The Weekly Clarion.

Thursday, - - - - May 2, 1872

The Cincinnati Convention.

At latest accounts, delegations were pouring into Cincinnati, in immense numbers, from every point of the compass. The Convention will be the grandest and most remarkable uprising ever witnessed in the country. It is a re-actionary movement of Republicans who have declared against the Usurpations, Proscription, Corruption and Extravagance of the Administration. It has grown beyond the calculations of its prime movers, who did not dream of the depth and strength of the forces which were slumbering beneath the surface, and which they were Providential instruments in turning loose.

If the Convention should prove a success in its nominations and platform, there is no telling where the movement will end. It has undoubtedly riven the Radical party in twain. We trust that it will be the focus for all the reformatory elements in the country; and will signalize the breaking of the clouds that for these long years have lowered over our unhappy land. But then—let us not anticipate. We can only watch and wait.

We will have news of the proceedings of the Convention, before our paper is again issued.

What Says Senator Alcorn?

Twelve months ago when H. W. Warren, as the organ of the Carpet-Bag legislators, telegraphed to Washington that the State was alive with armed conspirators and that disorder was so much in the ascendant that federal bayonets were needed to preserve the peace, Gov. Alcorn responded that the statement was a calumny concocted for the basest purposes; and in a published letter he took care to present an array of unanswerable facts in reply to a fabrication of a similar kind which had been perpetrated by Ames.

These vindications were no less seasonable than manly. The time has now come for their author again to be heard. The calumnious reports of Emory made on the authority of R. C. Powers, acting Governor, and published by the War Department, right under the nose of the Senator—to say nothing of the atrocious charges of Morton in his New York speech—furnishes the occasion. Mr. Alcorn can now meet the falsifier face to face. He can speak to him eye to eye, and his utterances will go out from the Senate Chamber to all parts of the Union. As a Senator he can also speak for his State. Will he do it? Her eyes are turned *to him!* The obligation to refute the Powers-Emory stories, is doubly enhanced by the fact that but for his abandonment of the Executive Chair their author would not have been in the position from which they have emanated as one clothed with authority.

The wise man has said that there is a time for all things; and the time has come for Senator Alcorn to make himself heard! Is he equal to the emergency?

The Reform Bills.

The Pilot insists that the Governor will at some period in the future, not stated, sign the Reform Bills. We have shown the insufficiency of his explanation for the delay.

If the Representatives of the people had thought that provision had to be made for holding the "Spring Courts" under the old law, doubtless their wisdom would have suggested it.

But the explanation, absurd as it is, does not apply to the bill reducing salaries. Why don't he sign *that?*

The fact is, the Legislature, by a combination of circumstances, took him at his word about the necessity of reforming the abuses of the Administration, of which he was a part, and placed him in the unpleasant dilemma of having to back out from his own professions, or turn out of employment a large number of impecunious and greedy spoilsmen, besides cutting down his own perquisites. In this category he is now loitering, unwilling to let go, and still afraid to hold on.

A Social Equality Gathering.—A Mixing of Colors.

Black spirits and white,
Blue spirit and grey;
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.

From the Pilot.

Another Visit by Hon. Frederick Douglass.

Frederick Douglass (colored) returned to this city, after a short trip to New Orleans, and reached Jackson on Saturday. On the evening of that day we received an invitation to call on him, at the residence of Hon. J. J. Spelman (colored.) Upon reaching the locality we found there Mr. Douglass' traveling companions, Hon. Geo. T. Downing, (colored) J. Sella Martin, Lewis Douglass, (colored) F. G. Barbadoes, Hon. W. H. Smith, of Washington, D. C., Hon. Mr. Gibbs, (white) member of the Arkansas Legislature, and James Jones of Arkansas. Among those who called upon Mr. Douglass during that evening were Gov. Powers, (white) Lieutenant Governor Bennett, (white) Hon. H. Musgrove, (white) Capt. H. R. Pease, (white) Senators Warner, (white) and Gibbs, (white) and Messrs. Mitchell, Barrett, (white) Reed, Rector, Vincent, Fisher, (white) Furniss, (colored) Cass, (white) and others; and among the ladies were Miss Carrie Fisher, Mrs. W. H. Furniss and Mrs. H. Rector. Mr. Douglass seemed to be quite anxious to learn the exact political status of Mississippi, etc., and we were impressed with his perceptive powers, which are certainly extraordinary. After refreshments, wine, etc., the party dispersed.

(The reader will understand that we have interpolated the Pilot's report with the designation of the color of the several participants in this entertainment, to the extent of our knowledge. It seems to have been quite an exclusive affair. The name of not a single home citizen of African descent is given.

Northern Pastimes.

The following is the heading of a long account of an inhuman affair in Indianapolis, the home of Morton, Grant's fugleman, who originated the Bayonet Act for the punishment of "masked marauders" in the South:

A Brute Pursues and Shoots his Wife 11 Times in the Streets of Indianapolis.—Men Witness the Act and offer no Help to the Shrieking Woman.

The Executive Mansion.—A Costly Luxury Which Ought to be Dispensed With.

Since the revelation of the extraordinary expenditures on account of the Executive Mansion by the perversion of the Contingent Fund from the objects defined in the law to the personal and household uses of its occupant, joined to the extravagant appropriation of $44,000 for repairing and furnishing it—there is a generally expressed opinion that the best disposition which could be made of the concern would be to sell it for the benefit of the tax-payers.

In former times when taxes were low and the property valuation of the State was four times more than it now is, the salary of the Governor was three thousand dollars. In a mood of kindness for a very popular Executive (the large-hearted McRae) who dispensed unbounded hospitality to high and low, rich and poor, and would have left the Executive office with less of the world's goods than he went in if his salary had been $50,000, the compensation was increased during his Administration, not without strong opposition, to $4,000—but this was exceptional. The pay of McNutt, Tucker, Brown, Matthews, Quitman and Foote was $3,000. It ought to be reduced to that figure now, if ever, unless it be established as a rule that the emoluments of the Officeholders and their means of luxurious living should increase in the same proportion that the income of the toiling people is diminished.

It is a self-evident proposition that the disproportion in the pay of the Governor and of the other State officers is unjust and unreasonable. His labors are not heavier than theirs, and are lighter and less responsible than of the Auditor and Treasurer. But he is receiving double the pay, with a princely residence thrown in, and such perquisites as gas, coal, cutting wood, linen, repairing linen (see Contingent Fund Report) &c., &c., &c. This should all be abolished. The appropriation for unforeseen emergencies in the "Executive Department" as explained in the law, are needed, but there is occasion for the enforcement of the penalty for its misuse. As to "the Mansion," it is a luxury which the taxpayers cannot afford. It should be abolished and the capital invested might well be applied to the ordinary expenses of the State government or to some of the charitable institutions which are supported at public expense. The recent developments have served the good purpose of calling attention to an abuse which ought to be reformed with as little delay as possible.

The Radical Party and Its Creed of Hate.

It is evident that the Presidential campaign is to be conducted in the interest of the Administration on the principle of hostility to the persecuted Southern communities. Pres't Grant's message on down-trodden South Carolina is significent of this intention. The fable of the Wolf and the Lamb is to be illustrated in the policy of the Washington rulers. A pretext is to be furnished—calumnies are to be propagated—falschoods are to be invented for partisan use. The old sores of the civil strife seven years ago are to be scratched over and made to bleed afresh in order that the Officeholders' party may retain the places which they have prostituted to the basest ends.

The speeches of the Administration fuglemen at the New York meeting which was held as an antidote to the Liberal Republican demonstration, mean this and nothing more. They literally teemed with the spirit of hatred for the persecuted Southern classes, and were no less remarkable for the stupendous drafts upon the credulity of the Northern public. For example, Senator Morton, a minion of Grant, put forth the atrocious calumny that there is "in nine of the "Southern States a secret, oath-bound "society, armed and equipped going about "in disguise committing murder *and "crimes without name.* The organization "is political in its character and intended "to exterminate the Republican party. "The State governments are utterly "unable to protect these people and have "failed to do it."

The best answer to this statement so far as Mississippi is concerned is the message of acting Governor Powers (read apart from his representations to Emory) wherein he congratulates the Legislature on the triumph of peace in the State and the entire ability of the civil authorities to preserve order and enforce the laws for the protection of life and property. In Virginia and the other Southern States where the Radicals are not in authority there is not even a pretense of the existence of the terrible combinations described by the Administration heochman; and if they exist in the Carpet-Bag governed States, (which is not admitted) it is proof that the governments of the "fools and thieves" (as Mr. Greeley calls them), which it is alleged can be held up only by federal bayonets, are failures except as agencies of strife and plunder. "The crimes without name" are of alarmingly frequent occurrence, but they are committed by the most ignorant and vicious of the lately emancipated race who have been taught by the imported scum that freedom means license and that the Southern whites among whom they live, have no rights which are to be held sacred from robbery or outrage of whatever description vile natures may suggest.

Now that a Court of Justice administered by one of his own appointees, in its very temple, has been desecrated by armed soldiery, on the scandalous pretence of Carpet-Bag invention that the civil authorities are powerless to suppress (alleged) disorder in Mississippi—will Senator Alcorn, *can* he, longer remain silent, when he above all others, has a right to speak, and to be heard, by the Administration and the country in vindication of the wounded honor, the insulted dignity, the violated peace of his his own State?

Within the past two weeks there has been a decided break in the ranks of the German Republicans for Cincinnati. They number about 200,000.

Federal Soldiers Invade the Court House of Winston County While Court is in Session.—They Hand-Cuff a Citizen in the Jury Box.

OUTRAGEOUS PROCEEDINGS!

From the Winston Banner.

The quiet of our town was distured by U. S. troops who made a dash into town on Thursday at full speed, and surrounded the Court House, while our Circuit Court was in session. The squad was commanded by a Deputy U. S. Marshal, who went into the Court House, while our Circuit Court was in session, and arrested Jimboy Hughes, (colored.) who was then a juror, took him out of the court house and hand-cuffed him. They held him in custody for some three hours, when the deputy marshal turned him over to sheriff Conner, to await further orders. The sheriff immediately released Jimboy and he resumed his seat in the jury box.

The spy John Avery was one of the squad and as soon as Sheriff Conner learned of his being in town, arrested him, having in his possession, several State writs for that purpose.

The Deputy U. S. Marshal immediately claimed Avery as a U. S. prisoner, and upon the instruction of Judge Orr, Sheriff Conner turned the spy over to the deputy marshal. Sheriff Conner deserves the praise of our whole people for his prompt action in the arrest of Avery—and had the Judge sanctioned it, Sheriff Conner would have jailed him at all risks. In our next we will speak of this affair again.

Remarks.

This is the kind of "civil" rule we have here in Mississippi under the regime of the Carpet-Baggers. It is "civil" as an agency for robbing the impoverished people under color of levying taxes; but remorselessly military as an instrument for inflicting punishment upon the classes marked out for persecution by the alien plunderers.

Winston county is one of the most lawabiding coummunities in this, or any other State; but she has a majority of white voters, and they have preserved their honor and vindicated their intelligence and patriotism by opposing Carpet-Bag rule when they have come to cast their ballots; and influenced, by their good example and kindness, a number of the blacks have chosen not to organize themselves into a separate combination in the interest of the adventurers; and hence their warlike proceedings against the county. Hence the very sanctuary of Justice, which of all places should be sacred from the touch of military power, in time of peace, is invaded; one citizen hand-cuffed, and another is wrested from the grasp of the civil authority, to whom he is amenable.

Here we behold the fruits of the conspiracy which was hatched by Powers and Emory, in February, against the peace and dignity of the State. What else could have been expected, when representations are sent to Washington, on the authority of the *de facto* Governor, that "lawlessness exists throughout the State," and that the civil authorities are powerless to protect life and property? The rulers there are but too eager to seize upon any pretect, however unwarranted, for prosecuting hostilities against communities whose political sympathies are not of their liking.

LATER:

A Number of Peaceable, Law-Abiding Citizens Carried off.

"PIERCE TOLD ME TO BRING EVERY MAN I COULD ARREST, SICK OR WELL, AND IF THEY DIE ON THE ROAD, TO BURY THEM, AND HE (THE GOVERNMENT) WOULD PAY THE EXPENSES."

After the first account of this ruffianly affair was put in type, we viewed a later number of the Banner containing additional particulars, as follows:

From the Banner.

The military arrested and took with them the following named persons: James Avery, John Hull, W. A. Haggard, Monroe Ellis and Jimboy Hughes (colored.) They are all gentlemen of high social standing in the communities where they live. Mr. Haggard is a cripple, not having walked a step in the last twenty years without the aid of crutches, and at the time of his arrest, was sick in bed, where he had been confined for several days. When the Marshal told his business, Mr. Haggzard remonstrated with him, offering to give any sort of a bond, telling him that he could not, to save his life, ride two miles on horseback. "That don't make a d—d bit of difference," said the Marshal, "Pierce told me to bring every man I could arrest, sick or well, and if they die on the road, to bury them and he would pay the expenses."

Jimboy Hughes is an old colored man, the former body servant of Col. Jeff. Hughes and since the war has been a true and tried Democrat, and thereby hangs a tale. His influence for good, among the colored people of this county was too great, for the welfare of the Radical party, and hence a true bill has been found against him.

Monroe Ellis, the last prisoner taken, is a gentleman of a quiet, peaceable disposition; never known to be in any sort of a disturbance, and we heard an old gentleman say the other day, "he is the most peaceably disposed person in the world." He was taken out of his field, torn from the bosom of his family, without being allowed the privilege of changing his clothes or bidding his afflicted wife and helpless little ones, good-bye.

John Hull is a peaceable and unoffending young man, and is as far from violating the law as any man in our county.

James Avery is a cousin of the scalawag John Avery, though a true Democrat, and for having denounced the toryism of John has been arrested as a ku klux.

Since the above was written, we have been informed that the soldiers have arrested Theodore and Francis Ellis who were on their way from Macon. They sent their wagon on home by a negro, and took them on to Oxford, as prisoners.

"Took Him to the Woods and Hung Him."

The following despatch reports an affair in the truly loyal State of Illinois, which eclipses all the stories of K. K. depredations in Mississippi; not excepting the terrific Comilfort raid at Marion station:

LYNCHING.

CAIRO, ILL., April 25.—Monday night a party of disguised men went to the house of Isaac Vencil, near Herrin's prairie, Williamson county, seized and took to the woods and hung him. The same party a few weeks ago served upon Vancil written orders threatening him with the fate above recorded, in case of his failure to obey them. The nature of the orders is not stated. Vancil was an old man of seventy-five, quite wealthy.

The Living Issues.

The Liberals of Pennsylvania in their declaration in favor of the independent movement, announced their principles and policy as follows:

Believe that the time has come for equal laws, equal protection and equal privileges to be accorded to all the people of the Union; that all taxes imposed should be with a view to revenue, and so adjusted as to protect the industrial interests of the whole country; that special legislation in the interest of capital against labor should be reprobated; that military rule in time of peace, and military interference with popular elections are in conflict with the whole spirit and genius of our free institutions; that local self-government should be re-asserted with all the majesty of a sovereign people against the encroachment of Federal power.

The foregoing embraces precisely the principles which we would have the National Convention of the Democratic party to enunciate. They are the true doctrine, come from what quarter they may.

The Contingent Fund Expenditures.—The Pilot's Plea.

The Pilot has a lame defence of the acting Governor's expenditure of the Contingent Fund. If the facts as confessed by himself, and the law which is written in the New Code, are not sufficient to convict him of having seized a fund which was appropriated to a specific public object, and used it for his own private purposes, this apology of the Pilot (which doubtless is the best that the ingenuity of a special pleader could suggest) will establish his guilt beyond controversy.

First, it claims that "Governor Powers "tells what each and every dollar was paid out for." But this don't prove that when he was expending the Fund for cutlery, linen, and repairing linen, cutting wood, gas, fuel, &c., and other household purposes of his own, he was spending it legitimately. A man may plead that he had perpetrated an act for which he is put on trial, and thus throw himself on the mercy of the court, but this don't argue that he is *not guilty.* It proves the reverse. In some cases an honest, voluntary confession entitles the guilty party to clemency; but not so in this instance. He did not "tell what "each and every dollar was paid for," until he was called to account by the Legislature. The law required him to make a report without awaiting the formal application of that body; but never an item did he "tell" until it was dragged out of him by an unequivocal demand for information. In the name of common sense, what could he have done but answer the inquiry propounded?

Again the Pilot pleads that somebody else has been guilty of like misuse of the Fund besides the present acting Governor. In other words it justifies his wrong-doing by saying that other people had violated the law also! That plea is simply ridiculous. On the heresay of "old residents" THE BOOBY's apologists asserts that some former Governors "kept large sta-"bles full of horses and fed and cared "for them out of this same contingent "Fund." But this is merely the hearsay of "old residents" whose memory has been perhaps a little quickened by the interest which they may have in the expenditure of this Fund for the personal purposes of the Executive incumbent instead of the specific public uses described in the law. The Pilot admits there are no papers to show what the memory of some "old residents" of the community supplies.

The official gazette's defence amounts to this. The arraigned Governor is guilty, but he has confessed it like a man; and, moreover, other Governors have done just as bad! The latter plea, if it amounted to anything is simply the unsustained impression of certain mythical parties vaguely described as "old residents;" and the former is simply a petition for clemency on the ground of a frank confession, when it was in fact, extorted by the direct inquiry of the Legislature for information which he could not withhold.

The New York Herald, a Grant paper says, "the unscrupulous *carpet-baggers,* "with the Ku Klux Klans, among white "and black Republicans South during "the last two or three years." But as the white Republicans consist almost exclusively of the carpet-baggers, it follows they have been playing "havoc" with themselves. They have certainly been playing the d—l generally.

COLORED LIBERALS.—Thirty colored delegates have gone from Louisiana to the Cincinnati Convention; and scattering delegations of the same race from South Carolina, Virginia and other Southern States. They have concluded that they can afford to risk their cause in a movement led on by such original free soilers as Gov. Gratz Brown, Palmer, Greeley, Sumner, Trumbull and others.

The Canton Mail says that two hundred plow animals have been destroyed in Madison county by the Buffalo Knat, and that many laborers are thrown out of employment, and a large acreage intended for cultivation has been abandoned, in consequence.

Gen. Thomas, of Pennsylvania, who said that he "had labored to build up "the Republican party, but now he was "free to say *it was the most corrupt party "on the face of the earth,"* was one of the staunchest supporters of Mr. Lincoln, under whose administration he was Collector of the port of Philadelphia.

The German Republicans of New Orleans, have joined the Liberal movement in a body. They are a part of the grand army of 200,000 faderland voters who are going to "fight mit Carl."

A number of leading Republican papers in Pennsylvania have repudiated the Grant ticket for State officers.

The Holly Springs Reporter says, A. M. Evans, Esq., of the Waterford Immigration Society, has gone to Virginia to bring out a number of families who have intimated to the Society their desire to become citizens of our county. More than a hundred thrifty citizens have been added to our population by this Society, and still the good work goes on.

[illegible] ton Transcript (Republican) asks, "Does Senator Ames own any "Southern plantation or pay any taxes "in Mississippi?" We have frequently stated that he owns nothing in this State nor has ever paid into her treasury one cent of taxes. Will the "Official Journal" not answer the question and put the matter to rest.

The Bully Boy in a New Role.

From the Handsboro Democrat.

Governor Powers and some other bright lights of the Radical party were on the train Monday, bound for Mobile. While the train stopped for dinner, Powers was out on the green cutting up some antics, driving a cart and showing off generally. Dray-driving must have been his old business in Ohio before he came to Mississippi. He seemed to understand the business very well, and we remarked to one of the Governor's party that we thought Powers made a better dray-driver than Governor, and advised him to go back to his old trade. We think he will, after a while, take our advice.

Somebody asks: Which gives a girl the most pleasure, to hear herself praised or another girl run down?

LETTER FROM WILLIAM.

EAST MISSISSIPPI, April 28, 1872.

EDITORS CLARION—I hand you with this a correspodence that has actually taken place between an Honorable office-holder of this section and myself:

HICKORY GROVE, MISS., April 12, 1872.

MR. WILLIAM—

Dear Sir: I have no personal acquaintance with you, but have been told by a friend how I could get a letter to you through Mr. Jones. I write this and send it.

I am one of the class you are pleased to term carpet-bagger, and whom you denounce in your letters to THE CLARION. I wish to be heard through the columns of that paper, open to you but not to me. I am a Northern man, and served during the war in the Federal army. I came down here after the war, and being eligible to office, was placed therein at an early day. When I came South I bought me a farm and began to become in fact a Southern man. I claim to be so. I am a Republican in politics, and would scorn to be anything else while the old flag waves. I am a white man; belong to the same race as yourself; but because I fall into the current of events I am denounced. I ask to say to the people of Mississippi, white as well as black, that I am a white man; but I can do my fellow-man justice. The rain and the dew fall upon all colors alike, and the blessings of government should do so likewise; for want of our blood made He all the nations of the earth." I brought my money down here, as many other Northern men did, and I am one of this country. I am a friend to the country, and for that reason have done all I could towards reconstructing a State government with its free schools and its amended statutes.

I hope you will get THE CLARION to publish this, so the people may see that the carpet-bag Republicans are not enemies to the State, but friends.

Your obed't serv't, C.

I send this letter, gentlemen, and ask you to publish it, so that our people may see that our friends are among us.

I replied very briefly to C. noticing some of the points he makes. My reply is as follows:

1st. Your being a Northern man amounts to nothing. I do not blame you, nor does any one else in this State. Your services in the Federal army I presume are a matter of congratulation with you. I know nothing of the nature of your services, but have heard it intimated that they were extensive and peculiar. You came here fresh from that service, and a generous people opened the doors of their houses to you, and struggled to forget that you belonged to an army that had burned our towns, robbed our citizens and insulted our women. You arrayed the feats of Sheridan and of Sherman and of Butler, and denounced our greatest men as traitors and deserving of death. Every week the mail brought to you pictorials, in which our heroes and statesmen were caricatured, and everything around you and about you was calculated to remind us of the extreme misfortune that was upon us. I will assert now, that no man, with a search warrant, can find one thing in your house, suggestive of Southern heroism, taste, beauty or talent.

2d. You say you were eligible to office, and by implication you say the representative white men were not. Why not? You declare that you are a Republican, which being interpreted, means and says, that you are of those who rendered us ineligible, and that you would scorn to be anything else except a supporter of the party that excludes Southern gentlemen and scholars from all share in the government except it burdens, and that places in positions of honor and emoluments villains and incompetents to eat out our substance, to sit in mock judgment upon the rights common to all freemen, and upon relations dearer to us than existence itself. What you say of the old flag is mere twaddle. It certainly, in this State,

——— does not "wave,
"O'er the land of the free, but o'er the home of the brave."

3d. You say, "I am a white man," and add that you belong to the same race with myself. The latter declaration is true. You and I belong to the same race. To be a white man is another thing. It will not do for you to write on paper that you are a white man, and antagonize the black race, as one man, against the white people. You have done this; and you have identified yourself with the black race, in their hostility to us. You first aroused the negroes and then boast that you drift in the current of events. You may have the ability to "do your fellow-men justice, but you have shown an inclination to work injustice not only to your own race, but to recklessly peril the existence of the negro, that you may accumulate wealth out of the sorrows of a whole people. Nero might have said with equal propriety, when he declared his horse a consul, that he could do justice to the Roman people.

4th. You say you brought your money down here. How much did you bring? When you bought your "farm," how much did you pay? How have you discharged the portion of the debt which became due twelve months after your taking possession? How much money have you honestly made by your farm? How much have you accumulated out of the wrongs you have heaped upon the Southern people? You are of the same party as Bullock, and Scott, and Powers. Of all the carpet-baggers with whom you are acquainted, how many have not had office? Of those who have held office, do you believe there is one who has not stolen every dollar he could get his hands upon with impunity? Can you mention one who has not proved himself a plunderer? Where are the millions of dollars which make up the State debts of the South? Your party, by disfranchising and oppressive legislation, and open and shameless fraud, have wrenched this money from the people whose friend you declare yourself to be; and you say now you would scorn to belong to any other party.

I pass the allusion of C— to the monstrous outrage which he calls "free schools, and amended statutes."

I hope some colored man, not some mean carpet-bag mulatto, but some genuine negro will be able to read this and think about it.

If the black people will join in with their old friends and elect competent, good men, and turn out of office the miserable scum that now floats on the political cess-pool we will have equitable laws, low taxes, good schools, and every man, woman and child will feel secure and contented. As long as the negro lends himself to the unprincipled pirates, who now hold and exercise official power, so long will the people mourn and wrong be triumphant.

The white people of the South do not wish to crush any rising aspiration of the negro, that finds a sanction in the dictates of reason or common sense. They do not wish to enslave him. If slavery would pay in the North, the negro would be re-enslaved before the expiration of twelve months by a XVIth amendment. Slavery began up there. In the hearts of that people it had rigin. From the same region hav come all our social and political abominations.

WILLIAM.

P. S. When did you hear from Alcorn?

(When last heard from, he was proclaiming that the Carpet-Bag Revenue Officers in this State, had stolen as much money as they had collected.—EDITORS.)

"Damned for all Time to Come."

From the Handsboro Democrat.

Gov. Powers pretended during the session of the Legislature that he was in favor of retrenchment and reform. What a change has come over him! Powers won't do, we care not what a few of his pimps say about his "noble and patriotic impulse." He has already made a record that will damn him for all time to come with the good citizens of this State.

A gentleman from Illinois has bought Col. Hill's valuable plantation, two miles from Okalona, at $30 per acre. A few years ago this place was sold for $13 per acre. Railroads are the cause of this advance.—Exchange.

The Accepted Offering.

The evening was pretty warm, so I sat in my cabin with my window and door open. I was reading by the light of a wax candle, put in a swivel-stand; but, although I was interested in the subject, I could not help being aware, in a sort of dreamy way, of the sounds which reached my ear from time to time. There was the hoarse grinding and rattling of the steam winch at work discharging cargo; the cries and curses of the coarse men at work; the striking of the bells on board; the lapping of the water at the warf; the sounds of the great ferry-boats which crossed from East Boston to Boston proper. I was beginning to feel tired, and was thinking of turning in for the night when the lamp that hung in the passage revealed the figure of the second mate, a great rough, sulky looking fellow, with as warm a heart as ever beat in human breast.

"Oh," said I, "come in, set down, and spin me that long-promised yarn of yours. Take a cigarette—'tis the only thing I smoke; I'll keep you company." So saying, I produced two of the little weeds, and we commenced slowly to exhale.

"Well, Sawbones," he began (I was the doctor), "I hate palaver; so here goes. I was once mate of a coolie ship. I am not going to speak of the coolie traid at this time; but it's about coolies that the story is. I'm not going to enter into time or place; but suffice it that our ship was a good one, and we were on a voyage with a right heavy load of coolies. We were packed, I can tell you, and no mistake. Well, we had the blackies on deck pretty much, and we did all we could to ventilate and purify them, and as yet we had had no bad disorder among them—all was going pretty well.

"The skipper was much engaged below; he was one of the kind that believe in keeping the steam up—high pressure, you know. In fact, I had command; the old man never interfered. Doctor, boys are the greatest nuisance and torment that you can have afloat or ashore—no mistake. We had two boys. They were little, dwarfish chits, but as cunning and trickey as apes. It took us all our time to look after those boys. Sometimes they fought, sometimes they leagued in mischief, but if they were out of sight you might be sure they were doings no good. George was the name of one, Harry that of the other. The whole of the ship was against them, and they against the whole of the ship. It was a game, and the little wretches played. Of course they were thrashed from time to time, but that seemed to act only as a stimulant.

"Well, one day the coolies got up a great affair—at least it was a great affair to them, poor creatures. They were to give a sort of offering to their god—or at least one of them. They wanted to be in his good books, you see, and so they made him his gift. I don't know all that was in the bundle, but I think there was rice and I know there was money. The offering was fixed to the truck of the mainmast—the truck, you know, is the bottom affair at the very point of the mast.

Well, it was fastened up during the day, and the sign was, that if the god came in the night, and took away the bundle, he was well pleased, and meant to bless their voyage. It was fastened all right, and they set a watch of their own to keep a tight eye to the bundle, so that they might see the god swoop over and carry it away. There was also a group of coolies at the shrouds to see that there was no unhallowed interference by the ship's people.

"Well, evening shaded into night, and a deuced dark night it was, too—heavy masses of clouds scudding across a sombre sky; not bad weather, but rather threatening, you know. I was on watch, feeling rather anxious as to how the night might turn out. Our doctor, a native came to my side. He was a very intelligent fellow, I can tell you, and well educated. He didn't believe in the god coming down and taking away the bundle, but he wasn't such a fool as to express his mind before the coolies. They are rather dangerous cattle at times. You read now and again of their rising in mutiny, killing the officers and crew, ay, even setting fire to the ship, and playing the deuce generally. Coolies are not to be trifled with, especially when there is a great crowd of them. Of course they are ignorant and superstitious, and such are always dangerous. Life with such people is at a discount, and no mistake. Well, the doctor and I were devising plans for ventilating the ship by kindling fires, etc., and so the watch passed. When eight bells struck at midnight, I turned in as soon as I was relieved. It seemed scarcely a minute before I heard eight bells strike again, and I was forced to know that it was 8 o'clock in the morning, and time for me to be on deck and take my watch. I found the ship much as I had left her. The 'second' said that the wind had not risen higher than when I went below, but that the night had been intensely dark. It was so at the time he spoke. I commenced to pace to and fro, wishing heartily that my watch was over, and, as time passed, noticing the grand diffusion of the uncertain light of early morning.

"Suddenly my blood was nearly frozen in my veins by a devilish uproar. I thought at first that it was mutiny—then fire. Whilst I was composing my mind for action, the screaming was renewed tenfold. Coolies streamed and crowded on deck in dozens. They were all violently excited, but did not seem disposed to do any mischief. I sent one of the hands to ascertain what was the row, before I gave any command, but before he returned, the native doctor sprang to my side, with a glassy, terror-sticken eye, and trembling limbs. 'Mr. Topsal, says he, "our lives are in danger! What folly, what madness! Who could do it? You must act very prudently, Mr. Topsal, or this will be our last voyage.'

"While I was staring at the poor, horrified doctor, unable to see his drift, the man returned, and said that the row was caused by the coolies having discovered that the bundle was gone—or, as they said, that the god had carried it off. It was yet early dawn, and the great fact had just been discovered. I had forgotten about the affair. Now I glanced up at the truck of the main. No bundle was there. It was gone. How? Nothing in the way of atmospheric force could have removed it. Of course, we could not admit the supernatural (unless indeed, a half-formed suspicion of the posibility of the devil having done the thing). Only one other explanation remained, that of a human intervention. But how, and who? I felt cold and giddy, a clammy perspiration oozed out on me, and I felt shaky. I nerved myself. I must act at once, and secretly.

"The doctor whispered: 'Oh, Topsal, we,ll be murdered in cold blood if they discover the trick. Who could it have been?'

"I could only echo his question with a groan. I called the 'second,' much to his surprise add disgust; but, having left the deck in his charge, the doctor and I went on a voyage of discovery. First we repaired to my room and thought. Suddenly we both raised our eyes, and, staring at each other, whispered, 'The boys.'

"Oh, confound them!' cried I; only wait. If we make this voyage and get quit of this load of gunpowder safely, oh, won't I!'

"Let us hunt them up," said the doctor. "So we set out for the forecastle. We entered noiselessly, and crept in the direction of the boys' bunks. At first there seemed nothing unusual. The lamps swung and creaked, the timbers strained, the water went thud, thud, on the ship's bows. We crawled nearer. We held our breath. Hush! What sound was that? Was it not like the clinking of money? Oh, horror!

"The doctor and I pinched each other black and blue, and shuddered. We crawled still nearer. We got behind a coil of rope and some barrels. We peeped into the corner where the young scapegoats dwelt. Yes, the metallic sound proceeded from that direction. We stretched our necks. There before our eyes sat the two little creatures, with the bundle between them, cosily but secretly dividing the spoils. Such a combination of daring and folly almost made us commit ourselves. But we watched our chances and pounced on them, and clapped our hands on their mouths. In a second we had them tied up and gagged. The contents of the bundle we quickly concealed about our persons, and dropped overboard when we went aft. We set a watch over the boys, and I read them a lesson in whispers, which put the terror of death on them. It was a dark night, you know; they had climmed up the stay unnoticed, and taken the bundle.

"Ah, doctor, I'll never forget that voyage. I was forever thinking that the blackies were rising, or that they had fired the ship, or that that they were conspiring. On deck I walked on needles and pins—every sound startled me, I had taken all possible precautions, had my arms ready, etc.; but it would have been madness to have thought of resistance. I had all the burden on my own shoulders, for I never told the skipper, and the 'second' did not seem to understand the affair nor to appreciate the danger; but the native doctor did, and assisted me ably. Even my turn below was no rest; I couldn't sleep; I dozed and started until I was called on deck again. Oh, man, it was awful! Suspense, doctor, is a terrible thing. I felt just as if I were living over a volcano—never sure but that an eruption might occur. It would almost have been a relief to have had the worst. My hair turned gray, doctor—no mistake. The 'second,' even, noticed that. I turned shaky and fanciful. No, doctor, I didn't drink; that had nothing to do with it. How I rejoiced at the close of each day! We made a pretty good voyage, and I almost felt as if the land, when we first sighted it, was paradise! When we actually got that cargo safely on shore, and I felt my coat still uncut, I almost thought it too good to be true—no mistake."

I don't know how many of my cigarettes Mr. Topsal smoked, but I know that the stock was sadly reduced.

"But I say, Topsal," I put in, "what about the boys, you know; did you give them an awful thrashing?"

Mr. Topsal looked sulkier than usual as he replied: "Well, they got loose as soon as we got into port, robbed me, and deserted the ship. That was the last that I ever saw of them."

Proceedings of the Delegates of Jackson Fire Companies for Division of State and City Appropriation.

JACKSON, April 22, 1872.

The Board of Delegates from the several Fire Companies, for the division of State and City appropriations, met at No. 1 engine house pursuant to call from Chief Engineer Green.

By a unanimous vote of the Delegates, Chief Engineer Green was called to the chair to preside over the meeting.

On motion, J. G. Cashman was requested to act as Secretary.

The delegates form each company answered to their names, as follows:

Jackson, No. 1—J. L. Power. Jas. Shelton G. S. Green, J. W. Fite, R. L. Saunders.

Gem, No. 2—J. G. Cashman, Douglas Ward, A. C. Kerr, Louis Fite, Chester Bulkley.

Hope, No. 3—Harris Barksdale, James Williams, Thos. J. Miller, Charles Morgan, E. Robinson.

Pearl Hook and Ladder, No. 1—Arthur R. Yerger, Thos. J. Wharton, John Virden, Wallace Harrington, T. W. Deason.

On motion, the rules governing meetings were adopted for the Board meeting.

The State law in regard to the appropriations was then read.

J. G. Cashman offered a resolution providing for a division of the appropriations, which was amended by Mr. J. L. Power.

The yeas and nays were called for on the adoption of the resolution as amended, and it was lost by a vote of 10 to 10.

Motion was then made to refer the matter to a committee of two from each company. Lost.

The vote whereby Mr. Cashman's resolution was lost, was reconsidered, the resolution again read, and adopted as amended by a vote of 11 to 9, the yeas and nays being taken on its adoption.

The resolution as adopted is as follows:

Resolved, That the State appropriation of one thousand dollars, and City appropriation of fifteen hundred dollars shall be consolidated and divided among the different Companies, as follows: Jackson, No. 1, $900 00; Gem, No. 2, $600 00; Hope, No. 3, $600 00; Pearl Hook and Ladder, No. 1, $400 00; total, $2500 00; Provided, That the amount of the share of Pearl Hook and Ladder Company, ($400 00) shall be retained by the Treasurer of the Jackson Fire Department until such time during the year 1872, as the said Pearl Hook and Ladder Company shall have completed their organization by equipping themselves with apparatus sufficient for active and efficient service as a fire company; And provided further, That if the said Pearl Hook and Ladder Company shall not complete their organization as provided in the foregoing during the present year (1872,) the said amount of four hundred dollars shall revert to the other companels, and be divided among them in such ratio as may hereafter be determined upon by the delegates to this Board from the companies in active service.

Mr. J. L. Power offered the following resolution, which was adopted:

Resolved, That it is the sense of the Board of Delegates that no portion of the funds appropriated by the City or State should be used for any other purpose whatever, than in keeping the buildings, machinery and apparatus in good order and repair.

The following resolution in regard to Chief Engineer Green was adopted by acclamation:

Resolved, That the Board of Delegates, in behalf of the companies represented, desire to express their earnest and hearty thanks to Chief Engineer Thomas Green, for the untiring zeal and energy which he has displayed during his long years of service, as an active fireman; and that to his skill and administrative ability as chief officer, the present efficient condition of the Fire Department of the city of Jackson is mainly due: and we cheerfully recognize the fact that it was mainly through his efforts and influence the appropriations from State and City were made to the Fire Companies

On motion, the Board adjourne, subject to the call of the chairman.

THOS. GREEN, Ch'n.

J. G. CASHMAN, Sec'y.

Mississippi Press Association.

It will be seen by notice elsewhere that the Press Association will hold its next annual meeting at Columbus, June 5th. We hope to see a full attendance. Col. Kinloch Falconer, President of the Association, requests us to say that he will thank the publishers of the State for one copy of their several papers, addressed to him personally, that he may compile therefrom an alphabetical list of Mississippi journals. His address is Holly Springs.

The Canton Mail chronicles the death, on the 5th inst., of C. F. Stokes, an ex-Confederate soldier. The Mail says: "Spring will not deck with her flowers and her green grass the grave of a braver soldier."

Statement of the Condition OF THE

KNICKERBOCKER Life Insurance Company,

ON THE

29th day of February, 1872,

Made to the Auditor of the State of Mississippi in compliance with an act entitled "An act to regulate agencies of foreign Insurance Companies," approved March 31, 1856.

FIRST— NAME AND LOCATION.

The name of this Company is Knickerbocker Life Insurance Company, and is located at 220 Broadway, New York.

SECOND— CAPITAL.

The amount of its capital stock is	
The amount of its capital stock paid up is	$100,000

THIRD— ASSETS.

1. Cash on hand	$ 20,817 [illegible]
2. Real estate unincumbered	60,000 00
3. Debts due the Company secured by mortgage on unincumbered real estate worth 75 per cent. more than the same is mortgaged for, as per vouchers and schedule accompanying