THE SOUTH.

Reports of the Special Correspondents of the Herald.

Progress of Reconstruction in South Carolina.

Rebel Sentiments in Alabama and Mississippi.

Effect of Mr. Stanbery's Opinion in Louisiana.

AFFAIRS IN ARKANSAS AND TEXAS.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE HERALD.

The Crops in South Carolina—General Sickles and the President—Petition of Citizens to Retain Him—Political Movements—Republican Meeting to be Held—The Recent Duel.

CHARLESTON, June 24, 1867.

Just now the weather and the crops are the greatest subjects of interest. The heavy rains for several days past, it is feared, will be a serious drawback if not positive injury to cotton. The previous dry, warm days and nights, had brought the plants to a healthy condition, and some had already come out in bloom. Should it clear up soon, however, a little extra labor will bring the plants out all right again.

The abundant supply of vegetables and early fruits has afforded fortunate relief to much of the wide-spread distress and threatened starvation throughout the State. The brisk business in fruits and vegetables sent to New York and Charleston has also been of good service to the city. The yield of early Irish potatoes has been uncommonly large and fine. They retail here at ten cents per quart measure. Peaches and watermelons are also coming in freely, the former selling at fifteen and twenty cents a dozen, the latter at twenty-five cents a melon.

General Scott, Assistant Commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau, is gradually diminishing the number of government rations issued in the country, and thinks the prospect good for a still greater reduction than is now being made. The esteem in which General Scott is held by nearly all classes, for the fair and impartial manner in which he has discharged his duties, and his efforts among the freedmen, have no doubt led to the report that he would be the candidate for Congress from this district. The General, however, does not claim to be a citizen of South Carolina, and I am informed by some of his most intimate friends that he has been applied to to run as a candidate for Congress for Toledo, Ohio, the General's native place.

Strange as it may appear, the publication at this late day of Attorney General Stanbery's opinion as to the power and actions of the district commanders is regarded here as peculiarly ill-timed and unfortunate. Most of General Sickles' measures have met popular approval, and the public mind had become settled into a cheerful, ready acquiescence with his orders. It was hoped by all that President Johnson would attempt no more coups or no more conflicts with Congress. It is believed that General Sickles will resign, but no thought is entertained that his resignation will be accepted. Already a memorial numerously signed by the most prominent citizens has been forwarded to Washington, praying for his retention.

At the opening of the June term of the Court of General Sessions, on Monday, 17th inst., the radical friends of the newly enfranchised citizens endeavored to stop proceedings until a new jury list was made and the jury drawn in accordance with General Sickles' order requiring the names of all taxpaying citizens, irrespective of color, to be placed in the lists. The difficulty, which at the time created some excitement, was, however, amicably settled, as will appear by the following letter of Judge Moses to General Sickles:—

Major General DANIEL E. SICKLES, United States Army:—

GENERAL—The Sheriff has submitted to me a letter to him from General Clitz of this date. I ask leave respectfully to bring to your attention the difficulties which exist in regard to the observance of paragraph 2, of your Order No. 32, so far as relates to the present term of the court in Charleston. Under the laws in South Carolina providing for the drawing and empanelling of juries, it is required that they be drawn at the preceding term to sit for the term next, and they must be drawn by the clerk and sheriff in the presence of the presiding judge; should the latter, by indisposition or other cause, be prevented from attending, the two other officers, with the aid of a magistrate, may draw the jury. It will thus appear to you that as your Order was a general one, and supposed to have a prospective operation, and did not in any particular change the manner of drawing and summoning juors, it will be impossible, under it, to carry out what is manifestly your purpose. A judge in South Carolina has only power to order an extra court in one contingency, and that is if the business of the term cannot be accomplished in the time prescribed by law. Of course, therefore an extra court cannot be ordered until the last week of the term, and then only in the event that undisposed cases remain on the dockets. With the view, therefore, of preventing any obstruction to the administration of justice, which otherwise must now arise, allow me to suggest that the court at this time proceed with the jurors already summoned. I will pass such orders at an early day of the session as will provide for a jury in conformity with your order for the next term. Yours, very respectfully, F. J. MOSES.

HEADQUARTERS, SECOND MILITARY DISTRICT, CHARLESTON, S. C., June 18, 1867.

The circumstances set forth in the communication of Judge Moses show that it has been impracticable to revise the jury lists in compliance with General Order No. 32 in time for the present term of this court.

Paragraph 2, of General Order No. 32, is, therefore, suspended in its application to the present term of the Court of Common Pleas and General Sessions for the city of Charleston, and the jurors for said term may be empanelled as heretofore provided by law. By command of

Major General DANIEL E. SICKLES.

J. W. CLOUS, Captain Thirty-eighth Infantry, A. A. A. General.

General Scott has issued the following circular to officers and agents of the Freedmen's Bureau and to citizens generally, in reference to the registration of freedmen:—

CIRCULAR LETTER.

HEADQUARTERS, ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER, BUREAU OF REFUGEES, FREEDMEN AND ABANDONED LANDS, CHARLESTON, S. C., June 19, 1867.

The attention of officers and agents of this Bureau is hereby called to the provisions of section two of the act of Congress entitled "An act to continue in force and to amend an act to establish a bureau for the relief of freedmen and refugees, and for other purposes."

This section makes it the duty of officers and agents of the Bureau to use judiciously every means at their disposal for disseminating such information among the freedmen as will enable them, and, as far as possible, induce them, to avail themselves of all rights and privileges conferred upon them by the late act of Congress entitled "An act to provide for the more efficient government of the rebel states," and the act supplementary thereto.

The exercise of the privilege, as well as duty, of registration, by all freedmen properly qualified, is of the first importance.

Officers of the Bureau will, therefore, at all times, advise and encourage such registration. For this purpose the various assemblages of the freedmen should be taken advantage of; but, it is especially cautioned that such meetings be not encouraged except at such time and places as will not materially interfere with the labors of the people and the cultivation of the crops.

The efforts of designing persons, on the one part, to impede the registration of the freedmen, as well as of such as by injudicious advice would raise unwarrantable expectations on their part of future assistance from the government, thereby encouraging idleness and neglect of the crops, will be thwarted as far as possible by personal influence and counsel.

It is hoped by the Assistant Commissioner that all good citizens will see the importance of the freed people being properly informed upon all subjects relating to their enfranchisement, and will join with the officers and agents of this Bureau in giving such information and advising such action as will enable this State at the earliest day to resume its former status in the general government.

A great mass meeting of freedmen is to be held at Green Pond, about thirty miles from the city. The meeting is to be addressed by General Scott, Rev. Mr. French, and some prominent citizens, among them, it is reported, Lieutenant Governor W. D. Porter, William Whaley, and others. The place of meeting is on the line of the Charleston and Savannah Railroad.

ALABAMA AND MISSISSIPPI.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE HERALD.

Through Midland Alabama and Mississippi—Feeling of the Original Secessionists—All They Want is their Rights Under the Constitution—Discontent Renewed by Stanbery's Opinion—The Crops.

JACKSON, MISS., June 23, 1867.

From northern Georgia—where nobody seems to be aware that the war is over, and that certain issues which have been debated with the arguments of loud mouthed artillery and the pointed logic of bayonets are now settled—the traveller passes, by way of Sherman's campaigning ground, into the midland counties of Alabama, the incorrigible, and lands, after a jaunt of twelve tedious hours, at Montgomery. As one moves southward, sometimes through interminable swamp lands, haunted with the fumes of miasma and the imps of fever, and sometimes crawling past plantations at the rate of a dozen miles per hour, the foliage becomes more and more dense; deep jungles of tangled and seemingly impenetrable undergrowth droop over drowsy and stagnant lakelets, and tall forests of magnolias, like hanging flower gardens, load the breezeless atmosphere with odors whose sweetness, from its very intensity, is sickening and oppressive, until at last every tree, bearded with hoary moss, looks like a harper hoar in old days when harpers wore whiskers in full, or a Druid of old, or a gray whiskered Bedouin who permits his beard to grow at full length because there are no barbers in "Araby the blest." Everywhere the soil manifests a fecundity unknown in more bleak and northern latitudes, and when unsubdued by the hand of toil springs up in fantastic and goblin growth, somewhat as an Arab's fancy weaves webs of fairy tales, or spins whole skeins of tangled and impossible romance. With its wonderful fecundity, the first question a Yankee would be likely to ask himself, in passing through the midland counties of the Gulf States, would be the query that a people could be proprietors of a country of such vast capability and latent resources, and make so little of it in the way of real wealth; for the truth is, in making the journey through central Alabama and Mississippi, one seems to be whirling at railroad speed through a land where nobody is aware that it is later in the history of the world than the fifteenth century.

The people in the provincial counties here have heard of the emancipation proclamation—though they still insist that one Alabamian or Mississippian can easily worst five Yankees, and, like Falstaff with his men in buckram, they persist in fighting over and over again their Quixotic confederate battles, insisting that Yankees are but windmills in war, and that though the knights of swamp and plantation have been outnumbered they are not defeated. Were it not a matter of serious consequence it would be amusing—the way the true secessionist labors to demonstrate that what is is not, and that what is not, is. Ask him point blank whether he is willing to accept the issue, and he answers in the affirmative quickly enough—adding, however, that as to admitting that the negro is his social equal he is just as far from it as ever. Nor is it possible to convince him that citizenship, with its equal rights before the law, is one thing, and social equality quite another. Among the more sensible and influential classes in Virginia and North Carolina something like a dim comprehension of the issues involved in the admission of the negro to the right of suffrage is manifested; but in Alabama and Mississippi seventy-five per cent of the whole white population are just as little resigned to the new order of things as they were or would have been in 1860. Considerable sullenness and apathy prevail, and but that there might be danger in omitting to be registered, not three per cent of the white population here would take the slightest part in the administration of public affairs. The thread of argument generally adopted, is that the Yankees have done their worst, that their negroes have been taken from them without compensation and made their political equals, and that unless a general system of confiscation and division is adopted, nothing more to humiliate them can be done than has been done already. It is that dread of confiscation, like Hamlet's dread of something after death, that causes some little anxiety to reconstruct to be manifested by the true Mississippian; and, deliver him from this ever present danger, and nothing would prevent him from embarrassing every measure of the government to the utmost. The Mississippi secessionist is quiet because the dread of confiscation haunts him, but not because, like the Virginian, he has had enough of it and prefers to "shake hands and be friends." Nothing is more common than to accuse the government most bitterly of a want of magnanimity towards them. "We are conquered," says the Mississippi secessionist, "and now give us our constitutional rights and we will be satisfied," which means, being interpreted, since we cannot get out of the Union we will stay in it, provided we are guaranteed all the rights which belonged to us before we forfeited them by trying to get out.

I have heard this argument in substance over and over again; though no secessionist ever admits that he has any intention of rebelling a second time. And, since the promulgation of Attorney General Stanbery's opinion, so far as talk is concerned, all parties have suddenly become remarkably audacious. Whereas, formerly, the complaint was that the military commanders in the several departments were invested with arbitrary and despotic powers, it is now gravely contended that they have no powers at all, and are all liable to be called to account under the law for illegal exercise of discretion is removal, and expectations are entertained among the more sanguine of the immediate removal of Sheridan, who is, to the Southern perception, the representative of the Congressional idea. The majority of the people here would be glad to see Sheridan removed, or his order modified even at the risk of a July meeting of Congress—arguing generally, as they argue, that something might possibly be gained in the scramble of a renewed quarrel between Congress and the Executive, though many of the better informed agree that they have nothing to expect from a special session of Congress, except more stringent and unequivocal codes of reconstruction, including probably the item of confiscation and division, either general or special. Officials appointed by military authority generally sit uneasily in their seats, owing to the opinion of Mr. Stansbery to the effect that their sitting at all is illegal, and, in many cases, resignations are being sent in. In fact, if there ever has been any quiet submission on the part of the people here, that feeling of submission has been utterly dissipated by recent events, and general demoralization has taken the place of comparative acquiescence and cooperation. The *rationale* of the matter is simple. A month ago the military authorities were unquestionably obeyed, because none dared to risk the question of their legal right to demand and enforce obedience; but now none are so poor as to render shoulder-strap men an outward reverence, and personal discontent has followed upon the heels of comparative quiet and resignation.

There is no mistaking the import of this general exultation over the opinion of Mr. Stanbery. If Sheridan and Pope are removed, the removal will be interpreted as a concession; if any displaced officials are reinstated the rebel element will have gained a triumph, and unless the Attorney General's opinions are immediately nullified there can be no quiet administration of affairs under the military authority. The result is easily apprehended. The reconstruction of the South, so far as it relates to the sentiments of the people in General Pope's department, has been retarded six months by the disquietude occasioned by the opinion of the President's legal adviser, and there is no remedy except in more stringent measures, perhaps, than are included within the scope of the present programme. Were there no apprehension of this and of a special session of Congress it is quite possible that the authorities might be set at defiance by the more rampant, and a general system of civil disorder inaugurated. Certainly there is every disposition on the part of the people here to embarrass the workings of the military government to any admissible extent, and that extent is only to be limited by the limit of legal impunity.

The business of registration has begun and is progressing slowly, the general proportion of negroes to whites being about three to one. It is generally admitted, even by the most sanguine conservatives that the radicals—and every negro is a radical—will carry every one of the Gulf States, sweeping the whole territory from Georgia to Texas, and that there is no sound discretion in endeavoring to prevent it except by fraud or violence, both of which are dangerous and impracticable. With the result of the elections, therefore, the opinions promulgated can make no practical difference. In fact, the general sentiment is that nothing can be effected by opposition or by insisting upon Mr. Stanbery's interpretation save tumult and conflicts of jurisdiction, without any substantial alteration in the general results; and most of the agitation is from sheer desperation and ill nature, and not from any hope of modifying appreciably or more than temporarily the rigidity of military rule.

Than the prospects of the crops for this season nothing could be more promising, both as regards the staples of wheat and corn, of which both Alabama and Mississippi have planted unusual quantities, and as regards the staple of cotton, of which less has been planted than in 1866; and I have heard dozens of planters in this vicinity gravely contend that by raising a great deal of corn and wheat and little cotton, it was possible to embarrass the finances of the North, and, perhaps, by trading little, except in the way of domestic barter, to contribute to bring about the panic for which all secessionists are patiently hoping and waiting. At present the condition of affairs here is rather anomalous in point of business organizations. Money is scarce, and yet prices are far in advance of the New York market, though it must be admitted that dealers here are not over particular about the genuineness of the currency they receive, and counterfeit fractional currency is the rule rather than the exception. Nobody refuses a fifty cent stamp because it happens to be counterfeit, and nobody hesitates to pass it for the same reason; and this is especially true of the smaller towns along the route. One pays twenty-five cents for a cigar in Mississippi, which might be bought of any itinerant vendor on City Hall square for three cents, and a bad bargain at that; of lemons two are bought for twenty-five cents, and, as to other small matters, one may ruin himself financially by endeavoring to provide himself respectably with soap, toothbrushes and other necessary articles of toilet. One may pay a dollar and a half for a breakfast of corn bread and bacon, with rye coffee, and get all in infinitesimal quantities; and as to Southern railroads, it seems to be a rule to take no fares of less than five dollars for any distance. Running over a cow or a pig and a consequent jolt from the track are daily occurrences, and in one case, on the Southside road, all hands, myself among the rest, were tipped off the track and the car utterly demolished, and no reason could be found or assigned for it, except that the track was rough and the car simply jolted off. Nobody was more than bruised, and after some considerable ado and a second train was made up, and the poor, heartsick passengers were again swinging uneasily across deep gorges, every one of which suggested a possible expedition to Dante's "Inferno." On the evening of June 18, I spent another six hours in a Mississippi swamp for no other reason than that a stray cow had taken into her head to make a fight against the train which was crawling along at the rate of ten miles per hour and shrieking at small intervals. Aboard the train there was not even a jack screw, and so, passengers alternately assisting and swearing, trees were cut down and transfered from the swamp to the scene of accident, and, after three hours of prying, the train was again gotten upon the rails and, at snail's pace, the engine dragged on its burden of discontented freight.

And thus, after a tedious jaunt, sleepy, perspiring and morose, all hands were set down in the morning at Jackson, whence I write.

LOUISIANA.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE HERALD.

Reconstruction in the Crescent City—Secessionists on General Sheridan's Letter—Not Matter, But Manner—Breakers in the Way of Reconstruction—Louisiana Politics and Rebel Speculations.

NEW ORLEANS, June 25, 1867.

Seditious feeling seems to have been stirred up anew by the recent letter of General Sheridan to General Grant, animadverting upon the order of the President and asking for instruction, and no ordinary degree of bitterness of discussion prevails in circles from loungers at the corner to more aristocratic loungers at first class hotels. Officeholders under the United States are generally jubilant over the independence of the commandant of the department and condemn the opinions of Attorney General Stanbery, in radical parlance the minion of Mr. Johnson, in no measured terms, predicting a July session of Congress and an interpretation of the law by that body which cannot be mistaken, if not a removal of the Executive; while generally the original secessionists regard the affair as a reopening of the reconstruction controversy, in which, amid the general scramble, something may or may not be gained by them in the way of concession from the one party or the other; and to gain that something—the point of getting back into the Union with some vestige of political power in their hands—they are willing that the business of reconstruction should be delayed indefinitely. The apathy to which the more bitter had betaken themselves, has for the nonce disappeared, and the question whether the people of the South will not sustain the President rather than that restoration should be further postponed is anxiously debated, some arguing that the North has had quite enough both of campaigning and diplomacy, and that it is possible, by a Fabian policy, in which everything is left undone, to worry the North into an admission of the Southern States upon terms of their own dictation. Confiscation they profess to regard as a legal impossibility, a contravention of the constitution and a policy in the exercise of which the people would on no conditions back up the enacted statutes of the legislative body. Still, the fear of attempted confiscation, like the ghost of Von Euslen, haunts their uneasy slumbers, and that which they profess to regard as a mere grasshopper in the brain of Thad Stevens, constitutes nearly the sole reason why the agitators of the Crescent City are as quiet and subdued in their murmurings as they really are, roaring unto each other as gently as the player of the lion in the "Mid Summer Night's Dream."

With the single exception of the *Times*, the New Orleans papers are ominously reticent, so far as any opinions upon the subject are concerned, though, being the official organ of the city, that paper must of course be counted as a very accurate exponent of the general sentiment. The *Times* of this morning, however, treats the subject in a style of ground and lofty syntax, censuring the General with most rhetorical severity, and leaving no syllogism of Whately, and no linguistic device of Blair and Quackenbos unemployed, by way of wedding the loftiest indignation to the loftiest and most Macaulayan diction. After complimenting General Sheridan on the brilliancy of his military career, by way of carrying out the Longinian principle of effective contrast, the writer proceeds with a sermonoid which might easily have been the offspring of a post-prandial reverie of the great growler, the Boswell ridden Dr Johnson. The article concludes by advising a Mexicanization of the United States.

Whatever may have been the acts of General Sheridan as commander of this military department, whether he may have been indiscreet in word or deed, the cause of reconstruction would suffer by his removal and even by the modification of his orders, either of which would be interpreted as a certain concession on the part of the government to the factious clamor and discontent of the opposition. The New Orleans secessionist makes no objection so far as the removal of Governor Wells is concerned, or at least professes to make no objection. And here is interpolated a subtle distinction—a distinction without a difference, perhaps—between the manner and the matter of Sheridan's administration. Pretendedly it is not to the substance of his acts that the objection is made, but to the form into which that substance is rounded. As a certain old English rhymester describes the sermonizing of English clergymen, the orders, it is insisted, are good, but the syntax and grammar of the General offensive, and it is asserted that he manages,

> With disjointed skill,
> The matter well, the manner ill;
> And, what seems paradox at first,
> He acts the best and writes the worst.

The pretence is an old one, viz: that General Sheridan is not personally and socially acceptable to the people of this city, and that he is and must be socially tabooed. Further than this, to assume that secessionists are constitutionally gentlemen and must be treated with exceeding gentlemanly delicacy, no objector ventures—for the reason, perhaps, that to venture further would be to unmask himself and expose the real motive for all this clamor and high sounding nonsense about being treated with less of bluntness and more of Parisian flavor. "General Sheridan," said a prominent secessionist to me yesterday, "is not received into society in New Orleans and counted the lion he expected to be, and hence his dissatisfaction and the sourness and severity of his measures." And this, so far as conversation is concerned, is the utmost that can be extracted, though there is not the shadow of a doubt that the real ground of all objection is the fact that the General cannot be trifled with, tampered with or hoodwinked, and sternly persists in quashing every move of the disloyal or semi-loyal, no matter how skilfully masked, or in how many lions' skins enfolded. To say the least, his removal at this time, unless he should be succeeded by a radical of stamp most *pronounce*, would be regarded by all parties here as a triumph of rebel influence over the administration, and would sow the seeds of a heavier crop of discontent than any future commandant ought to be compelled to harvest; and than it nothing could be more impolitic at the present juncture, when Attorney General Stanbery is everywhere quoted as the true knight of restoration upon the rebel-conservative platform, and though rather Quixotic in his tilt against the windmill of military reconstruction, is still borne on by the storm of rebel plaudits to victory, or more likely to defeat.

Should there be no session of Congress in July—as prominent secessionists insist upon predicting that there will—the work of reconstruction upon the Congressional plan will at once cease to be even apparently co-operated with by the greater number of the people here and squabbles about the legality of this order or of that will have taken the place of submission before the 1st of August; and if anything is to be done it must be done quickly and with sufficient emphasis to be unmistakable in its meaning. Meantime the friends of reconstruction on the radical basis are depressed, though waiting hopefully on the motion of affairs at Washington. "L'état c'est moi," means the croaker at the street corners, quoting the words of the Grand Monarque, Louis XIV., in allusion to the commanding general's letter; and thereupon follows a travesty of Sheridan's expostulation, like the following, which I heard a dozen times repeated with slight variation of verbiage:—"My registration;" "my district;" "I regret that I shall have to differ from the President;" "he is not to be trusted;" "his judgment is wrong;" "I am right." Of this ilk, sometimes covert and sarcastic, often open and bold, are the comments upon the position taken by the General commanding this military district upon the President's telegram requesting the registration to be kept open until date of August 1; and this refrain of popular feeling the *Times* takes and frames into rhetoric this morning, only reproducing, however, the gossip of the street corners and of the loungers at rebellious St. James. The radicals, on the other hand, maintain that General Sheridan is acting under a law of Congress, with which neither the President nor Attorney General Stanbery have any right to interfere, and over which neither has any competent control or jurisdiction; and thus stands the question at present, and, in fact, until Congressional authority shall have pronounced upon it emphatically; after which a season of quiet may be expected, though meantime the cauldron boils and the public pulse beats feverously, danger of sedition and riot bubbles up anew, and the ship of reconstruction, half-wrested from its moorings, shudders uneasily with every shifting of the wind of popular feeling and sentiment.

Registration progresses very slowly, owing to the fact that the opinions of the Attorney General have only been carried out with modifications in this district; and registrars have little business except to insert their thumbs carefully in their mouths and look askance with an expression of unutterable wisdom—though from every journal rises the refrain in small "caps" at the head of the editorial column:—"Not to register and vote is to vote against the South;" and croakers with unusual felicity of grimace roll their eyes very carefully up into the tops of their heads, and mean feebly the three sad syllables: "Register!" The registration of whites is, however, notwithstanding the general apathy, gaining in proportion to that of the blacks who, for the most part, have already registered, and it is beginning to be very generally conceded that, if Mr. Stanbery's opinion is carried out to the letter Louisiana will give a moderate rebel-conservative majority at the coming election, granting that Congress should have no special July session, and materially modify the programme, an event which, pretendedly at least, the conservatives regard as exceedingly problematical. In fact, the conservatives are felicitating themselves upon a rumor that Senator Sherman "sees nothing as yet to warrant an extra session," and upon a calculation of members unable or unwilling to attend, doubts are expressed as to the getting together of a quorum.

ARKANSAS.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE HERALD.

Horseback Trip into Northwestern Arkansas—Rich Productions of the Country—Sunset View on Boston Mountain—Prairie Grove Battlefield—General Burning of Towns. Wholesale Hanging and Feet Burning—Political Sentiments of the People, and their Industry and Rapid Recuperation from the Effects of the Rebellion.

FAYETTEVILLE, Ark., June 21, 1867.

My intention was to have taken the stage running here from Fort Smith, but the very hilly, rough and stony road to be travelled over, the painful likelihood of the ricketty stage coach used for the conveyance of passengers falling to pieces at any moment in the continuous ordeal of ruts and rocks and severe shaking to which it is exposed; the fact that this mode of travel necessitates an all night's wearisome journey over the mountains—really the most picturesque part of the journey—besides giving but little opportunity to make inquiries as to points of interest on the road; and last though not least, any flank movement being desirable to compass avoidance of the heat and dust, and loss of sleep, and closeness, and constant collidings with one's fellow passengers, incidental to stage coach riding on a summer's day and night through a mountainous country, determined me to make the journey on horseback. And so, mounted on a spirited, but fleet, sure-footed and commendably tractable steed, I essayed the trip. Like the solitary horseman of James' novels, I had it all my own way, now putting spurs to my horse, and with the wild speed of Mazeppa galloping through mossy dells, across swift running streams and over gentle slopes; now stopping to take a view of some beautiful landscape in which mingled mountain scenery, grain fields rippling with growing wheat and corn and cotton, farm houses set round with barns and orchards, the wayside brook dancing over its pebbly bed, and sparkling in the sunbeams; expansive groves of deepest emerald, and far distant sailing clouds; now letting my horse graze while I picked wild strawberries, growing in profusion by the roadside, and now talking with travellers I met on the way or farmers at whose houses I stopped for rest and refreshment of myself and horse, of scenes of the war, giving to this locality a special interest, and a history whose tragic legends will never fade from the memory of loyal Arkansans.

Leaving the Arkansas river at Van Buren, the rugged character of the road at once shows itself. There is one continuous succession of hills. How General Blunt in his march from the Prairie Grove battle field to the capture of Van Buren, ever advanced with the rapidity accredited to him, seemed a wonder, and it was a wonder that reached the height of the marvellous as we entered the mountain ravines beyond, traversed by his swiftly moving column. Eight miles travel through a broken country, and only rare patches of cultivated ground and dwellings attached, but the chimneys of buildings burned during the war, to be seen at frequent intervals on either side the road, brought me to Dripping Springs. It derives its name from water dripping over the head of a gulch through which a creek runs. This was the headquarters of a Texan regiment left to guard the outposts when General Blunt came through here; but so swift and sudden, like a wolf on the fold, came down his cohorts of cavalry, all gleaming with sabres and blue, that nearly all were taken prisoners. A negro, with two yoke of oxen and a load of wood, on his way to town had halted here for a drink. He was a very old darky, with very gray hair, a face very wrinkled and very poorly clad. This is a common enough description of a common old darky. What particularly struck me as uncommon was the expression of sanctity, overshadowing like a pall his dusky features—an expression so immobile, stern and solemn, that had I been thinking of laughing negroes my thoughts at sight of him must have instantly reverted to weeping willows or Niobe dissolving in tears. As it was, something struck me that he was an original, and I thought I would draw him out, which I did, though with different results from what I anticipated.

"Where are you going, my friend," I asked.

"To heaben, I'se sure;" and as he made this reply he rolled up his eyes in a manner indescribably solemn and evincing fullest belief in what he said.

"Then, as I am going in the other direction from you," I replied, "I suppose I am going to the other place."

"O Lord, no, I hopes not," he answered. "Fact is, I'm gwine to Van Buren to sell dat ar' wood, but I'se gwine to heaben, too, and I tinks mo' of dat than I does of de wood. I'se full of heaben dis mornin', and I tinks of noth n' else."

"It's a good subject to think of," I suggested. "How happens you are so full of it?"

"I'll tell you. I was in de corn field, and I had a 'pression on de head. It came all of a sudden. It came right dar," and he took off his hat and placed his hand on top of his head, "and it struck me like a big beetle, and I fell down, and I saw a great circle of light all 'bout me. I'd been heavy, but as I got up I felt light as a fedder, and I has felt light ever since, and I knows I's gwine to Heaben sure."

"Your conversion was like that of St. Paul," I remarked.

"Zactly singular to it, 'cept St. Paul was on horseback and I was driving a horse plowing, and he was a white man, and because of his learning became an expired writer, which I isn't; but the Lord consists me the same, and preserves me as he did Daniel from the venomous beasts of the forests, and I's termined to serve him, for if I dosn't I knows I'll have to suffer the penalals of hell for ever, without a drop of water like dat 'ar," and he pointed to the water dripping over the rock, "to cool my tongk."

A conversation protracted to considerable length failed to draw out this ancient darky on other topics with any approach to intelligible success. The centrifugal forces of his mind were in abnormal working order, and from all other subjects he would fly off like a tangent. I afterwards learned that this monomania of miraculous conversions had been his ruling theme and hobby for years, but that he is harmless and very trusty for all that. My portraiture of him and his conversation I have introduced here from never having encountered before a negro thus overburdened with religion on the brain, and from his extra display of the negro fondness for words he does not understand, and the blunders resulting from the failure in accuracy of his verbal memory. Eleven miles further travel over about the same character of road and country as described, and I reached what is called Natural Dam. This is certainly a curiosity in its way. Lee's creek makes in here and forms a basin some one hundred feet wide, at one end of which is a dam made by a rock describing an inclined plane from the bottom of the basin with a perpendicular front of several feet. Over this precipitous front the water, now that the stream is high, leaps in a furious flood—a miniature fall of picturesque beauty, the water as clear as crystal, descending in one unbroken sheet, and its roar, which can be heard some distance away, seeming a faint, far away echo of the falls of Niagara. There was an irresistible inclination to linger here and enjoy this splendid picture of nature's own painting, the foliage of the adjacent trees furnishing the most delightful of sylvan shades, the air redolent with the odors of wild flowers, and the birds in the tree boughs singing their wild wood songs. There had been a mill here but it had been destroyed, during the war, only a few fragments of the ruins now remaining. Near by run also the old chimneys of the miller's dwelling, that likewise had fallen a victim to war's devastations. I tarried here fully an hour without a single soul passing on the road. The forenoon hours had glided by so swifly I was surprised to find that it was past dinner time—that is, past noon, the democratic dinner hour in this country. Riding on, I turned in at a small log house, where I procured a midday meal of corn bread, bacon, clabber and greens—the unvarying bill of fare for dinner at this season of the year. Two puncheons, or the halves of a split log, with legs fastened in the bottom, placed together, comprised the table, and the tablecloth was of domestic manufacture and had seen service. I found the man of the house old and poor, but intelligent to a degree I had not looked for.

"Is it true," he asked, "that General Hindman has gone over to the radicals?"

"He spoke at a late meeting in Helena," I replied, "at which negroes participated, if that's any argument in the case."

"So I have heard. There is no faith in that man. He thinks he knows the winning side, and he has gone over to it. His sole object is his own political advancement. He had better keep out of this section of the country, or he will be shot, sure. There are a good many who have accounts to settle with him."

"Why so?"

"He shot down, with his own hands, as good and true soldiers as were in the Confederate army, for what he called dasertion. When the army got in the neighborhood of their homes soldiers would steal away, because he would not let them go otherwise, to see their families and get some blankets or trifles they wanted, and when they came back he had them shot down like dogs. He had a son of mine shot, as good, noble and pure a boy as ever lived," and the tears slowly coursed down his cheeks as he said this, while his wife, who had been listening, hid her pale, wrinkled face in her hands, and sobbed violently for a few moments at this painful revival of the memory of her dead boy. "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord," resumed the old man, "and to him I leave the measure of punishment to be meted out to this man."

More painfully impressed by this conversation and scene of parental grief than perhaps by all the barbaric cruelties of the war I had witnessed in my experiences with the army, I shortly resumed my journey. The land grew more and more sterile, and the habitations and cultivated places more rare as I approached the foot of Boston mountain, fifteen miles further on, around whose distant blue summit rifts of misty sunshine and golden vapors had gathered and lingered all day. The ascent of this mountain is three miles. I reached the summit as the sun was about an hour high, and stayed till the sun went down, enjoying the most magnificent view, extending in every direction. Mount Rhigi may boast of her incomparably good views of the rising sun; but there certainly are few sunset views finer than from the summit of Boston mountain. Here, away from the din and heat and scramble and vice and conventionalities of the city; here, far above the low bottom lands, where miasma generates and scatters its poisonous vapors; here, where there is wealth of scenery of unending and untiring beauty; here, where the summer days are longest and the nights coolest; here, where from the deep shadows of the rocks gurgle forth the purest springs; here, where the very moon and stars seem nearer, and bring us in closer communion with their mighty mysteries—here is felt and attained that higher joy of existence—that joy forever, the offspring of the beautiful.

> A paler shadow strews
> Its mantle o'er the mountains; parting day
> Dies like the dolphin whom each pang imbues
> With a new color as it gasps away,
> The last, still loveliest tint—'tis gone, and all is gray.

Radiant with fireflies was the darkening night, and the air was deliciously cool, and its stillness only broken by the rustling breeze and the plaintive notes of the whippoorwill, as, descending the mountains on this side, I came to Evansville, or at least what remains of the ancient village of that name. Here I succeeded in finding a stopping place for the night. This was at a log shanty, the duplicate of the one where I obtained my dinner. A man, his wife and five children constituted the inmates. It was decidedly a diminutive, as well as a rustic retreat, having but two rooms, and these very small. I ate from the same kind of puncheon table, and had spread before me for supper the inevitable corn bread, coffee and fried bacon.

"Have you lived here long?" I inquired of the man of the house, as supper was being prepared. He was a short, sturdy, resolute-appearing man, without education, but with a curiously eager look of intelligence in his deep set, dark gray eyes.

"I came here," he replied, "about three years afore the war, I reckon. Then the war came, and I was conscripted, and they burned the house down, and my wife and children went to Van Buren till I come arter 'em and came back here."

"So you fought on the Southern side?"

"I was a Southern rights man, and am still, one of the dod darnedest Southern rights men, I reckon, you ever seed."

"How so?"

"I wanted the South to have her rights, and if she had had her rights what do you think they'd been?"

"Can't imagine."

"They'd half of 'em been hung; and, damn 'em, that's what the half of 'em desarved."

"Well, from what you say I'll have to set you down for a good Union man, I see."

"I sot myself down for that at fust, but they wouldn't let me stay sot. It was a musket and servin' under Tom Hindman or a rope and hangin' under a tree-top, and I took the musket."

My supper, such as it was (and I felt no disposition to complain, knowing it was the best they had in the house), and talk on politics with my host, who keeps himself pretty well posted on current events through chats with passengers passing through in the stage, as he afterwards confessed, and subsequent smoking of my pipe, in which he and his wife both joined me after filling their pipes from my tobacco, gave me an agreeable, not to say exhilarating pleasure; but after I went to bed, which I did early and which I had to share with two totally grown up boys, to get any sleep—there was the rub.

> 'Tis sweet to listen as the night winds creep
> From leaf to leaf;
> 'Tis sweet to hear the watch dog's honest bark;
> 'Tis sweet to be awakened by the lark,
> Or lulled by falling waters; sweet the hum
> Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,
> The lisp of children, and their earliest words.

Growling dogs, a squalling baby, grunting pigs, restless hens and a constant clanging chorus of cowbells possess no substance or shadow even of saccharine spirituality, and if this incongruous admixture of dissonant sounds has in it anything of soothingly narcotic tendency, it ought to be visible to the naked eye; for there is no closing either eye under the influence of such a sleep-banishing chaos of sounds. In the morning, which seemed an indescribably long time coming, but which was most welcome when it did come, I was not long in learning that the town of Evansville had been burned during the war, and that a few log huts put up since comprise the present settlement. The road here runs on the dividing line between Arkansas and the Indian Territory. On one side liquor is allowed to be sold, but not on the other—that is, on the Indian side. My own opinion is, that if the specimen I tasted is the kind generally sold such villanous stuff ought not to be allowed to be sold anywhere. Getting clear of the mountain, the change in the country was more apparent, and it grew more marked. Finely cultivated tracts of land began to show themselves, large orchards loomed up to view, abundant laborers were in the fields and enterprise and thrift were evident on every side till I reached Cane Hill eighteen miles beyond. I had been told this was the garden of Arkansas, and as seeing is believing, I now believe it. This Cane Hill consists of a succession or grouping of hills which are little more than sharply defined undulating ground, and originally were covered with cane, but now, except where cultivated, grows the finest imaginable timber, composed principally of black walnut, sugar maple, locust, oak and pawpaw. It covers an area of some seven miles in length, and from three to five miles wide. The soil is what is called the chocolate or mulatto soil, and possesses all the fertilizing qualities of the best bottom land. Several fine streams run through it. The source of the White river is here, as also of the Illinois and a tributary of the Arkansas river. Both start from near the same place, and run in opposite directions. Springs of unsurpassed clearness and coldness are abundant. The apple, peach and pear orchards are a marvel, and so are the graperies. It is thickly settled, and most of the land is under high cultivation. The people are intelligent, having been accustomed to good schools before the war, and having some now. But there are few sections throughout the State that tasted more bitterly the fruits of the war. All the farm houses were destroyed. The old chimneys and gate posts are all that remain. Two gate posts, near Kidd's mill, were pointed out to me where some twenty men are said to have been hung during the war. Dutchtown, which was occupied by German settlers, and which is reached before Cane Hill, was utterly destroyed, and in the latter town, the village formerly of this name, the only buildings spared were the boarding house formerly attached to Cane Hill College and a church, and their preservation was due to their being occupied as hospitals. Most of this work of destruction was committed by Colonel Jennison, commanding the Fifteenth Kansas infantry, who, for this wholesale demolition of property of rebels and Union people alike and free hanging on both sides, was dismissed the service. New log and frame shanties have taken the place of the old frame houses, but it will not be long before fine farm houses are built again, and abundant schools and churches are in thriving condition. A steam sawmill has already been built, which is the initiatory step in this direction. A school is now kept in the old college boarding house, which is largely attended, the teacher being Mr. Buchanan, son of the clergyman, who still preaches in the church near by. I got into conversation with this clergyman, who declares himself a constitutional Union man. I found before I got through that he is about as good a rebel as one will meet in a day's travel, although he persistently denies the soft impeachment.

"Did you remain here during the war?" I in