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AFFAIRS IN FRANCE.

INHUMAN TREATMENT OF THE COMMUNIST PRISONERS.

MEN AND WOMEN HUDDLED TOGETHER WITHOUT SHELTER—A CONGRATULATORY PROCLAMATION FROM MACMAHON—A CONSPIRACY DISCOVERED IN MARSEILLES.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE TRIBUNE.]

LONDON, Tuesday, May 30, 1871.

The special correspondent of THE TRIBUNE at Paris telegraphed yesterday that MacMahon issued a proclamation last night, announcing that the contest was ended, the last position of the Communists having been carried at 4 in the afternoon. There is great irritation at Paris on account of the number of foreigners in the ranks of the Communists. It was rumored that there were 8,000 English Communists alone. The mistake probably arose from the fact that many of the Communists learned the English language in England and America.

Fears of incendiarism have been entertained at Versailles, but that city is now safe, although it has been threatened by petroleum incendiarists. A conspiracy is reported to have been discovered at Marseilles. Naguet, Gambetta's Prefect at Corsica, was arrested as the principal conspirator. His wife tried to shoot the general making the arrest.

The condition of the prisoners at Versailles is dreadful. *Le Soir* says that thousands of them sleep without shelter and in the mud, with no food but black bread, and without sufficient water. The women are huddled together with the men. People cease to count the number of executions. Many are summarily shot every hour.

Fort Vincennes was taken to-day. The garrison was large, and surrendered unconditionally. The men at the barricades fought like fiends. The women of Versailles display a cowardly violence against the helpless prisoners. To-day I saw 4,000 prisoners marched through Versailles, some of them tied together, the crowd furiously calling for their death. I saw a tall man, who refused to march, dragged along by four soldiers. One of the officers finally drew his revolver, and shot the man. A bystander, who uttered an exclamation, was instantly arrested.

PROBABLY ANOTHER EXECUTION.

ROCHEFORT CONDEMNED TO DEATH BY A COURT-MARTIAL.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE TRIBUNE.]

LONDON, Tuesday, May 30, 1871.

The special correspondent of THE TRIBUNE at Paris telegraphs, this evening: "I learn from a trustworthy source that Rochefort has been condemned to death by a court-martial held in Versailles, and has, probably, been executed already.

GENERAL PRESS REPORTS.

EXECUTION OF GEN. CLUSERET—LOSSES DURING THE SIEGE—VICTOR HUGO BANISHED FROM BELGIUM.

LONDON, Tuesday, May 30, 1871.

A dispatch from Paris announces that Gen. Cluseret, the Communist Minister of War, has been executed by the Versaillists.

Gen. La Cecelia with a few followers fled to the castle of Vincennes, but upon the commencement of the erection of siege works by the Versaillists, he at once surrendered.

Gen. Douai officially reports having lost 40 officers and 600 men during all the engagements in which his troops have participated since the Versailles army entered Paris.

The Insurgent losses previous to May 22, when the Versailles troops entered Paris, are estimated at 12,000 killed and wounded, and 25,000 prisoners; and since May 22, at 10,000 killed and wounded, and 20,000 prisoners. The prisoners have all been sent to Versailles.

A proclamation from Marshal MacMahon to the people of Paris announces their deliverance from the reign of terror of the Communists, and that order, security and labor are about to be reëstablished.

The Paris journals demand the cessation of summary executions. Several attempts were made yesterday to assassinate officers of the army. The bodies of the murdered priests are to lie in state for a week. With the exception of Pyat and Grousset all the Commune chiefs have now been killed or taken prisoners. Paris is tranquil, and trade generally shows signs of reviving. The soldiers have been feted by the inhabitants. Arrests of insurgents continue.

The inhabitants of Belleville have openly announced that they will make reprisals, and a secret system of arson and assassination is apprehended. There are constant discoveries of stores of petroleum in Paris.

M. Thiers has ordered the disarmament of Paris, and the National Guards in the Department of the Seine will be disbanded. The *Gaulois* announces that the Orleans princes will be allowed to live in France.

The official *Journal of the Republic* announces that the National Archives, National Library, National Arsenal, and Museum of the Louvre are safe. The Manufacture des Gobelins and the Observatoire are badly damaged.

The people of Brussels mobbed Victor Hugo's residence in Brussels, yesterday, and broke the windows, in consequence of his recent letters concerning the Commune, and the police were compelled to interfere. A strong guard was placed around the house, last night. In the Belgian Senate, to-day, the Baron d' Anethan, in reply to M. Rodes, stated that the Government having become convinced that the recent letter of Victor Hugo was compromising to Belgium, had requested M. Hugo to leave the country; and that upon his refusal to do so, the King signed a decree, the object of which was to force his departure from the country. The Prime Minister added that the decree would be enforced. M. Hugo, it is said, will make London his future residence.

A dispatch from Paris this evening says: The troops still hold the monasteries and public buildings. The disarmament of the National Guards is proceeding. They are forbidden to wear uniforms. Cissey threatens to proceed with vigor against the inhabitants who fire from windows. The archives of the International Society have been discovered, and also other documents in Delescluze's house compromising the Departments. Marshal MacMahon has declined the sword of honor offered him after the battle of Reichshoffen. Summary executions of insurgent prisoners continue.

VANDALISM OF THE COMMUNE.

WHY THE BARRICADES WERE BUILT—DESTRUCTION OF THE COLUMN IN THE PLACE VENDOME.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

PARIS, May 15.—We seem now to have fairly reached the beginning of the end. In the last week the Commune lost ground in every possible way outside Paris and inside Paris, and even more inside Paris, morally, than outside, in a military point of view. Serious as the advance of the Versailles troops has been, the effect of the resignations of most of the few able men in the Commune has, in Paris at all events, been far more serious. For, here in Paris, none of the foremost men of the Commune, when talking confidentially, ever pretended that they hoped ultimately to win and to impose the present form of despotism on Paris and France. They have, so far as I have been able to discover, always spoken (what they write and print for the public is quite another matter) in this sense. A late delegate said to me the other day that he, for one, would be quite ready to agree to any negotiations between Paris and Versailles, on the basis of a dissolution of the existing Assembly (which he held to have been elected solely to sign the preliminaries of peace) and the agreement to allow the National Guard to retain its arms and its artillery; he did not even object to a permanent garrison of the regular army in the capital so long as municipal liberties were granted. I asked whether my interlocutor thought his opinion was wide-spread, and whether he thought that most of his comrades would agree to a treaty on the basis he mentioned. "Yes," he said, "all the men of intelligence in the National Guard are well aware that, in the end, if the struggle be fought out, the Versailles Government is certain to win, although at a frightful cost of life and property. What we keep on fighting for is to make Thiers feel that victory is so difficult and costly that he will agree to an arrangement." I have heard similar opinions expressed on all sides, and I notice in to-day's journals a singular confirmation of this view of the real object of the Communists in continuing so vigorously an apparently hopeless contest.

Citizen Gaillard admits that the real object of his wonderful barricades is not so much to afford a point of actual resistance likely to be eventually brought into play against the Versailles troops, as to frighten the besiegers and to show them that it will not be sufficient to carry the ramparts by assault, but when that task shall have been successfully accomplished a desperate resistance will still be offered in the interior of the city. This, I take it, is the secret of a great many of the acts of the Commune; they hope, by showing what they are capable of doing if pushed to extremes, to force the Versailles party to come to terms.

March 16.—At length, after many delays, the column of the Place Vendôme has fallen to the ground. We were all assembled yesterday to witness the fall of "Cæsar," but, somehow or another, Cæsar was not ready to fall, and we lost three or four hours in wandering about the Place Vendôme and wondering when the column would come down. However, to-day the *Journal Officiel* announced in due form that the column would come down at two o'clock precisely, and to the Rue de la Paix, accordingly, "all Paris," as the saying is, found its way. Long before two o'clock the street was so crowded that it was with the greatest difficulty that I and two friends elbowed our way through the densely-packed masses of people. However, I was not sorry to go slowly, as I was anxious to hear the general opinion as to the destruction of one of the proudest tributes to French arms. Most of the people I spoke with seemed to be quite indifferent as to the work of destruction. They hated Napoleon, and appeared to think they were really doing something to hinder the return—now only too possible—of "Badinguet" to France by overturning the statue of his uncle. No one was admitted on the Place Vendôme itself without a special ticket issued by the Committee of Public Safety. Furnished with such a ticket, I was able to penetrate to the Place Vendôme and observe the preparations which had been made for the fall of the famous column. They seemed at first sight totally inadequate for so vast an undertaking. A large cable had been passed around the top of the column just below the statue; this rope (or rather these ropes, for there were four of them) was attached to an anchor and capstan in the Rue de la Paix. But the anchor and capstan were both so exceedingly badly fixed in the ground that it was evident to the most inexperienced observer that, unless the column fell of its own weight, something was sure to give way in the tackling. The engineer, however, like most Frenchmen, was wonderfully self-confident, and assured every one who chose to listen to him that the column would fall whenever he gave the word for the ropes to be tightened. At about 3 o'clock we in the Place were all driven back on to the sidewalks by a line of guards, while a squadron of the newly organized "Cavalry of the Commune" drove back the anxious crowds in the Rue de la Paix.

Col. Mayer, who commanded in the Place Vendôme, then ascended the column in full uniform of the National Guards, with a small tri-color flag in his hand. After walking around the gallery at the top of the column and waving his flag to all the quarters of the heavens, Col. Mayer then tore the bunting and proceeded to tie it point downward to the rails surrounding the crowning gallery. Having accomplished this feat, he took off his cap, shook his fist at the statue of Napoleon above him, and cried out *Vive la Commune*. He then came down and the order to tighten the rope was almost immediately given by a member of the Commune standing in the balcony of the Ministry of Justice just above where I was stationed. Rapidly the big ropes became as rigid as bars of steel; all eyes were turned towards the column, and we all thought its hour had come, more especially because a rapidly passing cloud made it look as if it already trembled on its base. But the capstan turned without effect, when suddenly a loud crack was heard, and a block attached to the capstan gave way, knocking over several sailors. Nobody, however, was badly hurt, but we were told that nothing could be done for two hours, as a new block must be obtained.

There were no less than three bands on the place, and each struck up a separate tune to console us for our disappointment, and the Cavalry of the Commune proceeded to caracole on the place, to the no small amusement of the spectators. One or two horsemen were very near kissing mother earth, but by dint of great gymnastic ability contrived to retain their seats. The person most to be pitied at this moment was poor Col. Mayer, who looked very small indeed. What a dreadful thing for the poor Colonel if, after all his acting, the column were to decline to fall. About 5 o'clock it was announced that all was ready, and two new ropes were attached to the top of the column in order to shake it so as to add to the steady tension of the ropes already described. At 5:20 the six ropes began to tighten, amid breathless expectation from the assembled thousands. For nearly five minutes no effect whatever seemed to be produced on the majestic column, which still rose against the bright blue sky as bold and majestic as ever, and seeming to defy fate and the Commune. The men at the capstan strained and sweated, and the engineer ran about from capstan to column and from column to capstan like one demented. A band played the *Marseillaise* at the rate of two bars to a second. Suddenly there was a cry of "*Il tombe*," and surely and slowly the huge bronze mass bowed and fell toward the Rue de la Paix, and fell on its bed of faggots, sand, and dung. Strange to say, as it fell it burst into three or four pieces before it touched the ground. Striking the bed with a loud report, it hurled the faggots and even pieces of the bas-reliefs right and left. A huge cloud of dust arose at once, but the crowd rushed madly forward to secure relics of the fallen monument. Like flies on a carcass we were all busy in ten seconds after the column had fallen in securing pieces of its remains. Before the dust had fairly cleared away, Mayer and several members of the Commune were to be seen frantically waving red flags from the empty pedestal, and shrieking *Vive la Commune*. Bergeret scrambled upon the prostrate column, and made a speech abusing the First Napoleon, whose statue lay broken and prostrate before him. Rochefort also attempted to make himself heard from the top of the pedestal, but the dust seemed to have got into his throat and no one could hear what he said. Slowly the crowd dispersed, and, as I quited the Rue de la Paix, I heard a bystander say, "Ah, it is always true of us Gauls, that *Væ Victis* is ever our motto. Had Badinguet but won a victory on the Rhine they would have gilt the old column and put up a bigger one than ever to the man they now despise." Perhaps he was not far from right. "Nothing succeeds like success," is a true French saying.

TELEGRAPHIC NOTES.

....The Printing Bureau of the Treasury Department is now turning out nearly one hundred million dollars' worth of bonds per day.

....The Pope has issued an Encyclical letter which declares that the Italian guarantees are a tissue of lies and hypocrisy, and formally protesting against them.

....The MSS. found in bottles washed ashore at Shediac, N. B. and Newport, R. I., purporting to give details of the loss of the steamship City of Boston, have been pronounced genuine, the handwriting having been recognized.

....All efforts to recover the bodies of Capt. Matthewson and Dr. McKean of the steamer City of Durham, who were drowned at Halifax on Sunday, have failed. The steamer will leave Halifax on Friday under the command of the second officer.

....The President and Secretary of the Navy will on Wednesday inspect the steamer Polaris, now at Washington, which has been fitted up for Capt. Hall's voyage to the Arctic regions. The Polaris will leave Washington for this city in two or three days, where final preparations for the expedition will be made.

CRIMES AND CASUALTIES—BY TELEGRAPH.

....The Toronto (Canada) car-wheel works were burned yesterday.

....Gould's chair factory at Shandaken, Ulster County, was burned on Monday. Loss, $5,000.

....A fire in Providence yesterday destroyed Asa Waterman's pork-packing establishment, and injured the surrounding buildings. Waterman's loss is $6,000; insured.

....An engine and one car on the Boston and Albany Railroad were thrown from the track by a misplaced switch in East Albany yesterday, and a fireman named David Kinney was instantly killed.

....A body was found in the Hudson at Esopus Landing, yesterday, which has been identified as that of Dr. Wales, who so mysteriously disappeared from Rondout in November last. There were no marks of violence on the body.

....Robert Buffum, who murdered John L. Severns of Newburgh, N. Y., and who was sentenced by Judge Joseph F. Barnard to Sing Sing Prison for life, has been sent to the Auburn Asylum for Insane Convicts. He was sent to Sing Sing last week, but failed rapidly ever since.

....Walter J. Gilbert of New-York, accidentally shot himself yesterday in Hopkinton, N. H. He was climbing over a wall with a loaded gun, when the weapon was accidentally discharged, and the ball entered his left side, passing through his lungs. There is no probability of his recovery.

....In the Washington Criminal Court, yesterday, Judge Olin said that his brother Judges had agreed that a new trial should be granted to Horatio Holster, that the first exception, as to his overruling, on the late trial, the question relative to the character of James, the murdered man, was the only one acted on, and they were of opinion such testimony should have been admitted.

....The second trial of the Hon. C. C. Bowen, for bigamy, commenced yesterday, in the Criminal Court of Washington. Mrs. Frances Bowen was present. Her marriage with Bowen was proven. Counsel for defense delivered in evidence a transcript of the decree of the Supreme Court of New-York divorcing C. C. Bowen from the bonds of matrimony with Frances Bowen, in 186-. The prosecution, as offset to this, offered a record of the New-Haven Court, by which Bowen was divorced only in November last, after the marriage with Mrs. King. Judge Olin, wishing to be satisfied on certain points, including that as to whether or not there was fraud, said he would hear to hear farther argument, and adjourned the court.

AFFAIRS IN THE SOUTH.

THE MURDERED KU-KLUX.

COLUMBIA, May 30.—With considerable difficulty, the facts about the murder of Faulkner, the wounded Ku-Klux, have finally been obtained. Faulkner was at the house of a man named Williams, in Edgefield County, unable to walk on account of his wound. On the evening of the 20th a stranger called, and informed Williams that Faulkner was in danger, and that he came to get a vehicle to carry him away. He went to Faulkner's room, and had some talk with him alone, asking Williams and Mrs. Faulkner to retire. When he came out, he went to the gate, and returned with another stranger, and the two had some further private conversation with Faulkner. They then asked Williams to go to the gate and hold their horses, and he went, but saw no horses. As he passed through the gate, four men sprang up, presented pistols, and warned him not to move. The two men who had been with Faulkner rushed back into his room, and shot him through the head and in the thigh. They came out at once, and the whole party ran hastily away, telling Williams to return to the house. When he got into the house, he found Faulkner was dead. The men were not disguised, but were all strangers to Williams. The two assassins made Mrs. Faulkner leave the room while they murdered her husband, telling her they had come to take him to a place of safety in North Carolina, and that she could follow him soon. These facts are sworn to by Mr. Williams and Mrs. Faulkner.

THE NEGROES OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

SYSTEMS OF PLANTATION LABOR—ARE THE NEGROES INDUSTRIOUS?—WHY THEY DO NOT SAVE MONEY—HARMONY WITH THE WHITE MEN NEEDED—FEARS OF A MASSACRE.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

COLUMBIA, S. C., May 27.—One hears so many different opinions expressed by planters about the profit of farming with free negro labor, and about the industry of the negroes and the amount of dependence to be placed upon them, that it is not easy to come to any settled conclusions upon these subjects. Careful inquiry, however, will lead eventually to the conclusion that, where planters have failed to cover their expenses, as many complain to be their experience, the fault is more with themselves than with their laborers. They have either tried to exercise the strict authority to which they were accustomed in the days of Slavery, or they have gone to the other extreme and have left the negroes to cultivate the land in their own way, without instruction or discipline. In one case there would always be trouble with the workmen, and in the other the cultivation would be carelessly performed and the crop would be scant. Another cause of failure, apart from the labor question, may be found in the fact that little improvement has been made in the old, shiftless and wasteful ways of farming, which would have been ruinous in the days of Slavery, if the planters had not then been able to make up their deficiencies at the end of the year by selling a few negroes. Many failures are to be attributed to the attempts made to keep up the old style of living. The planters and their families were unused to work, and had no wish to learn. They kept a retinue of servants about their houses, and tried to live in the idle, extravagant way they thought becoming to gentlemen. Such men have got deeper in debt every year, and are beginning to realize the disagreeable truth that there is no profit in "gentleman-farming." Wherever the planters have gone to work themselves, and have practiced the industry and economy that farmers everywhere practice in the North, I believe they have been moderately successful, and have had no reason to complain of the inefficiency of the negroes.

A very sensible way of managing negro farm-hands is that practiced by an ex-Confederate General, who is planting on a large scale near Edgefield. He divides them into squads of three, and gives to each squad 30 acres of land and a mule to work it with. The men feed themselves, provide half the mule's feed, and receive one-half of the crop. The General stimulates them to work by getting up a rivalry between different squads, each of which endeavors to excel the others, keep its fields most free of weeds, and produce the largest crop. If all the squads appear to be growing idle, and do not get at work until late in the morning, he gets a neighbor to ride over the place some day, and talk to the men somewhat in this way: "How's this boys? I hear that the weeds are getting a powerful start on the General's place, and that you fellows don't get to hoeing before 9 o'clock. Does look pretty bad, that's a fact. The cotton on the Judge's place over there looks a heap better. Must n't let 'em beat you that way, boys." Next morning the negroes will be up with the sun, determined that the reputation of the General's cotton shall not suffer. Speaking of his success in planting, the General told me that no man need have any trouble with his negroes who would treat them kindly, and praise them when they did well. Their love of expressions of approbation, he said, was very great, and they will work well if animated by a little praise, now and then. He had never had the least difficulty with his hands, and thought no planter need have any who understood the right way to manage negroes, viz.: to gain their confidence, and deal justly with them.

Another labor system is much practiced in the low country, and was described to me by a Northern man, who has a plantation on the Wando River, in the vicinity of Charleston, where he raises Sea Island cotton. He pays his hands 50 cents a day, and requires them to hoe half an acre for a daily task. This they usually finish by 1 or 2 o'clock, occupying the rest of the day in fishing, working in their own gardens, or in idling about their cabins. The planter said that he never could induce them to do more than one task a day, although they would frequently get through by noon, and could as well earn another half dollar before night as not. It is extremely rare that a negro plantation laborer has saved any money during his six years of freedom. The prevailing system of working the land for a share of the crop does not conduce to economy. The laborer can realize nothing until the crop is sold, and in the mean time he must get in debt for food and clothing. His employer, the planter, keeps a small stock of funds at huge prices, including bacon, stout cloth, shoes, and other necessaries, and plenty of gew-gaws, such as cheap jewelry, ribbons, and brilliant dress-patterns, which take the fancy of the negro women. The laborer must buy of his employer, because nobody else would give him credit, and, as he is able to get what he wants without money he buys many things he does not need, a fashionable bonnet and pair of gaiters for his wife, perhaps, or a gaudy necktie and oroide pin for himself, or other useless articles, and when the crop is shared and sold he finds himself without a dollar and in debt to the planter.

The chief reason why the negroes do not accumulate property is, of course, because they are ignorant and unthrifty, and have been reared in a condition of absolute dependence upon their white masters, who always did the thinking and provided for them. The colored men of the towns, who work at trades, and are much more intelligent and self-reliant than the plantation hands, exhibit as much thrift as white men of the same degree of intelligence. Many own comfortable homes and have deposits in the Freedmen's Savings Bank. They dress themselves and families well, support churches and schools, and appear to be as prosperous as working men generally are in Northern towns. A large proportion of this class show more or less admixture of white blood.

The negroes who inhabit the Sea Islands are the happiest and laziest of the race in South Carolina. It takes but slight exertion to support life there. Game, fish, and oysters abound and a little scratching of the warm soil produces vegetables in abundance. Happy is the darkey who has a cabin, a boat, a corn-field, and a garden-patch on one of these fortunate isles. An hour or two of work in the morning will keep the weeds out of his little plantation and bring food enough from the sea for the day's eating. The rest of the time he can lie in the shade and enjoy, as only a negro can, the perfect luxury of laziness. A prominent lawyer in Charleston, told me that he believed the negroes on the islands and along the coast, now that they are so much removed from the influence of the white men, would soon drift back to barbarism were it not for the mulattoes, who form the connecting link between the negroes and civilization. They are contented with little and that little is easily obtained, so that there is no motive for exertion, because there is little desire for the comforts that greater exertion would bring.

In Charleston, as a rule, the colored people do as well as the white men. Nobody appears to be prospering in that dull, decaying town, and all classes are affected by the general depression of business. Poor as the negroes are, they seldom beg. I saw not a single black beggar in all Charleston, and yet there are no doubt hundreds of negroes in that city who have no very clear idea where to-morrow's dinner is to come from, and who depend upon odd jobs for a living. The industry of the women is noticeable. They wash, sew, work in the vegetable gardens near the city, keep stalls in the market, and sell fruits, candies, cakes, and lemonade on the streets, seated usually upon the sidewalk with their feet in the gutter, and their goods in their laps or spread out by their sides. Many a lazy fellow who hangs about the City Hall steps day after day, waiting for a job of corporation work, is supported by his industrious wife. Most of the mechanics are negroes, but they appear to have no monopoly of any trades or employments. White men and negroes often work together in the same shop, and in the markets compete for custom with the adjoining stalls.

The general condition of the negroes throughout this State cannot be said to be encouraging. The gread difficulty in the way of their prosperity is the distrust and animosity existing between them and the white men, occasioned by political hostility. An intelligent mulatto member of the Legislature argued this to me, a few days ago, with marked good sense. "Neither race can do well," he said, "until harmony and confidence prevail between them. Each is dependent upon the other; but, as the white men have the land and the capital, while we are poor and have nothing but our labor, we suffer the most in consequence of the existing enmity. You must not take my opinions as representing those of many of my race. On the contrary, if they were known I should be unpopular. But I am convinced there must be a change; the colored people cannot rule the white men and exclude them from taking a part in the Government. If they persist in trying to do so there will be great troubles, and the poor negroes will be the sufferers. We must yield something for the sake of peace. Many of my friends insist that we must have a race party and make no compromise. They are crazy for office, and, as the negroes have 30,000 majority in the State, they insist that they should control the government and keep the white men out of office altogether. I am satisfied that this ought not to be done. If the colored people were intelligent and had property, this plan might succeed, but if it should be attempted now there would be anarchy and bloodshed. What our people need is to have friendly relations with the white men, in order to get good wages and steady work. They should not, instead of all, hope to become politicians and try to get office. We can never prosper without a cordial coöperation with the white people, who have the capital with which to employ our labor."

Among the negroes of the upper and middle counties of South Carolina, there is a widespread apprehension of some concerted hostile movement against them on the part of the white men, which may begin at any day. The more intelligent have a definite theory of the character of this supposed plot, and believe that the purpose is to obtain political control of the State by means of a general massacre—a sort of St. Bartholomew affair—to be undertaken by the Ku-Klux and executed in a single night. All colored men who have become influential in politics they believe would be the first victims, and they think that the number killed would be so great as to completely terrorize the survivors, so that they would never again dare to vote against the interests of the white men. This desperate expedient they believe will be the last resort of the white men to free themselves from negro-rule. Before the recent Convention was held, the negroes feared that the murderous crusade was imminent, but now it is believed that the danger is over for the present, and that the movement is postponed until after the next election, when a last effort will be made by the white men to accomplish their purpose by more peaceable means. If they fail, it is thought that the reign of terror will at once begin.

The idea that a system of wholesale murder is to be deliberately organized and put in practice throughout a large part of a State must seem absurd to people who live in peaceable and tolerably well-governed communities, and the fact that the fear of such a thing is entertained by large numbers of people shows how disorganized is the condition of society here in South Carolina. And not only do the negroes fear that they may be the victims of a relentless massacre, but there are intelligent white men who soberly acknowledge the possibility of such an occurrence, expressing themselves usually in this way: "We can't endure this nigger government much longer. No white men would stand it to be ruled by ignorant niggers. Our people are nearly driven to desperation, and a desperate people don't care what they do. We had rather die than live under nigger rule all our lives; and if it can't be got rid of in any other way, something desperate will be done." When one inquires what this something desperate means, it is usually found to be just what the negroes apprehend. The general conclusions I arrive at respecting the condition of the negroes in this State are that the plantation laborers are doing well wherever they are well treated and judiciously managed by the planters; that the mechanics in the towns are industrious and thrifty; that few of any class have saved any money since they became free, partly from lack of judgment and economy, but largely on account of the unsettled and disturbed condition of affairs which keeps the white men, as well as the negroes, poor, and finally, that there can be no prosperity until amicable relations shall be established between the races and the present feeling of hostility shall subside.

THE PRESBYTERIAN GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

A STORMY DEBATE ON THE REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE OF TWENTY-ONE.

CHICAGO, May 30.—In the Presbyterian Assembly, this morning, the report of the Special Committee on the Finances of the Church was read. The report recommends the establishment of a Committee of 15 on Finance and Benevolence, to be located in New-York, and composed of men skilled in the management of financial affairs, and one member additional from each Board, who shall use all proper means to provide a regular and systematic consecration of property to the Lord; supervise the collection of funds for benevolent work; the church to be kept advised by monthly reports of all the benevolent works of each congregation; the Committee to report to the General Assembly, to be disbursed by that body, any moneys given without specified designation. The Assembly enjoins upon churches the practice of a periodical giving to all the causes recommended by the Assembly, and, to carry out this plan, enjoins upon every Presbytery the appointment of a Committee on Benevolence, who shall arrange to give the pastor and session information of the wants of the various charities; pastors to report at stated meetings in what manner the directions and recommendations of this subject have been complied with, the Standing Committees to report semi-annually to the Committee on Benevolence and Finance. Churches not complying with the directions of the Assembly will not be aided by church funds.

The Rev. Mr. Edwards spoke at great length against the board system, and charged that Presbyterians had adopted Congregational methods and were working in Congregational harness. He claimed that the boards governed the Assembly. The secretaries virtually created membership in the boards by their power to make nominations. Their influence manufactured public opinion. Pastors have been settled, unsettled, and prevented from settling to favor the plans of the secretaries. The boards which were threatening to become numerous, were full of mischievous tendencies, and their effects were beginning to be felt. The time had come for the Assembly and not the secretaries to nominate boards. He advocated the recommitment of the whole subject to be reported on next year.

Considerable excitement ensued, degenerating into a wrangle, in which unparliamentary language was freely used. A motion to table the whole subject was decided out of order. An appeal was then taken, and the decision sustained.

Judge Allison of Philadelphia characterized the speech of Dr. Edwards as a wholesale bill of indictment without an atom of proof.

Dr. Edwards replied that he would prove all he said, and more, too.

Judge Allison continued at some length, pronouncing the part of the report of the Committee of Twenty-one, in relation to the High Commission as abhorrent to the spirit of the Church. Several Assemblies might adopt it, but the Presbyteries would not. Rebellion would be the cry from the moment of its adoption. He advocated the substitute offered by the Special Committee of Five.

After more confusion and calls to order, the Rev. Mr. Musgrave obtained the floor. He thought the control of the treasury would interfere with the specific work of the Boards. He was old, and soon to pass away, but must raise his voice of warning. He hoped no apple of discord would be cast to disturb the unity, peace, and harmony of the Church.

A motion to recommit was tabled by a large majority. The previous question was then called, and the report adopted.

The report of the Special Committee on the Memorial Fund was presented and showed that $7,607,499 91 had been contributed, besides more than $2,000,000 which had been given for objects not belonging properly within the list. The report was adopted. Resolutions were then passed congratulating and continuing the Committee another year.

At the afternoon session, the report of the Committee on Ministerial Installations was amended so as to provide for the election by the Assembly of the Secretary of the Supervising Committee, and it was then adopted. The subject of Home Missions was then taken up, and it was recommended that the old Board be perpetuated. A resolution was offered and tabled, directing that the Board of Home Missions inquire into the expediency of changing the location of the Board from New-York to some other city. After hearing a memorial from the Synod of Cincinnati, regarding the Christian Union, the Assembly adjourned.

DECORATION DAY.

YESTERDAY'S CEREMONIES.

AT THE CEMETERIES—PARADES AND SPEECHES—MEMORIAL MEETING AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC—ADDRESSES BY WM. M. EVARTS, DR. TYNG, AND DR. THOMPSON—THE DAY ELSEWHERE.

"The stormy clangor
Of wild War's music o'er the earth shall cease;
Love shall tread out the baleful fire of anger,
And in its ashes plant the tree of peace!"

The observance of Decoration Day, not being required by the statutes of the law-makers, is nevertheless fixed undoubtedly for all the years to come as a voluntary popular tribute to the memory of the fallen brave. As a tribute, it must be more effective because of its very spontaneousness. In the most appropriate manner—quietly, with a seriousness far from gloom, with flowers in profusion, and with music and orations—the soldier dead of New-York were honored, yesterday, by a very large representation from a warm-hearted, prosperous, and grateful people. The Government offices and many other places of business were closed, flags were displayed at half-mast, and greater concourses visited the several cemeteries than at any other time are ever seen at the places of the dead. If the thought most prominent in the minds of the people who cling to the custom of observing this day could have been exactly expressed yesterday it would certainly have been heard in a single, universal, heaven-reaching voice of protest against war, which makes so many graves. And, of course, the women, who with reason share most largely in this feeling, comprised far more than half of those in attendance yesterday at the various commemorative services and ceremonies of the day, the observance of which has been rendered the more general and creditable on account of their influence and the carrying out of plans in great measure devised and controlled by themselves.

The weather yesterday would have been all that could be desired but for the extraordinary range of the thermometer. It was so hot that people were led to question whether Decoration Day might not better be put back a month in the calendar. The tide of business in Wall-st. was rendered quite sluggish on account of the absence of so many who observed the day. The Stock Exchange was closed by adjournment at 1 p. m.; the Gold Board at noon, and the Petroleum and Naval Store Boards and various other Exchanges adjourned early. The United States District Court adjourned soon after opening.

THE PARADE IN NEW-YORK.

Union-square was a center of attraction in the morning. At 10 o'clock a large portion of the men and vehicles destined to take part in the procession were gathered there. The Decoration Tent that has stood so long at the south entrance of the Park, was filled with a lively throng of soldiers, while all about it were clustered the flowers that had been presented for the occasion. The shady sidewalks and the windows overlooking the square were filled with spectators. Several large American flags were displayed from the tops of the houses, that on Tiffany's store being at half-mast. On the west side, in front of the Spingler House were the orphan boys and girls who were to join the procession. The "Lady Washington," drawn by six horses, contained boys in military gray suits. The "Gen. Washington" was filled with girls in white, with white hats trimmed with blue and pink ribbons. The leading omnibus bore a blue flag inscribed "Union Home and School for Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphans." Behind the large vehicles were three ordinary omnibuses containing boys, and three with girls, beside a large express wagon full of boys. Two wagons containing floral gifts were drawn up under the trees beside the Park.

On the north of the Park groups of veterans were gathered in the shade. Many bore medals and other decorations. Several old tattered flags, tied with crape at the top—some of them mere clusters of ribbons—were carried in one line, and attracted much attention.

Inside the Park the musicians were seated on the grass, and several "Posts" gathered behind their new banners. The most of the "Posts" were gathered on the east side, ready for the order to march. Here, too, was a Transfer Company wagon, beautifully decorated with flowers. The sides were draped with black velvet ornamented with white stars. At the four corners were plaster vases filled with flowers. In the center was a larger vase elevated on a white pedestal, the intermediate space being filled with flower-pots. Just before the time of starting, a Union Express wagon—the same used for President Lincoln's catafalque—came up to the tent, drawn by twelve fine black horses, with white cord reins. The remaining flower-pots were placed in this wagon; and now all was in readiness.

Gen. James McQuade, Grand Marshal, gathered his aids in front of the tent. At 11 o'clock the bugle sounded for the starting of the procession, which began at once to move down Broadway in the following order:

Platoon of Police.
The Grand Marshal and his Staff.
The Governor's Island Band.
A Company of Hawkins Zouaves.
Veteran Colored Soldiers, including members of Skidmore Guard.
Express wagon draped with black velvet, carrying flowers.

Comrade Benns, Post Koltes, No. 32	170
Comrade Wm. H. Oliver, Post Weed, No. 91	30
Comrade H. Powell, Post Dahlgren, No. 113	50
Comrade Ira A. Whitman, Post Sedgwick, No. 11	55
Comrade Joseph McDonald, Post James Miller, No. 76	36
Comrade Felix Vanderburg, Post Winthrop, No. 23	25
Comrade Samuel Minnes, Post Sumner, No. 24	72
Comrade H. H. Schureman, Post Isaac L. Stevens, No. 36	40
Comrade John S. Dingwall, Post Cameron, No. 79	50
Comrade Jacobs, Post No. 38	60
Comrade James Demarest, Post Phil Kearny, No. 8	65

Wagon, drawn by 12 horses, carrying flowers.
Three wagons filled with disabled soldiers—one of them having 79th N. Y. Veterans.
Eight stages containing orphans.
Eight wagons carrying flowers.
Ten carriages filled with ladies and gentlemen.

There were few decorations on Broadway, and the walks were not much crowded. At several points the tattered flags elicited applause. There were flags at half-mast on the City Hall and other public buildings.

When the procession reached Trinity Church, all passed on except Post Phil. Kearny, the members of which stopped to decorate that General's grave. The Whitsuntide services were interrupted by Dr. Vinton to enable the congregation to take part in this ceremony. At the grave the choir sang the hymn, "Brief life is our portion here," and the committee laid their flowers upon the mound. The Rev. Dr. Ogilby addressed the Assembly, and afterward, at his request, the monuments of Lieut. Percival Drayton and Capt. Lawrence were also decorated. Post Kearny then rejoined their comrades at South Ferry, and all crossed the river and moved toward the cemeteries.

MEETING AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The observances of the day were appropriately terminated, last evening, by memorial services, conducted under the auspices of the Grand Army of the Republic, at the Academy of Music. Notwithstanding the heat, the house was well filled. Among the prominent persons on the stage were Gens. McDowell, Barnum, Cochrane, Davis, and Barnard; Cols. Marshall, Burtis, McDonald, and Willis; Capt. Gibbons, the Rev. Dr. Tyng, the Rev. Dr. Thompson, and the Rev. Dr. Kendrick. The audience was very enthusiastic, and the stirring remarks of the speakers evoked great applause. The Governor's Island Band furnished appropriate music.

At 8 o'clock the meeting was called to order and Gen. Irwin McDowell was named as the presiding officer. The Rev. Dr. Kendrick offered prayer, and the Grand Army of the Republic Glee Club sang a quartette and chorus entitled "Grand Army." "The Raising of the Flag" was then recited by Wm. H. Pope, who was recalled at its conclusion, and recited a poem entitled "You have put no flowers on my Papa's grave."

Gen. McDowell then made a brief address, introducing at its close the Hon. Wm. M. Evarts. He said:

SPEECH OF GEN. M'DOWELL.

Shortly after the close of our last war, a large army passed through Washington. The victorious Chief, pointing out to the President of the United States the long column of men which filled Pennsylvania-ave. from side to side and from the Capitol to the Treasury, said: "Mr. President, for every man that you see there now in the full vigor of life, for every man who has been a veteran and who has marched through State after State and from one battle to another, for every such man another lies dead under the ground: for those 70,000 men there, there are 70,000 others under the sod." You may see where they lie in our great National cemeteries, in companies, regiments, brigades, and divisions, a sight which you shall see nowhere else in the world. For, if there is something of patriotism, something of sentiment in our national cemeteries, there is also another thing exclusively American. In other lands you have bronze columns, triumphal arches, statues to the martyrs and the heroes, to symbolize the armies they fought with; but nowhere else will you see that care, that thoughtful consideration of men who filled the ranks, as you will see it in this whole land. [Applause.] The war is over, and many there are who think that nothing should be done that in any way whatsoever will tend to keep alive the bitter passions which that war necessarily produced. I think this is eminently true, and that twice, yes, ten, yes, a hundred times more should be done for the living than for the dead; but if we give our 364 days of the year to peace, to binding up the wounds caused by the war, we certainly may give one day in commemoration to those who died that the nation might live. The Society has been eminently successful in having secured to address you this evening one of the most distinguished, one of the most eminent, and one of the most honored of his profession. I beg to introduce, therefore, the Hon. Wm. M. Evarts. [Applause.]

ADDRESS OF MR. EVARTS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I am sure that when your Committee a few days ago did me the honor to ask that I would take some part in the closing hours of this graceful and grateful tribute of the people—saved in all that they valued most by the sacrifice of the dead, and the valor, too, of their living companions—I, if I could claim any part of an American's feelings, and an American's duty, could not decline the proffered service. I should, indeed, have hesitated much, if I had thought that any part of the interest or of the impression of this occasion was to depend upon me; but I know that on such celebrations as this it is the dead that speak by whatever living lips breath is given to their utterance; and that the eloquence of no living eulogist can now speak the eloquence of these commemorative lives, whose fame has brought us together to pay this tribute to their memory.

I don't know how it can be supposed that any thoughts, however graceful, or any words, however well chosen, can compete with that fragrant tribute of a bright and cheerful gift of flowers upon the grave of the soldier which this commemoration provides as the nation's mode of recording its gratitude and preserving their fame, and yet, to a reasoning and thoughtful people as you, the survivors, are in this commemoration, and as the brave men who fell in the field were in the motives which led them to their great sacrifices, it is never out of place to recall, briefly, to be sure, some of the principal traits of the great struggle, some of the principal features in their great conduct that make us proud of our countrymen who have fallen, proud of our country that is saved.

The war was the war of an intelligent, upright, and honest people, who were fighting for what they owned, and for what they valued. It was their country, the country of all of us, and a country which all found suitable to their hopes, suitable to their love. We do not admit that though this war in which these deaths have occurred was a civil war. We do not admit that those who fell fighting for the flag and to uphold the Government of the United States, are not entitled to the great praise and the great gratitude which attends those who have fallen in battle for their country; however other civil strifes may divide the combatants, so that some fight for the Commonwealth, for the empire, or for royalty, or for the Republic, our soldiers fell fighting for the United States, its flag, its government, their and our country. [Applause.] The opposing hosts, whatever valor they have shown, must submit to this final criticism, that they died in a lost and failing Rebellion; and whoever seeks to keep alive their name, and call it fame, seeks to keep alive the name and the credit of the Rebellion. [Applause.]

But we are not to be told, Mr. President, that those of us who honor the graves of the soldiers, who fell for their country are keeping alive civil strife, or maintaining divisions, except that division that must always be maintained between those who love their country and defend it, and those who attack and would despoil it. [Applause.] Now, all who fought in this war fought not by the command, not to sustain the interests, not to maintain the glory of any men or any set of men. They fought for the country in which all were equal, all had an equal share. A personal patriotism, a personal duty, a personal honor, formed their motives and led their steps to the battle, and laid low by battle the dead Americans. And how great is that country of which it can be truly said that the heroic dead, counted by hundreds of thousands, as we who survive them, are all honored Americans. What country can be greater than that in which all know and feel that it is the common manhood of the whole people that we thus celebrate and pay our homage to, as heroism. Coming from this war, too, who is there but feels that whatever may have been the sufferings, and they were plentiful enough, whoever may have been the sufferers, and they were numerous enough, from grief and wounds and hunger and pain, and, finally, in the death of those they left; yet as the result of the war, though suffering is left by this affliction, by no fault of the United States, the population in revolt and subdued by our triumph of arms has not been robbed or curtailed in a single right, in a single privilege, in a single faculty, in a single prospect of equal honor and prosperity with ourselves; and we ourselves, maintaining our Government, all its institutions complete, untouched, uncontaminated, find all that has been accomplished really is this, that, whereas, there was occasion of strife, and cause of weakness and sense of shame from the presence of an institution foreign to freedom and its enemy, the war has wiped all of this shame and stain from our escutcheon, and our shield is now wholly inscribed with the names and the hopes of Liberty. [Applause.] Whenever was there a civil war in which this was the result, that no part of the nation had triumphed over any other part of the nation in the sense of subjugation of an inferior force, that they did not impress upon them the fact that they had triumphed over an evil which called for this mode of sacrifice and success. [Applause.] And when was there a nation before rent with civil war counting its sacrifices by hundreds of thousands of slain and millions and millions of treasure poured into the lap of war that was more attractive to all the nations than it was before the war. Yet this is our bright our noble history; and it is for such a state that these men determined not to be robbed of their country, and died bravely on the field of battle.

And now through the length and breadth of this land of ours, smiling and peaceful again because our soldiers were patriotic and could die for their country, we need an ever active, ever diffused and ever growing public spirit that shall give the curb to party zeal. Let us all be Americans, all love our country, and have our patriotism an every-day matter with us for the service of that country. I do not know. I cannot trust my own observations or my own reflections, but I have understood that one great point in the failure and misfortunes of France in her great struggle with an enemy so powerful was that her people, her soldiers, had lost the passion and the wish to die upon the battle-field, and when a nation is brought to that, it is at the mercy of a cold, resolute public spirit, willing to die upon that field, for that is the last and final test of war. Let us then see to it; let us feel that so long as we preserve the enthusiasm which leads to our celebration to-day, which animates you to-night towards the dead of the last war, we shall never fail in any future struggle for the right. [Great applause.]

After singing by the children of the Union Home and School, who were marched upon the stage for that purpose, the Chairman introduced the Rev. Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, jr., who spoke as follows:

SPEECH OF THE REV. DR. S. H. TYNG.

The character of the present meeting is a commemoration. It is an assembly for the affectionate and grateful remembrance of the faithful men who have departed in the service of their country, and of the honored survivors who are still living. It recalls the history and character of 500,000 valued citizens whose bodies are slumbering in the dust. It arrays in a roll of living honor an equal number still abiding amid the cares, the toils, and the duties of earth. And it gives to this two-fold assembly the exalted title of the Grand Army of the Republic. As such, and in this corporate character and common relation, we are met, to pay the just and honorable tribute which the citizens and the nation owe to them, and on this day purpose annually to express.

It recalls to me the thought, and it impresses that thought upon my mind—How much this country owes to this noble and honored army. It is an interesting fact in national history, that the army of a nation is the index and illustration of its character; I might almost say, is a compendium of its history. The several armies of the nations of Europe illustrate most remarkably the discriminate character of those nations; and England and Germany, France and Spain, are really living in their principles and exhibited in their specific influence in the character and operations of their several armies, in and after the warfare by which they have been proved. This discriminating fact is equally true of this country. This nation is not yet an hundred years old, and we have had four wars and four armies of the republic. Their influence upon our National history has been most remarkable—in the principles which they have established, and in the personal results which they have produced. They have all been wars of indispensable national defense, and they have all resulted in the triumphant acquisition of national power, the enlargement of national territory, and the exaltation of national honor.

Eight years of patient warfare in the bitterness of much inevitable suffering, gave us a country, a free and independent country. Three years of persevering warfare by land and sea gave us a free ocean, and an honored navy throughout the world. Two years of sharp, incisive contest in the Mexican war gave us a free possession—our grand Pacific Coast—room in which our posterity may dwell, under the same equal and honored laws, for generations to come, and make our land the highway of the nations, in all the lines of imperial commerce. Four years of solemn, earnest, conscientious warfare, have given us a free nation, to be henceforth, forever, unbroken, and forever respected and feared, as well as loved and reverenced among the nations of the earth. Now, as we look back upon these four defensive wars, and contemplate the dignity the importance of their results—not to ourselves only, but to the whole history of the world—who shall dare to say, that they have cost us too much, in life or treasure, in sacrifice or suffering, for the good which they have accomplished for man, or for the advance which they have made in the civilization of the earth? In their direct influence upon our own national history, that four wars have given us eight Presidents—men called out, made by the very influence and experience of this preceding warfare.

The war of our Revolution gave us Washington. The army made him, gave him his opportunity, and developed his wonderful commanding character, as the Father of his country. The war of 1812 gave us Jackson and Harrison, the heroes of New-Orleans and Tippecanoe. The Mexican war brought Taylor and Pierce, to the Presidential chair. And the last war for the nation's life called forth that wondrous man, Abraham Lincoln, whose name will be second to none among our posterities forever, and made Grant, the unquestionable choice of a grateful and confiding nation, whose confidence in his integrity was absolute, and whose experience of his immovable purpose was satisfying and complete.

But I will dwell no longer upon the memories of days and men long gone by, whose names, and deeds, and glory, and influence, and attainments, are as fresh and loving to-day as they were in the seasons of our childhood and youth. I turn with thankfulness and pride to unite in commemorating the last Grand Army of the Republic. To illustrate its deeds and character and influence we are especially assembled this night. I have suggested as the thought which I desire to illustrate—How much the country owes to this honored and effective army! I may give a summary, a table of contents I have no time to enlarge widely upon the varied and extensive theme.

1. We owe to them a most triumphant close of a bitter and violent warfar, and all the honor and peace which have resulted from that victorious termination of the

See Eighth Page.