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THE POET'S WIFE.

A poet walked abroad at morn
In the beautiful spring-tide;
And, radiant in her youthful bloom,
His wife walked by his side;
With sparkling eye and thrilling voice
He turned to her and cried:

"Look round, my love! did'st ever see
So glorious a day?
The sunbeams dance, the blossoms smile,
The birds sing loud and gay;
While o'er yon little sportive lambs
Like happy children play."

Her answer came in dulcet tones:
"Yes, dear, and it is kind
In you to speak about the lambs,
For that puts me in mind
To have some *roasted with mint sauce
If you the mint will find.*"

How to Settle the Race Problem.

BY FRANCIS A. WOLF, OF TIPPAH CO.

For The Clarion.

The grand problem arising from the sudden enfranchisement of the negro race has reached some outside figures to enable the public mind to reach the final solution. From all parts of the old States, the annual immigration amounts to many thousands. Their destination has been distinctly marked out to the broad and alluvial valley of the Mississippi and her tributaries, reaching through Louisiana, Alabama and Mississippi.

All races, when thrown together, are very naturally disposed to segregate. History furnishes many examples of the exodus and deliverance of races. Causes are apparent in our own midst. The black population have their own churches and schoolhouses, ministers, teachers and orators. At their parties they excel the whites in singing and dancing. Not as formerly they band together and help each other to roll logs, shuck corn, build houses, and general workings. In times of political excitement they are well organized. In every direction the beating of the drum is heard as a signal to repair to their nocturnal leagues, and with some rare exceptions, they all agree in opinion and march to the ballot-box in a bunch, and sometimes in formal procession. In buying land they manage to live close to each other in settlements.

Even the Caucasian race that emigrate to the United States, each, according to his nationality, repair to some nucleus. The old set are disposed to retain their mother tongue, and are reluctant to part with old usages. Finally the young generation spread out and all lines of nationalities are obliterated. Then we find the Dane, the Swede and the Swiss take the aspect of the genuine American.

It matters not what influence is bringing about this great change in our population. We must look at things as we find them. Prejudice must give way to the inexorable logic of passing events. With our statistics in the premises we must conclude that the black race will have a manifold influence in the legislation of this New Ethiopia. From a glance at the map we readily perceive that they will require a territory to embrace all of Louisiana, a large portion of Arkansas and a part of Mississippi.

This Ethiopia, when marked out by proper limits, should have a territorial government like all new beginnings; and when these people show a capacity for self-government—when they come to understand the genius of constitutional liberty, and shall have proved their patriotism, then they would be welcomed into the sisterhood of States, and like all new States be represented in the Senate and House of Representatives.

It would take time to bring about this exchange of population. The children of Israel in journeying through the wilderness occupied a space of forty years. In proportion to the arrival of immigrants and their final ability to purchase land, large tracts of territory could be sealed off, leaving the owners the option of selling their property or by the government upon fixed statutory regulations. Then in proportion to the tide of immigration, the white families would retire beyond the limits of the new territory.

To carry out this project would require an amendment to the Federal Constitution to empower Congress to legislate upon the subject with all its contingencies. The necessities of the times absolutely demands this change. It has long been the *esprit d'corps* of the masses. It will meet with the approval of both races and both sexes. This change will give peace and plenty to a distracted country. The lacerated feelings inflicted by the rancour of party spirit would be healed up. The ground swell of resentment all over the country would subside and compromise into oblivion. In war the boys in grey and the boys in blue of every hue would unite, and keep step to the music of the Union.

HOPKINS STATION, June, 1874.

Buried Alive.

The Messager du Midi relates the following dreadful story: "A young married woman residing at Salon (Bouches du Rhone) died shortly after her confinement a few months ago. The medical man, who was hastily summoned when her illness assumed a dangerous form, certified her death, and recommended immediate burial, and six hours afterward the body was interred. A few days since the husband having resolved to remarry, the mother of his late wife desired to have her daughter's remains removed to her native town, Marseilles. When the vault was opened a horrible sight presented itself. The corpse lay in the middle of the vault, with disheveled hair and the linen torn to pieces. It evidently had been gnawed in her agony by the unfortunate victim. The shock which the dreadful spectacle caused to the mother has been so great that fears are entertained for her reason if not for her life."

A facetious writer remarks that "when a man walks squarely up to the clergyman who married him three years before, takes him by the hand cordially, and without a word of reproach inquires after his health, it is useless for any one to maintain that Christian forgiveness is a thing of the past and does not enter largely into that man's character, or that the heroic virtues have all disappeared from earth!"

GENERAL J. B. HOOD'S REPLY

—To Statements of—

Gen. J. E. Johnston.

NO. II.

General Johnston states, page 351; "No material was lost by us in the campaign but the four field pieces exposed and abandoned at Resaca by Gen. Hood." The following letter from his Chief of Ordnance, Col. Oladowski, shows quite a different result;

MOBILE, May 29th, 1874.

Gen. B. Bragg:

GENERAL—I answered your telegram day before yesterday; hasten to-day to answer your letter received this morning. I read attentively Gen. Johnston's narrative, and it seems to me he tried to vindicate himself at the cost of others. His statement of losses is based upon report of his Medical Director. I wonder how a doctor could know about deserters, stragglers, prisoners, etc. I am extremely disappointed.

I cannot positively state the reduction of his army from Dalton to Atlanta, but I believe it was about 19,000 muskets. * * * As to the deficiency of ammunition, it is a romance. I left full supplies on hand at the time General Hood took command. * * * * *

Very respectfully your obedient servant. H. OLADOWSKI.

The foregoing is in answer to a letter written by Gen. Bragg, at my request, and was received after the publication of the first part of this article. It is not possible that we should have lost 25,000 men from Dalton to Atlanta, and at the same time no material, except four field pieces. The muskets of the killed and wounded being gathered and turned into the Ordnance Department, the 19,000 carried off by stragglers and deserters, is about the proportion that might be expected to be lost in this manner during such a campaign.

Col. Oladowski will be remembered by many of the officers and soldiers of the Army of Tennessee, not only as a gentleman of high character, but also as faithful and exact in the performance of all duty.

Gen. Johnston, touching the operations of his army near New Hope Church, says, pages 328, '29, '30: "We found next morning that the Federal line extended much further to our right than it had done the day before. Polk's corps was transferred to the right of Hood's. * * The Federal troops extended their entrenched line so rapidly to their left, that it was found necessary on the morning of the 27th to transfer Cleburne's division of Hardee's corps to our right, where it was formed on the prolongation of Polk's line. Kelly's cavalry, comprised of Allen's and Harrison's brigades, together less than a thousand men, occupied an interval of half a mile between Cleburne's right and Little Pumpkin Vine creek. * * Between 5 and 6 o'clock in the afternoon Kelly's skirmishers were driven in by a body of Federal cavalry, whose advance was supported by the Fourth Corps. * * * As soon as the noise of the contest revealed to Major-General Cleburne the maneuvre to turn his right, he brought the right brigade of his second line, Granbury's, to Kelly's support, by forming it on the right of his first line. * * * The Fourth Corps came on in deep order, and assailed the Texans with great vigor, receiving their close and accurate fire with the fortitude always exhibited by Gen. Sherman's troops in the actions of this campaign. * * * The contest of the main body of the Fourth Corps with Granbury's brigade was a very fierce one. * * * They (the enemy) left hundreds of corpses within twenty paces of the Confederate line."

It is strange the author of this narrative should offer the above, and, in fact, nearly all he has written on pages 328, '29, '30, '31, as a contribution to the historian, when he commits the unpardonable error of placing Polk's corps during the whole of this "affair near New Hope Church." in the identical position occupied by Hood's corps. I was not only on the right where he places Polk, but sent to him for a good division, saying, that Howard's corps was moving rapidly to turn my right flank, which was the right of the infantry of our army; that I had extended my line as far as possible. He sent Cleburne's division to report to me. General Cleburne was by me given most explicit instructions as to the formation of his troops on the right of my corps. He was directed to place his troops in a column of brigades in the rear of my immediate right, which was the right of Hindman's division, with Granbury's brigade in rear of the column, so as to bring it on our extreme right when deployed into line; to allow the Federal cavalry to reconnoitre and find our right. Similar orders were given to our cavalry. As Howard's corps advanced, Cleburne was to deploy quickly into line, and the Federals were thus to come into contact with a solid line of infantry, in lieu of finding the open space on our flank which existed at the time of the reconnoisance of the Federal cavalry.

I shall ever remember the enthusiasm and transport of the gallant Cleburne at the time of this though small engagement, yet most brilliant affair of the whole campaign. As proof of the correctness of my statement in regard to the above operations I have but to call attention to a short report of the same, written at my dictation by a young officer of my staff and which, as it conflicts with General Johnston's own narration, is unaccountably inserted on pages 585 and 578: "On the 26th, the enemy were found to be extending their left; Hindman's division was withdrawn from my left, and placed in position on my right, the enemy continuing to extend his left. Maj. General Cleburne, with his division, was ordered to report to me, and was massed on Hindman's right. On the morning of the 27th, the enemy, known to be extending rapidly to the left, attempted to turn my right as they extended. Cleburne was deployed to meet them, and at half past 5 P. M., a very stubborn attack was made on his division, extending to the right, where Maj. Gen. Wheeler, with his cavalry dismounted, was engaging them. The assault was continued with great determination upon both Cleburne and Wheeler until after night, but every attempt to break their lines was gallantly repulsed. About 10 o'clock at night Brig. Gen. Granbury, with his brigade of Texans, made a dashing charge on the enemy, driving them from the field; their killed and wounded being left in our hands. During this engagement two or three hundred prisoners were captured, all belonging to Howard's corps." At the close of this hastily written field report, I say, "I enclose Major Gen. Cleburne's report, and will forward others as soon as received." Every one of and above the rank of captain knows that no officer sends forward his reports of battle save through his commanding officer at the time of the engagement. Therefore. Gen. Cleburne brought his report of this "affair" to me who commanded him at the time, in lieu of forwarding it through Lieut. Gen. Hardee, of whose corps he formed a part.

Again, in reference to operations near New Hope Church, the author of this remarkable narrative says, page 333: "When the three Lieutenant Generals were together in my quarters that day (the 28th), as usual, Lieut. Gen. Hood suggested that we should make an attack upon the Federal army, to commence on its left flank. The suggestion was accepted, and the three officers were desired to be ready for battle next morning. Lieut. Gen. Hood was instructed to draw his corps out of the line to the rear, and to march during the night around our right and form it facing the enemy's left flank, somewhat obliquely to his line, and to assail that flank at dawn next day. Polk and Hardee were instructed to join in the battle successively, obliquely to the present formation, when the progress made on the right of each should enable him to do so.

"We waited the next morning for the signal agreed upon—the musketry of Hood's Corps—from the appointed time until about 10 A. M., when a message from the Lieutenant-General was delivered to me by one of his aide-de-camps, to the effect that he had found Johnson's division, on the Federal left, thrown back almost at right angles to the general line, and intrenching; that, under such circumstances he had thought it inexpedient to attack, and asked for instructions. I supposed from the terms of the message that Hood's Corps was in the presence of the enemy, and that his movement and position being known to them, they would be prepared to repel his assault as soon as he to make it, after his aide-de-camp's return. If the attack had been expedient when Lieutenant-General Hood's message was dispatched, the resulting delay, by enabling the enemy to reinforce the threatened points and complete the entrenchments beyond, made it no longer so. He was therefore recalled." Before withdrawing from the right of our army, which rested on Little Pumpkin Vine Creek, with Cleburne's division still on my extreme right and under my orders, i. e., before withdrawing on the night of the 28th of May from the position, Gen. Johnston erroneously assigns Gen. Polk, during the 26th, 27th and 28th, I received information from General Wheeler's cavalry, stationed on Cleburne's right just across Little Pumpkin Vine Creek, that the enemy had its left flank beyond this stream in an exposed position, by reason of the difficulty of passage back to the main body of their army; and that if I could withdraw that night (28th) and get in position by early morning, I might attack this corps or division thus exposed and destroy it before it could recross Little Pumpkin Vine Creek or receive reinforcements. This information I received on the morning of the 28th, after Cleburne's repulse of the enemy on the afternoon and night of the 27th, as before mentioned. With this favorable opportunity of dealing the enemy a hard blow, I instantly repaired to Gen. Johnston's headquarters and asked his permission to withdraw my corps at dark from our extreme right and attack this exposed flank next morning. He said that it might result in a general engagement, to which I replied that if I could destroy one portion of the enemy before it could be reinforced it would give us greatly the advantage if a general battle ensued; that Hardee and Polk could be in readiness to come to my assistance if necessary. Having obtained his consent, couriers were dispatched for the two remaining corps commanders, Hardee and Polk, who shortly joined us. They were instructed to hold their corps in readiness for action the next day, as I was going to march that night upon the above report from Wheeler's Cavalry, and attack the left flank of the enemy, provided I found it as reported, i. e., the whole of the proposed movement was to depend upon the enemy's left flank remaining as represented. Polk was then for the first time ordered to my position, the right of the army, and accordingly I withdrew after night and took up my line of march with guides from Wheeler's Cavalry. Just about dawn, as we were approaching the place the enemy was reported to be in an exposed position, I received from the same cavalry a message to the effect that I need proceed no farther, as the Federals had during the night drawn back their left flank, recrossed Little Pumpkin Vine Creek, and were entrenched. From some feeling of insecurity, they had recrossed to the side of the creek I had left the evening previous, placing between us a swamp and difficult stream to cross, in addition to entrenchments on the opposite bank. Our cavalry had evidently seen the folly of attacking the Federals across this creek, and therefore advised me to proceed no farther. I reported these facts to General Johnston and was ordered to return.

The following extract from a letter just received from General Wheeler, General Johnston's chief of cavalry, will show that the enemy was heavily entrenching the night of my march around our right flank:

WHEELER, ALA., May 22, 1864.

"I recall the movement to attack the enemy's left flank with your corps and my cavalry, which I think was on the night of the 28th. I remember you sending for me on the morning of the 29th, and telling me why you did not attack, which was owing to a change in position of the enemy, and their invariable custom of entrenchment. I remember that the enemy, were cutting down trees during the night, which was one of their favorite plans of strengthening and even building works, especially in so densely wooded a country. I cannot recall what officer to whom Gen. Wheeler refers was the gallant Gen. Kelly, who afterwards fell at Franklin.

It might be supposed upon reading Gen. Johnston's recital of this his second attempt to fight, that I was ordered to assault the enemy under any circumstances, and that I was again the cause of his not delivering battle. Never within my history was I ordered to fight and failed to so. I have never experienced pleasure in being shot at; and, although I have been charged with being too reckless of the lives of my men, I had sufficient caution to know that some positions should not be attacked—such as as the one occupied by the enemy after re-crossing Little Pumpkin Vine Creek. However, had Gen. Johnston given me orders to attack at all hazard, I would have done so. I went into battle under protest at Gettysburg, as I desired to turn Roundtop Mountain; but, notwithstanding, was true in every sense of the word to the orders of my commander, till, wounded, I was borne from the field.

In three years under Generals Lee, Jackson and Longstreet, I was never charged with being ever too late in any of the many battles in which I was engaged, before reporting for duty with the army of the West.

When General Johnston said "as usual" I suggested that we attack the left flank of the enemy, I presume he had in remembrance Lieutenant Generals Polk's and Hood's urgent suggestion that he turn upon Sherman, and attack him at Adairsville, just before he placed his army upon the untenable ridge in rear of Cassville, with women and children of the town between the two armies, and of which suggestion he is so careful to make no mention.

As I retrace all these facts and circumstances, I cannot think General Johnston is in earnest when he says that he intended or desired to fight at the different points mentioned; moreover, it must seem strange to my comrades of the Virginia army that I, who had always been ready and willing to do my duty, should undergo so complete a change under General Johnston during the last year of the war. In truth, I had no wise altered in my nature, and I will add that no general ever received more thorough co-operation of his corps commanders than did Gen. Johnston during his campaign from Dalton to Atlanta. He was on cordial terms with each of us, and it should be borne in mind that the animus displayed toward Gen. Polk and myself never became apparent till after I was assigned to the command of the army of Tennessee, and the noble Polk had been laid in his grave nigh two months. Gen. Johnston was then residing in Macon, Ga., where he wrote his official report in which were brought forward for the first time these unjust and ungenerous accusations. If I was so little to be relied upon, and had given cause for complaint successively at Resaca and Cassville, why did he entrust to me the important operations at New Hope Church, from which it was supposed a general engagement might ensue? The truth is, he had no real cause of complaint, and I reiterate had the full co-operation of his Lieutenants. No matter what the views held by them as to his mode of handling an army, they were all sufficently good soldiers to forego making a remark even in the presence of their own staff officers, which might tend to destroy confidence in their chief.

I will give a historical fact, illustrative of this spirit of discretion and forbearance, which will be particularly interesting as it has never, to my knowledge, been made public:

Just before leaving New Hope Church, his three corps commanders were assembled alone at night in his quarters—then a little cabin near the church—when Gen. Johnston suggested Macon as being the place to fall back upon. If I remember rightly, this suggestion was received in silence, for I cannot recall the reply of any one of us at the moment; I well remember, however, after we had left the presence of Gen. Johnston, and were riding through the darkness of the night to our respective headquarters, the unanimous sentiment expressed on this occasion; it was to this effect: "In the name of Heaven what is to become of us? Here we are with the depots for recruits drained from Mobile to Richmond, all the troops have been sent either to us or to Gen. Lee, in Virginia; our army fifty or sixty miles from Dalton, no general battle fought, and our commander talking of Macon, one hundred miles beyond Atlanta, as being the place to fall back upon." This gloomy outlook brought about the comparison touching our losses up to that time; and to which I referred in my first reply. We finally separated and each rode off to his own tent; howsoever dispirited, I am confident not one of us so far lost sight of that co-operation so necessary in time of war, as to even mention to any one Gen. Johnston's contemplated retreat to Macon.

Shortly thereafter we found ourselves at Kenesaw Mountains, the last strongs hold of the many piney ridges passed over during our retreat. It was to the left of this place, on Pine Mountain, that we lost the brave and magnanimous Polk, and with him much of the history of this remarkable campaign. We remained some thirty days at Kennesaw Mountain, when Sherman resorted to what he had learned from experience would prove effective: he sent a few troops to make a rumbling sound in our rear, and we folded up our tents as usual, under strict orders, to make no noise, and under cover of darkness marched to and across the Chattahoochie upon the flat plains of Georgia.

After our passage of this river, on the night of the 9th of July, Sherman moved rapidly to the eastward and across the Chattahoochee, some distance above Peachtree creek. He formed a line parallel to this creek, with his right hand on the river, and approached Atlanta from the North, whilst Schofield and McPherson on the left, marched rapidly in the direction of Decatur, to destroy the railroad to Augusta. See map, page 347. Gen. Johnston says, pages 348-49-50: "On the the 17th of May, Gen. Wheeler reported that the whole Federal army had crossed the Chattahoochee. * * * * The following telegram was received from Gen. Cooper, dated July 17th: Lieutenant-General J. B. Hood has been commissioned to the temporary rank of General, under the late law of Congress. I am directed by the Secretary of War to inform you that, as you have failed to arrest the advance of the enemy to the vicinity of Atlanta, far in the interior of Georgia, and express no confidence that you can defeat or repel him, you are hereby relieved from the command of the Army and Department of Tennessee, which you will immediately turn over to Gen. Hood. * * * * Gen. Hood came to my quarters early in the morning of the 18th, and remained there during the day. Intelligence soon came from Major Gen. Wheeler that the Federal army was marching toward Atlanta, and at Gen. Hood's earnest request I continued to give orders through Brig. Gen. Mackall, chief of staff, until sunset." About 11 o'clock P. M., on the night of the 17th, I received a telegram from the War Office ordering me to assume command of the army. This totally unexpected order so astounded me and overwhelmed me with a sense of the responsibility thereto attached that I remained in deep thought throughout the night. Before day I started for Gen. Johnston's headquarters, a short distance from which I met Lieut. Gen. A. P. Stewart, one of my division commanders, who had been recommended by me and recently promoted to the rank of Corps Commander to replace Gen. Polk.

We rode on together to Gen. Johnston's quarters, which we reached a short time after dawn. I at once sought General Johnston, and inquired into the cause of this order. He replied that he did not know; the President had seen fit to relieve him. I then insisted that he should pocket that dispatch, leave me in command of my corps, and fight the battle for Atlanta—at the same time directing his attention to the approach of General Sherman; alleging that the enemy unless checked, would in a few days capture the city. To this appeal he replied that the President had seen fit to relieve him, and it would have so to be, unless the order was counter-warded. Lieutenant Generals Hardee and Stewart then joined me in a telegram to the President, requesting that the order for the removal of Gen. Johnston be postponed, at least till the fate of Atlanta was decided. The following extract from a letter of Lieutenant General A. P. Stewart will show that I was desirous that Gen. Johnston should remain in command:

ST. LOUIS, August 7th 1872.

General J. B. Hood:

MY DEAR GENERAL—Your letter of the 25th ultimo was received some days since, and I avail myself of the first opportunity to answer it.

You ask me to send you "a statement setting forth the facts as you (I) understand them, of the circumstances attending the removal of Gen. J. E. Johnston from the command of our army in Georgia in 1864, and your appointment to succeed him." It gives me pleasure to comply with your request. * * * Monday morning, (July 18th) you will remember, we met about sunrise in the road near Johnston's headquarters; and I then informed you of the object of seeking an interview, and that was that we should all three unite in an effort to prevail on Gen. Johnston to whithhold the order and retain command of the army until the impending battle should have been fought. I can bear witness to the readiness with which you concurred. We went together to Johnston's quarters and you and he had a long conversation with each other, which I did not hear. At the close of it, however, you and Gen. Hardee and I went into the Adjutant General's office and together prepared a telegram to the President, stating that in our judgment it was dangerous to change commanders at that juncture, and requesting him to recall the order removing Johnston, at least until the fate of Atlanta should be decided. That was the substance; cannot remember the language. An answer was received that afternoon from the President declining to comply with our request or suggestion, on the ground that the order having been issued, it would do more harm than good to recall or suspend it.

Very sincerely, yours,
ALEX. P. STEWART,
Late Lieut. General C. S. Army.

I here give the President's answer to our telegram:

RICHMOND, July 18, 1864.

To Generals Hood, Hardee and Stewart:

Your telegram of this date received.—A change of commanders under existing circumstances was regarded as so objectionable that I only accepted it as the alternative of continuing a policy which had proved disastrous. Reluctance to make the change induced me to send a telegram of inquiry to the commanding general on the 16th inst. His reply but confirmed previous apprehensions. There can be but one question which you and I can entertain, that is, what will best promote the public good? And to each of you I confidently look for the sacrifice of every personal consideration in conflict with that object. The order has been executed, and I cannot suspend it without making the case worse than it was before the order was issued.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

After the receipt of the above telegram, I returned to Gen. Johnston's room alone, and urged him, for the good of the country, to pocket all the correspondence, remain in command and fight for Atlanta, as Sherman was at the very gates of the city. To this, my second appeal, he made about the same reply as in the first instance. I then referred to the great embarrassment of the position in which I had been placed, saying that I did not even know the position of the two remaining corps of the army.

With all the earnestness of which man is capable, I besought him, if he would under no circumstances, retain command and fight the battle for Atlanta, to remain with me, at least, and give me the benefit of his counsel, whilst I determined the issue. My earnest manner must have impressed him, as finally, with a tear of emotion gathering in his eye, he gave me the promise that after riding to Atlanta, he would return that evening. Although our relations were the same they had been throughout the campaign, friendly and cordial, he not only failed to comply with his promise, but, without a word of explanation or apology, left that evening for Macon, Ga.

J. B. HOOD.

"DE PERVISIONS, JOSIAR."

Ideas About Civil Rights.

A sapient-looking Fayetteville darky, oscillating between twenty and twenty-five summers, overtook an old negro on the street the other day, and wedging him in a fence-corner, proceeded to acquaint him with all the gorgeous provisions of the civil-rights bill. Young African imparted to old Africa a fund of valuable information, thusly:

"Well, Uncle Billy, Summer's swivel-rights bill has passed de Senate ob de United States widout a murmer."

"Is dat so Josiar?"

"Jess so, Uncle Billy. And say, Uncle Billy, we colored pussons is gwine to see whose pervisions is in de pot. We are gwine to be allowed to ride free on de railroads, smoke in de ladies' car, and put our feet on de percussions ob de seats wheneber we dam please."

"Is dat so, Josiar?"

"Jess so, Uncle Billy. And say, Uncle Billy, we's gwine to be allowed to stop at de hotels, and eat at the head ob de table, and hab de biggest slices ob de chickens, and lay around in de parlor, and spit on de carpets, and make white trash hustle themselves and wait on us widout grumblin, and wheneber de boss ob de concern shoves a bill at us we'll hab him sent to Washington and ob-scured in the plenipotentiary."

"Jess so Uncle Billy. And say, Uncle Billy, we's gwine to be allowed to go to de white schools and set up on de flatform wid de teacher, and learn gerhography, triggermanometry, gehominy, Latin, Dutch, French, Choctaw, algebray, rheumatics, de rule of thrice, and de diarrhea."

"Good God! is dat so Josiar?"

"Jess so, Uncle Billy. And say, Uncle Billy we's gwine to be allowed to be buried in italic coffins, wid looking-glasses on top ob dem, and dey will hab to carry us on a hearse to de grabe-yard, and bury us on top ob de white folks, so when de day ob resurrection am arrived, and de angel Gabriel come tootin' along, he'll sing out troo his trumpet, 'All you colored gemmen rise fust!' And say, Uncle Bill, de pervisions ob dat bill—"

"What's dat you say 'bout pervisions, Josiar?"

"Well, Uncle Billy, as I was gwine on to state, de pervisions ob dat bill—"

"Stop right dare, Josiar. You say dare's pervisions in dat bill?"

"Jess so, Uncle Billy. De pervisions ob de bill—"

"Stop right dare, Josiar. Ef dare's pervisions in dat bill I want a sack ob flour dis berry minnit. Dam de smokin' in de ladies' car, and de gehography, and Latin, and de italic coffins! I want de pervisions, Josiar. Dey's all dere's in de bill wuff a dam cent!"—Fayetteville (Ga.) Express.

Why is a blush like a little girl? Because it becomes a woman.

STRANGER THAN FICTION.

Why the Grand Duke Nicholas Stole the Diamonds.

An American Woman Involved in the Robbery.

HER HISTORY IN PHILADELPHIA.

The Daughter of a Clergyman as an Arch-Adventuress.

[From the N. Y. Herald.

PHILADELPHIA, June 10, 1874.

"The Grand Duke Nicholas has been arrested in St. Petersburg for stealing his mother's diamonds. He is said to have been driven to this act through the extravagance of his mistress."—*Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung.*

The above, clipped from a German journal, simply corroborates a public scandal, which, for several weeks past, has in either one form or another appeared in all the representative newspapers of the United States. It is now known that the woman referred to is an American, the associations of whom were for a great many years confined to Philadelphia, and who, independent of the conspicuity given by her latest trick, has a history of peculiar interest to all. To those familiar with her career, the burden of our latest Russian advices communicates nothing in the least surprising, for they chronicle an act so consistent with this female's general character that even the usual circumstances under which the theft was committed rob it of much which would otherwise form the basis of an extraordinary sensation.

The female who, it is alleged, left Russia with the precious stones has figured in so many cities, under the guise of such a multiplicity of names, that I am somewhat at a loss by which one of them I can best denote her. This being the case I will begin with her family name; and in giving the outlines of her remarkable career will, as accurately as possible, state the circumstances by means of which she gained for herself the soubriquets which are so numerous and puzzling to her biographers.

HER EARLY HISTORY.

Her maiden name was Lizzie Ely, and she is the daughter of a prominent clergyman of the Presbyterian Church, and one of the company of Northerners who many years ago migrated to Missouri. He there founded Marion College, about which has been subsequently built a very prosperous and thriving town. When Miss Lizzie had attained the age of fifteen she was sent by her parents to a boarding school in West Virginia, where she remained quiet for about one year. She was there considered a remarkably intelligent creature, possessing a slight and delicately moulded figure, but at the same time superb health, while her disposition, tastes and general accomplishments gained for her favor and admiration. In the routine of duties attendant upon her educational culture, she displayed remarkable talent, acquiring as if by intuition what to all others came only after the severest application and toil. Her literary compositions were models of originality and skill, and in a word her proficiency gained her the highest grade upon the roll. It was here that she first displayed those marvellous faculties which have ever since distinguished her and which have recently proven themselves to be sufficiently subtile to lead astray even so honorable a gentleman as the Grand Duke Nicholas.

ELOPEMENT AND CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE.

It was here, also, that she took the first step in her bold adventurous career, that in a moment divorced her from her dearest friends, severed her from her parents and held her up before acquaintances in the most glaring, and at the same time, most unpopular light. It was brought about in this wise:—While at the above-named school she formed the acquaintance of a young man named Blackford, and resorted to the most strategic measures in order to enjoy his society. The affair came under the notice of the school and extraordinary means were taken to keep them from meeting. It is stated that a quarrel ensued between Miss Lizzie and her preceptress at the climax of which the young girl dashed from the room, vacated the premises, and met her lover a short distance beyond. She eloped with and was married to him. But the union did not prove to be a happy one. As usual in such cases, the honeymoon had barely passed when the two discovered that they had made a mistake. Quarrels were frequent, and subsequently when a separation was imminent Blackford was found one fine morning in his bed cold and dead. Leaving at once every association which this infelicitous marriage had created for her, she fled the South, came North, and under the name of Lizzie Blackford took up

HER RESIDENCE IN PHILADELPHIA.

The great curse of this woman's life, if the statement made by all who knew her are worthy of credence, was her constant and habitual dissipation, and yet neither domestic trial nor indulgence upon her part seemed to affect her graceful figure or mar the attractions of her face. The summit of her ambition was to appear constantly in public places, and hence there was no social event of the year to which, in some way, she did not find access, nor an occasion favorable for promenading when he did not appear in the fashionable thoroughfares. The young widow "Lizzie Blackford" was known everywhere, and everywhere was she courted by certain beaux of society. Young, gay, accomplished, the mask she wore for a long, long time was taken for her true face, and the dangerous and wicked elements of her character were completely veiled and obscured by the pure, tender and innocent light of her countenance. It was only after her admirers had placed themselves in her power that they discerned her true *role*, and discovered also how base and merciless she was. And yet she deceived every one. The example of one man wrecked by her failed as a warning for others because society, as usual, took the woman's part.

THE ADVENTURESS UNMASKED.

There was a certain talented and well connected young gentleman of this city who met and "loved her at first sight." At last he proposed to her and was accepted. Before the day appointed for the marriage arrived, however, an ugly rumor reached his ears and he refused, accordingly, to fulfill his obligations. The woman, determined not to be baffled, promptly instituted a suit against him for breach of promise and thus set to work to involve him and all his friends in public scandal. As the woman anticipated, a compromise was proposed and she resigned the case upon condition of the payment of a large sum of money. A short time after this a bad rumor was set afloat concerning her and a prominent lawyer of this city, and the wife of this gentleman happening upon one occasion to find her husband in the woman's company, assaulted Lizzie Blackford and knocked her parasol across her face. Her dissipation was regularly kept up; but, as stated before, in nowise appeared to affect her health. I am informed upon the best authority that she was recognized upon several occasions passing in very questionable company, and my informant further states that whenever any one she knew came "in her way" she would extort all his money by extravagant trickery and then close his mouth by threatening to go to his relatives and tell the whole story. However this may be, it is well known that she kept up against several parties a regular system of blackmail, and that she extorted from one well known individual in this city the sum of $50,000. The unhappiness of many fashionable house-holds can be directly traced to her influence, and she appeared to relish to the fullest extent that intrigue which would bring the heaviest sorrow and disgrace upon the greatest number of people.

INTRIGUES IN NEW YORK AND PARIS.

All at once she left Philadelphia and proceeded to New York. So great was her fascinating influence and so marvellously well did she play her part that she became engaged to a young man, and, report says, married him. At all events, she dropped at this time the name of Lizzie Blackford, and called herself Mrs. Lizzie Feenix. Her career in the metropolitan city, however, was exceedingly brief. The next heard of her was that she had sailed for Paris in company with a member of one of the best known families in New York. It is said that while in Paris she kept up her constant dissipation and blackmailing system, though somehow she moved for a long time among most respectable American families. It is also stated that she avenged herself upon all who offended her and who refused to assist in the fulfilment of any of her designs. She figured also in other European capitals, and at last, it seems, has made away with $175,000 worth of royal diamonds.

In the above I have stated but a few particulars of the career of this dangerous woman.

TILTON ON ROCHEFORT.

A Man of Fire.

His name is Henri Rochefort. For twenty years he kept Louis Napoleon dancing with rage. He is no philosopher. He does not care a whit for political economy. He has no respect for the solemn pageants enacted in the name of religion, nor for the shams and flunkeys and hypocrites who rob the people in the name of law. He is a born disorganizer, a trained agitator, an incarnate revolution. He is a pot always boiling, and sometimes boiling over. He has a faculty of saying those sharp, bitter, stinging things, which fly like poisoned arrows direct to the mark and rankle worse than death where they do not kill, and which give inexpressible delight to the Frenchmen who look on, and who are a hundred times more eager for an epigram than for an argument. He is the prince of paragraphists, and no writer ever lived who could write a sharper line than he. His words pierce like needles. His sentences are lancets, all edge and no back. They glitter like polished steel, but they ignite wherever they fall, and in the inflammable tinder of French society they make a blaze if they do not create a conflagration.

AFRAID OF NOBODY,

shrinking from nothing, defying enemies and epithets, at home, anywhere, half inspired and half insane, but altogether alive with an overmastering passion for liberty, he has been the terror of every tyrant and the fear of every regime France has had for a quarter of a century.

This man Rochefort is a phenomenon. He may be studied in two ways—as a character in himself and as a force in history. He is the John Brown of modern France, the Robespierre of to-day. But it is the conjunction of events with personalities that gives special importance to the particular individual who is master of the situation, or who holds its key. The Provisional Government expatriated Rochefort as a convict in order to get the incendiary out of France and beyond the possibility of harm. No more incendiary *Lanternes* flung across the line to inflame the passions of the mob and excite insurrections! No more Communistic assaults on order! But they did not know their man. The prisoner escaped. He is welcomed by his countrymen in this city. No sooner than he arrives he flings out a manifesto, which

IS A FIREBRAND

and declaration of war both in one, and which cannot but strike the ear of French Radicals as a bugle-call and fire the passions of that excitable people to the fighting heat. He accuses MacMahon of treachery to the Republic. While Bazaine has been tried and condemed, and is now suffering punishment in disgrace for sacrificing France in his loyalty to the Empire, Rochefort arraigns Marshal MacMahon for sacrificing the nation to Germany in order to strangle the Republic in the hour of its birth. He could have defended her by giving liberty to her people. He betrayed her, coldly and in the most mercenary way, in order to stifle the freedom her salvation would cost.

ROCHEFORT IS THE MAN OF THE HOUR.

He carries a revolution in his brain. No wonder the Royalists, the Imperialists, the timid and time-serving Conservatives of France want to crush him. He is their doom. In his advent they see nothing but the judgment day. They forget that their own follies and blindness and crimes have made him possible and given him his power to harm. France wants order; but it cannot be the order of the graveyard. She must have liberty; but it cannot be the liberty of universal license. Rochefort may be the fire and lead in the whirlwind needed to clear the ground and purify the air. But statesmen of another order must follow to create the new nation, and marry liberty and order in everlasting wedlock.—Golden age.

It is the penny saved, more than the penny earned, that enriches; it is the sheet turned when the first threads break that wears the longest; it is the dampers closed when the cooking is done that stop the dollar from dropping into the coal bin; it is the lamp or gas turned low when not in use that gives you pin-money for the month; it is the care in making the coffee that makes three spoonsful go as far as a teacupful, ordinarially; it is the walking of one or six blocks, instead of taking a car or omnibus, that adds strength to your body and money to your purse; it is the careful mending of each week's wash that gives ease to your conscience and length of days to your garments; and, last of all, it is the constant care exercised over every part of your household, and constant endeavor to improve and apply your best powers to your work, that alone gives peace and prosperity to the family.

MISSISSIPPI.

Items of Interest.

[From the Calhoun Times.

From a private letter from Capt. A. T. Roane, we learn that he is in Western Texas, and is delightfully pleased with the parts of the west through which he has already traveled.

[From the Macon Beacon.

A negro woman was run over by the train on the M. & O. R. R., last Monday night, and instantly killed. A bottle of whisky, some childrens' shoes, and other articles, were found with the body.

[From the Magnolia Gazette.

Last Monday night, Mr. Charles Foxworth, (white) was married to Miss Emma Roberts, (black), the Rev. E. M. Cunningen, (colored), officiated, and sent the happy couple on their way rejoicing.

[From the Corinth Commonwealth.

Mr. Jake Sitton, who lived about seven miles east of this place, while plowing, last Monday evening, was struck by lightning and himself and mule instantly killed.

[From the Senatobia Signet.

We are pleased to learn that Governor Ames, as soon as the office of Chancery and Circuit Clerk of Tate county was declared vacant by the Supreme Court, appointed Capt. O. F West, of this place, to fill the vacancy.

[From the Panola Star.

Mr. John J. Ward died very suddenly on last Sunday, at the residence of J. A. Robertson, Esq., of this county. He had eaten rather a hearty dinner, and was conversing with the family, when he fell from his chair and expired almost immediately.

[From the Central Republican.

The depot house at this place is to be a handsome building—being 32 feet wide by 100 in length, with cotton platform 52 feet by 100. We are glad to know that a waiting-room will be provided for the accommodation of passengers.

From the Independent South.

Currency plentiful at a low rate of discount to those who have satisfactory collaterals, that is, Gold or fancy Bonds; but beyond the reach of any thing else. It amounts to about this, plenty of money for those who do not need it, and almost beyond the reach of those who do.

[From the Summit Sentinel.

A good many of our responsible farmers inform us that there are good crops being raised around here this year, and that the majority of them had splendid crops, and had about two-thirds more corn than they had cotton. This is truly good news to us, and shows that the farmers hereafter intend to be independent in the corn business.

[From the Meredian Mercury.

W. F. Alford, Marion, has cut and and put in shock the oats off an acre of land near his house, which has given an astonishing yield. He has put up 106 shocks, and thinks they will come near averaging a bushel each. He has no doubt that when threshed, the acre will turn out 75 bushels by actual weight.—The land was fertilized with cattle droppings and a few cotton seed.

[From the Vicksburg Times.

Mr. Wm. Wahl, who was killed in yesterday's fight, was a native of this city, having been born here. When about twelve years of age, he went to Shreveport, and returned here about three months ago. He was twenty-seven years of age. A telegram has been sent to Shreveport to his brother, John Wahl, and the funeral will take place immediately upon his arrival here.

[From the Holly Springs Reporter.

Bishop Miles, the senior Bishop of the colored Methodist Church of America, deliverd a discourse Monday night last to a very large audience, in the Courthouse, in this city. There were a great many intellectual citizens there who listened with marked attention to every word that fell from the lips of the Bishop. His arguments exhibited logical power, and there were frequent bursts of eloquence that electrified the congregation.

[From the Crystal Springs Monitor.

In Copiah, especially, the corn and cotton crops look healthy; and if favorable rains should set in soon, an abundant harvest may confidently be anticipated. In Hinds the crops have suffered some from want of rains, but they are generally clean and in fine condition to receive the showers that may soon be expected. Good rains within the next ten days will be in time to make the early corn crop.

[From the Summit Sentinel.

The announcement of the death of Col. W. A. COTTON, Mayor and well known merchant of Summit, which occurred at his residence in this city, at 2 o'clock P. M., on Monday last after a illness of only five or six hours, fell upon the ears of our citizens with the startling effect of the descent of 'a thunderbolt from a clear sky,' and cast over all such a gloom as to check the usual activity of business persuits during that and the succeeding day.

[From the Greenville Times.

The locomotive for the Greenville, Columbus and Birmingham Railroad arrived on Saturday last, and is now upon the bank. It is an earnest of the progress of the enterprise upon which the future prosperity of our city and county so depends. The beautiful weather of the past six weeks has enabled them to do a great deal of grading and bridging, and we have reason to anticipate track-laying from Greenville east by the first of September.

[From the Carthagenian.

On the 20th inst., the case of the State vs. Calvin Walker, charged with attempting to outrage the person of Emma Rushing, came before his Honor, Justice Morrow. The evidence was, to our mind, pretty conclusive against Calvin, but the fellow's lawyer fought the case so well that he was merely convicted of an assault, fined twenty-five dollars, and sent to jail for one month. A little hanging or burning in such cases would be productive of much good. Calvin and Emma are both colored.

[From the Valley Sentinel.

Last Friday afternoon as the little son of Mr. Sanders, the boot-maker of this town, was playing on the bank of the Yazoo river, he accidentaly fell overboard and would, undoubtedly, have been drowned had not a young colored man by the name of Albert Lewis, and who resides in New Orleans, happened to ride by just as the boy was sinking. Without the least hesitation the brave young man plunged into the river off a bank at least ten feet high, and brought the boy safely to the shore.

[From the Brandon Republican.

J. O. Buchanan reached us on Saturday last. He died on Saturday morning, at his residence, seven miles east of this place, of inflammation of the bowels, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. He had been in bad health for a year or more, but was only confined to his bed about a week. He was born in Abbeville District, S. C., removed to Alabama in early manhood and from there to this county in 1872, where he remained to the time of his death. He was a quiet, peaceable and intelligent citizen, a prosperous farmer, a kind and indulgent husband and father.