

The South-Western.

SHREVEPORT, LOUISIANA, JUNE 28, 1865.

No. 47.

A Railway Panic.

"Do you think I look like a madman?" I was falling into a train of pleasant thought when these words, uttered in a clear, steady voice by my opposite neighbor, fell upon my ear. I started and looked him in the face. He was a small, sallow, intelligent-looking man, muffled from head to foot in a superb Spanish cloak lined with sable. His tone of voice was perfectly composed and matter-of-fact.

"Indeed, sir," I replied, with some surprise, "no such idea occurred to me."

"But I am mad, though!" he retorted in the same quiet, confidential way.

I was in no humor for levity just then, and as this was so evidently an attempt at practical joking, I made a brief reply to that effect, and looked out of the window. It was an express train, going at the rate of fifty miles an hour—very moment bore me farther from one who was expressly dear to me, and I felt that I never wished for silence and solitude more than at that moment. The worst of it was that, if this man had made up his mind to talk, I could not help hearing him, and there was no one else for him to address, since we were alone together in the carriage.

"Yes," he continued, "I really am mad. I just escaped, just escaped—not an hour ago. Shall I tell you how I did it?"

I continued to look out at the landscape flying past, and feigned not to hear him.

"I was not always mad, oh, dear, no! I do not exactly remember now what it was that drove me to it, but I think it was something connected with lord Palmerston and the ace of clubs. No—yes—oh, yes! the ace of clubs had certainly something to do with it. However, that is of no consequence now. I had a fine house, and gardens, and horses, and servants, and a wife—aha! such a pretty, gentle, loving, little wife! And I loved her, too—nobody knows how I loved her—only I wanted to murder her! I loved her so that I wanted to murder her! Wasn't that a rare joke, eh?"

"I began by this time to feel seriously uncomfortable. It was getting slowly dusk, and my companion's face, composed as it was, wore an odd expression that I did not quite like.

"Pray, sir," I said, with affected carelessness, "let us change the subject. If you insist on conversing with me, we may as well choose a more agreeable theme."

"Agreeable! Why, could anything be more agreeable? Well, I will continue. It was a long time before they found it out, I hid it so well. But I knew it well enough, for I used to see faces everywhere, in the furniture, up in the trees, in the bushes; and I knew they could not really be there, and that I was mad at last. For I had always expected it. Ay, ever since I was a boy at school! Somehow they did find it out, though, in spite of all my caution, and I was so cautious, so cautious! They found it out, and one day two men came and seized me in my garden—my own garden! and took me to the mad-house! Oh, it was a dreary place, that mad-house! They shut me up by myself in a bare, cold room, with never a fire to warm me, though it was bitter winter. The windows were barred across with iron, through which the daylight shone, as if through the ribs of a skeleton; and every night—would you believe it?—every night there came a fearful shape and sat there, mocking and mowing at me in the moonbeams! That was a hell, indeed! One night, when I could bear it no longer, I rushed upon the shape and fought and struggled with it, and dashed it up against the hard walls—and then the keepers came and tore me from it and bound me down with cords upon my bed. I heard them say to one another that I had tried to destroy myself; but I knew better. It was the shape I struggled with—it was the shape I tried to kill! Only they could not see it. Yet there it still sat, mocking, mocking, all the long night through; and they watching in my room, and yet so blind that they could not perceive it! I do not know how long this fury of mine lasted, but I think it must have been a weary time. At last, one night, I woke from a troubled sleep, and lo! the shape was gone! Ah, then I wept for joy that I was free from it, and then I was proud, very proud, for it was gone, and I had conquered it at last! Well, time went on, and I resolved I would escape. How do you suppose I went to work? Why, I pretended to be cured of my madness. Every day the doctor came to see me. But not me alone; I could hear him going to every room all along the corridor, and so I knew when he was coming long before he got to my door. I must deceive him, I knew, as well as everybody else. Oh, it was a hard task, and I did it!—The worst of my madness was that I could not help thinking of the oddest things, and when I talked my tongue would utter them. However, I schooled myself to talk to him. I practised speaking in a calm, low voice—I studied what I should say—I accustomed myself to rise and bow, as if he were entering the room. I did not speak much, but what I said was reasonable—I knew it was reasonable. I used to say that I felt better; that I was tired of the confinement; that I hoped shortly to be permitted to return home, and sometimes (that was a clever thought) I asked anxiously after my wife. One day she came to see me. You cannot think what an effort her visit cost me. She looked so pale, and timid, and pretty that day—and I forced myself to sit down by her; to say to her all the things I had learned to say to the doctor; to take her hand in mine; and—oh, I longed to kill her so the whole time. But I did not. Ah, no! I even kissed her cheek at parting, though I could have yelled aloud for rage as I bent over her. I don't know whether they still suspected me, but I was not released, for all my pains. So I determined to die. I knew the doctor would find me out if I only pretended; therefore, I starved myself. Ha! ha! wasn't that fine! This is how I did it. Every day, instead of eating the food they brought to me, I put half of it under a loose board in the floor, and half I left saying that I felt ill and could eat no more. Each day I felt more and more, so that it should seem as if my appetite grew constantly worse. And then I got ill—only I did eat just a morsel now and then to keep me from dying. I suffered fearfully, but still I played my part out, and met the doctor's eye with one as quiet as his own. At last he said that I must be removed to another part of the house, and that I required air, or I should never recover. And then did I not laugh, even though I was so ill, to think how I had outwitted him. My new room was pleasant, and looked over a garden. At the end of the garden was a railway. By this railway I made up my mind to escape. Aha! what joy to be flying along

behind that eager engine—flying away, and never stopping! So! I knew well I must have money to do this. Money! where, how could I get money? You will see presently. I did not mean to die, you know, so I ate more now, and got better. It is not every one, let me tell you, that is brave enough to endure starvation as I did. Madmen are no cowards! Well, they used to let me walk in the garden after awhile, but with the keeper always beside me. By and by the doctor began to speak of my release as of a thing that might be in time—then, although the end for which I had been working was almost within my grasp, I felt an irresistible power compelling me to escape, and not to wait for their tame deliverance. Day and night I waited and watched to do it.

"The opportunity came soon. One morning when I was walking with the keeper in the garden, who should come out but the doctor, and what should he do—the senseless fool!—but order the keeper to go in, saying that he would walk with me this time! Oh, how my heart leaped and danced within me when he said it! But I kept very still—very still and calm, listening to the man's footsteps on the gravel walk till he was quite gone. I have told you that the railway crossed the bottom of the garden. Well, towards this spot I went (carelessly, as if by accident, you know), and he with me.

"This beautiful day will do us all good, Mr. B—," he said to me, in his smooth, deceitful voice.

"He was walking with his hands in his pockets, making the gold coins as he went—that gold I needed!"

"I hope that you may soon enjoy the summer on your own estates," he continued.

"He looked so sleek and self-confident and smiling as he spoke then, that I hated him more than ever."

"I did not dare to trust my voice in answer, or suffer my eyes to dwell on him. Could he but have seen them for an instant, he would have read my purpose. Just then we reached the extremity of the garden, and stood looking down from the high bank upon the level train-line below. There was nothing but a low hedge between us and the road; in an instant I turned upon him.

"Die!" I shrieked. "Die now! I am mad, I am mad; and I have sworn to do it!"

"I had the strength of ten in my arms. I seized and closed with him, and dashed his skull against the tree-trunk by which we were standing! Oh, it was a glorious vengeance! I beat the smooth smile out of his face till his own children would not have known him, and then I stamped and danced upon him and laughed loudly, loudly! Suddenly I heard the distant whistle of the train at the village station far away. There was not a moment to be lost! I tore the watch from his pocket, and I took the purse with the gold! and then, ha! ha! ha! I flung the body over upon the lines, and the train came swiftly on, and on, and crushed him as he lay! Was not that a revenge, and would any but a madman have thought of it? Tell me that! tell me that!"

I was so frozen with horror that I sat as if petrified, and could not utter a word.

"Now you want to know how I came here," continued the maniac more quietly, after a momentary pause. "Well, he had his cloak on before the struggle. I wrapped it around me and went straight through the gardens and out of the gate, past his very lodge-keeper; and, thanks to the high collar, none of them knew me—for we were much of a height, the doctor and me. Once out of sight of the house—the dreary, cruel house—I seemed as if I had wings upon my feet, I fled away so fast. The people in the streets of the town stared at me, but what matter? I did not care for that. I mingled with the crowd at the station and paid my fare like the rest with—ha! ha!—with the doctor's money! But there was blood on the gold. I tried so rub it off, but I could not. It came again as fast as I removed it, and I thought they would see it when I put the money down; they did not, though, and here I am free, free! Now, answer me, do you believe that I'm a madman?"

He put his face quite close to mine as he said this, and his voice passed from its former level tone to a quick, harsh, exulting cadence that thrilled me with dismay. It was now almost dark, too, and his eyes shone with a cold unnatural lustre like the phosphorescent light which is thrown off from fish in a state of putrefaction. It was clear that I must make some reply; even while I hesitated he repeated the question, and this time more impatiently.

"Well, yes," I said at last, with quivering lips; "I—I think you must be mad."

"I'll prove it to you," he whispered, bending still closer to me. "How do you think I'll prove it, now?"

I shook my head.

"I cannot tell," I said faintly.

"By murdering you as I murdered him!—What! did you think that I meant to let you live, when I told you all about it? Live to betray me, and take me back to the—No, no! Madmen are brave, madmen are cunning, madmen are strong!"

I saw that force could avail me nothing here. In great emergencies I always regain my presence of mind. This time it did not fail me, and I was cool in an instant.

"Stop," I said calmly, fixing my eyes full upon him. "You have not told me all yet. If you are determined to have my life, it is only fair that you should finish your story first."

"That's true," said the madman, with an appearance of curiosity. "What have I left out?"

"You have not explained to me about lord Palmerston and the ace of clubs."

"I didn't think you'd care to hear that," said he, doubtfully.

"I'd rather hear that than any other part."

It was so dark now, that nothing of the country beyond was visible, and the lamp cast a sickly glare through the carriage. I knew that we must be within a short distance of the London terminus. If I could only divert his attention for a little while longer, I was saved! I determined to keep him in conversation if possible.

"Lord Palmerston began it, you must know," he continued, "and the ace of clubs finished it."

"Did you know lord Palmerston?" I asked. He looked at me vacantly, as if he did not comprehend my question. I repeated it.

"Know him! I bred and trained him!"

"Oh, indeed!" I said. "Pray proceed."

"I bred and trained him on my own estates. I was as fond of him as I could have been of a child, ah, and fonder too, for if I had had a

child, I must have wrung its neck—I feel I must!"

Here he fixed his eyes on me again with that horrid glare, and his fingers worked nervously together, as if longing to be at my throat.

"Yes, I should have killed my child. This rare sport to kill—to—"

"But about lord Palmerston?" I interrupted.

His face resumed the old expression, and a gloomy shade seemed to pass over it.

"Ah! said he, moodily, 'that was a dreadful disappointment, wasn't it?'"

"You have not told me yet," I said. "Did his lordship treat you ill?"

"He lost! he lost! I had backed him with half my fortune, and he lost! But, bark you!" and he clenched me by the arm as he said it, "he was drugged—I know he was drugged the night before!"

"Then lord Palmerston was a horse!" I exclaimed.

"Of course he was. I told you so at first.—You don't pay attention—you're not interested."

"Indeed, I am, deeply," I replied, eagerly. "Pray go on."

"We must be in now before five minutes were past—this I was assured of. Five minutes! long enough to die!"

"That is all," replied he, with a suspicious stare. "He lost, and I lost. That's the end of it."

"But what has this to do with the ace of clubs?"

"The ace of clubs!" said he, fiercely. "What's that to you?"

"You promised to tell me, you know; and I should like to hear it," I replied, in a conciliating tone. "You have not told me half yet.—Do tell me about the ace of clubs."

"I was desperate, you see," said the maniac. "I was desperate after Palmerston knocked up. I had always avoided play till then, but somehow I fell into it when I saw the men at the club playing night after night, winning and losing—winning and losing! I often saw as much gold change hands on single cards as would have covered all my losses on the turf; and then I could not resist it."

"So you played, too?"

"So I played, too. For a whole week I won incessantly. Ah! the red gold and the rustling notes that I took home every night for that week; I won more, three times more, than I had lost by the race! And then came the turn of luck."

"You lost?"

"All that I gained, in one night! But I was not satisfied: I went on again the next day, and lost, and lost, till everything I had on earth was gone—ay! all I had on earth was not enough to pay it! But I know how it was. That old man I played with was the fiend. I knew he was a fiend. I saw it in his eyes."

He paused. His excitement terrified me.—The whistle of the guard rang shrilly through the air, and the pace of the train slackened.—He listened—he knew that we were coming in—he turned suddenly towards me.

"But what about the ace of clubs?" I urged, hurriedly. "Did the old man turn it up?"

"Will you betray me, if I tell you?"

"Never," I said, earnestly.

"Listen, then. I hid it in my sleeve; for I was desperate. I staked thousands on the chance of my cutting it. They all stood round, betting how it would turn up; the old man—course him!—smiled, and let me do it! And when I cut the ace of clubs, he stood up and called me a 'thief!'"

A bright flash of light streamed in at the windows—the train stopped. Thank God! we were arrived! The madman shrunk back at the sight of the lamps and the crowd of faces beyond. I leaned over the door, and with fingers that refused to do their work, felt eagerly for the handle.

English Press on the Mason Letter.

The London Examiner sternly reproves Mr. Mason for what it terms the indecency of his letter to the Times on the assassination:

"Far be it from us to endorse or sanction the sentiment which we hear with loathing muttered inarticulately in some quarters, and openly avowed by Mr. Mason, the Confederate agent here, that to shoot an unarmed man through the head while sitting in his box at the theatre, and to gain entrance to a sick man's room by lying, and to stab him to death in his bed, are 'the necessary results of civil war.' If anything can approach in heinousness the acts themselves, it is the deliberate extension of them, and the attempt to divert public execration by imparting to them the dignity of political vengeance."

"Public morals are outraged whenever the theory of ruffianism is gravely discussed. On no pretence will we have it; nor shall we tolerate equivocation or evasion in the matter. The leaders of the unsuccessful attempt at secession owe it to themselves and their followers to wash their hands of president Lincoln's blood.—Erring he may have been in their eyes as a politician; guilty he may have been in their judgment of great faults as a statesman. But it is an indecency we will not endure that these faults or errors should be debated over his bleeding corpse. It is no time now to pretend that personal influence or that of Mr. Seward caused the civil war, and that, had they and their colleagues chosen otherwise, the southern States would have been allowed to go free."

"For the honor of England we are glad that from the highest to the lowest in the land there has been heard only one voice of horror at the crime, followed by the calm and unreserved expressions of national condolence. This is as it should be. Great calamities have in them nearly always the virtue, if we would but recognize it, of enabling us to forget grudges and grievances, mutual affronts and miserable resentments. In the awful presence of death nature comes back and resumes her reign in our hearts, bidding us to forgive and to forget, to make large allowance for the difficulties wherewith we have not been tried, and the provocations which we have been spared. International pique and jealousy and all the irritation that comes of the license of free speech, are, after all, but as chaff on the threshing floor of affliction. The rich fruits of national tradition and experience remain. The people of America are nearer to us than we have sometimes remembered of late; nearer in their fundamental laws and ideas of order and authority; nearer in their religious sentiments and observations; nearer in their intellectual culture and the great sanctions of domestic life than any other great people in the world. We cannot, if we would, and assuredly we would not if we could, dissociate ourselves in sympathy or interest from them. We have interchanged national charities in days of need; in the present hour of America's grief our fitting place is that of chief among the mourners."

The London Daily News also speaks of Mr. Mason's letter:

"His object, he states, is 'only to repel a calumny.' We shall presently see whether his letter is of a defensive or an aggressive character. One thing will strike every reader of it. Mr. Mason has not a single word of regret for the death of Mr. Lincoln! In this respect his letter is unique among the compositions of various kinds that have been published on the subject during the last few days."

"Mr. Stanton, who if he has mistakenly connected Mr. Lincoln's assassination with abettors of rebellion, at least fell into the error most natural to a person in his situation, is accused by Mr. Mason of deliberately inventing the statement to that effect in his telegram for a calculated purpose. Mr. Mason says: 'He has adopted that theory which he deemed would be the most useful to set before the country.' This is an imputation of the basest motives. But it is weak and pointless, compared with what immediately follows. Mr. Mason correctly observed that the assassination of Mr. Lincoln could not 'aid the rebel cause.' The same, however, was truly said of the Lake Erie piracies and the St. Albans raid, which Mr. Davis acknowledged, and also of the firing of the New York hotels, which one of the perpetrators of that deed confessed. Having by this reflection, as he supposed, disconnected the partisans of secession from the murder of Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Mason proceeds to point out that the parties who stood in a position to profit by the removal of the late president, were Mr. Johnson and Mr. Stanton, who could not carry their schemes of plunder and rapine into effect at the south while Mr. Lincoln remained at the head of affairs. It is in this sinister way that Mr. Mason pays the only tribute to Mr. Lincoln's memory which his letter contains. The late president has been murdered, and the new president gasps by it. This is how Mr. Mason states and leaves the matter, and it would have been difficult to carry insinuation further. But how in the name of logic does Mr. Mason arrive in the following sentence at the conclusion that the crime is 'the necessary offspring of those scenes of bloodshed and murder which has signalized the invasion of the south by northern armies?'"

"If the assassination of Mr. Lincoln was a necessary consequence of the war prosecuted in southern States by the north, then it follows that the real murderer is some incensed southerner. It is not we who say this; we merely point out the inevitable conclusion of Mr. Mason's argument."

"Let us understand what this doctrine of a 'necessary' consequence means; to affirm of any act of an intelligent, free and accountable agent that it is necessary, is to declare that it is justifiable. Four years ago, in the judgment of the southern leaders, it was necessary that, if beaten at the ballot-box, they should take up the sword. Having appealed to the sword, and again lost their cause, we are now told that assassination is necessary. Englishmen know how to honor fidelity to principle, constancy in effort, fortitude in adversity, but they also know how to distinguish these from malice, bad temper, and the passion which make all government and all society impossible, and which they by no means consider 'necessary.'"

In New York the pressure to see Gen. Grant was so great that after appearing on the balcony in front of the Astor House, all visitors, except ladies, were denied. After dinner this afternoon, with prominent citizens, he is to ride through Central Park. This evening he attends the meeting at the Cooper institute, and afterwards the 7th Regiment will serenade him.

Weekly at 2 o'clock, a talk for 10 cents.
rate of \$1.50 and 75 Cents for men or less, tickets good to 21.
at public meetings, paid for by donor.

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
and General Collecting Agent.—Office Market street, nearly opposite the new office, Shreveport, La. Will attend to all business entrusted to him in the parishes of Caddo, DeSouls and Bossier. June 7, 1865.

JOHN W. JONES
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Market street, near Millam, Shreveport, La. Shreveport, June 21, 1865.

WRIGHT & DUNCAN
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.—Office, Corner of Spring and Texas streets. June 7, 1865.

DR. T. P. ROTCHKISS
PRACTITIONER OF MEDICINE.—Office at T. H. Morris Drug Store. 60220

DR. GUY C. LESSIE
OFFICE—At the old Courthouse—Market street, (opposite the Presbyterian church), Shreveport, La.

WALSH & BOISSIAU
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
Corner of Spring and Commerce streets, Shreveport, Louisiana. Shreveport, June 7, 1865.

DISSOLUTION.
THE undersigned having this day dissolved their partnership in business, they please to recommend to their numerous friends and customers of Messrs. Walsh & Boissiau, who succeed them. ISAACSON & KLINE. Shreveport, June 7, 1865.

DISSOLUTION.
THE undersigned respectfully beg leave to inform you that they have formed a partnership for the purpose of transacting a General Receiving, Forwarding and Commission Business. Having been the proprietors of the large and extensive Warehouses on the Levee, corner of Milam and Commerce streets, they are prepared to take charge of and properly store all kinds of goods, Wares and Merchandise, entrusted to them. WALSH & BOISSIAU. Shreveport, June 7, 1865.

NOTICE.
THE partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. J. E. PHELPS. M. H. PHELPS. Shreveport, June 1, 1865.

PHELPS & ELSTNER,
Wholesale and Retail Grocers and COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 14 Commerce street, Shreveport, Louisiana.

HAVING leased the large and commodious Warehouse formerly occupied by A. M. Hall & Co., are now prepared to receive Cotton on storage and consignment. They will give their personal attention to all consignments made to them. They are prepared to make liberal advances in buying, Rope, Groceries and Cash on all Cotton or other produce for sale or shipment to their friends in New Orleans. PHELPS & ELSTNER. Shreveport, June 21, 1865.

JAMES M. WILSON,
Auctioneer,
Will attend to the sales of Real Estate, Negroes, Merchandise and every description of property. March 9, 1864.

JONAS ROBESON,
Auctioneer,
Corner of Texas and Market streets, Having leased the large store-room, corner of Texas and Market streets, will open the same as an Auction Mart. Persons having property of any description for sale, will find it to their advantage to call on him before making arrangements elsewhere. Will attend to the sale of Real Estate, Negroes, Groceries, Tobacco and all descriptions of Merchandise. Liberal advances made on consignments. BUSINESS NOTICE.

THE undersigned, formerly of the old and well known firm of Paulsen, Stearnson & Co., Cotton Factors, New Orleans, desire to inform the citizens of this vicinity, that he has ample means and arrangements for the transaction of business, and for shipment and sale of Cotton. He is also prepared to buy Cotton where parties prefer to sell here.

Office at the warehouse of Walsh & Boissiau, Shreveport. JOHN A. STEVENSON. P. S. Will give all information that he can in regard to the shipment and sale of Cotton to any one calling on him. Shreveport, June 21, 1865.

TO PLANTERS.
I HAVE on hand 500 Coils Rope and 300 Poles of Bagging, and will supply such parties as need it to suit their convenience. I am prepared to ship Cotton, to New Orleans, and make everything go as near old fashioned ways as possible. I shall remain in Shreveport myself, for some length of time and will make arrangements here at my office. JOHN A. STEVENSON. Shreveport, La. Shreveport, June 21, 1865.

STRAYED OR STOLEN.
Strayed or stolen from the undersigned on the 26th of May last, a Light Sorrel Pony, having a bobbed mane, roached mane, black face, right smart saddle, marked rather thin, and about 12 hands high. A liberal reward will be paid for his delivery, or any information that may get him. Address the undersigned, living half a mile from the river on the railroad. MATTHEW TERRES. Shreveport, May 31, 1865.

WANTED—A Freeman, a good Cook. Apply at this office.

The gray trousers looked clean and sweet. The girl trembled with joy and love. She never breathed to

rightly that he had made friends and arrangements. The moon walked in her beauty and her

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