THE WEEKLY CLARION

Wednesday, - - - - August 23, 1882

THE WEEKLY CLARION.

VOLUME XLV. JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 23, 1882. NUMBER 34

OFFICIAL PROCEEDINGS

Of the Board of Mayor and Aldermen of the City of Jackson.

At a regular meeting of the Board of Mayor and Aldermen of the City of Jackson, held Wednesday, August 2, 1882, there were present, Hon. John McGill, Mayor; Aldermen Hull, Jones, Lowd, Spengler and Taylor. Absent—Aldeman Hamilton.

On motion the reading of the minutes of the last meeting was dispensed with.

REPORTS OF OFFICERS:

CITY CLERK'S REPORT.

JACKSON, MISS., August 2, 1882.

To the Honorable Board of Mayor and Aldermen of the City of Jackson:

GENTLEMEN: I herewith submit my report of warrants and licenses issued during the month of July, 1882.

CITY WARRANTS—REGULAR.

John McGill, executive	$ 75 00
M. M. McLeod, executive	25 00
Charles Taylor, executive	50 00
Joseph Parton, janitor	5 40
Charles Morgan, jailor	30 00
B. Fitzpatrick, police	37 50
J. J. Williams, police	37 50
J. W. Washington, police	37 50
George Williams, police	37 50
Chas. Morgan, feeding prisoners	39 90
Ed. Carroll, streets	39 00
H. Mayson, streets	26 25
Lewis Willis, streets	26 00
L. F. Chiles, streets	15 00
L. Breaux, streets	5 00
Dameron & Swan, streets	46 24
Phil Hammond, streets	21 00
Isadore Strauss, streets	47 89
E. Watkins, streets	9 60
Brougher & Browne, streets	6 28
S. Spengler, streets	56 72
H. C. Daniel, streets	4 00
E. & S. Robinson, streets	40 00
Hunter & Harrington, drugs	1 50
Total	$ 718 78

LICENSES.

July 18, 1882—Lovrence & Council, wagon, July 18, 1883	$5 00
July 21, 1882—P. P. Bailey, lawyer, May 1, 1883	5 00
July 29, 1882—Jos. H. Kammer, photograph gallery, July 28, 1883	5 00
Total	$ 15 00

DOG LICENSES, TO FEBRUARY 1, 1883:

George Fraser, $1.00; Jno. W. Patton, $1.00; Thos. Neely, $1.00; Mrs. A. F. McMahon, $1.00; Ned Parish, $3.00. Total, $7.00.

Respectfully,
M. M. McLEOD, City Clerk.

COLLECTOR'S REPORT.

To the Honorable Board of Mayor and Aldermen of the city of Jackson:

GENTLEMEN—I have the honor to report the following collections for the month of July, 1882:

City	$ 8 00
Bond and interest	18 00
Firefund	2 00
School fund	4 00
Street and road	30 00
Privileges	51 00
Cemetery	20 00
Total	$ 123 00

PRIVILEGES COLLECTED DURING THE MONTH.

J. W. Patton, $1.00; Thos. Neeley, $1; Mrs. A. F. McMahon, $1, Ned Farrish, $3; for dogs—total	7 00
Mrs. M. O'Leary, merchant	2 50
Lawrence & Council, wagon 1 month	5 00
Frank Johnson, attorney-at-law	5 00
Mrs. Fannie Asher, merchant	2 50
Judge P. P. Bailey, attorney-at-law	5 00
Gen. T. J. Wharton, attorney-at-law	5 00
J. H. Kammer, photographer	5 00
J. A. Kausler, wagon	15 00
Total	$ 51 00

Respectfully,
E. H. REBER, City Collector.

SEXTON'S REPORT (WHITE.)

JACKSON, MISS., Aug. 1, 1882.

To the Honorable Board of Mayor and Aldermen of the City of Jackson:

GENTLEMEN—I have the honor, as Sexton for the white people, to make the following report of interments in the City Cemetery during the month of July, 1882:

July 2—Still born child of Ford; pauper.
July 10—Still born child of Mrs. Gray.
July 10—O. H. Johnson, aged 57; cholera morbus.
July 17—Mrs. Eliza Huber, aged 33; hematuric fever.
July 16—Chas. Taylor, aged 33; consumption.
July 29—Mrs. Sarah Mallaley, aged 67; dropsy of the heart.

Respectfully,
PHILIP RYAN, City Sexton.

SEXTON'S REPORT (COLORED.)

JACKSON, MISS., Aug. 1, 1882.

To the Honorable Board of Mayor and Aldermen of the City of Jackson:

GENTLEMEN—I have the honor as Sexton for the colored people, to submit the following report of interments of colored people in the City Cemetery during the month of July 1882:

July 9, Mary Jenkins, age 55 years, heart disease; pauper.
July 12, Mary Miles, age 33 years, malarial fever; pauper.
July 12, Celia Austin, age 47 years, heart disease.
July 13, Joe Jones, age 8 years, typhoid malarial.
July 15, Amanda Tripp, age 11 months, teething.
July 24, Anna Thomas, age 31 years, malarial fever.
July 25, Alex Mayson, age 1 day, disease unknown.
July 25, Charlie Chrismas, age 55 years, epileptic fit.
July 26, Eleanor Freeman, age 2 years, teething; pauper.
July 27, Aaron Ford, age 14 years, consumption.

Very Respectfully submitted,
TONY BARNES, City Sexton.

REPORTS OF COMMITTEES.

Alderman Spengler, Chairman Committee on Claims, reported the following accounts as correct, and recommended the payment of the same:

CITY.

A. Washington, repairs cemetery gate and steps	$ 2 50
Dameron & Swan, streets	10 28
James Hawkins, streets	5 00
E. Lemly, streets	7 35
Charles Morgan, feeding prisoners	56 70
Total	$81 83

On motion, the accounts were allowed and warrants ordered to be issued in payment thereof.

Alderman Lowd, Chairman Committee on Retail Liquor Petitions, submitted the following report:

Your committee to whom was referred the petitions of Wm. Hindsberry and O. C. Crum, to retail vinous and spirituous liquors, find after careful count that they have the requisite number of signatures of voters, that these petitions have been filed for one month, and published three weeks in the city papers as required by law, and recommend that license be granted said petitioners for one year.

W. Q. LOWD,
H. SPENGLER,
BEN JONES,
Committee.

On motion, the report was received and the licenses granted upon the payment of $300.00 to the State, and $100.00 to the city, and filing proper bond by each of said petitioners.

On motion, the salary of the City Treasurer was fixed at $200.00 per annum.

The petition of the Hazard Powder Co., requesting permission to erect Powder Magazine within city limits; was received, read and referred to the Committee on Safety.

On motion the Board adjourned.

JOHN McGILL, Mayor.
M. M. McLEOD, City Clerk.

SPECIAL MEETING, AUGUST 7TH.

At a special meeting of the Board of Mayor and Aldermen of the City of Jackson, held Monday, August 7th, 1882. Present—Hon. John McGill, Mayor; Aldermen Jones, Lowd, Spengler and Taylor; Absent: Alderman Hamilton and Hull.

On motion the reading of the minutes of last meeting was dispensed with.

The Board then proceeded to finally examine the Assessment Rolls, and to hear and determine objections thereto, and after making all proper corrections, the said rolls so examined, corrected and approved, were declared final and conclusive as to the assessments contained therein.

The following Ordinances were submitted, to-wit:

Be it Ordained, by the Board of Mayor and Aldermen of the City of Jackson, That so much of Chapter III, Article II, Section 28, of the Revised Ordinances adopted, April 27, 1882, as refers to bulls running at large in the city limits; be and the same is hereby repealed.

Be it further Ordained, That this Ordinance take effect and be in force from and after its publication.

And the Ordinance was adopted.

Be it Ordained by the Board of Mayor and Aldermen of the City of Jackson, That the proviso in section 27, article 1, chapter 8 of the Revised Ordinances, in relation to female dogs, be and the same is hereby repealed, and that said section be and is hereby so altered and amended as to require the taxation, registration and licensing of female dogs; Provided however, that the annual tax on a female dog shall be two dollars and fifty cents, and that they shall be destroyed if found running loose or at large in any public place in the city while in heat.

Be it further Ordained, That this ordinance take effect, and be in force from and after its publication. The ordinance was adopted.

On motion, the Board then adjourned.

JOHN McGILL, Mayor.
M. M. McLEOD, City Clerk.

MISSISSIPPI AUTHORS.

Letter From Gen. John D. Freeman to Miss Sallie B. Morgan.

Canon City (Col.) Express.]

CANON CITY, COL., Aug. 1882.

MISS MORGAN: Your letter, calling my attention to your recently published novel, "Tahoe, or Life in California," and asking my aid in the introduction of the same to readers in Colorado, came to hand a few days since, enclosing favorable criticisms by the San Francisco and Atlanta press.

After a careful and pleasurable reading of the book, I concur fully with the reviewers referred to, and if the approbation of one so humble as myself will serve in the least to advance its circulation, the same is most cordially given. Few authors, in their first effort at works of fiction, have displayed so admirably alike the power of pen painting natural scenery and presenting fictitious characters in the light of real personages. The moral of the story is good, and increases in interest as the plot thickens.

Aside from the gratification of commending the gifted daughter of my departed but valued friend, Dr. Morgan—himself eminent alike in his profession of medicine and surgery and as a member of society—it is a further boon to me that a Mississippi young lady

"Native, and to the manner born,"

With a single bound from the springboard of authorship, has taken high rank among writers of fiction, extorting favorable criticisms from Northern and Southern reviewers.

I may also observe with pride that other ladies of our State have successfully engaged in authorship, producing poems and prosaic works equal to the best American authors.

Mrs. Virginia Frantz, wife of the noted editor of the Brandon Republican, the Referee Dhu of the Mississippi press, has writ en a volume or more of choice poems, appearing occasionally in the Republican—in time to be re-published as a Southern amulet.

Mrs. Captain Fred Beall, of West Point, was a sweet songstress and lyric writer during all the period of the war and ministered angel-like to many a wearied soldier,

"Taking his rest with his martial cloak around him."

So, also, Mrs. Goodyear, *nee* Miss Bettie Lane, the Bonnie Belle of Rankin county,

"Culls from fancy's picured urn
Thoughts that breathe and words that burn."

Miss Maud Smith, daughter of the late Chief Justice, and noweditress of the "New Idea," a monthly cornucopia of literary gems, has penetrated many an ice-bound heart with her "New Ideas" indelibly impressed by her flowing Saxon locks and tender orbs of blue.

The Press Association authors all themselves, have brought out Miss Johnnie Hunt, "The Hill City Muse," of Vicksburg, Miss Dowring and Miss Louise Clark, of Hinds, and others, in poetic addresses of undoubted merit, delivered before the association.

Other young ladies

"With poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,"

Are peering above the literary horizon, soon to

"Shake their ambrosial locks and give the world a nod."

But, I have omitted the poetic gem of the State, "Pearl Rivers"—Miss Poitevent—now Mrs. Nicholson, editress of the New Orleans Picayune, long the pet mocking bird of the valley of the Pearle—the sweetest singer in all the South—who has quietly nestled in the bosom of established fame and become the editress of the Daily and Weekly Picayune. Its name should be changed to "Pearl Rivers."

Nor are the young gentlemen of our State negligent of poetic association with their sisters of the Art Divine.

William Walter Hoskins, famed editor of the Lexington Advertiser and the Corinthian, has published a volume of rare poems, among them "Atlantis" based on the classic legends of that pre-historic Empire, located in the center of the Atlantic ocean alluded to by classic writers as the Hesperides or Elysian fields, but by a convulsion of nature, long since

"In the deep bosom of the ocean buried."

The poem is learnedly classic, an epic of great credit to the writer.

Col. E. L. Ross, of the Canton Mail, with eagle plume has put afloat a flock of elysium birds, all sweet singers. His ode to the heroes of the "lost cause" is a credit to the living and the lost, and ranks with the heroics of Sir Walter Scott.

Our learned, polished, and classic Historian and Biographer, Col. Claiborne, has also drank deeply of the Pierian spring.

Most of his poems are unpublished. Of those escaping his escroitoir I recall his grand ode to the Flag of the Union, written and published at a time when the stars and stripes and stars and bars were in daily hostile collision, alternately capturing the one the other—a production not inferior to Key's celebrated "Star Spangled Banner."

His "Maid of Pascagoula," is a twin sister of Byron's Maid of Athens and Saragossa—his "Gone Before," an inspired penpainting of the present and future life—reminding us of the visits of Homer, Virgil, Dante and Byron to the mystic world for their great epics.

His Biography of General John A. Quitman—distinguished in the Mexican war at the capture of Monterey, under Gen. Taylor, and afterwards at the battles of the National Bridge, Chapultepec, the Garita de Bellin, final capture of the City of Mexico, and as Military Governor of Mexico pending negotiations for peace, is a brilliant resume of the campaigns of Generals Taylor and Scott. The repulse and defeat of Santa Anna by the former—and the naval assault and capture of the fortified Castle of San Juan de Ulloa before Vera Cruz; the taking of that city; the march to the City of Mexico; and the final conquest of the nation itself with only 12,000 men under Scott—a feat of arms that astonished and electrified the military world—a pen-painting equal to the great events displayed, incorporating the name of the author forever with the most daring, chivalrous and successful military exploits of the age. His last great work, the History of Mississippi, now going through the press at Jackson, in three large volumes, compares well with the classic histories of European authors in which the people of Missi-sippi are reviving from the gloom of their defeat in the civil war and fighting their battles succes-fully over again with Col. Claiborne—their popular Commander-in-Chief. Had Col. Claiborne lived in the days of Herodotus, he would have been the peer of that classic historian and now studied by the students of all nations.

Ranked as you now are with Mississippi authors so distinguished, yourself and they should feel bound by obligations of public policy too sacred for omission—to exert all your powers of body and mind to place Mississippi at the head of the literary aristocracy of the Union.

Illuminated as your paths are by the light of other days, coupled with the heroism and chivalry of the Mississippi and Confederate soldier—Commanded and Caremanders, the joust between the Northern and Southern Republics so fresh in the memories of us all—so resplendent in gorgeous battlefields and immortal naval engagements—so stellated with deeds of chivalrous and noble daring by both parties to the conflict—blending fearful and bloody tragedy with brilliant dramatic romance—furnish themes and characters for literary reproduction, unequaled by the ancient or middle ages.

Remember a well written novel is but another form of Epic Poem intended to form the morals and affect the mind into ways of virtue.

'Twas the poets that gave us the Psalms of David and the songs of Solomon—the inspired anthems of the Christian World.

The religions of all Idolatrous Nations—destitute of divine inspirations are the splendid fictions of their Epic Poets. The Mythologies of the Greeks and Romans—so long dominating the Earth more by force of arms than moral truths and convictions, were poetic fictions of their Bards, now passing away and giving place to the Christian idea that

"Truth, crushed to Earth will rise again,
The Eternal years of God are hers,
While error wounded writhes in pain
And dies amid her worshipers."

But I wander from the main purpose of my letter. Woman-like: you have deceived me from yourself to our mutual love, Mississippi.

That I shall take pleasure in presenting in my poor way your book to the readers of the Silver State is already announced—that they will receive you with a warm embrace at their family alters—Cosmopolitan—truly national, intellectual and hospitable as I know them to be—there is every reason to believe.

I have the honor to be sincerely your friend.

JOHN D. FREEMAN.

MISS SALLIE B. MORGAN,
Winona, Mississippi.

THE STORY OF NACOOCHEE.

A Legend of the Indian Lovers Whom Death Could Not Separate.

Savanah (Ga.) News.]

"Nacoochee," "The Evening Star," was the only daughter of a noted Cherokee chief. She possessed remarkable beauty and grace of manners. This lovely maid of the valley was wooed by many a gallant youth, but, unfortunately, was won by a brave young warrior of the Choctaw Nation, a people at that time bitter enemies of the Cherokees, and frequently engaged in fierce warfare with them.

One dark night Nacoochee disappeared from her vine-clad wigwam—she had eloped with Sautee, son of a Choctaw chief. The father of Nacoochee summoned 100 stout warriors to go in pursuit of his erring daughter. The valleys and mountains echoed the terrific war-whoop as they were searching every hill and dale.

Days and nights passed, but Sautee and the bright-eyed Indian girl could nowhere be found. The enraged father refused to eat or sleep. He believed that the lovers had sought refuge under the Great Bear (Yonah) of the valley. Renewed and more diligent search was made. Siutee had selected a bridal chamber for his young princess (which was amply supplied with venison and wild turkey) amid the rocky fastnesses of Mount Yonah. He regarded the ragged walls, arising in their native grandeur around him, as secure from the intrusion of friend or foe. Nacoochee's new home must have been a second Elen. Before her stood out a world of mountains, rising one above another, until their lofty peaks were lost in the blue sky, while at their feet nestled the lovely valleys of Nacoochee and Sautee, covered with fragrant forest, flowering trees and brilliant rhododendrons and azaleas. From the crevices of her granite home gushed forth pure perennial streams which are joined by a thousand mountain springs that constitute the headwaters of the picturesque Chattahoochee River, and which, like the rivers that run out of the garden of Elen, abound with gold.

The cries of the wolf and the night hawk disturbed not the slumbers of the youthful lovers. But Nacoochee and Sautee could no more successfully conceal themselves from the revengeful warriors than could Adam and Eve hide from the presence of their Creator after having listened to the beguiling serpent and eaten of the forbidden fruit. A savage shout of victory announced the capture of the foe who had dared to rob the old chief of his daughter. Hasty judgment was pronounced. Sautee was to be thrown, in the presence of Nacoochee, from the highest precipice of Mount Yonah. Before the sentence was executed the warriors engaged in a death song and dance around the strongly guarded prisoner. This was kept up until the setting sun had dropped behind the Western mountains, and the evening star was looking down upon the tragic scene. At a signal from the old chief, four strong warriors seized Sautee, and with one terrific yell hurled him headlong into the chasm beneath.

Quick as thought Nacoochee sprung from the strong embrace of her father, and shouting "Sautee! Sautee!" threw herself from the overhanging precipice. Their mangled remains were found side by side in the valley. The terrific shock well-nigh broke the heart of the aged father. He directed that Nacoochee and Sautee should be buried on the banks of the Chattahoochee, in one grave, and a mound raised over them to mark the spot, and so the cypress, ivy and rhododrendron cover the grave of Nacoochee and Sautee.

Uncle Tom a Myth.

Indianapolis Times.]

DEAR SIR: In reply to your inquiries, I will say that the character of Uncle Tom was not the biography of any one man. The first suggestion of it came to me while in Walnut Hills Ohio. I wrote letters for my colored cook to her husband, a slave in Kentucky. She told me that he was so faithful his master trusted him to come alone and unwatched to Cincinnati to market his farm produce. Now this, according to the laws of Ohio, gave the man his freedom, since if any master brought or sent his slave into Ohio he became free de facto. But she said her husband had given his word as a Christian to his master that he would not take advantage of the law—his master promising him his freedom. Whether he ever got it or not I know not.

It was some four or five years after, when the Fugitive Slave law made me desirious of showing what slavery was, that I conceived the plan of writing the history of a faithful Christian slave. After I had begun the story I got at the Anti-slavery Rooms in Boston, the autobiography of of Josiah Henson, and introduced some of the most striking incidents into my story. The good people of England gave my simple, good friend Josiah enthusiastic welcome as the Uncle Tom of the story, though he was alive and well, and likely long to live, and the Uncle Tom of the story was buried in a martyr's grave. So much in reply to your inquiries. I trust this plain statement may prevent my answering any more letters on this subject.

Truly yours,
H. B. STOWE.

SACO, ME., July 27.

A Romace of the Telephone.

Boston Journal.]

When the history of the telephone is written it will be enlivened by many romantic incidents. A young gentleman in this city is in a condition to furnish one of these. He is engaged in an establishment where the telephone is constantly used, and some time ago he became impressed with the conversation of a person who informed him by the articulate wire that she was engaged as clerk in a business house with which he had frequent occasion to communicate. The head of this house may be called Mr. Smith, chiefly because that isn't his name. The young man became thoroughly enamored of the sweet voice whose tones almost daily came to him, and after a time he begged and obtained an appointment for an interview. Then he put on his purple and fine linen and went down to the store from which the agreable communication had come. A small boy met him as he went in. "Is Mr. Smith in?" asked the young man—not because he wanted to see Mr. Smith, but because he thought it best not to be to abrupt in his inquiries. "No," said the small boy, "but he'll be in in a minute." The accents of the small boy startled the young man; they were the same that had been almost daily wafted to him along the wire. He immediately said that he would call again to see Mr. Smith and withdrew in as good order as possible. But felt that he had had a narrow escape.

The Wanton Calf—A Fable.

From Harper's for June.]

A Calf, full of Wantonness and Play, seeing an Ox at the Plow, could not forbear insulting him. "What a sorry, poor drudge are you," said he, "to bear that heavy Yoke and go turning up the Ground for a Master! See what a happy life I lead," he added, when at evening the Ox, unyoked, and going to take his rest saw him, hung with Garlands, being led away by the Flamen, a venerable man, with a foudness for Veal Pot-Pie.

Moral.—This Fable teaches us that Young People had better stick to the Farm, and not study for a Learned Profession unless they are fully aware of what it means.

If you have any faith, give me, for heaven's sake, a share of it! Your doubts you may keep to yourself, for I have plenty of my own.—Goethe.

Examples of Indian Cruelty.

Youth's Companion.]

The Southern Cheyennes are the boldest and most dashing thieves of the plains. Four companies of United States infantry were once encamped at night in Kansas. The mules belonging to the wagon train were quietly grazing, surrounded by herders and guard.

Suddenly, the Cheyennes rushed on their ponies from a ravine. Shaking buffalo robes and yelling like fiends, they dashed into the herd. In an instant all were under the full headway of a stampede. The command turned out and fired hundreds of shots, but the bold thieves got away with every mule.

But the most remarkable ruse, and one creditable to Indian ingenuity and cruelty, was tried on the Sixth cavalry. The incident is told by an old army officer.

Capt. Tupper and his men were returning, after a hard scout, wherein they had scattered a band of Cheyennes. One night the cavalry encamped in a sharp bend of Mulberry creek.

The horses were hobbled and tied to the picket-rope, at each end of which a fire was kept burning, so that no one could approach it without being seen. The men were bivouacked some little distance from the horses and well beyond the fire-light. In advance of these, the sentinels lay flat on the ground and watched.

The camp had settled into repose, when suddenly a huge ball of flame came rushing into camp, accompanied by the most terrific yells.

Through and among the horses it went, rendering them so frantic with fear that some few burst their strong fetters and disappeared in the darkness.

In an instant and without command the steady and well disciplined soldiers seized their arms, and lying flat on the ground gave the Indians such a fusilade as to put a stop to any desire to charge.

Almost at the same instant, the mysterious ball of fire disappeared. The horses were soon quieted, and the camp settled itself to rest.

Next morning the dead body of a miserable pony was found in the mud where the mysterious fire-ball had disappeared. The outside skin and flesh were burned to a cinder.

The Indians had bound light grass and every inflamable material at hand all over the poor creature. Then, leading him in the darkness as near as they dared to go to the line of sentinels, they turned his head in the right direction and set fire to his burden. It shows the cruelty of the savage nature.

WOMAN.

Woman—the crown of creation.—Herder.

Woman is a miracle of divine contradictions.—Michelet.

All that I am my mother made me.—John Q. Adams.

Shakspeare has no heroes—he has only heroines.—Ruskin.

Narrow waists and narrow minds go together.—Chamfort.

Woman is most perfect when most womanly.—Gladstone.

In wishing to extend her empire woman destroys it.—Cabanis.

If woman lost us Elen, such as she alone can restore it.—Whittier.

I wish Adam had died with all his ribs in his body.—Boucicault.

To a gentleman every woman is a lady in right of her sex.—Bulwer.

What is woman? Only one of nature' agreeable blunders.—Cowley.

A handsome woman is a jewel; a good woman is a treasure.—Stadl.

A fashionable woman is always in love with herself.—Rochefoucauld.

All women are good—good for something, or good for nothing.—Cervantes.

Women detest the serpent through a professional jealousy.—Victor Hugo.

A woman changes oft; who trusts her is the softest of the soft.—Francis I.

There was never yet a fair woman but she made mouths in a glass.—Shakspeare.

A passionate woman's love is always overshadowed by her fear.—George Eliot.

Handsome women without religion are like flowers without perfume.—Heine.

Between a woman's "yes" and "no" I would not venture to stick a pin.—Cervantes.

Earth has nothing more tender than a woman's heart, when it is the abode of pity.—Luther.

Bill Arp's Philosophy.

Atlanta Constitution.]

It don't pay to get mad about anything much less about politics. Getting mad cheats a man out of his time. He can lose a day or two days, or even a week, thinking about it and fretting over it, and that interferes with his business and deranges his digestion, and makes his family unhappy. He had better go dead for awhile and come to life again. Getting mad is the poorest way to get even with an enemy I ever tried. It don't pay worth a cent, and always makes a man lose his own self respect. Now a man may get mad with himself for being a fool and it will do him no harm. In fact, it may do good, for it's a sign of repentance. I knew a young man to go to a church fair and the girls honey-fungled six dollars out of him and he went home and undressed and tied one arm to the bed-post and whipped himself with the other and as he cut himself round the legs he would say: "You go to another church fair! You let them girls fool you out of your money again! You pay ten cents for every fool letter they stick at you! You give half a dollar for a little dab of ice cream—I'll learn you some sense. I will," and as he talked to himself, he kept the switch going lively, and would dance up and down just like he was another fellow. Now that is a good idea. When a man makes a fool of himself and goes a ripping around, let him tie himself up and give himself a good whipping, and then take a fresh start in the morning. If a man gets in a fight with another man he might accidently get whipped, and then everybody would hear of it, but if he whips himself all by himself, it will do more good, and nobody would ever know anything about it.

Slave Marriages.

A curious case relating to the marriage statute of former slaves has just been decided by the Supreme Court of Alabama. The controversy was between two women, each of whom claimed to be the widow of Gus Washington and entitled to dower in his estate. One named Elie had been married to him in 1847, when both were slaves of the same master. The ceremony was performed by a colored minister with the consent of the master. The two lived together as husband and wife till the fall of 1866. At that time the husband, being then of course a freedman, took out a license and married another woman, with whom he lived till his death. Under these circumstances the Court was called upon to decide which of the two had been the lawful wife. It has decided in favor of the one claiming by virtue of the slave marriage. It holds that slaves were not competent to enter into a valid marriage contract or hold the legal relation of husband and wife. But in September, 1865, the Constitutional Convention of Alabama declared that all freedmen and freedwomen then living together and recognizing one another as husband and wife should hold that relation under the law. The Supreme Court decides that this was a ratification of the marital relations then existing between Gus and Elie Washington, and that his subsequent marriage with the other claimant was void.—N. Y. Herald.

Miscegenation Forbidden by the Laws of Michigan.

DETROIT, MICH., August 12—A trial of considerable interest has just been concluded in the Criminal Court of this city, of a colored man and a white woman, who have been married for some time, and lived together as man and wife. Both are entirely respectable, and were by people. They were complained of under the statute for lewd, lascivious cohabitation. An old State law makes all marriages between white and colored people unlawful. Under the charge of the Court the Jury convicted.

THE Democratic Convention for the District will meet in Greenville on the 28th of September. Percy, of Washington, Clay, of Bolivar, and Catchings, of this city, are favorably mentioned for the nomination.—Vicksburg Herald.

THE SPY OF YORKTOWN.

From a Soldier's Journal.

The following narrative of scenes and incidents, at the memorable siege of Yorktown, is from the journal of a soldier, long since deceased, who distinguished himself by his coolness and bravery during the war of the Revolution.

Yorktown, at that period, was quite a flourishing little village, containing some sixty houses, several of which were elegant dwellings. It was and is situated on the right or south bank of York river, some twelve miles from the junction of the latter with Chesapeake Bay. This river, which might properly be termed an arm of the sea, is a mile wide for a considerable distance above and below the town, and will admit vessels of the largest draught. Opposite Yorktown is the village of Gloucester.

Both of these places were occupied by British troops—the main body of the army, some seven thousand strong, Lord Cornwallis commanding in person, being quartered at the former—and a regiment of infantry, and Tarleton's famous legion, at the latter.

When the allied army, under General Washington, numbering twelve thousand, exclusive of some four thousand Virginia militia, sat down before the town, with the American right resting on the river below the place, and the French left on the river above, Lord Cornwallis was caught as in a trap—for a French blockading fleet, which had sometime previously taken its station at the mouth of the York river, gave him no outlet to the ocean, and now he could not escape by land. It was fight or surender, and time proved it was both.

Although it may be said that the allied army had invested the town as early as the 28th of September, yet not till the 9th of October did our batteries fairly open upon the devoted place—the interval being employed in digging trenches, throwing up redoubts, and getting our heavy guns into position.

One night, while at work upon a redoubt, which was pretty well advanced toward the British lines, I was called from my labor and told that my captain wished to see me.

I found him slowly pacing to and fro just beyond ear-shot of the men; and I approached him with uneasiness, not knowing if my reception would be pleasant, though unable to think of anything I had done to merit other treatment. His first words relieved me of all apprehension, but roused my curiosity to the highest.

"Philip," he said in a kind and feeling tone, "we have seen long and hard service together."

"We both remember Valley Forge, captain!" replied I touching my cap.

"Philip, it grieves me to offer to try you as few men are tried; but the truth is, I have been asked for a brave, intelligent man, to go on a secret service, and I have ventured to name you—though I beg you to understand, at once, that you will not be *sent* on this service—if not voluntary on your part, you can return to your duty, and no hard feelings between us."

"Name the service, captain," said I.

"I is no less than desertion to the enemy, to play the part of a spy in his camp."

I instinctively shuddered, but strove to appear calm.

"Who has asked for this service?" I inquired, in as indifferent a tone as I could assume.

"Our great and noble commander, General Washington."

"I do not fear death so much as disgrace," I replied. "I have a name among my comrades, that this one act of my life will cover with infamy; yet, to serve my country and our beloved commander-in-chief, I will make the sacrifice."

"God bless you, Phillip!" he said, again grasping my hand; "I felt I could rely on you. Follow me!"

He led me back about a hundred yards, to where three men stood grouped together. As we approached, one of these stepped forward.

Dark as it was, I recognized that commanding form. It was the great General Washington himself.

"Well?" he said.

"He is ready to serve our country and your excellency," replied the captain, with a military salute.

"Young man," said General Washington, placing his hand on my sholder with fatherly tenderness," permit me to thank you in advance, in behalf of our country! The task you have accepted is one of peril, without the soldier's incentive of glory. Should your purpose be discovered, you will never return; and while absent to say the least, your name will be a word of reproach. All this I suppose you have considered?"

"I have, your excellency."

"It only remains for me to add, then, that you must escape to-night, in what manner you think best, so that your secret is revealed to none. When within the enemy's lines, observe all that takes place, ascertain the general feeling, as far as you can, among officers and soldiers and, if you discover anything of great importance for us to know, endeavor to return and report. If arrested within our lines as a deserter, you can say you had instructions from me, and demand that your case be brought before me. May Heaven prosper you! Adieu!"

With this General Washington withdrew, and I returned to my labors, a prouder and a happier man, yet feeling the weight of a somewhat oppressive responsibility.

Some two hours after this, while at work upon the exterior of the redoubt, I found an opportunity to crawl along a bank of earth, till some yards from my companions, when I walked boldly off toward our line of pickets, concealed by the dense darkness.

As I drew near the outer line of sentries, I got down on my hands and knees, and crawled slowly and cautiously forward, watching my opportunity, as the nearest paced back and forth, to cross his beat behind him.

This I succeeded in doing without being perceived; but as I again rose to my feet and attempted to hurry forward, I stumbled on the uneven ground and fell.

The noise attracted the attention of the sentry who instantly challenged.

Without reply, I sprung to my feet and ran.

He fired—the ball whistling past me, not wide of the mark.

In a moment all was excitement and alarm on our side—the guard turning out, and the men in the trenches preparing to repel a sortie of the enemy.

The picket of the British, which was not far distant, not knowing the cause of the alarm, and fearing an assault, also fired and turned out the guard—so that when I reached the British lines I was in danger of being both cut to pieces and riddled with balls.

"Don't fire on me—I am a deserter from the enemy!" I shouted.

The next minute I found myself surrounded by a small squad of excited soldiers; and an officer, seizing me roughly by the arm demanded the cause of the alarm.

I hurriedly explained.

"What a cowardly pack you rebels are!" he exclaimed. "A runaway tumbles down, and, forthwith the whole camp gets under arms."

My blood boiled for a severe retort, but I simply said:

"I have left the cowardly pack, and do not wish to be considered a rebel."

An hour or two after, I was conducted into the presence of a number of distinguished officers, all of whom were splendidly dressed. They were seated around a table covered with maps, drawings and papers. One, from his stern, haughty bearing, and his post of honor at the head of the table, I believed to be Lord Cornwallis himself."

"Well, fellow," he said eyeing me sternly, "you are a deserter from the cursed rebel nest?"

"So please your lordship."

"Umph! how know you it is my lordship?"

"I fancy I perceive the stamp of nobility in your features."

"A shrewd knave!" he rejoined, but evidently not displeased. "Well, why did you desert?"

"I thought I could do better than work in trenches so near the royal lines."

"Do you wish to enlist in our ranks?"

"Not till this siege is over, so please your lordship."

"What is the number of the whole rebel force now before the town?"

"I have heard it estimated at sixteen thousand, your lordship."

His lordship compressed his lips and frowned.

"I suppose Mr. Washington thinks he has me at last!" he said with sullen anger; "but I will show him that the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. If Clinton would only come with his reinforcements!" he added, as if thinking aloud. "What can detain him? But he will soon be here; and once out of this, I will cut the allied army to pieces and lay waste the whole country. Gods! if he were only here now!" and he struck the table with his fist. "How do our battleries tell on the rebels?" he suddenly demanded of me.

It was with a degree of satisfaction I could scarcely conceal that I replied:

"They have done but little damage so far, your lordship—the intrenchments save the men."

"But the rebels do not reply to us," he said with a frown.

"They will shortly, your lordship. Their great guns and mortars have arrived, and are rapidly being mounted and put in position."

"And do they really think they can compel us to surrender?"

"They are just foolish enough to think so, your lordship."

After a few more questions, his lordship waved his hand, and I was led away.

An hour later, a severe cannonade opened against our whole line of trenches and redoubts, and was continued all night and the next day.

Being now at liberty to go where I pleased I went through the streets of the town, mingled with the soldiery, and ascertained that the prevailing feeling was heavy gloom, deep mortification, and bitter hatred of the rebels. The most sanguine felt that without unforeseen good fortune their doom was sealed.

The night following my desertion the American guns opened fire on the devoted town; and from that time, for a week, ball and bomb came crashing in amongst us, doing the most terrible execution.

The British fought bravely, and with desperation, and there was an incessant thunder of cannons and mortars night and day.

The most sublime scene was in the night, when a hundred constant flashes could be seen below, and the heavens above were bright with meteoric shells, crossing each other's path, and coming down in a fiery showor at every point.

One night a red-hot ball set fire to the Charon forty-four gun ship, stationed in the river, and this to three other smaller vessels, and all were consumed together, presenting a spectacle of gloomy magnificence I shall never forget.

I have only mentioned what I saw, but no description could do justice to the awful scene of destruction on every hand.

Toward the last the allies had a hundred batteries in constant play; while those of the British, one by one were steadily becoming silenced.

At last it became known that Cornwallis had resolved on the desperate measure of crossing the river in the night to Gloucester with the main body of his army, with the intention of cutting to pieces the French troops stationed there in opposition to Tarleton, and then mounting their horses, and such others as they might be able to seize, and attempting to reach New York by land, leaving his sick and wounded to the mercy of the allies.

This I thought a matter of importance to our commander-in-chief; and watching my opportunity, I made my escape at considerable peril, to the American lines, and conveyed the news to Gen. Washington, who again thanked me for my zeal in the service of my country, and prepared to act on the information.

Lord Cornwallis actually did make the attempt to escape in this manner; but a sudden storm defeated the plan—the boats, instead of crossing, were driven down the river, and nearly lost—and the next day he was forced to the humiliation of sending a flag to the despised rebels, to negotiate the terms of that surrender which marks so bright an epoch in the history of our country.

A few words from my captain restored me in triumpth to my comrades; and I had the proud satisfaction of being present when the whole British army marched out in silence, with colors cased, and laid down their arms at the feet of their conquerors—a sullen, angry, but humbled body of prisoners of war.

How The Old Salaries Were Paid.

Between 1777 and 1784 the Territory of Tennessee (really part of North Carolina) maintained a State Government under the name of "Franklin." In the old records—quoted once by Daniel Webster in a congressional speech—stand the following curious statements of the way payments were made in a time when the people had no current money.

"Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Franklin, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same; That from the first day of January, 1779, the salaries of the officers of this Commonwealth be as follows, to wit.

"His Excellency the Governor, per annum, 1,000 deer skins;

"His Honor the Chief Justice, 500 deer skins; or 500 raccoon skins;

"The Treasurer of the State 450 raccoon skins;

"Clerk of the House of Commons 200 raccoon skins;

"Member of Assembly, per diem, three raccoon skins;

"Entered into a law the 18th day of October, 1779, under the great seal of the State."

The well worn burlesque of the "leather medal" suggests a vague reference to the times when skins were the only money.

Gaining a Situation.

Sergeant S. Prentiss, who a generation or so ago became the greatest orator in the South had a fierce and severe struggle at first. He was a poor, lame Maine boy. Nothing daunted, he set out for Natchez, Miss., to obtain a tutorship. Hearing of a Mrs, Shields, who lived fifteen miles back in the country, and who wished for a tutor for her three sons, he concluded to go to her. But he had