

The People's Press.

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The People's Press.

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Select Miscellany.

The Search for John Smith.

John Smith married my father's great uncle's eldest daughter, Melinda Byrne. Consequently I was a relative to John.

John's family had often visited at our quiet country home, and at each visit had most cordially pressed us to return the compliment.

Last October, business called me suddenly to the city of B——, where our relatives resided, and without having time to write or apprise them of my coming, I was intending a visit to the family of Mr. John Smith.

With my accustomed carelessness, I had left his precise address at home in my note-book, but I thought little of it. I could easily find him, I thought to myself, as the cars set me down amid the smoke and bustle of ———.

I inquired for my relative of the first hackman I came across.

He looked at me with an ill-suppressed grin. What was the fellow laughing at? To be sure my clothes were not of the very latest cut, and it is not just the thing for any one of the army to wear blue with bright buttons; but my coat was whole, and my aunt Betsey had scoured the buttons with whitening and soft soap until they shone like gold. I repeated my question with dignity.

"Can you direct me to the residence of Mr. John Smith?"

"Mr. Smith?" he said slowly.

"Yes, sir, Mr. John Smith. He married my father's great uncle's eldest daughter, Melinda."

"I don't think I know a John Smith with a wife Melinda."

John Smith seemed to be a common noun with him, from the peculiar tone he used in speaking of that individual.

"Oh," I remarked, "then there is more than one of that name in the city?"

"I rather think there is."

"Very well, then, direct me to the nearest."

"The nearest is in West street, second left hand corner—you will see the name on the door."

I passed on, congratulating myself on the cordial welcome I should receive from John and Melinda.

I soon reached the place—a handsome house with the name of a silver door-plate; I rang the bell—a servant appeared.

"Mr. Smith in?"

"No, sir; Mr. Smith is in the army."

"Mrs. Smith—is she?"

"In the army? Oh, no—she is at the beach."

"This is Mr. John Smith's house, is it?"

"It is."

"Was his wife's name Melinda, and was she a Byrne before she was married, from Squashville?"

The man reddened and responded angrily. "I'll not stand here to be insulted! Make off with yourself, or I'll call the police. I thought that you was an entry thief, but you don't play that game on me!" and he banged the door in my face.

I a thief! If I had not been in such a hurry to find Smith, I should have given that fellow a sound chastising on the spot.

Inquiry elicited the fact that a John Smith resided in Arch street. Thither I bent my steps. A maid servant answered my ring.

"Mr. Smith in?"

Before the lady could reply, a big, red faced man jumped out of the shadows behind the door, and laid his heavy hand on my shoulder.

"Yes, sir," he cried, in a voice of thunder. "Mr. Smith is in. He stayed at home all day on purpose to catch you, and now, by Jupiter, I'll have my revenge!"

"Sir," said I, there must be some mistake. Allow me to inquire if you are Mr. John Smith?"

"I'll inform you about Mr. John Smith in a way that you won't relish, if you don't settle damages forthwith. Five thousand dollars is the very lowest figure and you must leave the country!"

I cried, "What do you take me for? You'd better be careful or you'll get your head caved in!"

"I'll cave your head in for you, you young villain, you!" cried he springing at me with his cane.

"Oh, John, dear John!" exclaimed a shrill female voice, and a tall figure in a sea of flourishes bounded down the stairway. "Don't, don't for the love of heaven—don't murder him."

"Whom do you take me for?" cried I, my temper rising.

"It looks well for you to ask that question!" sneered the man, "you have wor my wife's heart, and are here now to plan to elope with her! I've found it all out, you needn't blush, and—"

"I beg your pardon for interrupting you," said I, "but I have never seen your wife before, I perceive that she is not Melinda, the eldest daughter of my father's great uncle—"

"Sir, do you deny that you are William Jones? Do you deny that you are in love with my wife?"

"I am not Jones, I have not that honor sir. My name is Parkwell, Henry Parkwell, of Squashville," and, with a bow, took myself off.

After that I called at the residence of 3 John Smiths, none of them was my Mr. Smith, and nothing occurred worthy of note.

My next Mr. Smith resided in Portland street. Thither I bent my steps. It was a very small house, evidently not the house of wealth and cleanliness. I made my way up to the front door through a wilderness of rags, broken crockery, old tin-ware, etc., scattering a flock of hens and rousing a snappish little terrier from his nap on the steps.

A red-faced woman answered my rap, but before I could make my customary inquiry she opened on me like a two-edged butcher knife.

"Well, of all impudent rascals that ever I see, you beat the lot! I want to know if you had the cheek to come back here again? You'd like to sell me another German silver pot, and another brass bosom pin to dear A raminta—wouldn't you?"

"By no means," said I; "I beg leave to inform you—"

"Oh, you needn't beg! We don't believe in beggars! I s'pose you thought I should not know that black back of yours in California? Clear out of my presence or I'll lay my broom-handle over you! If there's anything I hate, it's a peddler—especially a rascal like you!"

"Allow me to enquire," said I, "if Mr. John Smith's wife was Melinda Byrne, the eldest daughter of my father's—"

The broomstick was lifted, I heard it out the air like a minie bullet, and sprang down the steps into the street, at my best pace.

An angry man I do not fear, but who can stand before an angry woman? I would rather face a roaring lion.

I called on two more Mr. Smiths—still unsuccessful in my search. It was getting near dark, and I was more than anxious to reach my destination.

My next Mr. Smith was located in Lenox street. It was twilight when I rang the bell at his door.

A smiling fellow admitted me, fairly forcing me into the hall, before I could utter a word.

"Walk right in, sir, they are expecting you! The ladies will be down in a moment. Miss Hattie is in the back parlor. Walk right in, sir."

I was gently pushed toward the door of a shadowy apartment, and at the entrance I was announced: "Mr. Henry."

The gas was not lighted, and the apartment was in semi-darkness. I heard a soft, quick footfall on the carpet, and a pair of the sweetest lips in the world touched mine; and, good gracious—for a moment the world swam; and I felt as if I had been stowed in honey, and distilled into Luban's best tripple extract of roses.

"Oh, Henry—my dearest and best!—Why don't you kiss me, Henry?" cried a voice like music. "Have you ceased to care for me?" and again the kiss was repeated.

Who could resist the temptation? I am naturally a diffident man, but I have some human nature in me, and I paid her principal and interest.

"Oh, Henry, I had so feared that being in the army had made you cold hearted—good heavens!" She fell back against the chair as pale as death. The servant had lit the gas, and I stood revealed.

"I beg your pardon, marm," said I; "there is evidently some mistake. May I inquire if Mr. Smith's wife was Melinda Byrne, the eldest daughter of my father's great uncle?"

The red flush came to the young lady's cheek, she was handsome as a picture—and she replied with courtesy:

"She was not. You will I hope, excuse me for the blunder I have committed? We are expecting my brother Henry from the army, and your blue clothes deceived me."

"For which I shall always wear blue," I replied gallantly. "Allow me to introduce myself—I am Henry Parkwell, of Squashville," and in making my bow, I stumbled over an ottoman, and fell smash into a china closet, demolishing at least a dozen plates and as many tumblers.

I sprang to my feet, seized my bag, and without a word dashed out of the house.

I knocked over a man who was passing at the moment, and landed myself on my head in the gutter. The man picked himself up and was about to make a display of muscle, when the glare of the street lamp revealed to me the well-known face of my John Smith.

"Eureka!" cried I. "Allow me to inquire if your wife's name was Melinda, the eldest daughter of my father's great uncle Byrne?"

"She was," said he, grasping my hand, "and I am delighted to see you! But, confound it! you needn't come at a fellow so."

But I must cut my story short.

He took me home with him and I had a good visit; I saw Melinda to my heart's content. Nay, more—I met and was properly introduced to Hattie Smith—and—well—I am having a new suit of clothes made and in due course of time will be married, myself in them, to the young lady just alluded to.

How Alexander H. Stephens Started in Life.

When Stephens was a boy, two sisters, old maids, attracted by his brightness, adopted, educated, and destined him for the church.

But a few months of theological training convinced the young student that the profession had no attraction for him, and he announced to his benefactors his intention of exchanging the pulpit for the bar. Shortly after he was admitted to his new profession, a lawsuit arose involving the estate of the younger sister, the other having in the meanwhile died. He asked her to let him manage the case for her, but she, fearful of his inexperience, preferred looking for some older lawyer. At last one wrote to her whom she approved, and having asked the advice of her friends she confided the matter to him. The contest was warm, vexatious and long; but she came out so triumphantly of what had been regarded as a hopeless snarl, that she doubled her counsel's modest fee. The intercourse between the two had been by letter exclusively, she living in the country, he in a distant city, so that the trick which you have already guessed Stephens had played on her was, under the circumstances, quite credible. Out of his fee he repaid what she had spent on his education, and his success in so delicate a piece of business was a fine beginning for a young lawyer.—*Savannah Advertiser.*

When a man wants money or assistance, the world as a rule, is very obliging and indulgent—and—lets him want it.

A Brave Iceland Girl.

FEMINE BARE-BACK RIDING—THE PARTING KISS IN THE RIVER.

Mr. S. E. Waller started for a trip in Iceland in June, 1872. He gives an account of "Six Weeks in the Saddle," in a little volume from which we get an idea of the customs of the people there. The Icelanders are almost inconveniently hospitable. It is difficult to get a farmer, who keeps you for a day or two, to accept pay. Our author seems to have done his best to requite his hosts by making himself amusing. Here we have an instance of native kindness and feminine courage.

In the morning I made a small study, and after a tolerable meal and many good wishes, we rode off. All went well until we came to the river Markafjot, which happened to be very much flooded. Not liking to attempt to swim under the circumstances, we rode on down the bank for some miles, and fortunately found a house.

Knock at the door, we asked, "Is the river very deep?" "Very," said a voice from the inside.

"Is there a man who will show us a ford?" we asked again.

"No," was the reply, "both John and Oliver are up in the mountains, but one of the girls will do as well. Here, Thor, go and show the Englishman the way."

Immediately an exceedingly handsome young woman ran out, and nodding kindly to me, went round to the back of the house, caught a pony, put a bridle on it, and not taking the trouble to fetch a saddle, vaulted on his bare back, and sitting astride, drove her heels into his sides and galloped off down the river bank as hard as she could go, shouting for us to follow.

We became naturally rather excited at such display of dash on the part of such a pretty girl, and started off immediately in chase. But though we did our utmost to catch her, she increased her distance hand over hand. There was no doubt about it; she had as much courage as ever we could boast of, and, in point of horsemanship, was a hundred yards ahead of either of us.

For about half a mile we rattled along, when suddenly she pulled up short on a sand bank.

"You can cross here," she said, "but you must be careful. Make straight for that rock right over there, and when you have reached it, you will be able to see the cauld of stones we built to show the landing place."

"All right," I said. "Good bye."

She looked puzzled for a moment, and then said: "I'll come through with you; it will be safer."

"Good gracious! Bajarni; don't let her come," I said—"she is sure to be drowned, and I can't get her out with all these wet clothes on; tell her to go back."

But before I was half through the sentence, she had urged her horse into the water, and in a moment was twenty yards into the river. Of course I followed quick as possible, and, after a great deal of splashing, reached the middle of the flood. "Now," she said, bringing her horse up abreast with mine, and pointing with her whip, "there's the mark." The water was running level with the horses' withers, and it was only by lifting their heads very high they could keep their noses clear.

"Good bye," she said, "God bless you, and before I was quite aware of it she kissed me on the cheek."

I was about to return the compliment, but she was gone, and a few minutes after we saw her, a mere speck in the distance, galloping over the plain.

Kissing in Iceland is a custom similar to shaking hands here. I had thought of it in ordinary situations, but a kiss in the midst of boundless waters was, to say the least of it, strange. It was certainly the wettest one I ever had in my life.

What a Man Eats in a Life-time.

Let no boy be disheartened by the following calculation, but remember that untiring industry will enable him to come out victor in the end. Say that the boy is ten years old and is taken up into a high mountain, or a respectable hill, perhaps, will do as well, and shown the various articles he will have to consume should he live an average life-time. Surrounded with these objects, he first sees 30 oxen, then 200 sheep, 100 calves, 200 lambs, 50 pigs, 1,200 chickens, 3000 turkeys, 253 pigeons, 100 pounds salmon, 129 pounds other fish, 30,000 oysters, 5,443 pounds vegetables, 2431 pounds butter, 24,000 eggs, 54 tons bread, 3,000 gallons tea and coffee, besides tons of fruit, barrels of sweet-meats, and hogsheds of wine.

These are the figures given by Mr. Soyer, the cook of the London Reform Club, in his book, "The Modern Housewife," as the amount consumed by each individual in a life-time, and they are said to be below, rather than above, the real quantity. Of course the food may be varied, but what is taken off from one kind must be added to some other. The boy may seriously apprehend that his jaws and stomach will give out before he has disposed of this vast quantity of food, but he will take courage when he casts his eye over the sleek form of one in middle life who has well nigh accomplished his task without showing the least sign of weariness. Many a man has disposed of his allotment, and is apparently ready for another job of equal magnitude, and thus will it be with the race until the end of time.

The latest style of wedding cards has the ages of the contracting parties engraved in one corner. We think there are some few persons who might seriously object to this fashion.

No denunciation is so eloquent as the silent influence of a good example.

All people find fault with their memory—but few accuse their judgment.

He who labors for mankind, without a care for himself, has already begun his immortality.

Don't expect to be called a good fellow a moment longer than you consent to do precisely what other people wish you to do.

Why should potatoes grow better than any other vegetables?—Because they have eyes to see what they are doing.

Famine Scenes in India.

From the voluminous contributions to the London Daily News by its Tirhoot (India) correspondent we extract the following:

"Visiting the police stations, we found collected around it a number of beggars in a very miserable condition. One lay extended on the ground, to all appearance slowly dying. Two native doctors were calmly looking on, as were lots of policemen and other petty officials, but no one took any notice of the miserable wretch. Macdonald's relief-house is not yet finished; but he had arranged to use a house as a temporary hospital, and thither he ordered that all the diseased beggars should at once be taken, and have food distributed to them. The prostrate beggar, with assistance, slowly got on his legs, and as he stood I never saw a leaner mortal with life in him. He could not walk; but with moaning he shuffled along, nobody lending him a supporting arm. A short time after we visited the place to which they had been taken for we were full of misgivings that the place had not been prompt. In a straw shed we found the unfortunates squatted on the ground, all save the man of whom I have spoken, who had sunk down and seemed in the extremis, while the native doctor calmly stood outside the door enjoying the evening air. "Has anything been done to get food for them?" I asked. "Nothing." By order of my companion the police inspector handed a rupee to the native doctor and bade him at once send into the bazaar for food. The native doctor calmly did so, and then, strolling up to the living skeleton, gave him a push and told him it would be all right by and by.

"The food came at once, a species of parched pulse which required to be cooked. This was distributed, and among the recipients was the living skeleton. This is to say as he lay moaning a couple handfuls were emptied out on the corner of his ragged cloth, and general satisfaction appeared to reign at this achievement. Why they might as well put a reaping hook into his hand and bade him go find his food in the fields. He painfully raised himself on his elbow, looked with glassy eyes at the stuff, tried in vain to masticate a pinch of it, and then sunk back with a groan of despair. Native functionaries looked calmly on. It seemed to me that it was not well possible that the man's life could be saved, yet it was not pleasant to me that he should be allowed to die without even an effort to avert the fate. It was with some passion that I demanded cooked food should at once be sought, offering to pay the price of it. The people around stared and then began to stir themselves. Presently a man came running with some cooked rice, moistened with oil, on a plantain leaf. We raised up the sufferer, and let him see and smell the food. The skinny arm feebly went out towards it. He gathered some in his fingers and put it in his mouth. The first mouthful came nigh choking him, and I thought he was going to die in our hands with food in his mouth, but he made good the swallow, and went on eating. The food perceptibly revived him. He licked the leaf after he had eaten the rice off it, and then picked up the single grains that had fallen as he ate. I quite lost my temper when I saw the native doctor looking down on his efforts as if they were an experiment of which he was an amateur spectator. He got his drink, and then lay down, his chance of life, although still extremely precarious, materially improved.—Meanwhile, the other unfortunates had gone away to cook their food, and they will starve no more."

The Subjects of Queen Victoria.

According to the imperial census of the British Dominions, taken in 1871, the Queen rules over 234,762,593 souls; her people dwell in 44,145,651 houses; the area of lands which they inhabit is 7,769,449 square miles. Her dominions are in Europe, North America, Central America, and the West Indies; in Africa, in the Indian seas, in Australasia, and in Asia. Less than 40,000,000 of the Queen's subjects are Christians; there are 35,000,000 Mohammedans, 98,000,000 Hindus, more than 2,000,000 Buddhists, and 58,000,000 heathens of all kinds. To count the people in England and Wales on the 3rd day of April 1871, it took 32,453 census-takers, supervised by 2,195 registrars and 626 superintendents. The work was done in a single night. Thirty-nine out of every 100 men between the ages of 25 and 30, and 1,242,000 women between the ages of 15 and 21 were unmarried. The "professional class," in England comprises 680,000 persons; the "domestic classes," 5,137,000; and there were 7,500,000 children; 77,000 souls inhabit Heligoland, Gibraltar, and Malta, and there are 3,789,690 British subjects in Canada. In the British West India Islands there are about 1,000,000; British Honduras and Guiana have 247,000 souls. In Africa there are 1,813,450 persons; in the Indian Seas Great Britain owns the Mauritius, with 330,460; West Australia, with 24,785; South Australia, 189,000; Victoria, with 731,528; Queensland, with 120,104; Tasmania, with 99,328, and New Zealand with 293,893 souls. In India there are twelve provinces containing 191,307,070 souls.

Opium Cure.

A case of opium cure lately reported by an English journal, is interesting as showing the power of imagination in hygienic effect. A young lady who found herself entirely under the control of opium, applied to a physician for hypodermic injections of morphia. He commenced with the morphia and water as requested, but so lessened the morphia daily, that in a short time he was using only pure water. After each application she would sleep just as under the use of morphia. This course was pursued some months, during which time topics were freely given to strengthen the system. As soon as it was safe he announced the plan he had pursued to her great surprise and joy. The number of opium drunkards in this country, especially among professional men, is said to be terribly on the increase. Women, too, of the first social rank, are among its votaries. Sad, too, to think the victims are usually found among the intellectual—at least the most emotional and sensitive natures.

"Sally," said a fellow to a girl, who had red hair, "keep away from me or you'll set me on fire." "No danger of that," replied the girl, "you are too green to burn."

To the Officers and Friends of the Bible Cause in North Carolina.

The vacancy caused by the resignation of the Rev. P. A. Strobel, District Superintendent for the American Bible Society, has been filled by my transfer from the field of Middle and East Tennessee, to which I was unexpectedly called five years ago. The many and strong ties formed in my new home, where I had a rich experience of the Divine goodness, and my devotion to the important work opened to me there did not cause me to forget my native State, where I had spent many years in labors of love for the public welfare; and now I return to renew attachments which neither time nor distance can weaken, and to devote myself to that cause which lies at the foundation of all individual and national prosperity, and in which I can co-operate with all races and classes, and with every branch of the Church of Jesus Christ. God will bless and honor those, and only those, who honor His Word.—And it is through the Ministry of this Word alone that society is to be improved, good government secured, and the wilderness and solitary places made glad.

That department of this Ministry over which I am now placed is common ground to all denominations; and I, therefore, confidently appeal to all who love the Lord Jesus Christ and the supremacy of His revealed Truth, and to every one who would promote the public welfare to unite heartily with me in efforts to deepen and widen the interest in that administrative system which is the chief instrumentality of the Church for the publication and dissemination of the written Word.

The American Bible Society, fostered and watched over as its Agent by the Church in America, has hitherto proved faithful to its great Mission, has been most abundant in useful labors, and is now engaged in operations of immense extent and importance; and I cannot but hope that its representative in this good old State will continue to meet with a cordial reception from every class, and that the Auxiliary Societies which cover the whole territory will be actively supported by the communities in which they are located.

It is my desire, the Lord willing, to visit every part of the State; but in the mean time, the eyes of the Superintendent should rest continuously on the whole field in one view; and therefore he should be able to look and operate through others, and to regard all local officers and agents of the Bible System as his assistants, and himself as one of a united band. The responsibilities and trials of my position are very great and I deeply feel the need of sympathy and aid on the part of every one who loves the Bible Cause; and I would respectfully call upon the officers of Auxiliary Societies, and upon all others who are able to offer suggestions or to furnish information important to my mission, to put themselves in communication with me and to co-operate in unceasing efforts to supply our people with the Word of God, and to extend liberal aid to the American Bible Society in its vast and glorious work at home and abroad.

For the present, my address is Greensboro, N. C., and due notice will be given of any change.

C. H. WILEY,
Dist. Supt. for American Bible Society in N. C.

April 24, 1874.

Taking a Newspaper.

A mechanic tells an interesting story of how he was induced to take a newspaper, and what came of it as follows:

Ten years ago I lived in a town in Indiana. On returning home one night—for I am a carpenter by trade—I saw a little girl leave my door, and I asked my wife who she was. She said Mrs. Harris had sent after their newspaper which my wife had borrowed. As we sat down to tea, my wife said to me:

"I wish you would subscribe for the newspaper; it is so much comfort to me when you are away from home."

"I would like to do so," said I, "but you know I owe a payment on the house and lot. It will be all I can do to meet it."

She replied, "If you take this paper, I will sew for the tailor to pay for it."

"I subscribed for the paper; it came in due time to the shop. While reading one noon, and looking over it I saw an advertisement of the county Commissioners to let a bridge that was to be built. I put in a bid for the bridge and the job was awarded to me, on which I cleared \$1,500, which enabled me to pay for my house and lot easily and for the newspaper. If I had not subscribed for the newspaper I should not have known anything about the contract, and could not have met my payment on the house and lot. A mechanic never loses anything by taking a paper."

A Young Man Works as a Factory Girl.

The following facts have come to light at Little Fall:

But a short time ago, a very prepossessing and intelligent girl, as was supposed, applied for and secured a situation in one of the knitting mills, under the name of Bertha Rollins. She was quite reticent in her department, though of an apparently agreeable disposition. Several young men of the village had become smitten of Bertha, and when she announced her intention of quitting the village, the young men grew melancholy. But Bertha left. She went to Otego and there procured a situation in a factory, but her manners at once created suspicion and it was found, after a carefully prepared plan, that Bertha Rollins was Henry Wallace, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who had been playing "girl" for a year or two past very successfully, having for several months been in a New York concert saloon employed as a waiting girl. Wallace said he assumed the role of a girl because by so doing he could get employment, and in male attire he could not.

A Greek maiden being asked what fortune she would bring her husband, replied in the following beautiful language: "I will bring him what gold cannot purchase—a heart unspotted and virtue without a stain, which is all that descended to me from my parents."

The Mississippi Flood.

The Distribution Committee meets daily at the office of the Levee Company, on Carondelet street, New Orleans, and is in session daily from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. This committee has forwarded to various points in the overflowed districts rations for one week for ten thousand persons. From the demands which reach the committee from every quarter, this is a mere drop in the bucket.

The committee needs further contributions to increase their resources to meet the urgent drafts on them for the necessities of life. No imagination can picture the horrors and sufferings of the people in many parts of the overflowed region. The relief required is most pressing. We can recall, says the New Orleans Picayune, no incident in the history of the country of such desolation and impoverishment of so great a number of our people. Proportioned to total population the misery equals that of the recent famine in India, which has excited so large a sympathy and attracted such splendid evidences of the benevolence and generosity of the British Government and people.

The New Orleans Times says:

The extent of the damage which has resulted from the great overflow is just beginning to be fully understood. That it was vast was readily conceived, but that it should involve five millions of acres, and a population of 178,000 was apparently beyond reasonable calculation, but such is really the case. In the cotton regions it is now ascertained that nine of the largest and richest parishes producing cotton have been inundated. The parishes of Carroll, Morehouse, Richmond, Madison, Franklin, Tensas, Corwinn, Concordia and Catahoula are all overflowed, and embrace fully two and a half million acres. The amount of cotton land in these parishes in actual cultivation is ascertained to be a quarter of a million acres, besides 100,000 acres in corn. These estimates include only the large places, leaving out hundreds of small farms and all estimates for cattle, hogs and gardens. The population of these nine parishes is 20,394 whites and 54,033 blacks, according to the census of 1870. In the sugar-producing parishes, ascertained facts discover an equal, if not a greater, amount of ruin and suffering. These parishes are Pointe Coupee, East Baton Rouge, West Baton Rouge, Iberville, Ascension, Assumption, St. John the Baptist, La Fourche, Saint James, St. Charles, Terrebonne and Plaquemines. The overflow in these parishes covers nearly two and a half million acres, tilled and untilled, including a production of thirty thousand hoghead of sugar, besides a large product of rice, and the crops of small farmers, of whom many hundreds have lost their stock and pretty much everything else they possess. The population of these parishes, according to the census of 1870, was 50,368 whites and 72,242 blacks, making a total of 122,610, from which must be deducted the population of East Baton Rouge, as only a small portion of that parish has suffered from the overflow. That deduction being made, the parishes contain a population of 193,699. In all the parishes named it is believed that more than 25,000 persons are now in actual suffering for necessary supplies of life, and in less than sixty days, the number of those whose circumstances will require alleviation will increase to more than 58,000 persons.

MEMPHIS, TENN., April 29.—Noon.—The river is stationary, but forty miles wide. There is no change in the condition of the railroad. All former reports of the flood and sufferings are more than confirmed.

The Memphis Appeal says:

It is stated that Lake Village and one-fifth of the county of Chicot, Arkansas, are wholly submerged. Cattle, horses, wild animals and even barn-yard fowls, are all destroyed, and the people suffer for the commonest necessities of life. It is estimated that five million acres of cotton land will not be cultivated because of this disastrous flood, and that the cotton crop of next year will be lessened perhaps a million bales. Planters from the lowlands state that there are thirty thousand farm laborers in absolute want—albeit seeking exit from submerged districts and multitudes unable to pay their passage to this city. A planter whose estate was worth, not long ago,