The Weekly Clarion.

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POLITICAL.

A WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

A Slanderer and Defamer Exposed.

"Rev." H. M. Church Shown Up in His True Colors.

LIBERTY, AMITE CO., MISS., June 26, 1876.

Ed. Clarion: Enclosed I send you a letter published in the New York Weekly Witness, of June 15, 1876, purporting to give a true statement of civil and political affairs in South Mississippi. It is written by "H. M. C.," a fellow by the name of Church, who is a Presiding Elder in the Northern Methodist Church, and yet is a mass of the most malignant lies, from beginning to end. Its statements, speciously false in some parts and totally false in the whole, are of a kind calculated, just now, to do the people of Mississippi, and of the South, an irreparable injury, and they should be publicly branded and proved the infamous lies that they are. This man, Church, was here in Liberty last spring, preached in the white Methodist Church, and, according to his own account, enjoyed the hospitality of our citizens. He now, like the viper that he is, turns and bites the hands that fed him, and returns their kindness by fabricating malicious lies, intended, if possible, to destroy them. Instead of being a minister of Christ, he proves himself, by this letter, to have been a political spy of the vilest kind. If God always punished hypocrisy and guilt in this world, as He will hereafter, I feel assured that this wretch would be lifted by the hand of Omnipotence and plunged headlong into the crater of Vesuvius. Pretending to be an advocate of all that is pure and holy, he has prostituted his sacred office to the lowest and meanest purposes.

I will now notice his statements in detail. It would be too tedious to deny and disprove all of his opinions and conclusions, so I shall confine myself mostly to his statements of facts. He says: "There is an intense feeling of antagonism on the part of the whites toward the blacks through all the State, but *not* of the blacks toward the whites." This is a lie, patent to every Mississippian, but not to the people of the North. There is some prejudice between the races—the result of carpet-bag teaching—at least as strong in the blacks, and doubtless stronger, than in the whites; but we expect a few years of just and honest Democratic rule to eradicate it entirely.

He says he was the guest of Col. Henry Anderson, of Franklin county, one of the largest planters of South Mississippi, who told him the whites wished the negroes destroyed. Col. Anderson is not of Franklin county, and, though a staunch man of means, is *not* one of the wealthiest planters of South Mississippi, and he declares the whole statement, in reference to him, a *lie*. Here are three or four lies in about as many lines. He says: "There are not to exceed one in a hundred of the colored people in Mississippi who are of pure African descent." This is a lie so monstrous that words fail to cover it—so open and notorious that none but a fool could have uttered it. Most of his knowledge of the licentiousness of the colored people was doubtless derived from his personal experience; and his success in that line, being a Southern preacher, has intoxicated him, and inclined him to over-estimate so immensely. His statement that the colored preacher of the Methodist Church was disturbed and threatened by a mob, is answered by the accompanying affidavit of said preacher, and also that of W. L. Davis, the proprietor of the premises, that it is totally false and without the shadow of foundation.

The statement in regard to Col. Johns I shall leave him to answer for himself.

But when Church says that from 20 to 100 negroes were killed in two months after the election, he exceeds anything either in history or fiction. Some negroes waylaid and fired into a party of whites returning from the election, and one negro was killed—merely this and nothing more for two months. Falstaff's "two rogues in buckram suits" swelled to seven, but Church's one dead negro has grown to a hundred, with the additional lie, that not a single assault has been made by the negroes on the 'rioters.' He falsifies the influence and talent of the "scalawags." We had a few of them here, but they have repented of their evil ways and returned to the fold, and there are none now who will answer to the name.

The editor of the Witness says, referring to this letter, that it is "the best picture we have seen of the condition of these States—a picture which any one who reads it must admit to be thoroughly fair and reliable." It certainly is the best picture—for his side—that I have seen, but it is a lying one, and the editor of the Witness lied when he said that any one who reads it must admit it to be thoroughly fair and reliable. If he knew Church, he must have known him to be a liar; if he did not know him, still, having never been here himself, he had no right to say this account was true. As the editor of a paper devoted to "Christianity and temperance," he should have exercised that charity which "thinketh no evil"—which would refuse to believe such slanders upon any people, without the clearest proof. The editor concludes with saying, that he sends a copy of his paper, containing Church's letter, to each member of Congress. In this way the villains manufacture public opinion, and expect to carry the election this fall. As to Church, we are patient and forbearing, and we cordially invite him to come back and preach for us *once* more, and read us his lovely letter, and we think, after a little argument, he will concede its falsity and frankly acknowledge the error of his ways.

Very truly yours,
B. R. WEBB.

CERTIFICATE OF REV. V. N. G. LIPSCOMB.

I, W. N. G. Lipscomb, do hereby certify that I was the preacher of the colored Methodist Episcopal Church, in Liberty, Mississippi, at the time of the election in November, 1875; that I was not in any way disturbed by a mob at that time, and that the statement of "H. M. C." in regard to it is totally false.

W. N. G. LIPSCOMB.

CERTIFICATE OF MR. W. L. DAVIS.

I, W. L. Davis, do hereby certify that I was the proprietor of the premises on which W. N. G. Lipscomb resided last November, and that the statement in regard to a mob disturbing him or myself is a lie, from beginning to end.

(Signed) W. L. DAVIS.

Sworn and subscribed before me, this the 26th day of June, A. D. 1876.

HENRY M. BATES,
Chancery Clerk Amite County.

CHURCH'S LETTER.

"A MISSISSIPPI LETTER FROM A NORTHERN MAN."

To the Editor of the Witness:

I sincerely believe that you are seeking the truth in regard to the people of the South, both white and black, and having seen a request some time since in the Witness that some minister of the gospel residing in Mississippi, should write for your paper, and give you the facts concerning the conflict of races in the State, and noticing an article in your issue of May 25, headed, "A Northern Voice from the South," dated "Henderson P. O., Granville county, N. C," and signed "W. M.," which writer has found the "Eldorado" of the South evidently, I concluded to drop you a few lines giving you my own observations in Mississippi and Louisiana. I am a presiding elder of the Mississippi Conference of the Methodist-Episcopal Church, having been in the South about two and one-half years, and having preached in the Black River, Central, New York, and New York Conferences for twenty years. My work is a little more than half of the time with the colored people, and the balance with the white people. My District takes in about one-third of the State of Mississippi, viz: including Natchez, running due east across the State, including all south of that line. I have not only traversed the bounds of my district, but have traveled over the most of the States of Mississippi and Louisiana. I have mingled with all classes of the people—both white and black. I count among my personal friends, Democrats and Republicans by the hundred, and I am well acquainted with many native-born Southern men, who are as exemplary christian gentlemen, and who are as candid on the political questions of the South as any man of my acquaintance. But the trouble is that class of men are not in the ascendant in the Democratic party. I will now give you a view of the political situation of Mississippi, which I can confirm by the testimony of any number of Southern men. The colored people are in the majority in all the counties along the Mississippi river, commonly called the River counties, and also in a few of the counties in the central and northeastern parts of the State. In all the balance of the State, the whites are in the majority, and where they are in the majority there is no conflict of races in politics, because the whites have everything their own way. But in all the parts of the State where the blacks are in the majority there is more or less of conflict, for in the last fall campaign it was distinctly announced that this was a white man's government, and he should and would rule it. Anybody referring to the Democratic papers of the State during the canvass of last fall can see the assertion of the above political war cry. There is an intense feeling of antagonism on the part of the whites towards the blacks through all the State, but not of the blacks toward the whites. The statement is often denied, but it is nevertheless true. There are noble men in the Democratic party here, who will not cherish such a political antagonism, and would resent such a charge against themselves; but there can hardly be found a man in the ranks of that party, that will not wince under what they are pleased to call the degradation in office, when that office is filled with a black man, whether he be good or bad, learned or unlearned. I think the hatred of the negro in his political status is almost universal among the whites, except by the comparatively few whites who have accepted the situation and joined hands with the negro to give him counsel, and to utilize and conserve this great elect of power, instead of antagonizing it. I was the guest of Col. Henry Anderson, of Franklin county in April last; he is one of the largest planters, if not the largest, in Southern Mississippi, a good Democrat and a member of the Baptist Church, and he remarked to me, "I am sorry to confess it, but I believe there is such a hatred toward the negro on the part of a majority of the whites, that they would be glad to see them destroyed."

I have a like statement of a large number of Southern-born gentlemen of the most irreproachable character. Now when the negro is so thoroughly subordinated as to amount to nothing in politics in this State, we have a perfectly tranquil state of society, *and only then.*

A thousand and one charges are raised against the negro—some of them have a little show of fairness, and some of them, the most of them, are very frivolous. The negro is charged with being improvident. Perhaps the majority are so, but the negro is having his full share of financial prosperity in the State. Thousands of them are buying and paying for homes and farms, and surrounding themselves with many of the comforts and refinements of civilization.

They are accused of universal thieving. I am satisfied that that is a sweeping falsehood. There is some stealing done by the negroes, and I should not wonder if they could be matched by a class of low-down, vicious whites.

They are accused of licentiousness. There are probably not to exceed one in a hundred of the colored people in Mississippi who are of pure African blood, so that you can see who are their educators in this species of crime. This sin is the saddest in their race. They are accused of being turbulent and riotous. The negroes are ignorant and clannish, but a more docile people, under the wrongs and provocations which they often suffer, cannot be found under the whole heavens. Many of the whites deal honestly and honorably with the colored race, and many do not. Many of the whites are willing that the negro should enjoy his elective franchise freely and fully, and many are not.

In almost every county where the colored registered votes exceed the whites, there intimidation and deceit and falsehood were resorted to last Fall. In Amite county the colored registered voters exceeded the whites by nearly 300, but at the election the Democrats polled nearly 300 majority last Fall; and lest you should be deceived by the statement that is often heard in support of the Democratic victory last Fall that large numbers of he negroes voted the Democratic ticket, a few facts will clear your vision in that respect. In Amite county threats were freely made beforehand that every white man who should support the Radical ticket should leave the county, or pay the forfeit with his life. Next morning after the election, before daylight, an armed mob of from four to six hundred men, with shotguns loaded with buckshot, and with ropes in their hands to hang the Radicals, and their heads crazed with whisky, surrounded the court-house and closed in upon it, expecting to capture the acting sheriff, a United States revenue collector, the defeated candidate for the Legislature, (a colored man,) and several others, and hang them to the trees; but the said Radicals had been informed of their design and left the county during the night. The mob rode over to the house where the preacher of the Methodist-Episcopal Church resided, and ordered him to come out of the house; but the owner of the premises asked the ruffians what they wanted of this colored preacher, and when he learned that they intended to use violence to him, the owner, a native born Southerner, told the mob that they could not come upon his premises, and the blood-thirsty villains left the house. They rode up to Col. Johns, who is a native Southern man, a fine lawyer, who had conducted a Democratic paper in their county for twenty years, and had the day before been elected to the Legislature on the Democratic ticket, to congratulate him upon his election. The Colonel remonstrated with the mob for their disorderly conduct, whereupon they demanded his resignation upon the spot, but not having counted upon their host, he told them plainly that he should not resign to a mob. For several nights succeeding this dash of chivalry, the negroes in that section did not dare to sleep in their houses, and slept out in the forests. I was informed by both white and colored people, that this body of chivalrous knights killed all the way from twenty to one hundred negroes during the next two months, and not a single arrest of one of the rioters was made, and has not been made yet, and not the first assault has been made by a negro on one of the rioters up to date. I was three times warned not to come to Amite county to attend the quarterly meeting for the colored people during the excitement, though I think there was not a person there who knew what my political opinions were. I enjoy the hospitality of Democrats oftener than that of Republicans while engaged in my labors. The colored registered voters of the Yazoo district last fall were over 7,000 and the whites over 4,000. At the election, such was the terrorism exercised by true Democrats at the polls, that only seven Republican votes were cast, and over four thousand two hundred Democratic votes were cast; and I am informed that thousands of acres of cotton all ready for gathering wasted in the fields, because the consternation of the negroes was so great that large numbers of them left the crops which they had raised, and a portion of which belonged to them, before and after the election. The "carpet-bagger" is the great bugbear of the South. Whatever the carpet-bagger has done in the days gone by in Mississippi, before I came to the State, I shall not pretend to say. But at the present date they are so scattered and peeled that they furnish no appreciable influence in the Republican party. But there is another class of white men belonging to the Republican party, who are nearly all native or Southern-born men, who are called "scallawags." These men are not so numerous as their influence would indicate. They are generally men of great weight of character, equal in native and acquired talent to any men in the States. As a confirmation of this last statement I will refer you to the judiciary of Mississippi during the last four years, which was appointed during Governor Alcorn's administration. I am personally acquainted with a number of both the circuit and chancery judges, and I have never met with a purer class of jurists any where. So high and honorable has been this administration of justice, that their political enemies, in all this district, have approved of their ability and probity of character, and nearly every judge upon the bench was a native Southerner. The number of these Southern Republicans is sufficiently large and of such eminence of character and ability as to form a powerful ally to the colored people, and to furnish the best of counsel to them. All the Republicans ask for is a fair election. A word in relation to the hue and cry about the Republicans thieving in this State. I saw a statement during the canvass last Fall that there were defalcations in thirty-four counties within the last two years, that of the defaulters all but six were Democrats, and all but four were Southern-born. I cannot verify the above statement, but I can say that in the following counties there were defalcations, and in all but one, and that one doubtful as to its political affinities, the defaulters affiliated with the Democratic party, viz: Jefferson, Pike, Marion, Jackson and Harrison counties. Now sir, if a certain class of men, who are in the Democratic party in this State had the control, I believe justice would be done to all classes and races of men here; but for the party managers of that party in this State to get into power, would be to set in motion the machinery by which the negro will be reduced to the very smallest political, social, financial, educational and human status.

MISSISSIPPI, June 3. H. M. C.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE COLORED "UNION RIGHTS STOP."

The Character of Radical Negroes at Port Hudson.

[Baton Rouge Advocate, 26th ult.]

The history of Radical turbulence at Port Hudson runs back to 1867. In that memorable year carpet-baggers sprang up among us as thick as fleas in a manger—(God knows they have sucked harder)—and of course Port Hudson got her pro rata. These birds of passage gathered the negroes together from the various plantations, breathed into their ears nothing but "war to the knife and the knife to the hilt" against the native white people, and the negro actually became belligerent when his employer exacted of him a strict compliance with his contract as a field hand. Any day in the week when called on by his carpet-bag leader to "tend a meetin" he would lay aside everything, buckle on his pistols, (he never had less than two,) shoulder his musket, mount his employer's mule and gallop off to the place of rendezvous, where he would meet the men of his beat and be taken in charge by the captain of that beat. Then in regular military order they would march to the place designated for meeting. After hearing harangues of the most foul, false and incendiary character from the lips of men, some of whom are to-day fastened on us as officers by the Returning Board, they would depart howling and damning every white person who passed them by the wayside, ladies not excepted. Such is the character of the negroes who gathered themselves on Smith's Mount Pleasant plantation. We remember very distinctly that in October, 1870, about two hundred of these Port Hudson negroes made an armed raid into East Feliciana to the town of Jackson for the openly avowed purpose of killing the men, ravishing the women, sacking the stores and burning the town, and it was only through the forbearing disposition of the white people, and the firm, prudent action of Sheriff Du Pew, that a fight between the races did not take place on that occasion. This is not the only raid of the kind they have been engaged in, but our limited space warns us that we cannot enumerate more of them in this article. In justice to a large number of colored men at and about Port Hudson we must say that the extreme proceedings of the men of their race was not concurred in by them. Now for the

"COLORED UNION RIGHTS STOP."

Their minute book shows that on May 29 the first meeting was held at Mount Pleasant. That Henry Logan, James Moncrief, Ruben Delcome, Charles Turnbull, Paris Triplet and George Brown figured as leading spirits; George Brown being selected as President. After the meeting was called to order it was stated that the meeting had been called for the purpose of organizing a military company. The object of this organization is not clearly defined, but taking their own declaration and the testimony of others who were at their meetings together it is evident that this military organization had for its object "war upon (what they termed) the d——d white dimicrat regilators." The plan urged by some of their leaders, and this plan appears to have been adopted, was to first organize a squad or company on every plantation in the parish, and all men of their race who refused to join them were to be secretly killed. This killing was to be plausibly smothered over by laying it on the "white regulators," and thus the good work was to go on until the organization was completed in all essential particulars. The next move was to adopt a code of assassination and the life of no white man or woman was to be spared who in any way opposed the free, full and unconditional elevation of the negro race to a social as well as political equality. This was the true object of their organization which Triplet and others boasted had been hastened by the action of the "regulators," and that their lives and sacred honors were pledged to the cause. The next thing after laying open this magnificent scheme for black supremacy and white extermination was to select some system by which secrecy could be maintained so as to keep in the heart that which was not prudent to go on paper. Accordingly the following test oath was required of every negro on joining the "Colored Union Rights Stop."

"Will you solemnly swear that you will join and protect and keep faithful all orders or secrets that pass or go on in said meeting, and protect each offense that any of your members or men may get in, and do agree to take oath to this effect that if any of the above oath is violated do agree to suffer death."

This test being adopted, the following obligation was inscribed in the back of the minute book, to which members, after initiation, signed their names:

"I do solemly swear that I will protect, aid and assist any member in any and all troubles or offenses which may happen during the period of the year 1876, and do faithfully take my oath to this effect, so help me God."

On June 2d, in accordance with the motion of adjournment at a meeting of May 29th, the originators and members of this diabolical organization met, with Geo. Brown in the chair. The first thing done after the usual proceeding of roll call and reading of minutes was the adoption of a resolution authorizing the President to appoint a committee of six whose duty was to assist in perfecting the organization and to report all refusals to join them. Paris Triplet, Charles Turnbull, Reuben Delcome, William Simms, Willis Marshall and Geo. Overstreet were appointed on said committee. At this meeting twenty-two new members were "duly enlisted." The meeting then adjourned to June 4th.

On June 4th, Mr. Brown was on hand promptly and called the meeting to order with a few stirring remarks, in which he assured the company the meeting had assembled to continue to perfect their organization. His ideas appear to have been adopted, as a motion was adopted to "get ourselves together and stop this killing which has been going on throughout the parish for this last six or eight months." The committee of six was enlarged to twenty-five and were given full power to transact all important business. After enrolling thirteen members the meeting adjourned till June 6th.

Promptly on June 6th President Geo. Brown called the meeting to order and laid before it the case of "Mr. R.," a negro, who had refused to join them when notified to do so. On motion Richard Walker, Henry Ward, Hamp Wade, Reuben Delcome and Dan Mills were appointed a committee to wait on "Mr. R.," who seems to have succumbed as he was not subsequently shot. The roll was again "open for enlistment" when a large number was enrolled. The meeting subsided into silence until June 10th.

June 10th arrived and with it the prompt and efficient President Brown, who eased himself into the chair in his usual business-like manner. Nothing of grave importance is recorded in the proceedings of this meeting except the opening of the "rollagain for enlistment," and the taking up of a collection, the object of which was to buy powder, shot and caps for distribution among those members of the organization who were unable to supply themselves. The meeting adjourned to meet again on the 13th day of June.

The 13th came and with it the ever faithful Brown. It seems that at this meeting there was a large turn-out of the faithful, as business of the most important character was announced to be on the docket. After roll call and reading of the minutes, "on motion, Carter's case (one of the colored men of Young's plantation whom they tried to kill) was laid on the table" temporarily, so as to transact some other business relating to the completion of the military organization. A resolution was adopted giving the name of "Colored Union Rights Stop" to this organization. It was then agreed that Geo. Brown should be permanent President, and P. A. Tripler Vice-President, each, of course, to have the rank of chief magistrate and vice of their little principality, under whose direction and advice the army organized as follows should be subservient. This matter being arranged, as we are informed, by the meeting composed of delegates from each of the following places, they then proceeded to organize the army:

R. Delcome was elected Colonel.
Geo. Spears elected Major.
J. Moncrieffe was elected Adjutant.
Albert Clipps, Captain on his employer's place.
R. Gray, Captain —— place.
Geo. Spears, No. 2, Captain on Sandy Creek place.
Adam Moore, Captain on Mill's place.
Manuel King, Captain on Griffith's place.
Willis Marshall, Captain on McVay's place.
L. J. Jackson, Captain on Fontania place.
Murry Lee, Captain on Woodsides' place.
—Bradford, Captain on W. S. Slaughter's place.
Levi McGee, Captain on Willie Loudon's place.

These ten captains were to report to Col. Delcome for active duty and were sworn to obey all orders emanating from President Brown, commander-in chief, through him (Col. Delcome.) The colonel was instructed to immediately perfect all minor details and to prepare at once to place his army on a war footing. This he did secretly, mustering his men and ascertaining through Adjutant Moncrieffe how many had guns and how many had no guns. All the unarmed were to arm themselves on the field, for Col. Delcome calculated only on victory, glorious victory, for his chivalrous army.

The subject of "Mr. Carter's case was then taken up and disposed of." It was decided first to call on James Ellis, colored, on R. T. Young's place, who was suspected of informing citizens of the neighborhood where some of their hogs, corn and other stealables had gone, and kill him. Then they were to go to Frank Carter, on the same place, and kill him for refusing to join them. Their minutes say: "On motion that Friday night (16th inst.) shall be the night for the exhibition." Further: "On motion that every man elected shall be ready at 8 o'clock (Friday night, 16th). The President, or commander-in-chief, "designate the place to meet." "On motion, after waiting on Mr. Carter, the meeting shall be postponed until next Tuesday night." On inspection, Adj't. Moncrieffe found there were in the Mount Pleasant company 75 men with guns and 28 without guns, the exact membership of that club—103. Reports were expected from the captains of the several clubs on or before Friday night. The piece of artillery was rigged up by the company over which Brown presided. After adjournment the whole command set to work preparing for war, because they anticipated what would follow their killing Ellis and Carter. They expected writs of arrest and posses to execute them, and they set themselves deliberately to work to resist them with, to use the expression of Triplet, "powder and lead."

Accordingly, on Friday night, at 8 o'clock, the clans commenced gathering, and before midnight Col. Delcome had his force in line, and marched to within supporting distance, and sent forward a picked body of skirmishers to open the "exhibition" in which the lives of poor Ellis and Carter were to be brought to tragic end for no other cause than th one of them had told where Brown's crowd had hidden stolen property, and the other refused to join them in their lawless organization, which was to "make a little racket in these diggins."

The picked crowd, however, did not do a clean job. They dangerously wounded Ellis, abusing him for a "d—d Democratic nigger," and no doubt left him for dead. They fired into his house several times, but fortunately did not hit either one of his children or his wife, who were in the house. They then repaired to Carter's house and called for him, but Carter had snuffed the battle from afar, and making prudence the better part of valor, skipped out when he heard them fire on Ellis, and consequently answered not. The mob, however, fired several shots into his house among his family, a wife and several children, but fortunately the shots struck none of them. After committing this diabolical deed the squad returned, and Col. Delcome marched his men back to Mount Pleasant Place, kept them under arms in a favorable position to await developments and to resist all attempts on the part of any force, come from whatever source it may, to arrest any one who might be suspected on Mount Pleasant as being connected with the shooting on Mr. Young's plantation.

Mr. Young, as soon as he heard the firing, with a young man, ran down to his quarters and found his hired man Ellis dangerously shot and Carter just emerging from his hiding place. He at once sent for medical aid and next day took steps to have the assassinating party arrested. James A. Hyde, Justice of the Peace, upon learning that his ward constable, Turnbull, was one of the leaders of this lawless mob, had to swear in a posse and head them himself, in order to bring the offending parties to justice. This posse was fired upon and promptly retired, when reinforcements were obtained and another advance made. The mob absolutely refused to retreat, and as they could "see the whites of their eyes" the command "ready, aim, shoot low, fire!" rang out and the result was two horses killed, one white man wounded seriously in the foot and slightly in the arm, and some other horses wounded. This posse fell back, and the alarm spread rapidly over the country that a secret armed league of negroes were murdering all the whites and Conservative colored men about Port Hudson. Volunteers to the extent of some hundred men were soon on hand.

Sheriff Foreman, hearing of the trouble, very properly summoned a posse, and went up to restore order and arrest all offenders against the law. Sheriff Monahan, from East Feliciana, came down to restrain any outbreak and preserve the peace on his side of the line. The negro scouts soon ascertained the appearance of things, and reported, when the "Union Rights Stop" fell back in good order, and Triplet, Turnbull and several other implicated leaders "lit out" for New Orleans to tell a doleful tale to the Radical State officials, for political capital. Quiet was at once restored, when Sheriff Foreman, with fourteen prisoners, returned home.

Mr. Young informs us that the negroes on his place, Ellis and Carter particularly, had told him frequently what was going on among the negroes at Mount Pleasant, warning him that they intended to commence some devilment soon, but he could not realize that the negroes could be such fools as to even think of attempting what they did, and consequently dismissed their stories from his mind. He could not even realize what was the matter until Ellis, with his own lips, told Mr. Young who shot him, what he was shot for and what the crowd of negroes said who shot him.

Gov. Hayes' Record as a Statesman.

R. B. Hayes was elected in the fall of 1864 to the Thirty-ninth Congress. The following is his record, as compiled from the Congressional Globe by the Milwaukee News:

1866.

Feb. 20—Presented a labor petition from constituents.
Feb. 28—Moved $2,000 for a picture.
March 7—Petition to tax oil.
March 16—Joint resolution to punish embezzlement.
April 2—Resolution to carry Smithsonian Library into Congressional Library.
April 3—Bill to pay the Eleventh Regiment of Ohio.
April 3—Eleventh Ohio Regiment again.
April 16—Resolution against embezzlement again.
April 24—Petition against seceding States.
April 26—Another resolution about privileges of the library.
June 6—Another about library matters.
June 14—Petition of a Southern woman for compensation for property destroyed.
July 27—Reported against purchasing an old manuscript.
Dec. 19—Motion to print usual number of Librarian's report. Also, petition of one Kleinschmidt for the return of $12 50, excess payment of taxes.

1867.

Jan. 7—Petition of Cincinnati postoffice for more pay. Another local petition.
Jan. 29—Petition of a soldier or two who had lost their discharges.
Feb. 6—Bill requiring authors to furnish library with copy of book.
Feb. 9—Cincinnati post office clerks again.
Feb. 23—Moved to strike out $900 from appropriation bill for portraits of ex-Presidents, because provided for already by other funds.
March 2—Moved to add $2,100 to pay editor of Madison papers.
March 12—Made a personal explanation of his action in committee about a private claim.

How does this record compare with Gov. Tilden's?

Troops in the South.

From the Mobile (Ala.) Register.]

The Indians are slaughtering the miners in Dacotah, and now the Washington dispatches represent that the President, having been asked for troops to protect some of the frontier settlements, has responded that there are no soldiers available for the purpose, "as they are all now on the march" in the columns moving against the hostile Sioux. But the truth is, that of the whole army force of 25,000 men, not more than a fifth are engaged in the Sioux campaign. Four-fifths of the remainder are not engaged in any service of honor or profit to the country, and if they cannot be used for the defense of the people where defense is needed, the supplies that keep them in the employment of the Government, where they are neither useful nor ornamental, ought to be peremptorily stopped.

These troops now needed on the Plains are doubtless held in hand throughout the Southern States to control the November election. Let the frontier remain unguarded; let the scalping knife alone, for Alabama must be kept in the hands of Spencer! The life of a white man, the protection of white women and children upon the Plains, is nothing to the vote of a black man for Blaine or Conkling.

The appointment of Hon. B. F. Jonas as a member of the National Democratic Committee from Louisiana will give universal satisfaction in the State. No better appointment could have been made.—New Orleans Democrat.

A COUNTRY SCHOOL.

Pretty and pale and tired
She sits in her stiff-backed chair
While the blazing summer sun
Shines in on her soft brown hair,
And the tiny brook without,
That she hears through the open door,
Mocks with its murmur cool
Hard bench and dusty floor.

It seems such an endless round—
Grammer and A B C;
The blackboard and the sums;
The stupid geography;
When from teacher to little Jem,
No one of them cares a straw,
Whether "John" is in any "case,"
Or Kansas in Omaha.

But Jemmy's bare brown feet
Are aching to wade in the stream,
Where the trout to his luring bait
Shall leap with a quick, bright gleam,
And his teacher's blue eyes stray
To the flowers on the desk hard by,
Till her thoughts have followed her eyes
With a half unconscious sigh.

Her heart outruns the clock,
As she smells their faint sweet scent;
But when have time and heart
Their measure in unison blent?
For time will baste or lag,
Like your shadow on the grass,
That lingers far behind,
Or flies when you fain would pass.

Have patience, restless Jem,
The stream and the fish will wait;
And patience, tired blue eyes—
Down the winding road by the gate,
Under the willow shade,
Stands some one with fresher flowers,
So turn to your books again,
And keep love for the after hours.

LA DAME BLANCHE.

[From "Ueber Land and Meer," by E. Vocano.]

The ducal residence of Gerolstein is situated in the bottom of a charming valley; it is neither big nor noisy, and all its streets converge to the ducal castle, the most beautiful building of the residence—stately and grand—built in the most ceremonious rococo style a la Versailles. Pleasant walks lead from the castle to the parks outside of the city. Close to the castle stands the also magnificent but more modern palace of the Countess Sauran, who has been by morganatic marriage the wife of the late Duke Ernest and borne to him two sons, who were brought up as Counts Sauran, and appointed to high offices at Court. They had no claim to the succession, since from the first right-handed marriage of the late Duke, with a Princess of Memlingen issued the Crown Prince Franciscus, now reigning as Duke Franciscus XIV. It is true he was sickly, in consequence of the fatigue caused by his studious sojourns in Paris and Italy; but the succession was provided for, since a week ago his wife, the handsome Duchess Helena, nee Princess Lauingen Hallerstein, had borne him a Prince, named Erne, after his grandfather. The little baby, the future Duke of Gerolstein, was thriving exceedingly well. He was as healthy as a gold-fish in the pond, and as fresh as a rosebud in summer. His illustrious mother was radiant with happiness, and, although still a little weak, she would not let the child from her arms all day long, and gave it a thousand sweet names. Only nights the little Duke slept in his own room under the charge and care of his bonne, the Princess Larghetto, and of his nurse, a fresh-looking peasant from the Black Forest.

It was a sultry, vaporous midsummer night. The whole little residence of Gerolstein slept the sleep of the righteous. The sentinel in front of the castle was slumbering standing, both arms resting on his gun. The hunting dogs lay coiled up like ropes in their kennel, and were now and then barking low in their sleep. The weathercock on the battlement of the castle likewise slept soundly and motionless, not the least breeze stirring the atmosphere. The flowers in the park, with closed cups, bent their drowsy heads to the earth, and the white statues between the dark green shrubs appeared even more motionless than in the daytime. Even the paving-stones seemed to sleep, since they had no footsteps to echo back in the lifeless streets.

In their high tester bed the Duke and the Duchess slept the feverish sleep of sickly persons, and in his princely room slept the little Prince in his cradle trimmed with blue silk and gold tassels—the Baroness Larghetto on her couch, and the nurse in her wide comfortable easy chair. The night lamp seemed to open an eye only occasionally and shut it again immediately. Even the fountain in the market place gurgled sleepily away into the moonlit summer night.

All at once the officiating chamberlain, who was in waiting in the long corridor of the castle, and dreamed in a bay window of a duel, uttered a piercing cry and rose staggering.

At this cry, a groom, with convulsively opened eyes, moved out of his room, and saw the white trail of a female figure disappearing at the end of the corridor. The chamberlain, nervous and trembling all over, caught hold of the groom, who was about turning round to retire safely to his room

"For God's sake, Jasmin, stay with me. Did you also see?"

"Whom?"

"Well, she, the Dame Blanche!"

"The Dame Blanche? If I saw her? Let me go, Aerr Baron!"

"I to let you go! Not for the world! You must take me with you to your room. Have you got a bell there? We must sound the alarm."

"Sound the alarm!" Jasmin said, moaning and gnashing his teeth. "O, Herr Baron, what good will that do against Dame Blanche? You know well enough that the White Lady only appears when to the most high house a—a—case of death is impending. God have mercy on us!"

"Amen!" trembled the pale Chamberlain. "You are right, Jasmin, we must make no noise about it, lest our most high sovereigns should suspect what is to befall them. This cursed stopper of a smelling bottle! You try, Jasmin, perhaps you can open it."

"I? I don't know how, Herr Baron, my hand is so shaky. O, my God! upon whom will it fall! They say that often also they that see the ghost are to die!"

"Indeed! Heaven be merciful unto us!"

"I saw only the trail."

"But I saw quite near and distinctly. I was slumbering. Suddenly I heard something rustle; I awoke, and saw the White Lady floating past me. She was terribly tall, and dressed just the same as on her picture in the Knight's Hall yonder—the white silk dress, the chain, the frill, the gloves in her hand, the padded sleeves and the barret with feathers—God be with us! who is it to be? Not our most gracious master, I hope. Hark! isn't there something stirring in the corridor yonder? There!"

Jasmin pulled the chamberlain into his room and slammed the door. He felt that the chamberlain, in a swoon, was sliding from his arms to the floor, and, having a true servant's constitution, he did likewise.

About the same time the room of the little Prince was ringing with a confused noise. The Baroness and nurse were simultaneously startled out of their dozing by a current of air that extinguished every light in the room. By the light of the moon, shining softly through the lace curtains, both of them saw distinctly the White Lady moving away from the cradle of the child. Dim as the moonshine was, they saw (and later, testified on their oath) that the ghost was dressed exactly like the portraits in the Knight's Hall, with the white silk trail, the red border, the wide sleeves, the big frill, and the head dress. The Baroness and the nurse flew to each other, shrieking loudly, and clinging to each other, trembling. Only after the White Lady had disappeared behind the door drapery, the two women recovered their speech.

"La Dame Blanche!" said the Baroness, gnashing her teeth.

"Whom does it mean?"

"Not the Prince, I hope!"

Both approached, hesitatingly, the cradle—but the child lay there alive, only it was whimpering piteously. They cried for light and alarmed the whole castle. They came and searched without being apparantly able to detect anything.

Next morning the whole residence knew that the White Lady had appeared in the castle; and at the same time the news spread that the little prince had been taken ill during the night; the flourishing child had, within a few hours, been turned into a yellow-faced, sick little thing, whose features death had altered already entirely, a real changeling.

That evening the ghostly apparition was the public talk everywhere, even in the club room of the Golden Duck. There the chief of the district, Mr. Felington, the acknowledged Freethinker of the residence, declared: "All this talk about the White Lady is sheer nonsence! The chamberlain probably quenched his thirst too freely and the groom followed his example. The Baroness Larghetto got the heart-burn and the nurse is hysteric. The White Lady is nothing but a piece of stupidity! You don't even know who she really is. Some say that her name is Perchta, of Rosenberg, and that she is a Bohemian lady; while others claim her to be a certain Agnes, of Orlamunde, a noble infanticide. But we know better the true meaning of all this. The whole story has its origin in the mythology of our ancient German forefathers: Frau Prenchta, the white, the brilliant, was the Goddess of Snow, and her appearance bodes death to the sovereign of the world, the summer, and for this season ——."

The learned Freethinker was interrupted by the host, who, great with agitation, entered the room and cried:

"Gentlemen, the White Lady was right! Just now the little Prince Ernestus died."

And such was really the case. The little Duke was dead. The healthy child of yesterday had faded away suddenly, beyond all comprehension. And now he lay dead on a bed of state, decked with silk and velvet. The poor Duchess could not endure it. An apoplectic fit sent her three days later to the grave, after her child. In her last paroxysms she had been crying constantly: "My child is not dead! It was not my child that died! I do not recognize the body. They have put a dying child into the cradle!"

Thus she expired.

The Duke of Gerolstein himself was so overcome by these events that he nominated, as his successors, his left-handed step-brothers, the sons of the Countess of Sauran, and soon after his life was extinguished, like a burnt-down candle.

The oldest son of the Countess Sauran succeeded now to the throne. On the day of investiture, as the old Countess was walking with long velvet train through the corridor of the castle, the Chamberlain, who just happened to be in waiting again, soliloquised: "Strange, how the Duke's mother resembles the Dame Blanche as she appeared to me that night!"

How to Make Sunshine.

"Sunshine! Why, we have plenty of that every day," says a dear little friend at my side.

Yes, we certainly have plenty of it outside of us, and it is the most beautiful thing in the world, because it makes everything pleasant that it looks upon. Do the young people who read this paper ever think how beautiful and how useful the sunlights is? How it wraps the world in its bright mantle till the earth's old heart grows warm and young again, and the grass and flowers spring forth? How it wanders all over the world, into every nook and corner, with its cheerful smile? How it glances in the trees, and plays through the thick branches, till the little birds twitter and warble with delight in their leafy nests?

But it is another kind of sunshine I mean we are to make. Your own heart is the sun, and your home is the little world which you are to fill with happiness.

Do you suppose the sun ever sees anything dark with that great, bright eye of his? Why, no; for the moment he looks at anything it grows bright, and nothing can be dark where he is looking. Just so, if you always carry a heart full of sunshine with you, everything will seem beautiful and bright. But if your own heart gets clouded with impatience or discontent you will find the pleasantest place on earth very gloomy and disagreeable.

How different would our life be if we were only determined, in spite of discouragements, to be happy ourselves, and to add, by every possible means, to the weltare and the happiness of those around us!

But can every one be happy who wishes it? Surely every one desires happiness; then why do so many fail in the attempt to gain it?

Because they do not try in the right way. Our only way to be happy is the one in which God is happy, and that is by *being good* and *doing good*. Those who earnestly try this never fail of success.

"But can *every one* be good?" says my little friend, thoughtfully, and with downcast eyes.

Yes, dear, every one can be good by the help of God, who willingly gives the help of his Spirit to all who sincerely ask for it.—Early Days.

Women Working Out Taxes.

A correspondent of the Bangor (Me.) Whig writes from a town in that State as follows: "The people of Fryeburg were somewhat astonished and amused yesterday by seeing the two Misses Atwood appear on the road, with hoe in hand, to work out their highway taxes. Tappan Osgood had charge of the fair spinster, and did his duty very gallantly."

Rats have been making havoc among the wheat in Kern county, California. On one