his purchase.

Furnished with the number of the house, the old cartman after a trying struggle with the ascent of California street, reached his destination and deposited the table in the hall. Lingered a moment the lady did not surmise the reason, until he politely informed her that her husband (for such he took him to be) had omitted, probably accidentally, to pay for the carriage.

'Very well, I will pay you,' said the lady stepping into an adjoining room. She returned, and stating that she had no small coin in the house, handing the man a twenty dollar gold piece.

'Never mind, I will call to-morrow,' he said, turning to go. 'No, no,' replied the lady, glancing pitifully at the white locks and trembling limbs, 'I will not put you to so much trouble.'

'I will hand the coin to Bridget, with instructions to see if she could get it changed at one of the stores or markets in the neighborhood. 'Step into the parlor until the girl returns, the air is chilly and you must be cold,' continued the lady. 'Come,' she added, as he looked at his attire and hesitated; 'there's a fire in the grate, and no one there but the children.'

'It is somewhat chilly,' said the old man following her into the parlor, and taking a seat near the fire. 'Perhaps I may find some silver in the house,' said the lady, leaving the room. 'I fear that Bridget will not get the twenty dollar piece changed.'

'Come, I love little children,' and the child, who had been watching him with curiosity, ran behind the large arm-chair, and hesitatingly approached. 'What is your name, my little child?' 'Maria,' hisped the little one.

'Maria,' he repeated, while the great tears gathered in his eyes; 'I once had a little girl named Maria, and you look very much as she did.'

'Did you?' said the child, with much interest; 'and was her name Maria Eastman, too? 'Merciful God!' exclaimed the old man, starting from his chair, and then dropping into it again, with his head bowed upon his breast. 'This cannot be, and yet why not?'

'I caught up the child in his arms with an eagerness that frightened her, and gazing into her face until he found conviction there, suddenly rose to leave the house. 'I cannot meet her without betraying myself, and I dare not tell her that I am that drunken father who attempted to take her life, and perhaps left her husband a cripple, he groaned, as he hurried towards the door.

'The little ones were bewildered. 'You are not going?' said the mother re-appearing, and discovering the act of leaving the house. He stopped, and apparently turned his face, but seemed to lack the resolution to do so...

'He said he had a little Maria once that just looked like me, mother,' shouted the child, her eyes sparkling with delight. 'The knees of the old cartman trembled, and he learned against the door for support. The lady sprang toward him, took him by the arm, and attempted to conduct him to a chair.

'No, no!' he exclaimed, not till you tell me I am forgiven.' 'Forgiven—for what?' replied the mother, greatly alarmed. 'Recognize in me your wretched father, and I need not tell you.'

'My poor father,' she cried, throwing her arms around his neck, 'all is forgiven—' All was forgiven, and the husband, when he returned late in the afternoon, was scarcely less rejoiced than his good wife at the discovery. Whether or not Bridget succeeded in changing the double eagle I never learned; but this I do know, it took that honest female all of two months to unravel the knot into which the domestic relations of the family had tied itself during her absence.

'Pap Ainsley' still keeps his cart; for money could not induce him to part with it. He kept it since, and discovered the old man dragging the favorite vehicle around the enclosure with his four grandchildren piled promiscuously into it.

Miss Humbee's Diary.

CURE FOR A FELON.

MARCH 4th.—When Augustus was opening a box, containing rags the other day, he gave his thumb a sharp rap with the hammer. The pain resulting from the blow was not very severe at the time, but it increased, until the next day he felt sure that the bone must have been bruised, and a felon was coming. As he has been thus twice afflicted, he had good reason to shrink from the suffering awaiting him. Happening to be in at Mr. Pridie's store, I mentioned the circumstance while talking with Mr. Mix, who had come in with a load of produce to exchange for groceries. 'Felon is it, you think?' said he. 'Wall, I can give you a receipt that'll kill it outright, and you won't hear nothing more from it. You jist take some of this 'ere common rock-salt, such as you use for salting down pork and beef, dry it in the oven, then pound it fine, and mix it with spirits turpentine, in equal parts. Put it on a rag, and wrop it round the thumb, and as soon as ever it gits dry put on some more, and in twenty-four hours the felon'll be as dead as a door-nail.'

On my return home I found Augustus walking the floor in great pain with his disabled hand, and ready for anything that promised relief. We got the salt and turpentine and followed the directions minutely. About one o'clock in the night he got to sleep, and when he wakened in the morning, not only the pain was gone, but all feeling had gone with it. The first joint of his thumb seemed perfectly dead, so far as sensation was concerned. He still kept applying the re-

edy, and by degrees feeling returned, until in a day or two his hand was entirely recovered. We have double reason now to remember Mr. Mix with kindness. His receipt for stone-lining has proven itself as good as that for a felon.

MARCH 10th.—Sewing-circle at Mrs. Blake's to-day. A large number were present, and everybody was busy. Mrs. Lee was making a pumpkin-seed mat, and every body crowded round to see it. There will be twenty such mats in Buxdale before Saturday night. It is intended for the teapot, and is made after the following manner: Take pumpkin-seeds of uniform size, and, with a needle and thread, string eighteen of them by putting the needle through the narrow end of each seed; then tie the thread together. This will bring the seeds around standing on the edges, and form the centre of the mat. Between each of the eighteen centre seeds, at the other end, string two more for the second row. In each of the vacancies string three more for the third row, four for the fourth row, five for the fifth, and six for the sixth and last row, which ornament with bows, or a fringe of bright ribbon, between each cluster of the six seeds, and put a bow of the same in the centre of the mat.

Mrs. Pridie was making a rug. She had a basket full of strips cut half an inch wide, and with a large sized Afghan needle she crocheted them together very rapidly. This, she says, is much easier than braiding, more quickly done, and far prettier when finished. Her yellow stripes were very brilliant, and made of old white cotton cloth, colored with Bi-chloride of potash and sugar of lead.—(Exactly now, I hope the lady from Appleton will tell us.) With a patent coloring mixture she had made some brilliant scarlet of old white flannel. This rug will bring a high price at our coming fair. In the evening the gentleman came in, and work was pretty much laid aside. There was quite a fluttering of fans, for two or three of our young ladies who came after dark brought for use and beauty those graceful little Parisian bouquets, with a fan cunningly folded in the handle, but which, at a gentle pull of one of the flowers, discloses a fairly-like fluting or delicate tissue, tinted like the wing of a butterfly and perfumed with odors from Sabeen isles.

Twitchell's Confession—Flight of Mrs. Twitchell.

In the presence of Rev. George Bringham and Wm. B. Perkins, Esq., Prison Superintendent, George S. Twitchell, Jr., has made the following confession of the particulars of the murder of Mrs. Hill. It will be seen by this statement of Twitchell, that the conditions of the murder were generally supposed; and if Twitchell has given a truthful relation of the tragedy, the horrors of the murder are greatly increased, as it implicates the daughter as the chief perpetrator of the fearful deed.

'I went to my room the night of the murder, and, instead of going to bed, lay down on the lounge which was in my room, and fell asleep. My wife was in bed at the time. I was aroused at her repeated calls, and ran down to the dining room, where I found her much excited, saying, 'I have had a quarrel with mother, and have killed her!' I do not know whether she said—'save me!—or help me hide it!' But at last we threw the body of Mrs. Hill out of the window, to make it look as if she fell out.

'I went down stairs and washed my hands and face at the hydrant; then went to my room, undressed, and went to bed. My wife came up afterwards, and got into bed, where we staid until Sarah (Campbell) rang the bell. 'I think we were in bed ten or twenty minutes. I made a solemn vow to eternal God that night that I would never reveal it, but I cannot keep it any longer. I am sorry with the vow in my mind, and to save my wife, I now make this disclosure that I may have peace with God.'

(Signed) 'George S. Twitchell, Jr., In the presence of Rev. George Bringham and William B. Perkins. This morning Mrs. Camilla E. Twitchell left the city, under circumstances which would appear to lead the countenance of truth to the above arraignment of her by her husband for the murder of Mrs. Hill.

About a week ago she visited the condemned man in his cell for the last time. She then had a conversation with the Rev. Mr. Bringham, on the course of which she manifested great interest, and which she has not said anything to her spiritual adviser which would implicate her in the murder. She inquired especially if Mr. Twitchell had made any statement about the crime. Mr. Bringham responded that he had. Then the wife inquired if he had made a confession, to which she received an affirmative response.

Mrs. Twitchell then inquired if her husband had made any statement concerning herself in connection with the murder, to which she likewise received an affirmative response. 'Yes,' said Mr. Bringham, 'he has told me all about it.' 'Then,' exclaimed Mrs. Twitchell, 'he is a villain—the greatest villain on the face of the earth!'

She then directed her inquiries to the day of the execution, asking if Twitchell intended to make any statement on the scaffold.—She was assured by Mr. Bringham that he intended to do so. This brought out the inquiry as to whether any newspaper reporters would be present, and when she was told that such would be the case, she exclaimed: 'That would be bad! Since the day on which this conversation occurred, Mrs. Twitchell has not been near the cell of her husband, and this morning she left the city for parts unknown.

A HEALTHY BOG.—Old HARKS said;—Some years ago, I took a bog bug to an iron foundry, and dropped it into a ladle where the molting iron was, and had it run into a skillet. Well, my old woman used that skillet pretty constant for the last six years, and here the other day it broke all to smash, and what do you think, gentlemen, that ere insect just walked out of his hole where he had been layin' like a frog in a rock, and made tracks for his old roost upstairs! But, (added he by way of parenthesis,) by George, gentlemen, he looked mighty pale!

LITTLE girls believe in the man in the moon—big girls in the man in the honey-moon.

JOHN BILLINGS ON THE LIVE MAN.—The live man is like a little pig—he is weaned young and begins for raw root airy. He is the popper-ears of creation—the all-aspice of the world.

The man who kin draw New Orleans molasses, in January, thru a half-inch sugar hole, and sing Home, sweet Home while the molasses is running, may be strikeley honest, but ain't sudden enough for this climate.

The live man is az full of bizness as the conductor of a street car—he iz often like a hornet, very bizzy, about what the Lord on-ly knows.

He lites up like a cotton factory, and ain't got any more time low spare than a school-boy has Saturday afternoon. He iz like a deary duck, always above water, at least eighteen months during each year.

He iz like a runaway hoss—he gets the whole of the road. He trots when he walks, and only lies down at night because everybody else iz.

The live man iz not always a leep thinker; he jumps at conclusions jist as the frog daz, and don't always land at the spot he iz looking at.

He iz the American pet, a perfect mystery to foreigners; but haz done more (with charcoal) to work out the greenness of this country than any other man in it.

He don't always die rich, but always dies bizzy, and meets death like an oyster, without any fuss.

LOVE AND SENSU.—A lady who keeps a school where young ladies from fourteen to eighteen years of age are 'finished,' was asked if she was not often troubled by her pupils falling in love. She answered—

'I have to contend against no greater difficulty: it seems altogether impossible to prevent flirtations from arising, and notes and love tokens from being clandestinely exchanged. And the thing will continue to exist, so long as there are sixteen or foolish and young men are adventurous. My only plan, when I see the tender passion has been developed, is to crush it in the bud, and my receipt is the antithesis of romance. It is SENSA TEA. Whenever I prescribe—as I quickly do—that one of my young ladies has fallen (as she fancies) in love, I at once take her in hand. I never hint at anything connected with the tender passion, but I treat her as an invalid who is suffering from impaired digestion. I keep her closely to the house and dose her liberally with senna tea, standing by to see that she drains the dose to the dreg. This plan is always attended with success. Sometimes she gives in after the first few doses, but usually it takes two or three days to complete the cure. I have one obstinate and protract case that lasted a whole week, but I was firm to my plan, and in the end it succeeded. You may depend upon it, that as a cure for a school girl's (old)love, there is nothing like senna tea.—(Editorial Note.)

THE YANKEE AND THE BEAR.—Two Yankees strolling in the woods, without any arms in their possession, observed a bear climbing a tree, with his paws clasped around the trunk. One of them ran forward, and caught the bear's paw, one in each hand. He then called out to his comrade, 'Jonathan, run home and bring me something to kill the varmint; and mind you don't stay, or I'm in a fix.'

Jonathan ran off, but staid a long time.—During the interval, the bear made several desperate attempts to bite the hand of him who held it. At length Jonathan came back.

'Hallo, what kept you so long?' 'Well, I'll tell you. When I got home breakfast was ready, so I staid to eat it.' 'Well, said his comrade, 'come now, and hold the critter till I kill it.' Jonathan seized the bear's paws, and held the animal.

'Well, have you hold of him?' 'I guess I have.' 'Very well, then, hold fast; I'm off for my dinner.'

The penal colony of Fernando Po, where the prisoners of State in Cuba are to be conveyed, is an island, forty-four miles long and twenty miles broad, situated on the west coast of Africa, in the Bright of Biafra, about twenty miles from the nearest point of the main land. Fernando Po is in latitude about 3 deg 30 min. north, is traversed by a mountain ridge, which at Clarence Peak rises to the height of 10,650 feet, or over two miles, is fertile, well watered and thickly wooded. It contains, in a state of nature, large flocks of goats and sheep, and swarms of monkeys of great size. The climate, excessively hot at all times, becomes intolerable during the rainy season, when a pestilential wind blows from the continent of Africa. The native population, consists of twelve thousand negroes, inhabiting fifteen villages. The English Government, between 1727 and 1834, made an attempt to form a colony, but failed. In 1844, Spain again took possession and established a penal settlement.

The PITTSBURGH GAZETTE says there are hundreds of vacancies in baby life now eagerly filled by men who might as well be chopping wood or rolling iron, could be occupied by women whose fair hands and fertile brains would develop equal proficiency if the proper training and education were afforded. It is, therefore, idle to talk of no opportunities being offered women to obtain a livelihood, or of the gross injustice of the world in awarding her poor pay for her work. The responsibility should be charged upon those on whom devolves the duty of educating girls, and not upon business men and merchants. If they are fitted for places in the trades and professions they can demand and receive the same remuneration for their work as men, and until they are so fitted will be compelled to eke out a miserable subsistence on beggarly poor wages. There is truth in this which parents should heed.—Girls ought to be taught trades as much as boys.

A little four year old child, in Portland, told his father he was a fool. On being reprimanded by his mother, and required to say he was sorry, he toddled up to the insulted parent and exclaimed: 'Papa, I'm sorry you's a fool.'

CALIFORNIA is about to add tin to her other mineral treasures. The Telascas mine in that State now gives employment to 25 hands and the prospect is good for an immense increase of the production.

Blundering Again.

The New York Herald in an article on the runaway legislators of Indiana says: The Democrats have been blundering again on the nigger. They still dream of the 'constitution' as it was 'under Babylon, when, by the Dred Scott decision a negro had no rights 'which a white man was bound to respect.' But since that day two amendments have been added to the constitution—the thirteenth abolishing slavery root and branch, and the fourteenth, declaring, among other things, equality to niggers in the matter of equal rights, and that suffrage and representation shall go together. Now comes the fifteenth amendment, giving to the black man, the red man, and the yellow man, the Indian and Chinaman citizenized, the same right of suffrage as the white man. General Grant, too, thinks this amendment will settle all this business, and he hopes it will be duly ratified by the States. This endorsement, there is every reason to believe, will carry this amendment through; for, says Richard, 'the king's name is a tower of strength.'

Why, then, will the democrats persist in this folly of fighting the nigger, when they have been almost destroyed in their successive disasters on the nigger question since 1854? But for the stupidity of their copperhead and rebel leaders of the Tammany Convention they might have run even Grant a tight race, and they might have secured a handsome majority in the present House of Representatives. But instead of recognizing the 'fixed facts' before them, the stupid managers of the party proclaimed the reconstruction acts of Congress 'unconstitutional, revolutionary and void,' and they were swamped again in '68 and '69. So they are out in the cold, waiting for some presidential smash-up of the Republican party, and apparently incapable of seeing anything to fight but the almighty nigger.—He is to them 'that a bit of red flannel is to an enraged bull or a turkey cock—an intolerable insult, to be resented, reckless of consequences.'

THE CANADIAN EXODUS.—The TIMES correctly says: 'It seems that the exodus of French Canadians to this country is steadily increasing of late, and that at no similar period within the last twelve years has there been such a large and continuous emigration of agriculturists. A Montreal paper says that the number now leaving weekly by way of that city is over 500, and that the great majority are young men. The French Canadians are an industrious and honest people, and in a very short time make excellent American citizens. They are rather backward in some respects, owing to the old oppressive laws of the Providence and its priestly domination; but it only needs a brief residence in this country to put them alongside of any other class of the population in enterprise and intelligence.'

HAS THE TIMES remarked that the Canadian farmers enjoy comparative Free Trade and cheap British fabrics and that they are so perverse as to prefer the nearer markets and better prices afforded on our side of the line? Has it observed that the flow of population hitherward has generally been strongest when our Tariff was highest? And has it noted that our experience in this respect is by no means unique?—(Tribune.)

PENNSYLVANIA IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—PENNSYLVANIA is represented on the standing committees in the House of Representatives, as follows: On Elections, John Cessna and Samuel J. Randall; Ways and means, Wm. D. Kelly; Appropriations, O. J. Dickey; Banking and Currency, Geo. W. Woodward; Ninth Census R. J. Hallemann; Pacific Railroad, Daniel J. Morrill; Claims, John D. Stiles; Manufactures, Daniel J. Morrill; (chairman), Malitia, J. B. Donley; District of Columbia, G. W. Gillflann; Judiciary, Ullyses Mercur; Revolutionary Claims, J. B. Donley; Public Expenditures, J. B. Donley and J. Lawrence Getz; Naval Affairs, G. W. Scofield, (chairman); Revolutionary Pensions, G. W. Gillflann; Coinage, Weights and Measures, Wm. D. Kelly; Patents, Daniel Van Auker; Public Buildings and Grounds, J. L. Getz; Mileage, Ullyses Mercur; Accounts, Henry L. Cate; Expenditures in State Department, J. D. Stiles; Expenditures in Treasury Department, S. J. Randall; Expenditures in War Department, John Cessna; Expenditures in Navy Department, O. J. Dickey; Expenditures in Interior Department, J. B. Packer.

A GREAT WRONG.—When dissipated youth goes astray, friends gather round him in order to restore him to the path of virtue. Gentleness and kindness are lavished upon him to win him back again to innocence and peace. No one would suspect that he had ever sinned. But when a poor confiding girl is betrayed, she receives the brand of society, and is henceforth driven from the ways of virtue. The betrayer is honored, respected, and esteemed; but his ruined, heart-broken victim knows there is no rest for her this side the grave. Society has no helping hand for her—no smile of peace—no voice of forgiveness. These are earthly moralities—they are unknown of heaven. There is indeed wrong in them and fearful are the consequences. The injustice of society is vividly brought to mind in the case delineated.

AGE OF THE PRESIDENTS.—The youngest man elected President is Ulysses S. Grant, who will be forty-seven years old on the 22d of April 1869. Washington was fifty-seven, John Adams sixty-one, Thomas Jefferson, fifty-seven, Madison fifty-eight, Monroe fifty-eight, John Quincy Adams fifty-eight, Andrew Jackson over sixty, Martin Van Buren fifty-seven, William Henry Harrison, sixty-seven, James K. Polk forty-nine, Zachary Taylor sixty three, Frank Pierce forty-eight, James Buchanan sixty-five, and Abraham Lincoln nearly fifty-one when elected.

If you are a lover don't love two girls at once. Love is a good thing, but it is like butter, it won't do to have too much on hand at one time.

Why is a chemist like a wit? Because he is furnished with good retorts.

IMPRISONMENT for debt is rapidly disappearing from the code of the European States. In the English Parliament a bill providing for its abolition has just been passed to the second reading.

Hall Connecticut.

Our news from our sister State is cheering. Connecticut has rejected her present Democratic State officers and chosen instead their Republican competitors.—James Dixon (late Johnsonized United States Senator) is beaten for Congress in the Hartford District by Julius L. Strong, Republican—a Republican gain. James F. Babcock (a Johnsonized Federal office holder) has barely escaped defeat in running for Congress in the New Haven District, which went Democratic last April by over 2,500 majority. William H. Barnum (Dem.) is barely re-elected in the Fairfield and Litchfield District, over Sidney B. Beardsley, Republican. In the New London and Windham District, Henry H. Starkweather, Republican, is of course re-elected by a large majority. So we have a net gain of one in the delegation—half of it instead of a fourth.—The Legislature is Republican, thus securing the ratification of the XVth Amendment, at least so far as Connecticut is concerned. The Republican triumph seems complete.

Nobly done, Connecticut! No more timely blow than yours has yet been struck for Impartial and Universal Freedom!

LATER.—We elect three Congressmen, a gain of two.

Corn and Cotton.

As to corn and cotton have been ascribed regal powers by their respective adherents, the amount of each raised in the United States the past year will interest our readers. We learn from the monthly report of the Department of Agriculture that among the corn-raising States Illinois stands first on the list, having produced the past season 134,365,000 bushels; Indiana next, with 90,832,000 bushels; Ohio third, with 74,040,000 bushels; and Iowa fourth on the list, 65,332,000 bushels. Rhode Island, on account of the small garden lot accorded her, stands lowest, 340,000 bushels. Of the States in rebellion Tennessee stands highest, having raised 54,772,000 bushels; Mississippi next, 35,519,000 bushels; Arkansas next, 32,440,000 bushels; and Alabama next, 31,240,000 bushels. Few of the States show a decline from the previous year, the aggregate increase being over 137,000,000 bushels, and the total amount produced reaching 905,178,000 bushels. Of this amount the fifteen States which lately held slaves produced 110,432,000 bushels.

The cotton crop, which was threatened in the early part of the season with disaster, so far improved under the auspices of favorable Fall weather as to warrant the belief that it will be very little below the figures of 1867, and quite equal to half the crop of 1869, and net an equal or greater amount of money to the planters. Among the cotton-raising States Mississippi stands highest, having raised the past year 400,000 bales; Georgia next, 290,000 bales; Alabama next, 285,000 bales; Arkansas next, 265,000 bales; and Texas next, 260,000 bales. The aggregate amount reaches 2,350,000 bales, against 2,450,000 bales in 1867, and 1,835,000 in 1866.

A MAN named Blackstone, a wealthy and apparently prosperous merchant of Philadelphia, in a fit of insanity last week murdered his wife and two children, and after telegraphing his wife's parents in Connecticut that he had done so, committed suicide by drowning himself. In speaking of this occurrence, the AGE says: 'Nothing can be said to enhance the tragic horror of the late extermination of the Blackstone family.—More details as to the character and antecedents of the unhappy actor in the tragedy may throw some useful light on the causes that determined his distracted mind to the butchery of those who were most dear to him. As shown thus far, the disturbing impulse seems to have been the thirst for money, joined to that inordinate love for it, which is the root of all evil.' The prosperous farmer living on his own land, sells it to seek better fortune in the business of a great city. He does not fully realize his hopes, and a morbid discontent soon exaggerates an apprehension of loss. Worshipping the almighty dollar, in losing it he loses all.—Domestic love no longer comforts him; no stable principles sustain him; and, in black despair, he confounds himself, his wife, and his children, in one common doom. It is to the too prevalent love of money, to the too craven dread of poverty, that we ascribe many of the moral disorders of our times; and to these causes seem traceable the late tragedy, the horror of which no words can heighten.

We have from Georgia accounts of the visit there for the Spring months of prominent Northern men. The list of names presents a curious collection, including among those present or expected, Secretary Seward, Senator Sprague, Thurlow Weed, and others.