Richmond Dispatch.

THURSDAY.....MAY 6, 1875.

The Princess Anne Parricides.

The case of the Battons, suspected of murdering their father, is so strange that we extract from the Norfolk *Landmark*, enough of the testimony to place the case clearly before our readers:

At 1 o'clock P. M. we arrived at Princess Anne Courthouse, and found assembled there a large number of the first citizens of the county. Upon inquiry we learned that the preliminary examination of James Batton, O. W. Batton, and Albert Batton, the three sons of the murdered man, James Batton, Sr., had already commenced.

Upon entering the court-house, an ancient looking structure, we found it densely crowded with people from all sections of the county having been attracted to the spot by the news of the arrests, and the terrible word parricide, which had passed from one to another, thrilling and horrifying every heart. Within the rail were congregated Messrs. Wm. Whitehurst, Thomas Bonney, and John E. Cannon, the three magistrates before whom the examination was conducted; Messrs. W. W. Coke, Esq., Commonwealth's attorney, and Judge Francis M. Whitehurst, and James M. Keeling, Esq., counsel for the prisoners.

The three brothers, two of whom had been arrested Saturday and the other Sunday, were likewise present; and while their demeanor showed that they took a deep interest in the testimony of the witnesses, we could discern a single trace of sorrow for the terrible loss. Self-preservation seemed to have taken sole possession of them. A defiant glance at the face of O. W. Batton, the youth who accompanied his father on that ever memorable Saturday morning, convinced us that he was not one who, armed as he was, could have been so easily frightened into a surrender; for dogged determination and genuine pluck were displayed on every lineament of his countenance. Just here we will say that James Batton is about twenty-three years old, Albert Batton twenty years old, and O. W. Batton about eighteen years old.

The first witness sworn and examined was W. W. Saddler, who testified in substance as follows: About 2:30 o'clock Saturday morning some one came to my house and woke me by rapping on the door. I asked, "What's the matter?" The person in reply said that he had been knocked from his wagon and that his father was shot dead. "Who is your father?" I asked, and he replied, "James Batton." He asked if he could get some one to go with him. I told him I would go. As we were going down the road he said that he had lost his cap, but did not know where. After we had crossed the bridge, a short distance off, he said that it did not seem to be so far off as this. I told him that probably the horse had run off. We continued down the road until we came to the wagon. He said, "Here is the wagon, now." We walked up to the hind part of the wagon and he said, "My father is dead." I asked him to call his father, and he put his hand on the top of his father's head and called him two or three times. Mr. Batton was lying flat on his back in the wagon, with his head on the hind axle. I said to young Batton, "We will go down to Mr. Gallup's and get a light." He replied, "No; I am going home." I suggested that we go to Mr. Halstead's for a light. We then went round to the horse's head and found that the left-hand rein was hitched over the lock of the fence. He took the horse loose. I went to the hind part of the wagon and helped to roll the wheels out. We turned the horse and drove to Halstead's, where I called for a light. As soon as the light came I saw that Mr. Batton was dead. The horse was in the lock of Frazzel's fence, on the left-hand side of the road. Young Batton asked if he could get any one to go home with him. Mr. Halstead and myself agreed to go. I told him to get a cart, as all could not ride in the wagon. He sent off to have a horse brought up. I asked if Halstead and myself had not better get Tib Williams to go with us. He replied, "I reckon you had." I went out to the house and got Tib up. We were waiting for them at the gate when they came up. Tib got up with Mr. Halstead, and I rode upon the wagon. Mr. Halstead said it would never do to go to Mr. Batton's this way; we had better get Anthony Williams to get it known before we get there. We stopped then and called him, and he came out. We told him what we wanted. He said that he could not go then, nohow, but that he would go to Wilson Griggs and get him to send his boy. When he came out he said that Wilson would not let his boy go. Walter Batton said that if he knew his Aunt Hannah had not gone to town he would stop there and get a horse, as there was no one else on the road. I told him that Hill Gardner was on the road. He replied that he had gone to town. We then drove to the foot of Brown road, and after trying in vain to get some one to go on ahead we took the body of Mr. Batton home. The balance of the testimony related to the reception of the tidings, and had no particular bearing upon the case.

J. P. Halstead, being sworn, testified that he was wakened early Saturday morning by Walter Batton and Mr. Saddler. He then repeated in substance the evidence given above; after which he stated that he subsequently visited the scene of the murder and noticed the imprints of horses' hoofs, one of which was apparently shod. He followed these footprints, and soon detected that they separated, one horse taking one side of the road and the other the opposite side. He also detected a peculiarity in the hoofprints of the unshod horse, those of one foot being smaller than the rest. *He followed the trail to Mr. Batton's gate, but not beyond.*

Dr. T. J. Fentress, being sworn, testified that on Saturday afternoon he held a *post-mortem* examination of the body and found two gunshot wounds. One shot entered the abdomen from the front, and taking a backward and upward course passed out near the spine. The other shot entered the left thigh, and also taking a backward and upward course passed out just above the hipbone. He also found three wounds upon the head which, although they did not fracture the skull, were sufficiently severe to cause death. He continued: Assuming that Mr. Batton was lying down at the time, the shots must have been fired by an unusually tall man, or by a person occupying an elevated position of some kind.

At this stage of the examination we were obliged to leave for home. The Commonwealth expects to introduce further testimony of such a character as to fix the guilt upon the three brothers beyond the shadow of a doubt. The small hoofprint made by one of the feet of the unshod horse corresponds exactly with the hoof of a horse owned by the deceased. On Thursday last he had the shoes of a stallion owned by him reset, and the prosecution can prove that on last Saturday night one of the brothers took this stallion to a Norfolk blacksmith and had the shoes taken off. These shoes have been procured, and they fit the imprints of the shod horse tracked to Mr. Batton's gate to a nicety.

Mr. Isaac Farrell, whose house is opposite that of Mr. Batton's, was called up at an early hour Saturday morning, and while in his front yard noticed two men on horseback riding down the road from the direction in which, as he afterwards learned, the murder was committed. They entered Mr. Batton's gate and rode up to the house.

Another important fact, as reported, is that during a recent absence of Mr. Batton the sons drove some cattle to this city, sold them, and divided the spoils. Mr. Batton learned the particulars of this affair on Friday, and was on his way here to investigate the matter when he was killed.

A rumor very generally prevailed at the court-house yesterday that the wife of the deceased was about to be arrested as an accomplice.

GUNPOWDER CASE DECIDED.—*Boston*, May 4.—The gunpowder case, which has excited much interest, and which was a suit against the city of Boston for the value of goods and buildings blown up during the great fire to prevent the spread of flames, was concluded in the United States District Court to day. A verdict for the defendant's was given.

[From the Augusta (Ga.,) Constitutionalist, 4th.]

THE GREAT CYCLONE.

The cyclone of last Saturday afternoon proves to be in every respect as bad, if not worse, than the one of the 20th of March.

As near as we can get at it, it entered Georgia, in Harris county, several miles north of the point where the one last March crossed the Chattahoochee from Alabama. It then swept with desolation and ruin through Meriwether, Upson, Henry, Butts, Newton, Morgan, Greene, Oglethorpe, Wilkes, and Lincoln, and then crossing the Savannah, entered South Carolina, and over Edgefield, Lexington, and Richland counties.

FIRST DROPS OF THE THUNDER-CLOUD.

[Mr. John D. Carter's report.]

RUTLEDGE, GA., 4 *A. M.*, May 3, 1875.—From information thus far gained—necessarily inaccurate, as collected from divers parties who have observed or been told by witnesses of the track of the fearful tornado of last Saturday—it seems that its course has not differed greatly from that of the terrible cyclone that swept over the same sections of the country last March, although the line of its pitiless progress appears to be something southward of the path of its recent destructive predecessor. How far its devastations may fall below or go above the desolating achievements of that hurricane, too, the sequel must disclose.

FIRST SUFFERERS.

On the up night-train from Augusta, which has just steamed away towards Atlanta under the direction of that clever gentleman and prince of conductors, Captain W. J. Brannan, fortune threw me in the company of Engineer William Blackburn, who has faithfully served the Georgia railroad and the public in his responsible position for eight years, Mr. Blackburn being accompanied by his wife, a bride of four months, on her first return to the paternal roof she so joyously and so recently left, summoned by the mournful tidings of ruin and probable death from the havoc of the storm at her home near Covington. A letter from Mr. R. W. Jones, of that place, received by the young husband and wife in Augusta Sunday morning, had brought confirmation of the uncertain news caught from lips that the plantation and residence of Mr. John Norton, father of Mrs. Blackburn, situated about two miles to the west of Covington, had been engulphed in the whirling walls of the cyclone, the dwelling-house lifted from its pillars and hurled to the ground a mass of *débris*, the out-houses demolished, fences carried away, every tree on the place uprooted, and all but one member of the household severely and some fatally injured, among these Mrs. Norton herself so badly that recovery was pronounced doubtful. These two young people were the first of the cyclone sufferers your correspondent saw, and a sad augury of the heart-rending and frightful scenes before him their mournful fate suggested. The disclosures of my proposed visit to Covington and its vicinity to-day will inform you of the magnitude of this domestic affliction.

DEMOLISHING A JUSTICE'S COURT.

While the train paused for a few minutes at Union Point I had the privilege of a brief contab with Captain Reuben McAlpin, the polite conductor on the Athens branch, and from him learned that the cyclone crossed the line of that road at Brightwell's store, some mile and a half south of Maxey station, which is fifteen miles from Union Point and twenty-five from Athens. When the cyclone struck the place a justice's court was in session in Brightwell's store. The hour was between 3 and 4 o'clock P. M. The edifice was at once wrenched from its foundation, the stock of goods within it being scattered to the four winds of heaven. The falling timbers caught and crushed to death Mr. G. W. Maxey. A negro man was lifted in the arms of the tempest and borne fifty yards and his brains dashed out against a huge pine stump. Quite a number of persons were more or less seriously wounded—some allege at least twenty. The breadth of the cyclone was from a quarter of a mile to a mile and one-fourth when it crossed this railroad. Every building but Mr. Brightwell's dwelling-house was destroyed.

DESTRUCTION OF FONTENOY MILLS.

Fontenoy Mills, formerly Scull Shoals, on the Oconee, was very seriously damaged, it is asserted. The residence of Mr. Redmond T. Asbury, near Fontenoy, was blown away, the fences and houses on his plantation scattered, and immense injury inflicted by the wind, hail, and flooding rain. At Fontenoy all the houses of the factory-hands are said to have been ruined, with one exception.

Dr. William Durham, of Maxey Station, was untiringly engaged in calls to attend the wounded at Fontenoy, Maxey, Bairdstown, and adjacent districts.

IT SWEEPS THROUGH BAIRDSTOWN.

Bairdstown is seven and a half miles from Union Point, on the Athens branch. From Mr. Jones Quills, a native of that place, but now residing at the junction, I gained the information that the hurricane arrived there at nearly 4 o'clock. A black cloud had been noticed in the West, and rain had been falling for three quarters of an hour, an impression prevailing on a cessation of the shower that the trouble was over. Mr. Quills was making a yoke in the carriage shop of Neal, Newton & Co., when the wind shaking the building caused him to approach the door. Face to face with the suddenly bursting elements, he advanced into the street for safety. Several oaks fell near him. He retreated into the portico of Wilson & Co.'s store, where a number of persons had gathered, but the quivering of the edifice in the wrenching of the tempest made him doubt the security of this retreat, and jumping over a fence he took refuge in an adjacent apple orchard. No sooner there than down came one after another of the fruit trees, and in desperation, rushing to the centre of the grove, Mr. Quills then clung to a young, sturdy sapling, and thus anchored, withstood the force of the elements. As the hurricane approached the clouds hung low, and lambent lightnings played over them. The lumber-shed of Neal, Newton & Co. went to the ground in the terrible tornado, the gin and out-houses of William R. Wilson followed suit, and during the five minutes' prevalence of the hardest blow shingles, twigs, limbs, sand, planks, and other *débris* danced and scudded through the angered air. Mrs. Sansford, living on a place of Mr. John Armstrong, some two miles from Bairdstown, had all her out-houses and fences prostrated.

A HEROIC GIRL.

The shade-trees in the church-yard at Bairdstown were destroyed. Mr. James Lloyd's residence was terribly shaken, the bricks from the chimney falling inside, through it, and on the top of the edifice, and scaring the frightened inmates to a loftier acme of terror. Mr. William R. Wilson, being a man of extraordinary nerve, when the tempest enveloped his home, placed his entire family in the cellar, with the exception of his eldest daughter, Miss Belle, a dauntless lassie of eighteen. Her he posted against the front door, while he took charge of the second story. At one time the fierce fury of the tornado broke the fastenings and pushed the door open, despite the unremitting opposition of the brave girl. At the critical moment of danger her father came to her reinforcement, the door was resbut, and the house saved doubtless from instant destruction.

AT GREENSBORO' AND VICINITY.

Greensboro' the cyclone was kind enough to give the go-by in a great degree. It touched the place upon the north side, doing its work vigorously and severely and marking its visit by the prompt and ready uprooting of many of the venerable and ancient oaks that have made beautiful and lovely its shady cemetery, its private residences, and its public streets. The chimney of Dr. William L. M. Harriss tumbled, and pale-cheeked members of his household thought the house was falling and it was too late for the physician to heal himself. Mr. Lawrence Wheeler, a well-known resident planter of Greene county, aged some fifty-five years, living eight miles north of Greensboro', near Scull Shoals, had been to Greensboro', and having started home in a buggy drawn by a pair of horses, had gotten two miles on his return trip home when the storm broke upon him. He took shelter on the east side of the gin-house of Captain John Branch. The huge building was precipitated upon him, covering Mr. Wheeler, his horses, and his vehicle. Mr. Wheeler managed to extricate himself, having miraculously escaped with only a severe cut on the head and some bruises, and cut loose his horses. The vehicle was hopelessly smashed. The gin-house of Captain Daniels was also blown down. Torrents of rain fell, succeeded by a hail-storm.

In the fork of Apolochee and Oconee rivers Mr. Adams's plantation was devastated—houses demolished, fences scattered, and trees laid low. Other sufferers are there. A little negro girl on Mr. Adams's place was carried two hundred yards, and returned to mother earth unscratched.

The cyclone passed some four miles north of the town of Madison, on the Georgia railroad, and hence no damage was there inflicted.

THE CYCLONE AT COVINGTON AND BEYOND.

COVINGTON, GA., May 3.—Your correspondent is enabled to indicate, with some degree of accuracy, at this hour the track of the cyclone through a portion of Georgia. Whether it gathered its fearful forces in the Gulf of Mexico or called them from the mountains beyond the Mississippi valley is the question to be determined by the Meteorological Bureau. It is certain, though, that even unscientific people thus early know a considerable part of its direction in our own State.

ITS ENTRANCE IN GEORGIA.

It came from the west of us, beyond Jonesboro', in Clayton county—may be from beyond West Point and the Chattahoochee. Passing through Clayton county with local damage, now not ascertained, it entered Henry county, and traversed it with remarkable devastation, as reported. Edging Rockdale, a small new county, it demolished the dwelling and out-houses of Mr. Thomas Oglesby, killing cows, horses, and hogs, and injuring fencing and destroying trees on his place. The limits of

NEWTON COUNTY

were entered at Judge Joseph Regan's, on South river, blowing everything away in its path.

LOSS OF LIFE AND LIMB.

A man and two negroes are reliably reported to have been here killed, and Mr. Treadway, living on Cotton creek, to have been caught up and carried away, and to be yet missing in spite of search. Widow Holloway's house was blown down and that lady very terribly wounded, several of her ribs being broken and torn from her back by falling timbers; and several of Mr. W. F. Harden's children were seriously hurt. Mrs. E. M. Melton was badly injured by broken rafters. On the west side of the county the appearance of the cyclone is described as that of

FLAMING FIRE,

for five or ten feet from the ground, while higher up it lowered black as midnight. Six miles west of Covington, Captain G. M. Cunningham suffered the total loss of his mansion and its contents. His wife and four children, in the building at the time it fell, escaped unhurt. It is said this pious lady left her children in one room, and repaired herself to an adjoining apartment to pray to the Ruler of the elements when the tempest burst upon her home. Cats, chickens, and guineas were killed on the place by the furious blasts. A board from the wheat-house was found three miles from its point of departure in a reverse direction to the course of the storm, and letters were blown seven miles (to Covington), which were picked up and returned to Captain Cunningham. Bedding was lodged in tree-tops half a mile away, and a heavy twelve-inch timber-plate, sixty feet long, was lifted to an adjoining plantation. A negro named Andrew Tillman, in an out-house, was struck on the forehead over the left eye by a descending rafter, the skull fractured, and several pieces of bone driven into the brain. The negro is doing well. Near this place the house of Mr. John Lloyd, which had been burnt the preceding Friday, was finished by the storm. Mr. George McKeon was caught up, transferred a quarter of a mile, and landed on a fence with few contusions. The wild winds came on and crossed the Alcovy river a short distance above and north of Cedar Shoals factory, at the head of Bear creek, a few domicils of the factory hands being blown down as they passed. At about 2 o'clock P. M. the storm reached its nearest point to Covington, at the place of Mr. John Norton, two miles west. This country residence was located on an exposed elevation, perhaps the highest point in all the adjacent section, and thus became

CONSPICUOUS PREY

to the fierce elements. Mr. Norton was absent from home. Mrs. Norton and her two children and a little boy were in the house. It faced to the west, and was built on brick pillars some three feet high. Thrown from its supporters, the body of the house was utterly demolished, the roof blown a half-mile away and lodged in a pine thicket, the furniture broken and scattered, provisions and clothing dissipated to the winds, and hardly a piece of timber left but was unwrenched from its fastenings. All the trees and fences were levelled, and a happy and fair home in a twinkling made a scene of confusion, terror, and ruin. Mrs. Norton was injured in the face, head, and arms; her two children slightly hurt, little Jimmie alone escaping—all being buried beneath the *débris* of the edifice. The kitchen and out-houses were broken to pieces, and the negro servants,

PANIC STRICKEN,

fled incontinently to Mr. Bailey's, the nearest neighbor. The arm of one of these (named Lemuel Cupid) was broken in two places, and two other darkies were injured in person. The door of the dwelling was found four miles away on the Alcovy river.

CHICKENS AND OTHER FOWLS

were carried in the storm two miles to the house of Mr. Petty, a neighbor, some arriving dead, and others still fluttering. The veranda went in the air a quarter of a mile before touching the ground. Mr. Norton's friends made up a purse of two hundred dollars to-day and gave him. Next in the cyclone current was the house of Mr. Littleton Petty, which only lost its chimney-tops, while the out houses were thrown down. Dr. J. J. Dearing's residence, three miles from Covington, was considerably damaged, but suffered no casualties. A mile below McGuire's bridge it crossed Alcovy river, and ravaged the Harriss plantation. Rev. W. L. Beene, editor of the Covington *Enterprise*, was passing along here with his wife and one child in a light carriage, going to church. Overtaken by the tempest, the shelter of a negro cabin was sought. The arrived party made eight persons in the log hut. In a moment its western side was forced in, the roof torn off, and the rude building toppled upon its affrighted occupants. Mr. Beebe was caught by a falling joist and his left leg fractured below the knee, both bones being broken. Little Lee Adams was bruised, but no one else was hurt. The brick store three miles further on and four miles south of Social Circle was considerably damaged. Mr. John Gibson's place and plantations along the Alcovy river were considerably torn up, and there was a strong blow in the Circle.

The Alcovy was swelled beyond its banks, the runs were flooded, and immense rain-washes occurred. Here the cyclone seems to have sprung up

TOWARDS THE HEAVENS,

leaping along, as it were, far above the tree-tops, which were wrung and twisted as it rushed over them, and did not descend to the immediate surface of the earth until it was nearing the village of

RUTLEDGE.

This is a place in Morgan county, of some sixty houses, including its immediate environs, and is the lying-over station for trains on the Georgia railroad. Years ago it was a cross-roads grocery, but lots have been bought and improved by conductors, engineers, and train-hands until this primal condition has been made a thing of the far past. It is one hundred and fifteen miles from Augusta, and lies on a very slightly elevated plat of land immediately north of the railroad track. Its houses are all wooden structures, in the vast majority of cases are only one story in height, and are straggling. Approaching from the southwest the cyclone was first observed while the up-passenger train was at the station on schedule time of 2:37 P. M. Its dark and ominous outlines were seen creeping up above the distant horizon visibly, like an overreaching, portentous shadow, over the green tree tops. Suddenly the far off rumbling increased to a threatening roar, and the hurricane, as if just catching sight of

THE DOOMED VILLAGE,

while there poised itself, apparently to survey more completely and with a burning glance the prey it was rushing to destroy. Corruscations played athwart the savage black visage of the fierce tempest. In a twinkling the grim storm crouched again upon the earth, and with an indescribable roaring, and shrieking, and confusion of deafening sounds, sprang at the devoted little town. Ere it reached its goal a

WHISTLING WHIRLWIND

broke off from the main body and scooted up the railroad track by the depôt and passed around the southeastern side of the village. The main cyclone, by resulting force of repulsion, slightly deviated from its course, and went a little more, for the moment, to the northward. This caused a gap between the two divisions of the hurricane thus made, and this gap passed over the centre of the town. Had it not been for this diversion the whole fury of the cyclone must have dashed itself upon the place, and it must inevitably have been laid in utter waste and desolation. As it was, the main hurricane edged it on the southwest, and the lesser one crossed its northeastern end. In this gap also, fortunately, the train was stopped by the force of the contrary winds, and thus was saved from destruction. At the point on the track between the depôt and Dr. Montgomery's house, and west of the depôt some four hundred yards, Mr. R. B. Etbridge, railroad agent, a gentleman some forty years old, stood on the track near the depôt watching the departing train and the coming storm. In a trice he was

CAUGHT UP BY THE WINDS

and dashed to the ground. Recognizing the danger of the situation, he grasped the iron rail near him, and wound both arms around it in his prostrate condition. Holding tightly for dear life in this manner, he was enabled to control his body and legs from the fury of the tempest, but he was beaten up and down against the ground in this position for the space of two minutes. On getting up during a momentary lull to try and make the shelter of the depôt he was hurled under the depôt, and lost a fine string of Augusta blackfish he had just paid a half-dollar for at the train. Nothing has ever been heard of the fish since. Mr. W. S. Vining, depôt watchman, had also invested in piscatorial delicacies, and after starting to his home, some fifty yards north of the track, stopped for a parting glance likewise at the storm and cars. Without any notice whatever he was lifted from where he was standing on the side of the track and abruptly set down ten feet distant on the hard ground. Scrambling to his feet he ran as well as he could to his house and got it between him and the wind. Venturing around the corner to get admittance through the door, the wind, by sheer force, broke his hold of the door-knob four successive times, and dashed him off the steps. With the fifth effort he got in, and found his young wife, with her little baby in her arms closely hugged to her breast, sitting in the middle of the room, filled with despairing apprehension that death was imminent. This first severe onslaught lasted five minutes, succeeded by heavy rain and hail. In fifteen minutes afterwards a second blow prevailed, which frightened the people who had come out back into their selected places of safety, feeling that escape was not yet sure. Soon Mr. Vining ventured out to give what aid he could to those on whom the severities of the cyclone had fallen, and in passing the portico of Wilson's store, saw

OLD BAPTIST LUKE,

a darky preacher, standing stupefied by the terrors that surrounded him. Old Luke, aroused to consciousness by the sound of a friendly voice, instantly pitched into praying like he was at a night-meeting. Under the admirable direction of Mr. W. S. Vining, who volunteered kindly to act as guide, your correspondent made the tour of the town, and followed the track of the cyclone for several miles on foot. The chief devastation was done on the southwestern side of the village. The main storm crossed the railroad five hundred yards west of the depôt at a deep cut, in which it prostrated three huge pines that had been wrenched off, thus barring the advance of the passing train. At this point, on the north side of the railroad and in front of the advancing cyclone, stood the residence of Dr. J. J. Montgomery, a square-built two-story frame house with eight rooms, fronting south from a portico and yard of flowers and shrubbery. The roof of the style, commonly known as hipped-roof, was torn off and borne a quarter of a mile away. The eastern side of the building was blown out, the furniture broken, and household goods scattered, a big pine lying crushed and crushing the front gate, and a huge oak uprooted by the side of the dwelling, on the east. The kitchen, stables, barn, fencing, and out-house were demolished, and the place left as if swept by the besom of destruction. The children were absent from home, but Dr. and Mrs. Montgomery were in a room on the eastern side of the house, the latter confined to her bed with severe sickness which has kept her a confirmed invalid for two years, when the destruction of the dwelling had happened. Dr. Montgomery took his helpless wife in his arms and carried her to a place behind the roots of an upturn tree. Torrents of rain descended, and the heavy hail-storm beat upon them in this exposed position, and when friends found them, as the heavens cleared, both were exhausted. Husband and wife are now sick in bed,

PROSTRATED

by the nervous shock and distresses of the dreadful occasion. Ten years ago Dr. Montgomery was the victim of a cyclone at Sandtown, by which his losses were great and his sufferings severe, his children having then been blown five hundred yards. A small farmer named John Stepps occupied a two-room frame house one-quarter of a mile on from this residence. It stood on four pillars, two and one-half feet high, and was in the edge of a cultivated field, and faced southeast, with the chimney in the southwest end. Mr. Stepps and his sister Jane were in it when the hurricane came. The rear shed was blown away, the roof taken off, household goods then lifted through the uncovered top and sown broadcast, while the house was carried from its pillars twenty feet. As the building was breaking up the brother jumped from the aperture of the fire-place, from which the chimney had been blown away, and the sister escaped through the door, both finding refuge beside the well-curbing in the yard, and both being terribly battered by huge hail-stones. Fences, stables, cribs, and all all went. The storm tore across the fields, felling scattered timber and covering the earth with *débris*, and reached a section of the place called Pan-Handle. Mrs. Shore's mansion was unroofed and pitilessly exposed, while she and her daughter saved themselves by clinging to the posts of the door, which faced east. This location is in the edge of the woods in the southwest suburbs of Rutledge, which whirled the cyclone a few hundred yards further on, and more perfectly embraced by a forest of young pines and oaks, is the ruined dwelling of Dr. C. P. Brown, a snug, one-story new frame building, that rested on three-feet brick pillars. The door was east, the chimney south, and as the edifice was precipitated ten feet from its supporters, the brick chimney fell inward. An oak was prostrated right beside it on the west, two on the east, while a fourth struck and crushed its northwest corner. Nearly every tree in its vicinity is down, crossed and piled in unimaginable shapes. The roof burst away, and clothing, beds, furniture, pictures, and everything that had been beneath it, followed its upward flight. Dr. Brown and his wife were in a shed-room, and, like it, escaped unharmed. It is thought the whole mansion would have gone had not the cook-room on its eastern side been crushed down and driven into the ground, and thus served as a prop to resist the

DEMONS OF THE AIR.

Not far removed onward is a deep ravine, above and around which waved the stateliest and grandest monarchs of the forest, while on its deep and almost precipitous sides stood in regal grandeur, equally as strong and proud, old oaks and lofty pines. When the cyclone struck this ravine it appears to have been for a moment held within it, and with a fierce restiveness at this daring restraint it raged and tore the wrestling and writhing trees with a lion's ferocity in every shape and direction. These splendid trees lie piled, uprooted or torn down, while their splintered, twisted, bruised, and broken limbs, of every height, look plaintively forth from amidst the dwarfed and scorched undergrowth. It is to be doubted if the whole course of the cyclone can present a

SCENE OF DESOLATION

complete, wide spread, and irretrievable, like this melancholy but fearfully suggestive ravine. We easily walked across it on the interlacing trunks of trees, and far below us beheld its distant and leafy bottom, through which was running a pellucid little stream, a lovely but bright symbol of life and freshness amidst so much of unbroken ruin and utter death. J. D. C.

THE CYCLONE AT RUTLEDGE—A TRUE ACCOUNT FROM AN EYE-WITNESS.

[Special Report for the Constitutionalist.]

RUTLEDGE, May 2, 1875.

The most severe tornado that ever came through this portion of the country passed over Rutledge yesterday about half-past 2 o'clock. The cloud rose in the west, and it was a terrible-looking one, going nearly east, or a little north of east. It struck the right end of the town at Dr. J. J. Montgomery's residence, tearing it all to pieces, not leaving an out-house nor a panel of fence on his place. This is the second time the Doctor has been torn up by a tornado within eight years—the other time in 1867, at Santon. His loss then was not less than six thousand dollars. His loss now is not less than three thousand or four thousand dollars. It swept over Rutledge, laying trees, fences, and several small houses to the earth. Mrs. Crittenden's house was blown down. The Masonic Hall and academy—all in one building—was scattered and levelled with the sills. The hardest portion of it passed just north of Rutledge, unroofing several houses, striking a piece of heavy oak timbered land, tearing down every tree—some by the roots and some twisted off eight and ten feet high; smashing the residence of Dr. C. P. Brown, and unroofing the house of Mr. H. Tomlin, and ruined his farm. His loss in out-buildings, timber, and other damage, will amount to over two thousand dollars. The next house was Mr. John Hill Davis's which was demolished entirely, not leaving a shelter on his place. On his farm the young corn and vegetation were swept off smooth to the ground; also on Mr. Tomlin's. The hardest portion of the hurricane was about a half or three-quarters of a mile wide, but for two miles wide it laid fences level with the earth. From ten or fifteen miles above this place to twelve below I have reliable news. There is not a tree of any size nor a panel of fence left standing, and very few houses of any kind. It laid waste the whole country in its track. The farms of Augustus Stoddard, Mrs. Stalings, Mr. Harper, and many others on Hard Labor creek and Sandy creek were laid waste. There was no one seriously hurt that I have heard of, except Mr. J. H. Davis and family were all injured, and Mr. Reuben Allman, on Sandy creek, had everything blown away, and is so badly hurt he is not expected to live. Many farms are so badly damaged that it will be impossible for the owners to make a crop this year. The hail was very heavy, and the rain fell in almost a solid sheet, washing away the lands and cotton-seed that were planted. So you see, between the wind and rain, many are left without houses, land, or timber. In many instances provisions, bedding, and clothing were all carried away. There is bound to be great suffering in the track of this terrible destroyer. A great many horses, cows, and other stock, are missing or crippled. The rain fell nearly four inches deep on a level in my yard in less than ten minutes.

Many who saw the ruins at Camak say this was a much stronger wind than that. It blew up large oaks, two and three feet through, by the roots, and carried them thirty feet, and some that broke off were carried several hundred yards.

The Masonic Hall is a heavy loss to the fraternity, as it was a new building that cost all that could be possibly raised by them to build it. A full description of the ruins is impossible to write. You would have to see it to believe one-half. Collard-plants, onions, and other small vegetables were blown out by the roots. In some places the ground was swept clean of small vegetation. If I get any more particulars which I think will be of interest I will write you. Yours, &c., W. R.

OGLETHORPE AND GREEN—THE STORM ROLLS ON—DEATH AND RUIN IN ITS TRACK.

BAIRDSTOWN, May 3, 1875.—It is impossible to estimate the damage done by the cyclone that passed through Ogletborpe and Green counties on Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock, completely demolishing houses and destroying farms. Several persons were killed and many wounded. Have not heard from other places. Six houses were blown down on my mother's plantation.

C. D. KIMBREW.

The Recent Blockade on the Union Pacific Railroad.

HOW TRAINS WERE DELAYED NEARLY A FORTNIGHT.

[From the Alta California, April 26.]

GREEN RIVER, WYOMING, April 25.—On Saturday morning your correspondent left this point on the east-bound train for the scene of the washouts between here and Rock Springs. The train went but two miles, and came to a halt, being within fifty yards of the first washout east of here. The passengers alighted from their sleeping-cars, and were directed to go up a hill to the left, where Eddy's camp is located, that being the first transfer station. The rain and snow made walking very disagreeable, the ground being soft and slushy. At this camp immense quantities of baggage and mail were piled up awaiting further transportation.

I proceeded from Eddy's camp, down along the line of the road, for a distance of four miles.

The scene must be witnessed before it can be fully realized. The condition of the road is one of almost complete destruction, and in going over it as I did, tramping ankle-deep in mud, and compelled at times to jump across creeks and climb up muddy hills, it looked as though it would take weeks before the road could be in any manner put in a condition to permit trains to pass over, although the bridge- and track-builders have entire confidence that they will have the breaks repaired sufficiently to allow trains to pass over within the next five days.

The extent of damage on this four miles of road is much worse than on any other part of the line, and is more difficult to contend with. The road passes here almost innumerable times over Bitter creek, the course of its current having been unfortunately turned by the engineers in the construction of the road. From Green river to Lawrence the road runs through an alkali desert, between mountain ranges. Embankments were thrown up to a height of about twenty feet, consisting of soft alkali clay, with no gravel or ballasting, the ties being laid on a road-bed which becomes soft and slippery as soon as it is washed by the rains.

The first large washout is about two miles from Green river, and is nearly a mile in extent. The water from the overflowed creeks, filled from the foothills, rose completely over the embankment, and for several feet over the tracks, and for a height of twenty-five feet in some places—being higher than ever known in this region of country.

The embankments were entirely washed away, rails breaking, and the track in some places was buried twelve feet deep in mud. At other points it is sliding down the track; at others, rails and ties sixty feet in length were thrown over the sides of the remaining embankments, lying there as if they had been raised carefully by men and laid there. At this point J. T. Clark is at work, engaged with a large working force, in raising the track and preparing to relay it there, and his wrecking-trains run down a track on a sliding embankment, a bed of sleepers eight feet deep having been laid so that the engine and wrecking-train could lie on a temporary track. Further on, a piece of embankment 300 yards long was washed out, no marks being left that a track had ever laid there. Then, three bridges were carried away, the water soaking in under sixteen-feet piles. The first of the bridges was 100 feet in length, the second 400, and the third 376. A small piece of the last only remained standing. In many places the road-bed is utterly impassable.

About half way between Green river and Rock Springs a construction train, with bridge outfit, sent out from Rawlins to repair one of the bridges, was cut off before it could reach its destination, and had to be abandoned, as the embankment behind it gave way. [illegible] 28 miles, and has been washed away. Before the train could return the embankment on the rear end of the train was washed out, and it now stands on an island, the track on each side having disappeared with the rush of the waters. Having walked over this four-mile break, of which I have given you but a poor description, I climbed up a hill seventy-five feet from the road to Shankland's camp, another transfer station. Here S. T. Shankland, division superintendent of the Laramie division, has established his headquarters since the blockade.

A Boston paper makes this observation: "That single hiss which every evening is given by a persistent attendant as a running accompaniment to the wake scene in the 'Shaughraun' sounds rather lonely, not to say ridiculous."

RAILROAD LINES.

RICHMOND AND PETERSBURG RAILROAD COMPANY.

COMMENCING JANUARY 4, 1875, trains on this road will run as follows:

LEAVE RICHMOND SOUTH.

5:20 A. M., THROUGH MAIL daily (except Sunday), connecting for all points South and West. Sleeping-car attached.

7:45 A. M., FREIGHT TRAIN daily (except Sunday), with coach attached, for Petersburg and stations on the Southside road, Lynchburg, and the West.

1:45 P. M., THROUGH MAIL daily, connecting for all points South and West. Passengers taking this train will make close connection at Petersburg for Norfolk.

5:00 P. M., FREIGHT daily (except Sunday) with coach attached.

LEAVE PETERSBURG NORTH.

8:00 A. M., FREIGHT TRAIN daily (except Sunday) with coach attached.

11:45 A. M., THROUGH MAIL daily, connecting with Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac railroad for all points East and West. Pullman Sleeper attached, running through to Baltimore. Also making close connection with the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad for the Virginia Springs and points North and West.

5:00 P. M., FREIGHT daily (except Sunday) coach attached.

8:00 P. M., THROUGH MAIL daily (except Sunday), connecting with Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac railroad for all points East and West. Pullman Sleeper attached, running through to Baltimore. Also making close connection with the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad for the Virginia Springs and points North and West.

The MAIL TRAINS will not stop between Richmond and Petersburg except at Chester.

Trains on the Clover Hill railroad will leave Clover Hill pits at 6:30 A. M.; and returning, will leave Chester at 2:40 P. M. daily except Sundays.

ALL TRAINS leaving Petersburg will start from Appomattox depot.

no 21 A. SHAW, Superintendent.

DRUGS, MEDICINES, &c.

BEEF-CHOCOLATE.

This CHOCOLATE is prepared of best cocoa and sugar, with three per cent. of extract of meat in a concentrated form. It is a very nutritious form of both meat and chocolate. For sale by

PURCELL, LADD & CO., Druggists,

my 4 1216 Main street.

HUBBELL'S PREPARED WHEAT,

GUARANA POWDERS,

MILK OF MAGNESIA,

TAMAR INDIENE (Indien),

TROMMER'S EXTRACT OF MALT,

for sale by

J. BLAIR, Druggist,

my 4 corner Broad and Ninth streets.

HAVING PURCHASED THE DRUG-STORE on the corner of Fourteenth and Franklin streets from James P. Duval, and secured the services of two competent druggists—E. P. REEVE and WILLIAM CAMM—I will continue the business with a full assortment of DRUGS, CHEMICALS, FANCY ARTICLES, PERFUMERY, &c., and all articles usually kept in a first-class drug-store. Prescriptions will be accurately compounded at all hours.

GEORGE F. NORTON.

In retiring from business, I take pleasure in recommending my successor, Major G. F. NORTON, to the confidence and patronage of my friends and the public generally. JAMES P. DUVAL.

my 3

TAKE

SIMMONS'S LIVER REGULATOR

for all diseases of the Liver, Stomach, and Spleen

It is eminently a Family Medicine; and by being kept ready for immediate resort will save many an hour of suffering and many a dollar in time and doctors' bills.

After Forty Years' trial it is still receiving the most unqualified testimonials of its virtues from persons of the highest character and responsibility. Eminent physicians commend it as the most

EFFECTUAL SPECIFIC

for CONSTIPATION, HEADACHE, PAIN in the SHOULDERS, DIZZINESS, SOUR STOMACH, bad taste in the MOUTH, BILIOUS ATTACKS, PALPITATION of the HEART, PAIN in the region of the KIDNEYS, DESPONDENCY, GLOOM, and forebodings of EVIL, all of which are the offspring of a diseased LIVER.

If you feel DULL, DROWSY, DEBILITATED, have frequent HEADACHE, MOUTH TASTES BADLY, POOR APPETITE, and TONGUE COATED, you are suffering from TORPID LIVER or "BILIOUSNESS," and nothing