MEMPHIS APPEAL

SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 28, 1873

THE APPEAL FOR TO-MORROW.

The APPEAL each day in the week gives evidence of further progress in our determination to make it the most complete paper printed in the southern States. To-morrow's SUNDAY APPEAL will contain the usual variety, and will be read by everybody that reads at all. Our circulation is now larger than it ever was—a fact which advertisers will note if they would consult their own interest. The APPEAL for thirty-three years has run its busy, tireless career, sharing in all the vicissitudes which have chequered the life of the community of which it has so long been an exponent, and filling a mission of usefulness. We willingly submit to the loss of ten thousand dollars incurred in publishing the APPEAL during the summer months at its present size, since we have discovered that the accession of new subscribers is nearly already sufficient to remunerate us for this heavy outlay. Certain it is, if labor, enterprise and money can ever place a paper in Memphis on solid foundations, the APPEAL will long continue to occupy the front rank as a newspaper of acknowledged fidelity to the material business interests of the country; will long enjoy the trust and confidence which the people now repose in it, as evidenced by an unprecedented increase in circulation.

PARTY AND POLITICIANS.

In Sheridan's play, *The School for Scandal*, "Sir Peter Teazle" is made to exclaim, on a certain occasion, that he would never be good-natured again, if he could help it, for all his life. Sometimes we are provoked into the ferocious acerbity and misanthropy of "Mr. Teazle." It was recently asserted that the APPEAL was making a crusade against the Democratic party, and of course was anxious to break up that organization. As this lie was coined in an old slander-mill, we paid no attention to it. But as it has been repeated by respectable sources, it is proper that we should say that the APPEAL has never proposed what has been charged by its libelers. This paper has been so busy since the last presidential election in discussing the great material interests of the country, that it has said but little upon the subject of politics. But it stands now where it has stood for eight years, unutterably opposed to Radicalism, ready to support another Horace Greeley, Senter or Baxter, for the patriotic purpose of securing the prosperity and tranquillity of the country. We have made no war upon the Democratic party, and we have not taken upon ourselves a self-appointed mission to pluck up drowned Democratic honor by the locks. We would readily, gladly prefer to fight the battle against Radicalism with the old and tattered banner of Democracy, under which we have so long marched; but if the conservative hosts believe it expedient to again adopt another banner we shall willingly rally to its support. The day will never come when the APPEAL can be neutral in politics, or when it will assume the position of an egotistical independent, spurning the counsels of those with whom it co-operates. But never will the APPEAL, or its editors, blindly follow the huckstering demagogues and wire-working schemers whose days are spent in the management of intrigues, and whose nights are full of dreams of aggrandizement and of personal preferment; who think that no bill can be passed and no candidate elected except by stratagem; who fancy that mean and mousing ways are always best, if not noblest; who, in selecting nominees, never ask what are their qualifications or what their characters, but whether they are available; who whisper in lobbies and who gas in conferences; who are sure that every one has his price, and that he is to be bought if only that price can be paid; who have reduced our American politics to the low level of a gambling game, and the presidential campaign to something hardly better than a sharp commercial transaction. Paying no heed to those who seem to have stepped down to us like a bewigged and knee-buckled picture out of an old frame, look as if they had been shut up for half a century, and talk incoherently about the duty of saving, if they can save nothing else, the ark of the covenant, though they should wander forty years, we shall urge our people to fulfill the duty of the hour, whatever that may be; to adapt their political conduct to the exigencies of each emergency as it rises; to avoid equally timorous time-serving and a stubborn adherence to useless ideas and antiquated theories. We shall urge them to shape their actions to the mould of the new age, without abating their reverence for the old; to yield gracefully to the pressure of our new surroundings, whenever successful resistance is impossible. This can be done without a voluntary surrender of those principles and convictions of right which, dwelling securely in the deep recesses of the heart, cannot be rooted out by the sword nor legislated away. In future struggles the APPEAL expects to co-operate with the great conservative masses of the country. Heretofore the press has shaped its course to please the politicians, but for the future it will heed the voice of the people, as it has long since learned that it has nothing to gain from the politicians, because they furnish no material support to a metropolitan journal.

BAXTER'S ASSASSINATION.

It is commonly asserted across the river that Governor Baxter will probably be assassinated. His person is often guarded at night, we are told, by very many gentlemen, even when his Excellency is not advised of the fact. Not long ago he was induced to arm the officers and clerks in executive departments, and four hundred stands of arms were held in readiness for any emergency. With a view to their proper use, Governor Baxter reorganized the militia of the State. The country at large can hardly understand what a magnificent body of desperate villains was gathered about the capital of each southern State subjected to the tender mercies of negro domination. The more unscrupulous the scoundrel the more limitless his success in robbing States and counties through the intervention of negro credulity and simplicity—or of negro knavery. Adventurers from the east, who had been trained in the school in which Pomeroy and Mitchell won supreme excellence, and desperadoes from Indian wilds, and the stool-pigeons of the Washington lobby, and highwaymen that stuffed off in moral rottenness from Federal and Confederate armies—all are gathered in great numbers in Arkansas. When the crumbs fall from tables of legislation, they swarm in Little Rock, and many rich morsels are scattered around by the drunken representatives of knavery and barbarism. The true people of Arkansas had no place at this festal board, and when the revelry was maddening, and absolute debauchery began, it was Baxter's hand that was seen writing on the wall, "*Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin.*" There was never a body of debased remember what disgraceful scenes were enacted in the capitol just before the adjournment of the legislature, and how Baxter was threatened, and then what madness seized black and white public plunderers when Baxter defied rage, despised threats, and asserted his purpose to serve Arkansas rather than a faction. There are perhaps two thousand of these scoundrels in Arkansas. Their wealth, homes, property, life—everything they have and all they hope for, is involved in the maintenance of their own absolute supremacy in Arkansas. Louisiana and Mississippi are overcrowded. The thieves that used to prey upon Tennessee, led by Ham Carter, are vampires now in Mississippi's overcrowded capital. Louisiana also boasts of exiles from Tennessee, strangers among Tennesseans, who aided in executing in this State preliminary processes of reconstruction. When Senter triumphed these villains fled. There are no vacancies in the south for the masters of Arkansas, and if Governor Baxter be suffered to execute his plans there is not in all this broad land one spot so unfortunate in its relations to federal power that the thieves of Arkansas can find a people to rob or offices to occupy. For these plain reasons there was never such excitement, such exasperation, such well-founded anxiety among the late Radical masters of Arkansas. They elected Baxter, and his treason renders him even more odious. But life, home, money, power, everything is involved in his expulsion from office. If this may not be effected they must surrender sway over four hundred thousand blacks as thoroughly enslaved as at the moment when Abraham Lincoln asserted African emancipation. A million dollars have been annually stolen for eight years past by these plunderers of Arkansas. They have been robed in honor, too, and lifted up among the great men of the country. All this can come nevermore if Baxter reign. They have resolved, so the story goes, to remove Baxter, through the intervention of the courts and registrars, if they can; by means of the assassin's knife, if they must.

THE CROPS EAST AND NORTH OF US, AND THE FARMERS.

In Middle Tennessee and North Alabama incessant rains in May and June have almost destroyed the crops. In the Tennessee river valley grass and weeds have taken possession of the fields. If the farmers would abandon about one-fourth of their crops they might save the remainder, but if they attempt to save all they may lose all. They are neglecting corn to save the cotton, and the danger is that very little corn will be made. In Middle Tennessee the crops are also in a bad condition, but not so bad as in North Alabama. A few farmers in Maury and Giles have their crops in fine order, notwithstanding the rains and continued wet weather. David T. Reynolds, of Giles county, one of the best, if not the best, farmer in Tennessee, has hardly a blade of grass on his place. This shows what good management can do. The crops are in bad condition because too much land is cultivated. Farmers were very vigorous about planting time, when it was cool, but when the weather grows hot and the rains set in, they are not so energetic. Crops in Hardeman, Madison and Henderson are much better than in North Alabama, and better, perhaps, than in Middle Tennessee, but they are very grassy even in these counties. The last few days of dry weather has improved them very much. As an indication of the state of the crops it may be mentioned that Judge McKinney, at the request of the farmers, adjourned the Henderson circuit court for two weeks in order that the farmers might work their crops. If farmers would raise sheep and cattle they would not have such crops as are now seen everywhere in the south. The cholera panic extends more or less all over the country. There has been none in Huntsville, Columbia, Pulaski, Bolivar, or Jackson. Wherever vegetables are taken fresh from the garden, and well-cooked, farmers say they do little injury; but when permitted to remain uncooked for twelve hours, they become dangerous. Decomposition commences earlier, perhaps, this year in vegetables, than usual, and that is the reason, the farmers say, why vegetables sold in the town markets are dangerous. The farmers' grange convention meets at Humboldt on the second of July. If we can have six or eight days of dry hot weather, the crops, like public health, will be greatly improved; but if rains should again be continuous, very little will be made, unless the farmers abandon a portion of their crops. Messrs. Owen, McNutt & Company send us a cotton-bloom of the twenty-sixth instant, from H. B. Edmondson's plantation, in Crittenden county, and Messrs. Dickinson, Williams & Company send us a bloom of the twenty-third, from Chicot county, Arkansas. These gentlemen have a plantation of two thousand acres in Chicot, "sadly in the grass," but their employes are making vigorous efforts to save the crop. They may succeed and make almost an average crop on this and two other smaller plantations. In most cases, however, in the lowlands, much of the cotton crop must be wholly abandoned, and that which may be saved will be very imperfect.

THE SHAH'S PURPOSES.

Schoolboys, sauntering along the sidewalks, are apt to think of the anabasis of Xenophon when they find in the APPEAL each morning of late the recital of some incident of the shah's sojourn in London. The blood of Darius is not flowing in the veins of the present master of Persia, nor is he descended from any one of those among whom Alexander's empire was divided after his fatal drunken debauch at Persepolis. He is a diminutive, nice, lithe little gentleman, this shah, not of kin to our alderman of this name, resolved, like Peter the Great, to transform the habits, character, modes of thinking, and of civilization, of his people. It is no easy task, and even the possibility of the shah's success may well be questioned. Exotic flowers must be cared for under a glass, and rarely have vigorous vitality. Their adaptation to new climatic conditions is of slow growth; and so the shah will find it difficult to change habits of life and intelligence fixed through centuries. It would be very difficult to transform an American into a Modoc or fop of Timbuctoo, or into a light, facile, indolent, dawdling dandy of Teheran, and Shah Naser Eddin's dream could only have entered his head when he was conning over the pages of Arabian Nights. Perhaps Shah Naser Eddin has been reading Seward's or some other book recitative of the progress of Japan in arts of western civilization, and is emulous of honors won by the eastern "barbarian." In any event the dream is an honorable one, and the dreamer the more deserves respect, because few crowned heads of our time, not even those of Memphis, have honorable dreams. If we may have a railway line from Paris to the Persian capital, such as is proposed to be constructed, we may soon have a world's fair beneath the shadows of Asian mountains or on the shores of hence members of the Memphis chamber of commerce will be sent abroad to wander among the ruins of Persepolis, Palmyra, and of Babylon. But it is needless to become prophetic. It will be time enough for visions of this sort when we may look down calmly and in a contemplative mood, some fine morning, into the cavern in which Daniel "beat" the lions.

THE DUBLIN RIOT.

The telegraph of Thursday brought us intelligence of a serious riot in Dublin, and of the arrest in Cork of several parties implicated in stealing arms from a militia armory. The latter were discovered to the police by former Fenian leaders, indicating that there was nothing political in the theft, that therefore it had no connection with the Dublin riot, which originated at a fire, and without any seeming cause or provocation, and can only, therefore, be ascribed to chronic discontent. In Cork there is, in proportion to population, a large class of people without resource, utterly poverty-stricken, steeped in degradation; but in Dublin there is a still larger. In the immediate vicinity of the "Liberty," about Thomas street, where the fire and riot are reported to have taken place, there is a class of people that nowhere else in Europe can now be matched. In the time of the first French revolution the Faubourg St. Antoine turned loose such an army to perpetrate the murder, riot and outrage that disgraced and blackened that effort for freedom. It was composed of market-women, like those of Pill lane, in Dublin, fierce, vindictive, viragos, and fiercer men, such as fill all the tumble-down tenements and haunts of Ireland's capital, made beggars and outlaws by British commercial oppression. They are the class who are one day to make havoc in London, Manchester, Liverpool, Sheffield and other British cities where the mechanic and workman is no better than a beast of burden. They are of the class who make coats for two dollars and shirts for twenty-five cents; who labor for sixteen hours in every twenty-four, and die to fill a pauper's grave. Sharp of intellect, witty and brave to recklessness, it cannot be long ere they burst the bonds that now restrain them, and, like the Modocs, make the world stand aghast at their enormities while they keep even British power at bay. The liberty and freedom of this great country finds its way to the hearts and heads of these lively and intelligent Irishmen, and they will not much longer be content to be mere drudges, the hewers of wood and drawers of water for the class who furnish the Prince Lichtensteins, fellows who cannot work because of their blood, but who, nevertheless, can play the rogue and the thief unblushingly. Men are everywhere, in Europe, asking themselves the question whether they were made by the Almighty to be inferiors, whether at the first he made "royal blood and bloods" who were to live by plunder of the poor, and enjoy excesses purchased by their sweat and blood. The masses are moving. They are disquieted, and will not be put off by any temporary legislation or political shuffling. We may, therefore, expect many such *emutes* as that which occurred in Dublin on Thursday—as many as opportunity offers for—and we may look for increasing disastrous results until liberty, regulated by law, gives each and all a fair chance in the race of life. There are monarchs and statesmen in Europe who are wise enough to see this, but the majority are yet full of their "order and its privileges," and will not see though the hand of God wrote their doom, as once he did in the early days of plundering, thieving, rapacious monarchy. The worms of Dublin are turning upon those who have so long trampled upon them, and blind with a rage that is begotten of centuries of wrong, we need not wonder if they are excessive in their vengeance.

LEWIS TAPPAN, the noted abolitionist, and founder of the system of mercantile agencies, is dead. He was a man of the highest integrity, and was characterized by fervor and zeal for whatever cause or policy he espoused. He and his brother failed many years since for one million dollars, but they paid up every dollar of their indebtedness. He lived to be eighty-five years of age.

WE happen to know that if a solvent subscription of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars be made the narrow-gauge road from Memphis to Bolivar and the Tennessee river, will be put under contract. There is no difficulty surely in accomplishing this task.

ARKANSAS.

The Crops—Baxter's Coup D'Etat—Murders and Outrages.

Amos S. Cardin was shot and killed by some unknown person in Phillips township, in Garland county, on Tuesday of last week.

Mr. Vessar, in Barraque township, laments two teeth swallowed, or otherwise disposed of. It appears that two white men, including himself, skirmished. One with punctured cuticle, another with bruised face generally, including a mortified eye, and still another with three knifely insertions in various portions of his corporosity, drank mutual healths with man of minus teeth, after the battle was over. No one yet arrested.—*Pine Bluff Republican.*

At Adamsburg, in our county, last Sunday, two colored men quarreled. The one whose name is unknown to our reporter, broke the skull of the other named Evans, with a piece of timber. Evans will probably die from his wound. The assailant has not been arrested, neither any other man connected with the affray, although it is stated that as soon as Evans dies, the unknown will be arrested. He is still in the neighborhood, awaiting the result.—*Pine Bluff Republican.*

A correspondent writing from Liberty township, Carroll county, on the thirteenth, says: "There appears to be a devil of a stir about the capital. The thing is on fire, I guess, at what Baxter has done—carried out the platform of the Republican party, or attempting to do so. It says, 'Honest men for office.' Is Baxter honest? I guess he is, and is entitled to no praise only as an honest officer, and he will get from all good men what he deserves of praise. He is entitled to the support of all men that have the interest of the State at heart. If the election was to come off here today, as it did in November last, Baxter would get twenty to one in this section. Crops in the weeds here, and if it don't quit raining soon they will be injured badly. Bad prospect for wheat, as far as we hear."

From Bolivar township, Captain A. E. Beardsly brings us a little budget of items. Mr. Charles Denford met with a tragic death, near Adamsburg, on the twelfth. Mr. Denford was in the employ of W. P. Lipscomb, Esq., as a woodchopper, and upon Thursday went into the woods to ply his avocation. Not returning at the accustomed time, search was instituted, and his dead body found on the following Saturday. From the facts and circumstances adduced before the inquest held by Esquire Downs, it would seem that he must have attempted to cut down a leaning tree, commencing on the upper side. When cut to the heart the weight of the tree's top evidently split the trunk asunder, and the section which the unfortunate man had severed sprang up so quickly as to strike him in the head and crush his skull. He was discovered by the tree dead, his ax beside him, and his coat near by, where he had probably left it when commencing his work.—*Pine Bluff*

STORM IN LOUISVILLE.

The Most Sudden and Destructive Tornado of the Year—Destruction of Property.

Wagons Overturned, Houses Unroofed, Man Frightened Almost to Death, and Another Killed.

A Court Hastily Adjourned—Damage to Steamers—Singular Manifestations—Items and Incidents.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal of Thursday.]

A furious storm of wind and rain swept over the city about two o'clock yesterday afternoon, carrying with it destruction to property and causing consternation among the people. About ten o'clock in the morning small fleece-like fragments of clouds began to gather in the south and west, and an hour later the low mutterings of distant thunder gave warning that a storm was approaching. For two hours more the small specks of clouds continued moving restlessly about, changing position as if driven by fickle winds to the four points of the compass, constantly varying in form and hue, and every moment increasing in volume and density, till at length the horizon was lined with dark and ominous clouds. Like an army of warriors gathering upon the field for deadly contest, rushing into line by platoons, companies and legions, until the ranks are swollen to a dark, threatening mass of soldiers fronting the foe and eager for the signal for the desperate charge, the elements had gathered their forces which were soon to be hurled with the violence almost of a tornado against the city. For a time, however, all apprehensions of a storm or hopes of a long-needed, refreshing shower were dispelled by the apparently strategetic movement of the clouds, which, surging suddenly up from the south and west, moved briskly around toward the east, standing out a short distance from the city and sending forth sharp, vivid streams and flashes of lightning, which were followed by heavy peals of thunder. Passing thence to the north, the great cloud for a while remained apparently stationary to the northeast of the city. The clouds had now seemingly passed away, and were pouring their contents on the other side of the river, within view of the city, and were for a time borne away. In less than three minutes after the cloud, which had suddenly changed its course, swept over the city, pouring down a blinding mist of rain, accompanied by hail, lightning, thunder and a tornado of wind that unroofed houses, tore up trees by the roots, blew wagons over streets, shattered windows, and sent signs and awnings flying in every direction. The tempest seems to have raged with greatest severity all along the river side of the city, but extended with great violence as far south as Broadway, doing more or less damage in every direction.

INCIDENTS.

Second, Third and Fourth streets especially seemed to suffer from the ravages of the wind. The business house of Thos. Shirley, on Fourth street, between Main and the river, was partially unroofed, as was also the house of Mr. Thompson, adjoining. The large skylight in Washburn's gallery was blown in and smashed to pieces, and the skylight in Parr's building suffered the same fate. The storm swept over the Fourth-street Baptist church, tearing off from the comb of the roof about ten feet square of tin sheeting, blowing in one of the front windows and taking off the top of a large tree upon the sidewalk. Leaping from this point to the cathedral adjacent, gathering strength as it went, it tore up about fifty feet of the tin roofing, thus allowing the rain to leak into the ceiling. The trap-door upon the colored Baptist church, on Fifth street, was sent whirling through the air. On the corner of Fifth and Chestnut a chimney creek was hurled to the ground, narrowly missing a negro woman in its fall, which, if it had struck her, would have killed her instantly. On the corner of Fourth and Broadway four panes of glass were blown out of the sash. Several other places suffered from the severe blow, and the pet deer in the Children's park were frantic with fright during the storm, and acted like men in a desperate fit of insanity.

THE EFFECT OF FRIGHT.

At the corner of Fourth and Jefferson streets the wagon belonging to the establishment of John Ross, manufacturer of heby buggies, at Nos. 135 and 137 East Main street, was capsized by the wind, and the driver, named William Burgerson, who is also foreman of the establishment, was thrown to the ground and slightly injured about the head, side and legs. The wagon was loaded with buggies at the time of the accident, but no damage of consequence was done to either the buggies or the wagon. Soon after the wagon was turned over Burgerson got up, unhitched his horse, led him to the sidewalk, where he tied him to a post, and then walked into Rogers's barber-shop. All this was done in a rather quiet and deliberate manner, notwithstanding the violence of the wind, and the conduct of the man would seem to indicate anything else but fear; but directly after entering the barber-shop he was observed to be suffering with symptoms of intense nervous distress, and after a few minutes fell prostrate to the floor. He was placed on a lounge as quickly as possible. Dr. Cook was called in and found the man writhing in convulsions and shaking every muscle of body and limb from head to foot. The poor fellow seemed to be suffering intense agony, and believing that he was dying, for a few minutes struggled hard for life, until his nervous system gradually yielded to the influence of stimulating medicines, which, together with repeated assurances of the doctor that he was not hurt but badly frightened, gave great relief, and one hour afterward Burgerson was able to go home. The covering was torn off express wagon No. 322, at the corner of Fourth and Jefferson, and whirled some distance through the air, falling on the sidewalk against the door of Rogers's barber-shop, breaking several panes of glass. A fence, out-house, shed and a tree, in rear of Hyatt's coal-office, on Jefferson, near Fifth street, were blown down simultaneously, and fell with a loud crash.

A PANIC IN COURT.

Eight panes of glass were blown out of the windows in the east end of the courthouse. Quite a panic was created in the common pleas courtroom. The trial of Rev. W. W. Taylor, colored, was in progress, a large crowd of colored people were in attendance, and all the windows were hoisted. The wind, coming suddenly, burst through the open windows, bringing with it a deluge of water that was swept from wall to wall of the room, and poured down upon the audience. A general stampede for the door was the result, and for a few moments the courtroom was a scene of wild excitement, in the midst of which the judge was unable himself to retain his seat until the windows were lowered and made secure. A large tree was blown down in the yard of the First Presbyterian church. During the storm the banks of the great excavation made in lowering the sewer on Sixth street, near Main, fell in a distance of about thirty feet, damaging the work to the amount of about five hundred dollars.

IN THE WEST END.

From this point the storm seemed to have passed harmlessly down until it reached Thirteenth street. Below this point many trees were blown down, including a number at the Western cemetery. About sixty feet of the roof of the old chemical works, on High street, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth, was torn off the eaves, and the heavy timbers lifted in a body into the air and hurled with a terrible crash into the rear yard of Rev. H. H. Monroe's residence, demolishing a rear porch, tearing down fences, shade trees, out-houses, and crushing a favorite grape-arbor to pieces. The building was some time ago condemned by the city as unsafe.

AT THE RIVER.

The steamer General Lytle, with the wharfboat, parted lines, swung around against the steamer Dove, and drifted down to Fourth street. The Mary Miller parted lines and drifted to Tenth street, and there tied up. The roof of the pilot-house of the Dove was lifted off and carried a couple of hundred yards down the river.

ON THE WHARF.

at the wharf were blown about and mixed up in general collision, and several wagons were blown over.

KILLED BY LIGHTNING.

The most serious incident of the storm occurred on Sand island. Four men were on the island engaged in digging coal from a barge which sank there some time last winter. A bolt of the electric fluid came down in their midst, throwing them all to the ground and instantly killing one of the number, named Rolla Davis, who lived on Market street, Portland. The other three were severely stunned, but their injuries are not serious. Davis's face and breast were burned by the death-dealing fluid, but no other marks of the destroyer were visible. Coroner Webber held an inquest on the body last night, with a verdict in accordance with the above facts. Altogether this was one of the severest storms that has visited this city for years, and it was impossible to gain all the items of damages by wind, to say nothing of the flood in the streets. The morning was intensely sultry, but the heavy rain cooled the atmosphere, and last night it was more pleasant, although still very warm.

ALABAMA.

Crop News—The Last Confederate Prisoner—Accidents and Incidents.

A Solitary Spree—A Case of Stabbing at Randolph—Railroad News—Deaths.

Mr. H. A. Hardy, of Benton, sends to the Haynesville *Examiner* a cotton-bloom which he plucked on the twelfth instant.

Mr. Samuel Coltart, one of Huntsville's oldest and most honored citizens, died suddenly last Monday night, in the seventy-ninth year of his age.

A new mail route has been established from Butler, *via* Bladon Springs, to Pleasant Valley, in Washington county, to begin the first of next month.

J. Dubose died on the tenth instant at his residence, in Barbour county. He was one of the oldest citizens. On the seventeenth the wife of John Belle died at his residence, near Clayton.

The Randolph *Enterprise* of the twentieth instant understands that during a drunken brawl near Henry Kitchen's doggery, below Roanoke, on last Saturday night, a man named Thomason was stabbed and Bird Kitchens mortally wounded.

H. Lee, son of D. E. Brown, while running with a knife on the eleventh instant, fell down and stuck it in his head, between the eye and ear. The blade was two and a quarter inches long, and it is thought by Dr. Masterson, the attending physician, that it penetrated the brain.—*Moulton Advertiser.*

Fifteen cars Trail for the Savannah and Memphis railroad have passed here in the last three days. This will be sufficient to extend the track to Tallapoosa river, where Major Green, civil engineer, is rapidly pushing the construction of the bridge. Grading is almost completed to Childersburg, on the Selma, Rome and Dalton railroad.—*Columbus Sun, 22d.*

We have used due diligence since our last issue to learn the true status of the crops in this section, and in summing up the whole we feel safe in saying that more than a half crop of either corn or cotton will be an impossibility. The grass has got such a hold that with the best and most favorable weather it will be impossible to eradicate it.—*Bladon Herald, 19th.*

The other day a sailor who had made up his mind to go on a spree, flanked the police by procuring a skiff, which he loaded with a large supply of whisky and a few eatables, and then anchored off the brick-yard, a short distance from the shore. He remained three days in the boat, when his supply of whisky gave out, and he came ashore, evidently much pleased with his quiet and solitary spree.—*Mobile Register.*

Last Thursday evening there was a man in town who called himself Baker, and said he was the son of Mr. Jim Baker, living near Windham's Springs. He had two very fine mules for sale, and did swap one of them to Mr. Barton, living near this place; but last Sunday a *posse* of men passed through here in search of the mules, having discovered the thief's whereabouts and run him off from his prey, which he had stolen near Corinth, Mississippi. The thief turned out to be one Tom Simpson, a notorious horse-thief of North Mississippi and West Alabama. We would advise our people to keep a sharp lookout for such scamps, and, when they catch them, give them a good dose of hemp by applying it around the neck.—*Mountain Eagle, 17th.*

Captain Villere, a Frenchman, who was an officer in the Confederate army, in Wheat's battalion, reached here from Atlanta yesterday morning. At the end of the war he was a prisoner, and after his release a federal soldier attempted to cut the buttons off his coat. This he resented. The soldier spit in his face, and in the difficulty that followed Villere killed him. For this he was tried and sentenced to close confinement at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, for five years. This term has extended over three years by those in authority. When he was finally released, about three weeks ago, he set out on foot to reach his old home near New Orleans, and got to Atlanta a few days ago. There some friends raised funds to purchase him a ticket to Montgomery, and we understand that he went to Mobile last night. He is the last Confederate, and hopes to reach his old home in a day or two. He is nearly seventy years of age. *Montgomery Advertiser.*

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