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Clerical Demagoguery. More Fundaticism from Bishop Simpson. One of the conferences of the Northern Methodist church was held at South Bend, Indiana—the home of Sixteen Benedic Schuyler Colfax, ex-Nice (Ohio) President of the Credit Mobilier Senate of America—on the 12th inst. The "venerable" (as he is dubbed) Bishop Simpson presided. When the subject of schools was under discussion, the reverend muck-et-backed invader of peaceful churches in the South, said: "Pardon the digression. I want the time to come when women will vote. It is my opinion that we cannot get along without women voting. It is not good for man to be alone."

Our Old Farms—What Shall we do with Them? The restoration of our old farms to their ancient fertility and thus advancing them to a still higher degree of productiveness must every be the leading problem for solution with us. "Excelsior" is the Southern Farmers' motto, and notwithstanding all the croakings we hear and the supposed ignorance and lack of enterprise and energy which our "brethren" and foreigners attribute to us, we unhesitatingly assert that the agricultural interest of the South has advanced and is advancing just as rapidly as her means and surroundings will justify. Nowhere, if Germany be excepted, are the applications of Science to agriculture more diligently studied and practiced than at the South. We venture the assertion that the writings of Vile are more read in Georgia to-day than in his own country France. But to return. The leading ideas presented have been, the reduction of hood crops to a minimum area, rendered very productive—the utilization of surplus land by a great extension of clover, grass, pea and small crops—and lastly the preservation of existing forests and the cultivation of valuable timber trees.

Indian Hunting. The Indian method of hunting the deer and antelope seems to a looker-on, not heated by the chase, cruel spot. But food is the object of the Indian hunter, and he is wonderfully successful in securing it. Notwithstanding their great speed and bottom, these animals seldom escape their pursuers on the open prairie. Mounted on their swift ponies, he waits until the animal is within a few rods, then he runs by sight. In all directions he moves, searching the country with eyes that see everything. On discovering deer or antelope made at concealment, but with brief return between their teeth, loading their guns or adjusting their arrows as they ride, the hunters bear down on the doomed animal. Off runs the deer, but Indians are faster than they run to the right—more Indians to the left—still Indians. The country, which at first seemed open, narrows to a small circle. The deer double on themselves. Hemmed in on every side, there is no escape; he bleats and the arrows do their work. All their hunting, whether man or beast, involves a system of surround him. It is this method, thoroughly understood, and invariably practiced where numbers will allow, that renders the Indian a formidable hunter. Although numbers are at the death, there is no dispute as to the distribution of the carcass. Hunt with the Yank. See in the October Galaxy.

Death-Valley. The Beaver (Utah) Enterprise has the following respecting a recent visit to this noted valley: "The Valley of Death—a spot almost as terrible as the prophet's Valley of Dry Bones—lies just north of the old Mormon road to California, a region thirty miles long by thirty broad, and surrounded except at two points, by inaccessible mountains. It is totally devoid of water and vegetation, and the shadow of a bird or wild beast never darkens its white glaring sands. The Kansas Pacific Railroad engineers discovered it, and also some papers which show the fate of the Montgomery train, which came south from Salt Lake in 1850, and then descended into the broad valley, whose treacherous mirage promised water. They reached the centre, but only the whites, and bounded by scorching peaks, met their fate. Around the valley they were the wagons stretched themselves in death under the hot sun. Then the children, whose mother's breasts were burning with the helplessness of their loved ones, were abandoned, and strong men were tormented and died. After a week's wandering, a sentinel's term, the mathematics of marriage in different countries may prove an attractive theme of meditation. It is found that young men from fifteen to twenty years of age marry young women averaging two or three years older than themselves, but if they delay marriage until they are twenty to twenty-five years old their spouses average a year younger than themselves; and therefore this difference steadily increases, till in extreme old age on the bride-groom's part is apt to be enormous. The inclination of octogenarians to wed misses in their teens is an every-day occurrence, but it is amusing to find in the love matches of boys that statistics bear out the saucy of Thackeray and Balzac. Again the husbands of young women aged twenty and under, average a little above twenty-five years, and the inequality of age diminishes thenceforward till for women who have reached thirty the respective ages are equal; after thirty five years, women, like men, marry those younger than themselves, the disproportion increasing with age, till at fifty-five it averages nine years.

Charlotte Observer on the Governor's Fair Speech. The remarkable part of his speech was this: "He would say to his Republican friends and being a member of that party he had a right to say it, take upon yourselves no fantastic airs in coming in here because you are a Republican. You are no better than anybody else! To his Democratic friend he would say: Be not ashamed; you are in good company."

NOTWITHSTANDING the falsehoods of certain persons in the surrounding villages, propagated for selfish purposes or from malice, the banks in this city are ready to pay to-day every dollar of their indebtedness. We never borrowed a dollar from any bank in Charlotte or North Carolina, and are under no obligations to them in any way for favors of any sort, but we declare that we believe them to be as good and solvent as it is possible for a moneyed institution to be, and keep our money on deposit with them, without any written obligation.—Charlotte Democrat.

GROWTH OF OLIVES IN THE SOUTH.—In the U. S. Ag. Report for 1871 (page 151) it is stated that "Mr. Jas. Polet of Brunswick, Glynn Co., Geo., has 250 olive trees, 30 feet apart, planted in 1825, all in bearing, and average 5 gallons oil each season, with a little cultivation and with rude process of manufacture. With proper cultivation and machinery the product might be made of a quality unsurpassed in the world. Last year the oil produced amounted to 1,250 gallons, worth eight dollars per gallon. No injuries from insects or diseases reported." Olive oil sells for \$8 to \$10 per gallon.

As a fashionable young lady, fresh from boarding school, came to her honest old father's breakfast table, instead of speaking English, and saying, "Good morning," she spoke French, and said, "Bon jour." "Of course the bon's yours, if you say so," responded the practical old gentleman, as he handed her the omelet portion of a breakfast.

SODA BISCUIT.—One quart of flour, and one even teaspoonful of supercarbonate of soda; sift these together, rub into the flour a tablespoonful of butter; salt to taste; wet the flour with sour milk until a soft dough is formed, make into thin biscuits, and bake in a quick oven; work it very little.

A philosophical Kentuckian, who had but one shirt, and was lying in bed while the garment was drying on the clothes line in the yard, was startled by an explanation from his wife to the effect that the calf had eaten it. "Well," said the Kentuckian, with a spirit worthy of a better cause, "them who has most lose."

Profanity never did any man the least good. No man is the richer, or happier, or wiser for it. It compounds no one to any society. It is disgusting to the refined; abominable to the good; insulting to those with whom we associate; degrading to the mind; unprofitable and injurious to society.

Sentence of death was passed at the full term of the Superior Court of Johnson county, for David Collins, white, and Alexander Braylock colored who were sentenced to be hanged Friday, November 7th, between the hours of 10 and 11 o'clock, for the murder of Allen Jones, colored.

Wall street is quite. The general outlook in commercial circles is cheering. The outlook for the coming week is encouraging.

we are satisfied, however, that our people will not generally adopt so suicidal a policy. But if our lands are retained, what must be done with them? To rent them out to "croppers" seldom pays—for they are imperfectly cultivated, either for business—to let them lie idle whilst enormous taxes have to be paid on them is ruinous—to run them extensively in cotton, as many have done, has proved worse still. What then? For one we say sow them down in small grain, clover, grass, &c.; the cost will be small, the profits, we think, will be large.

On every side we hear the cry of scarcity of labor, how shall we manage it? The answer is ready—use what you have on that which pays well, and only on that. It is folly to cultivate poor land—no profit in it—the labor consumes all. It is decidedly cheaper to enrich land than to spend year after year, very expensive labor on it. Make one acre yield as much as two has heretofore done, and you will need little more than half the labor hitherto employed. Instead of averaged yield of cotton being one bale to three acres, let it be a bale to every acre. It can be done, it is being done by farmers here and there all over the South. Why not all do it!

Increase of the National Debt. Some weeks ago we stated that the National debt was steadily increasing. In this assertion we are sustained by the chairman of the recent New York Democratic State Convention. We make the following extract from his remarks.

It is a fact that the increase of government expenses for the present year over last is \$18,000,000. It is a fact that the expense of the general government for the present year is estimated by the Secretary of the Treasury at, and will exceed, \$308,000,000