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NUMBER 5.

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THE NEGRO'S PARADISE.

At Beaufort.

Grant in South Carolina.

THE PARTY MAKE A SHORT STAY AT BEAUFORT—GRANT'S RESPONSE TO THE ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

Special telegram to the Inter-Ocean.

SAVANNAH, Ga., Jan. 1.—This morning, after a ride around Augusta with the Mayor and City Council, Gen. Grant's special train left at 11 o'clock over the Magnolia route. There was the usual crowd at the hotel and depot, and the wildest enthusiasm. A colored company acted as escort to the depot, and the band played patriotic airs.

AT BEAUFORT.

In response to the most urgent appeals, Gen. Grant accepted an invitation to go to Beaufort. It was only known at 1 o'clock that he would stop, still the intendand and leading citizens were at the depot with carriages, and 5,000 people crowded around to welcome the great soldier on his first visit to their little city. Gen. Robt. Smalls had a fine company of Beaufort light infantry drawn up, and the Beaufort artillery, under command of Colonel Stuart, an old Confederate, fired a salute of twenty-one guns. Many of the Negroes fell on their knees and laughed and wept, crying: "Fore God, dat's de man; he's come, 'fore God, suah!" The people could with difficulty be kept off the carriage that contained the object of their admiration. The party drove around the city, escorted by every species of vehicle, and then drew up at the hotel. The intendand then delivered a speech of welcome of but a few sentences, to which Gen. Grant replied as follows:

GENERAL GRANT'S SPEECH.

"It has afforded me great pleasure to pay a visit to the town of Beaufort. It is a place that has occupied a conspicuous place in the history of our country for the past twenty years, and it is to be hoped that it is a place where the best of the newly enfranchised race are to be developed. I hope that they will become worthy and capable citizens. I thank the people for the manner in which I have been welcomed here."

A half hour was spent in the parlors of the hotel receiving citizens. Among others were Commodore Patterson and staff of the United States man-of-war New Hampshire.

When the party left at 4:30, Bob Smalls remarked, "I am going to Washington with my company to see Gen. Grant inaugurated on the 4th of March, 1881." This is the only Republican county in South Carolina, according to Democratic count. Many of the readers of the Inter-Ocean saw the excitement at the Grant reception in Chicago, but while in numbers the crowds were great, it was nothing to the

LOVE, REVERENCE AND DEVOTION the people manifest here. The colored people think he is their champion and savior. Since Lincoln is gone, they revere him as a god.

From the time she was snubbed by Queen Victoria, the Empress of Austria visits the United Kingdom every winter regularly to hunt, but gives England a wide berth and dispenses her royal smiles on the Irish.

Subscribe for the LOUISIANIAN.

In Memoriam.

The following were the resolutions adopted by the Republican National Committee, at the meeting held December 17, 1879, in Washington:

The intelligence of the death of Hon. Zachariah Chandler, late Chairman of this Committee, was received by all its members with profound sorrow. Personal association had made us acquainted with his devoted and aggressive patriotism, the thorough sincerity of his convictions, and the sterling, sturdy honesty of his nature. He died with his armor on in the performance of exacting duties, which enlisted all the ardor of his heart and all the energy of his mind. Recognizing his eminent and faithful services as a public officer, a citizen and a stalwart Republican, his associates upon the Committee deem it proper to put upon record their high appreciation of his character and abilities, therefore

Resolved, That in the death of Zachariah Chandler, late Chairman of the Republican National Committee, patriotism has lost one of its noblest defenders, liberty an earnest and devoted friend, the public a faithful servant, and the Committee an able, energetic and untiring officer.

Resolved, That we tender to the bereaved family in their affliction our deepest sympathy, realizing that his memory will ever be fresh and green, sustaining and comforting them through life's journey.

Resolved, That this preamble and resolutions be spread upon the journal of the Committee, and a copy thereof be forwarded to the family of our late Chairman.

JOHN A. MARTIN, Chairman.
JAMES P. ROOT,
WILLIAM P. FRYE,
MARSHALL JEWELL,
C. C. FULTON.

Mr. James P. Root, the member of the National Committee from Illinois, made the following remarks on the occasion of the presentation of the resolutions:

MR. CHAIRMAN—On the 1st day of November, 1879, at the city of Chicago, the Hon. Zachariah Chandler, Chairman of the Republican National Committee, departed this life—falling calmly and peacefully in the still hour of the night, like the giant oak of the forest, after having withstood many fierce storms.

A few short hours before, and thousands were inspired by his eloquent and patriotic utterances; and scarcely had his electric words flashed over the wires, when the startling message came that his voice was hushed forever.

His triumphant life closed with a golden sunset, and his last words will illumine the monument which patriotic devotion will rear in honor of his memory.

A noble Roman, he waged unceasing warfare against all who sought to desecrate the altar of National Union.

"He feared not in the face of death To speak a traitor's name, In burning words of truth that gave New laurels to his fame."

Chief of stalwarts, he never quailed in the presence of a foe, and he knew no compromise with the enemies of his country. "He never betrayed a friend; he never struck an enemy in the back."

Born at a time when his great prototype, Andrew Jackson, was battling against the enemies of our country, he died in the act of preserving to this people the fruits of every war for liberty, National independence and National unity.

"He wore his life away in eagerness to save One people—the bravest of the brave."

As a representative of a great State he brought to the Senate of the United States industry, courage, patriotism and good sense,

whereby he commanded the respect and confidence of his fellow-Senators.

He entered the political arena just as the renowned statesmen, Clay, Webster, Cass and Calhoun were departing, and in the cause of liberty and loyalty he wielded a lance as bright and sharp as the brightest and sharpest.

To his sensitive nature there was no music in the clanking shackles, whose hoarse sound ill-accorded with the sacred hymn of liberty.

Honest and upright in his own affairs, he believed the Nation's integrity should be maintained at all hazards, and he brought to official position integrity, energy and great executive ability.

Midst all the whirl and excitement of his political life he never forgot the sacred relation of friend, of husband and father.

As Chairman of the Republican National Committee, he was earnest and able, and so conscientiously managed the affairs of a great political campaign that he never for a moment shrank from the most rigid investigation by an unfriendly partisan committee.

As he was prosperous in business, so was he generous and liberal.

The life of such a man is an epoch in the history of our country, and his character stands boldly out as one of the mile-posts in the pathway of political progress.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted and ordered to be spread on the Records.

A CURIOUS STORY.—A curious affair has just come before the Cour d'assises at Versailles, an affair vraiment romanesque. During many weeks the newspapers of Paris gave information of repeated fires in the commune of Anvers. They were evidently the work of incendiaries, and the police were set diligently to work to find the arrest of a young girl of 16, Clemence Blossier, a sewing girl of Anvers.

The motive which led her to this wanton destruction of property is one that every one will recognize as a particularly inflammable one—love. It seems that this girl of 16 was madly in love with a youth of her own age named Albert Romain, a laborer in a neighboring village. The girl's parents had forbidden her to see her lover, and the two had great difficulty even in managing a clandestine correspondence. It was this obstruction to the course of love that gave the girl the extraordinary idea of setting fire to farm houses and haystacks. The alarm was given, bells rang, neighbors ran to the scene. Albert Romain ran too, met the young girl in the throng, and fled away with her to a neighboring forest, where they worked hours together while the fire raged its ravages. Six times in six weeks there were mysterious conflagrations in Anvers. Six times in six weeks the lovers fled to the little woods, and the farmers of the commune paid for lighting their love-making a sum of 60,000 francs. But finally, one fine night, just as Clemence was thrusting lighted matches into the haystack of one of the neighbors, a strong hand was laid upon her shoulder, and she was led away a prisoner. She confessed all immediately, and has been condemned to ten years of hard labor.—Ex.

No wonder old Bob Toombs is such an irreconcilable fire-eater. Land he once bought in Texas at 15 cents an acre he is now selling at \$8 to \$10 an acre.

Geo. Augustus Sala, the English journalist, visiting in this country, has apologized for the letters he wrote from here during the war.

Why the Colored Man Has to Go.

ONE OF THE IMPORTANT REASONS—NO EARTHLY CHANGE OF GETTING AND KEEPING A HOME.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 20.—Among the reasons given for the Northward migration of the colored people, and especially from the Lower Mississippi Valley, is that they find it practically impossible to become the owners of land in the South, and are compelled to pay exorbitant rates when they lease land from the white planters.

Some thoughtful persons, on hearing the above reason given, have wondered why the colored people do not settle on the vacant public lands in the South which belong to the United States. According to an estimate furnished to a Tribune correspondent by the Acting Commissioner of the General Land Office, there are in five of the cotton States nearly 17,000,000 acres of public lands, situated as follows: In Alabama, 3,516,140 acres; in Arkansas, 4,620,120 acres; in Florida, 3,205,109 acres; in Louisiana, 2,130,000 acres; in Mississippi, 3,208,887 acres. While a large part of this land is of little or no value for agricultural purposes, a fair proportion of it is said to consist of as fertile land as can be found in the States where it is situated. Why, then, do not the colored people enter upon this land, where soil and climate are both congenial, instead of moving a thousand miles away to settle in a climate to which they are not accustomed, and where their experience in the cultivation of cotton is of no value to them? It might not be amiss for Senator Voorhees and his committee on the causes of the Negro Exodus to seek an answer to this question.

It is asserted by excellent authority that in many cases, especially in Alabama and Florida, colored men have attempted to become the owners of some of the vacant public lands, but have been prevented by the white people. Instances are mentioned where colored men who had taken up homesteads under the homestead law were "squeezed out" and driven off as soon as their improvements had become of sufficient value to excite the cupidity of white men.

There is excellent reason to believe that a pretty general understanding and determination exists among the whites in the States mentioned that on no account shall colored men be permitted to acquire a title to any portion of the public domain lying within those States. A colored man may be allowed to begin a settlement under the homestead law, and perhaps be encouraged to clear the land and get it ready to produce a crop. When that is done, some white man steps in, and by one device or another, deprives the settler of his rights and enjoys the fruits of his labor.—N. Y. Tribune.

In referring to our item of the aid rendered it by Miss Fannie M. Jackson in the management of a bazaar which netted \$600, the Christian Recorder says:

Yes, and Brother Louisianian, they netted for the Concern about \$600. God bless the ladies and may some of our contemporaries find a few of the same in their respective localities. The reason that these journals may be the personal property of one or two men ought not to prevent them from receiving such help. Not a one of them is really paid for the services rendered the public, and in some way or other the public ought to pay its just debts.

A Ten-Acre Wife.

Yesterday Solomon Glass, a colored man whose experience in agricultural pursuits has enlightened his neighborhood, came to town with a view of getting a divorce from his wife. When asked upon what grounds, he replied:

"Sufficient is de grounds of dis occasion. When I rented ten acres and worked one male I married a 'oman suitable for de occasion. Now I rent sixty acres of lan' and work five males. My first wife is a mighty good ten-acre wife, but she don't suit de occasion ob sixty acres. I needs a 'oman what can spread more."

When told by a lawyer that the grounds were not sufficient, he remarked:

"I kin produce de histry to show whar I'm careck. I'es a learned man and kin read 'lar aroun' de majority ob colored gentlemen an' a great many white fellers. De reasons belongs ter de French histry, an', though I doesn't speak French, I talks about it. You know Napoleon fust married Josephine de Beauharia."

"Yes," said the lawyer, "but you may become a trifle too historically opulent if you proceed much farther."

"Dat's all right. An' you know dat when he got to de head ob de government, an' had charge ob all de commissaries, he wanted a wife what would spread more, an' he got a dispensation from Josephine and hitched onto Maria Louisa, case she could spread more. Dar's de histry, an' dar's de precedent, an' de man can't git a dispensation on dese groun's, whar's yer court-houses, and whar's yer law?"—Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette.

A Beautiful Passage.

A poor man without some sort of religion is at best but a poor reprobate, the foot-ball of destiny, with no tie linking him to infinity and the wondrous eternity that is even worse—a flame without a heat, a rainbow without a color, a flower without perfume. A man may in some sort tie his hope and his honor to this shifting ground tackle, to his business or to the world, but a woman without that anchor called faith is a drift and a moral wreck! A man may have some sort of moral responsibility out of relation to mankind, but a woman in her comparatively isolated sphere, where affection and not purpose is the controlling motive, can find no basis in any other system or right action but faith. A man may crase his thoughts to truthfulness in such poor harborage as fame and reputation may stretch before him, but a woman, where can she put her hopes in storms if not in heaven? And that sweet truthfulness, that abiding love, that enduring hope mellowing every page and scene in life, lighting them with radiance when the world's storm breaks like an army with cannon. Who has enjoyed the love of a Christian mother, but will echo the thought with energy and hallow it with tears?—Ex.

The magnanimity of imperial Britain is proportioned to the wrongs she inflicts on conquered nations. In 1863 she waged a merciless war against King Theodore, of Abyssinia, which ended only in the fall of the gallant but ill-starred monarch at his stronghold of Magdala. Now the remains of Prince Alamyn, son of Theodore, have been laid to rest in the catacombs of St. George's Chapel at Windsor.

Louisiana may justly feel proud of having furnished Yankeeedom with political tactics.