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BUTLER ON POLITICS.

Tilden and the Democracy—How the Southern Phalanx Will Be Broken—The Republican Party's Advantage.

Interview in New York Herald.

What does the result of the vote on Tuesday signify in the politics of the State?"

"It signifies that my election was supposed by the Faneuil Hall Democrats to injure Mr. Tilden's chances for the nomination for the Presidency, and hence the action of that class of so-called Democrats who look to Mr. Tilden to give them national office. That bubble, however, is burst, and Mr. Tilden, in my judgment, stands less chance for being elected President than he does by being struck by lightning in the coming Winter.—The Democracy will hardly push the choice of a man for the Presidency the second time who had not the courage and ability to take his seat when elected to it. In my younger days it was not accustomed to such leadership. The election in New York has settled that, if nothing else."

"Is the Democratic party nationally stronger or weaker for the defeat of Mr. Tilden in New York?"

"Stronger, because he represented nothing that wasn't equally represented by the Republican party. He represented the wealth, the monopolies, the special privileges, the banking and currency interests of Wall street. On that class of questions the Republican party can beat him and give him six to ten in the game, for they have become, from necessity of administration during the war and since the chosen guardians of all that class of interests. The Democratic party North and West of Albany in New York, and west of the Alleganies in the country, are in an entirely different way of thinking from Mr. Tilden, and they never will vote for him again, even if he were nominated."

"Do you agree with the opinion which has been so generally expressed that the Democratic party has no chance next year in view of the results in Maine, Massachusetts, Ohio, California and New York?"

"I agree that the Democratic party, under its present leadership, going in the same direction hasn't any chance. It has no chance, because I fail to find any distinctive difference in the principles held unanimously by the members of the Democratic party from those of the leaders of the Republican party, for whose candidate the lieutenants and captains of the Democratic party in Massachusetts voted, and whom they have attempted to elect in the past two years. If you say the tariff, then the Democratic leaders in Pennsylvania are tariff men; if you say the finance question, both parties are split in two upon that question by the backbone of the Alleganies; if you say on the question of protection of citizens in their rights by the General Government, the Democratic party doubts whether it ought to be done. Most of the Democratic leaders are afraid to say that it ought to be done, and Hayes' administration is afraid to do it. If you speak of foreign policy, there is no question between the Democrats and Republicans upon that. It took the four months in the special session of Congress to get up an issue last Summer on which they could divide, and that was the question of putting troops at the polls when there were no troops to put there, and it was wholly an immaterial question; and, further than that, neither party claimed that the presence of troops at the polls had ever influenced one thousand votes. If you say universal suffrage, the Democracy are against it in the South and the Republicans are in favor of it in the South and against it in the North. On the question of internal improvements, the Democrats are as anxious to vote improvements for their rivers and harbors as are the Republicans for theirs. Upon the granting of special privileges, so that you make yourself rich by watering stocks of railroads, a charge has been made by Mr. Field that our last Democratic Presidential candidate watered the stock of the elevated railroad to a worse extent than any such performance has ever been carried in the United States; but Mr. Tilden returns the charge upon Mr. Field, and I believe them both."

"You think, then, any party which will place itself in line with the people will succeed?"

"The whole history of the country has shown it. The Democratic party was ruined by its support of the institution of slavery, which institution was not in consonance with the feelings, the wishes, the belief or the sense of justice of the people, and was only sustained so many years because of the Constitutional obligation to do so. That is now out of the way, and very soon all of the evils growing out of it will fade away, and when that is done nobody doubts that true Democracy will resume its sway in our Government except those who believe in imperialism."

Southern Feeling.

"Do you believe that the people of the South, as a people, are to-day disloyal or in favor either of secession or in the restoration of slavery?"

"I don't believe that the people of the South are in favor of the restoration of slavery, for they have seen by free labor a greater amount of product of cotton, tobacco and sugar than ever under the system of slavery. They see now what the North learned early that slave labor was not profitable and was wholly inconsistent with Republican institutions.—Nor do I believe that there is any considerable body of men in the South that desire secession. I think all reflecting men agree that that question is settled in this country, certainly forcible secession."

"Is there, then, any advantage to be gained by keeping alive the spirit of sectionalism which has existed in this country since the war?"

"A great advantage to the party which can keep in power by so doing, without disadvantage to the country. No man deprecates and deplores more than I do the spirit of lawlessness, the disregard of human life, whether of white or of black, the resort to force in conducting civil controversies, which have shown themselves in some parts of the South, and no one would go further than I would to bring such mob violence to an end."

"How much longer is this condition of sectionalism in political life going to last?"

"It will vanish after the election of 1880, and if the Democracy of the North are wise it will cease to be an element before them. There are many causes working to that end. One very strong one is that the state of lawlessness is injuring the business interests of the South. It is preventing the influx of capital there and entirely stopping the flow of emigration except in the single State of Texas, where there has been less of it, in fact than in any other, and where emigration is equal to that of any agricultural section of the West or North. I mean to give no *ex cathedra* opinion when I say that it will end in 1881. My reason for so believing is that the census of 1880 will show that political power has passed from the East and South to the West.—Many of the Western States will double their ratio of representation as well in the Electoral College as in the House. New York and the seaboard will lose in like ratio. The South will lose, so that instead of having 138 out of 369 electoral votes it will hardly have the proportion of one-third, if more than one-quarter, the only gain being in Texas, which is not substantially different in popular composition from Kansas, so that the South will cease to be so large a factor for one side, and the divisions in politics hereafter between parties will be questions upon which the South will divide alike with the North."

Hampton and the Republicans.

When a Republican editor of Chicago invited General Hampton to send a congratulatory dispatch to the "American King," the latter simply replied: "Thanks for your politeness, but I must decline the invitation." The reply was exactly what it should have been. He had no congratulations to offer General Grant, and he civilly declined to play the hypocrite. The Chicago editor displayed very bad taste in sending his "invitations" to Southern men, and General Hampton gave him just the answer he deserved. General Hampton has had the misfortune to witness the methods of Grantism in two Southern States—Mississippi and Louisana—and the spectacle was hardly calculated to make him an enthusiastic admirer of the man from whom the tyranny took its name. He had seen rotten State Governments upheld by Grant's bayonets, in spite of the judgment pronounced against them by a large majority of the voters at the ballot box. He had seen United States troops take possession of a State capitol, by Grant's direction, and deny entrance to the legally elected representatives of the people. He has seen the writ of *habeas corpus* suspended, by Grant's order, under a law passed at Grant's dictation, and the citizens of whole counties treated as robbers and murderers. It is not surprising, then, that he should not have forgotten these acts of outrage and oppression, and that he should not feel inclined to send any words of congratulation to their author. But, of course, the Republicans profess to feel great astonishment and indignation at General Hampton's conduct. If he had telegraphed a message of gushing welcome he would have been abused as a monster of deceit and hypocrisy. Because he did not do this he is roundly denounced as an unrepentant and malignant rebel. There is nothing surprising in this, but the sublimity of cheek—no other word in our language will convey the idea—is attained when the Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Telegraph* states that "much comment is made in Administration circles at the refusal of Senator Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, to unite in an expression of welcome to General Grant upon his reception at Chicago by the Society of the Army of the Tennessee." It would seem from this correspondent's dispatch that General Hampton's telegram has been made the subject of a Cabinet consultation, at which the Carolina Senator's character was handled with a freedom that savors very strongly of impertinence. It was mentioned that as long as General Hampton was permitted to use the Federal patronage to serve his own purposes he ostensibly endeavored to carry out his promises, but the extremity to which he carried his demands made it necessary for the Administration to exercise some discrimination in the appointments made in the South. "Upon this General Hampton immediately turned his back on all his promises and became more intolerant even than those of his fellow-citizens whom he had previously censured." In other words, because Mr. Hayes discharged his constitutional duty in removing the bayonets that supported Chamberlain's fraudulent and corrupt government and afterwards appointed a few decent men to office, on General Hampton's suggestion, the latter surrendered all independence of thought and action and became the bond slave of the Administration. Now that General Hampton chooses to act as a freeman and declines to kiss the hand of him who scourged his people so wantonly and so cruelly the President and his Cabinet see fit to express their surprise and indignation. It is hardly necessary to say that if Mr. Hayes supposed that by doing his sworn duty he was purchasing General Hampton he made a capital mistake. General Hampton is a man who will do that which he belives to be right, regardless of the "comments of Administration circles."—*Augusta Chronicle and Constitutionalist.*

The Texas-Pacific.

Colonel Scott, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, in an interview with a reporter, said of the Texas-Pacific that last month it did the largest business that was ever done by that line, showing its ability to take care of all its obligations, and he expected when he got home to close a contract to complete the line 750 miles west from Fort Worth to the western boundary of New Mexico, and they expect to connect with the Southern Pacific on its way eastward from the Pacific coast, thereby forming another great trans-continental route from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. He expected to meet the Southern Pacific somewhere near the western boundary of New Mexico. It would open up an immense agricultural and mineral region. There line will be pretty direct from Fort Worth to El Paso, and from there to the western border of New Mexico it would follow along close to the boundary of Old Mexico, and develop all the vast mineral wealth of that region. He contemplates having the road completed in two years from Fort Worth, and by the time they get to the western boundary of New Mexico the Southern Pacific will have arrived at the same point, thereby making a route 100 miles shorter than the old line, and passing lowest summits, which are entirely free from snow the year around, with no blockades to interrupt constant travel.

The Texas-Pacific at its eastern terminus connects with the Iron Mountain at Texarkana. It also connects with the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Road, thereby forming connections with St. Louis. The average cost of the entire line will be about $30,000 per mile. It will also give New Orleans, Vicksburg and Memphis a route across the continent by the construction of short lines. He said there was an erroneous impression that the Pennsylvania Railway Company controls or operates the Texas-Pacific Road. This was a mistake; the Pennsylvania company has nothing to do with it. Colonel Scott said that he, in connection with some other gentlemen, run the Texas and Pacific Road.—*St. Louis Republican, November* 11.

— Corn is cheaper in Iowa this fall than in any other place on the globe, selling at 18 and 20 cents at the depots, and 10 and 15 cents at places distant from the railroads. It is reported to be very ripe, sound and sweet, and there will be 150,000,000 to 200,000,000 bushels, not one-sixth of which can be shipped out of the State.

LEE AND JACKSON.

Their Last Meeting in this World.

Fitzhugh Lee's Army N. Va. Oration.

Referring to the last meeting of Lee and Jackson, the speaker said: Ah, what an earnest talk Lee and Jackson had on the night of May the 1st. At sunset they took their seats on a log, on the right or north side of the plank-road, and a little distance in the woods. Col. Marshall, the well known aide-de-camp of Gen. Lee, was the only other person present, having been ordered to come to the spot for the purpose of writing a letter to Mr. Davis, to be dictated by Gen. Lee. Marshall sat on the end of a fallen tree within three feet of the two Generals, and heard every word that passed between them, and this is what he tells me Lee and Jackson talked about on that eventful night. Jackson spoke to Gen. Lee about what he had seen and heard during the advance, and commented upon the promptness with which the enemy had appeared to abandon his movement towards Fredricksburg when opposed, and the ease with which he had been driven back to Chancellorsville, and concluded by expressing the opinion very decidedly, and repeating it more than once, that the enemy would recross the Rappahannock before morning. He said, in substance, "By to-morrow morning there will not be any of them this side of the river."

Gen. Lee expressed the hope that Gen. Jackson's expectations might be realized, but said he did not look for such a result; that he did not believe the enemy would abandon his attempt so easily, and expressed his conviction that the main body of Gen. Hooker's army was in his front, and that

THE REAL MOVE

was to be made from this direction, and not from Fredricksburg. On this point there was a great difference of opinion among our higher officers, and Gen. Lee was the only one who seemed to have the absolute conviction that the real movement of the Federal army was the one he was then meeting. In this belief he never wavered from the first. After telling Gen. Jackson that he hoped his opinion might be proved to be correct, Gen. Lee added: "But, General, we must get ready to attack the enemy if we should find him here to-morrow; and you must make all arrangements to move around his right flank." Gen. Lee then took up the map and pointed out to Jackson the general direction of his route by the Furnace and Brock roads. Some conversation took place as to the importance of endeavoring to conceal the movement from the enemy, and as to the existence of roads further to the enemy's right, by which Gen. Jackson might pass so as not to be exposed to observation or attack. The general line of Jackson's route was pointed out, and the necessity of celerity and secrecy was enjoined upon him.

The conversation was a lengthy one, and at the conclusion of it

GEN. LEE SAID TO JACKSON

that "before he moved in the morning, if he should have any doubt as to whether the enemy was still in position, he could send a couple of guns to a spot close by, and open fire on the enemy's position, which would speedily settle the question." From the spot referred to two of our guns had to be withdrawn that afternoon, as the infantry were suffering from the fire they were drawing from the enemy. Gen. Jackson then withdrew, and Gen. Lee dictated to Col. Marshall a long letter to President Davis, giving him fully the situation. In it he regretted he would not have the assistance of Pickett's and Hood's divisions, but expressed his confidence in the good judgment that had withdrawn and kept them from him, and closed with the hope that, notwithstanding all our dangers and disadvantages, Providence would bless the efforts which he was sure his brave army would make to deserve success.

I give all this in detail to show the errors writers upon Chancellorsville fell into in respect to the origin of Jackson's famous flank movement. In a little pine thicket, close by this conference, Gen. Lee and staff bivouacked that night. During the evening reports reached him from Early that all was quiet along the Rappahannock. Wilcox was ordered back to Banksford in consequence of other rumors. Lee's orders had been issued; his plans digested; his trusty lieutenants were to carry them out; the chieftain slept. Hooker at Chancellorsville, one and a half miles away, was, however, awake, for at 1.55 on the morning of the 2d of May he dispatched to Butterfield to order the pontoon bridges taken up below Fredricksburg, and Reynold's corps to march at once to his headquarters. The morning of May the 2d, 1863 broke clear.

Gen. Lee emerged from the little thicket and stood on its edge at sunrise, erect and soldierly to see Jackson's troops file by. They had bivouacked on his right, and were now commencing the flank movement.

About half hour after sunrise Jackson himself came riding along. When opposite to Gen. Lee he drew rein, and the two conversed for a few moments.—Jackson then started forward, pointing in the direction his troops were moving. His face was a little flushed, Col. Marshall says, as it was turned back towards Gen. Lee, who nodded approval to what he had said. The sun rose unclouded and brilliant, gilding the hilltops and penetrating the vapors of the valley. Rising as gorgeous as did the "sun of Austerlitz," which produced such an impression upon the imagination of Napoleon, it should be remembered by the people of the South, for its rays fell upon the last meeting in this world of Lee and Jackson. The Duke of Wellington said a man of refined Christain sensibilities is totally unfit for the profession of a soldier, but here were two devoted Christians who faithfully performed all their duties, and so they parted.

A GIRL TURTLE.—There is a little negro girl about five years old in this county bearing in many respects a striking resemblance to a loggerhead turtle. The nose is hardly more than an idea, while the eyes have that peculiar and unintelligible stare, as if looking everywhere and seeing nothing. From the back of the neck downward an impression is easily distinguishable resembling the breast bone of a turtle. All the limbs are deformed, ending in web footed claws, as if drawn up by an application of hot water. This monstrosity, strange as it may seem, possesses the power of speech, and shows a degree of intelligence entire at variance with all heretofore preconceived ideas of an intelligent countenance. With an appetite which is insatiable in its demands, and a fondness for raw meat, especially fish; a courage, or rather an utter incapacity to appreciate danger; a love for aquatic sports, and wild joy in the water, render this negro girl, if such she may be called, a phenomenon unequalled in this or other country.—*Kaufman (Texas) Times.*

— Governor Simpson upon his recent visit to Philadelphia was mistaken for President Hayes.

THE HIDDEN BRIGADIER.

A Confederate General's Life as a Recluse, and His Discovery by His Relatives.

A Confederate General has been discovered living isolated in a little stone house, and by himself, about a mile and a half from Montgomery, between that village and Bemington, near the Marietta Railroad.

The name of this singular individual is Gen. W. W. Metcalfe, who served honorably in the Confederate service during the late war, and lost all his property, which was located in the South, during the war. He was quite wealthy, but the war swept away what property he had, and he was left at the age of 38 without a son. All that he had left was his honor and his family. His wife died shortly after the close of the war, and he had two daughters left him, who are now married and live in Virginia in good circumstances.

About four years ago General Metcalfe came to Cincinnati to be cured of diabetes, a complaint that had troubled him since his retirement from the army service. He found Dr. W. W. Dawson, and intrusted his case to him. The Doctor expressed surprise at meeting him in an impecunious condition, as he had known him several years previous. The General said he would like to get away from all of his associates. He had lost everything during the war, and he wanted to settle down somewhere as a recluse and be forgotten for the time by all who knew him. The Doctor owned a farm near Montgomery, and told him he could go out and live on the farm and cultivate it for him. This was in 1875. The General accepted both the treatment for his disease and the proposition to cultivate the Doctor's farm. Here he lived for some time as a common farm hand, under an assumed name, the Doctor never letting out the secret. General Metcalfe made friends by his unostentatious and urbane manners among the neighbors, and labored early and late. After several months he went to work for another farmer in the neighborhood named Keller and managed to conceal his indentity all that time. He then went into the employ of W. H. Willis, near by, in the cultivation and management of his farm. He occupied a little stone hut away off in a field by himself. Here he cooked and ate his meals and was unknown to almost every one around him. The house he now occupies was formerly used as a milk house. It is only about twelve feet high from the ground, and has only one room with a garret above, with the roof projecting in front at the gable end, and which is in a very dilapidated condition. The farm house connected with it was burned to the ground some time ago.

His identity was discovered about three weeks ago in a singular manner. From what can be learned from the people who have conversed with him since his identity was made known, it appears that the General was born in Bardstown, Ky., and was educated at Danville, Ky. He claims that he graduated in mathematics at Lexington, Va., under Stonewall Jackson. About a month ago a professor in the Danville College went to Montgomery to visit Rev. Mr. Cortelyou, the Presbyterian minister at that place, and while there received the information that Gen. Matcalfe, a graduate of Danville, was living as a recluse on a farm near the village. Upon his return to Danville the professor informed Gen. Metcalfe's brother, who is a merchant in Danville, that he had discovered the whereabouts of his brother, and gave him the name of Montgomery, Hamilton County, Ohio, near which place the General resided.

Accordingly, not long afterward, a letter was received by the General from his brother, whom he had not seen for several years, and soon thereafter the General was hunted up by one of his married daughters, who lives in Virginia. Since then he has showed no disposition to conceal himself, and he visits Montgomery almost every day and converses with friends connected with the Masonic order. He is a member of the Knights Templar, and has unbosomed himself freely to Mr. Foster Todd, a grocer and dry goods merchant of Montgomery. He has expressed a desire to tell him about his past life. Thus far Mr. Todd has not availed himself of the privilege of visiting the General at his hermit-like retreat on the Willis farm, several miles from nowhere; but he says the General is a genetleman of intelligence, and converses fluently upon all the current topics of the day. He has evidently kept himself well posted upon the political topics of the day, and he shows by his conversation that he is not behind the times. One of his neighbors is Mr. Hampton, the agricultural implement dealer in this city, who lives about three-fourths of a mile away. On Sunday the General made a short call upon Mr. Hampton as he was passing by, and expressed a desire to have him call over and see him. Mr. Hampton told the General that he must call and see him first and let him know where he lived. The General replied that he would come over and see him and have a long talk with him. He wanted to tell him what a big rebel he was, and give him the story of his adventures before, during and since the war. He said he was the biggest rebel that ever lived, and he expressed a desire to sit down and tell all he knew. Mr. Hampton has not yet had the opportunity to call on the military hermit, late of the Confederate Army, C. S. A.

A representative of the *Commercial* drove out yesterday to find this singular man and have a conversation with him. After much research and driving over twenty miles of roads he found where the recluse lived, all by himself. It was about 7.30 when the reporter drove up to the little lonely house, away off in the fields, potato patches and a few scattered apple trees, by itself. A small light, emitted by a little coal oil lamp, was seen dimly through a diminutive unwashed window. The name of the General was called, but nobody responded. The premises were thoroughly scoured and the straw barn ransacked, but no one was found. Nothing in the vicinity indicated there was a living soul around. The bed in the little room was undisturbed, as the occupant had gone off to return later in the evening.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

— The *Rural New Yorker* is loud in praise of emasculated cats. They grow to twice the size of other cats, catch more rats, are cleaner, and altogether exemplary in their conduct.

— Dr. W. A. W. Spotswood, of Mobile, Ala., owns the sword Washington used during the Revolution. The Father of his Country converted one edge of the sword into a pruning-knife after the war, and finally gave it to the grandfather of its present owner a year before he died.

— A Southern Representative in Congress, whose name is not given, but who is described as a staunch Democrat, told a reporter last Saturday that the Democrats will have all they want to do in keeping the South "solid" at the next election, and that if the Democratic dissensions in New York State continue the South will look out for itself.

Mrs. Potts, the Pedestrienne.

The telegraph briefly reported, on the 13th, that Mrs. Potts, the pedestrienne, attempted to commit suicide in Philadelphia, on the night of the 12th instant. The Philadelphia *Times* of the 14th contains the following account of the affair, with some other information regarding the tramp the woman recently made through the country:

"On October 12, a spry little woman skipped into the *Times* reportorial rooms and announced herself as Mrs. Mattie Potts, who had just completed a walk to New Orleans and return, 2,600 miles, for a wager of $5,000 The task had been executed between May 13th and October 12th, over the rough cross-ties and road-beds of the railroads south of Washington. She said a number of gentlemen had raised the purse, but declined to give their names, which created the impression in the mind of the reporter of her experience that these gentlemen were like Falstaff's men in buck-ram, or the mythical Mrs. Harris, the friend of Mrs. Gamp. Mrs. Potts said she had notes of her journey, was going to issue a book about it, and would endeavor to enlist people to back her up in a long or short-distance walk.

But, unfortunately, the pedestrian fever in this community had "petered out," and she soon found that there was no longer any enthusiasm in legs to be aroused. She walked awhile for $10 a week in a Sansom street saloon, in a halo of cigar smoke and beer fume. This venture also went up in smoke a week ago. She claims to have been negotiating to walk at Pittsburg. She was left stranded high and dry, with not a cent to liquidate her board bills. She tried various avenues of employment, among others, she avers, the Women's Christian Association, a Seventh street intelligence office, meeting the cold shoulder at the former place when her antecedents as a pedestrian became known. She was one week in arrears for her board at the Alleghany House, and things looked desperate and dismal. The dollar she had been given by a lady melted away in paying for lodgings and meals at the Women's Christian Association, and on Wednesday she was penniless.

A RESOLUTION TO DIE.

She walked out near the Germantown Junction and sat down and wrote a note with a lead pencil, addressed to the Baltimore *American*, the Philadelphia *Times*, New York *Herald*, Charlotte (N. C.) *Observer*, Atlanta *Constitution* and New Orleans *Times*, in which she explained who she was, told all about her ineffectual efforts to obtain employment, how her "backers" had failed to keep their promises about the $5,000 stake, and her resolution to lay her head upon the railroad track, on Tuesday night, to be run over. She declared that she was perfectly sane, but had no relatives and nothing to live for. The body was to be given to the medical students. The note said that the writer had a valise at the American Hotel, Baltimore, with her notes of the Southern tramp, a trunk at 204 East Twenty-seventh, New York, and some other articles at the Alleghany House. Whether her intention to destroy herself under one of the lightning trains on the New York Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad was sincere or not, it is certain that about 5½ o'clock on Wednesday night, Policeman Egolf, of the Twenty-second district, who was on duty at Germantown Junction, saw a woman who was walking to and fro, in apparent agitation, near the station. She told him she was Mrs. Mattie Potts, the pedestrian; that she was homeless and penniless and meant to destroy herself under a train. She told him she had her death warrant with her and was tired of life. She was taken to the Twenty-second district police station, and the letter mentioned above, addressed to the newspapers, was found upon her. During the night, whenever the long, shrill whistle of the trains speeding by near the police station were heard, the woman started up and begged to be let out that she might go and throw herself under the locomotive.

WAS SHE PLAYING A GAME?

The turnkey and others who heard her, concluded that she was cranky, or was playing a dodge of some kind. Yesterday afternoon the woman, who is known as the Widow Potts, apparently about forty-five years of age, of slight figure, clad in comfortable garments and having about the jaw and eyes the indications of resolution, was arraigned before Magistrate Pole. When asked her name and residence she said she was a native of North Carolina, and had resided in New York for nine years past. Policeman Egolf told about finding her, and the letter was produced.

Mrs. Potts, in response to the magistrate's question, stood up and said that the policeman's statement was true, and that she did not want to go to the house of correction, but wanted a home and employment. She said she was willing to go to work at anything, and had tried to get a situation. She was told that her case would be held under advisement. There is a law against attempted suicide which has been once or twice enforced, but this cannot be applied to the pedestrian's case, as, beyond her own declaration of the intention, nothing has been shown indicating her real purpose. She afterwards was found down in Turnkey Holloway's department, eating gingerbread and marching up and down, with none of the appearance of a lunatic or a suicide. She was very much disinclined to converse.

"Now that you say the men who promised to give you the purse of $5,000 for the New Orleans walk have gone back on their word, suppose you give their names for publication," a visitor said.

SOMETHING ABOUT HERSELF.

"No," came from the sturdy jaws that had munched peanuts, ice, lemons and other luxuries on the weary tramp through the South last summer; "no, I am bound by an oath not to reveal that and I won't, even though they have betrayed me in that matter. I had a similar experience in Baltimore and over in New York. Here I walked for $10 a week, but I got my money. I tried every day to get honest employment, but failed. I once thought of throwing myself off the Wilmington train, but the boys on the P. W. and B. trains treated me so well on my long walk by supplying me with lemons, oranges, ice and other delicacies, that I thought it ingratitude to spoil their track or engines. When I was found at New York Junction I just was desperate enough to do what I said I would. I was going to take off my hat and coat. I didn't want them spoiled. I'm a widow, honest, and was born at Eatonville, Chowan County, North Carolina, where I was raised. I then went to New York. I have complete notes of my walk, and some other notes which I sent to a New York paper." Here she broke off and resumed her walk up and down the reserve drill room. "I can say this," she said again, "a gentleman was here this afternoon who told me that he would see that I didn't want for anything." The idea that she really intended suicide did not find a lodgment in the minds of the spectators at the hearing, the conclusion being that she wanted to create sympathy.

Justice to the South.

The American Missionary Association recently held its annual meeting in Chicago. The Rev. Mr. Strieby, a celebrated divine of New York, and one of the founders of the Oberlin College, corresponding secretary of the association, delivered himself of a very sensible address on the subject of the Southern negro, in which he took occasion to administer a very dignified but severe rebuke to the stalwart abuse of the Southern people. The American Missionary Association makes it a special work to inquire into the condition of the freedmen and devise methods for their elevation to a better state of citizenship, and when one of its members speaks his utterances are probably entitled to more than ordinary consideration. The Rev. Mr. Strieby says:

But I show you another picture. It carries us back a few years. The Legislature of South Carolina is in session. Its members are mostly black men. They have generally no property and pay no taxes, yet they have taxed that impoverished State to the verge of destruction, not for public improvement, but to lavish it upon themselves in suppers, wines, personal perquisites, in jobs and in railroad chemes. No more scandalous or reckless plundering of a public treasury has ever been practiced in America, and that is saying a great deal. Why is this little handful of mock legislators allowed to do this? Why do not the people rush upon the and hurl them from the places they dishonor? Why? simply because there stands as a guard a file of United States soldiers—not themselves sufficient in numbers to be formidable, but representing the national government and its authority, and to touch them is to touch it. The South is indignant, determined, and do you wonder? The troops are now gone, the black legislators dispersed and white taxpayers are in their places; and rising above all other considerations is the purpose of those taxpayers that at whatever cost, and by whatever needed methods, those irresponsible plunderers shall never come back again into power. You blame them, but I fear you would do the same yourselves under like provocations. If the general government, by means of a bloody war, should subdue the Western States, and then enfranchise in any one State enough Indians to outvote the whites, and those Indians should re-enact the plundering of the Columbia Legislature, how long would the West bear it? I suspect it would not be long till every Indian would be converted into a good Indian, but it would be in the Western sense; he would be a dead Indian. Brethren of the North, make the case your own. Put yourself in your Southern brother's place, and judge him by your own impulses. What, then, is the true remedy for this great evil? To answer this we must honestly consider what the real evil is. These South Carolina taxpayers don't crush these black voters because they are black. They would do the same to the "poor whites" if they, having the numerical force, should enact the same wrongs. Nor is it because they are Republicans. The trouble, therefore, is not with the man's color or party, but with the man himself—with his ignorance, his degradation and his facility in being used as the tool of designing men.

The remedy, then, is not to change his color or party, but his character. All other remedies are delusive; and it is a national folly and crime to tamper longer with them. * * * It is a shame and a grievous wrong to leave matters as they are. It is a wrong to the blacks to compel them to suffer in the South or flee to Kansas. It is unfair to the South to put them to the dreadful alternative of suffering or doing such great wrongs. It is a shame for an enlightened nation to keep itself thus embroiled, to the hindrance of its prosperity and the jeopardy of its peace.

Compliment to Senator Butler.

Small farms and a diversified labor are the great needs of the South. Our section will become more thrifty and prosperous as soon as the huge plantations are divided into small farms, owned and occupied by industrious laborers, who become more substantial, law-abiding citizens as soon as they become owners of the soil. Our attention has been called to this subject by a recent address delivered by Senator M. C. Butler, of South Carolina, before the Chester Agricultural Fair. The address of Senator Butler is very interestiug. His views on political economy are sound and philosophical. He showed most conclusively the importance of subdividing the lands into small parcels for the purpose of diversifying the industries of the State, and attracting immigration. By facts and figures he demonstrated that, in all countries and in all ages, those States have prospered and developed in material wealth more abundantly where lands have been subdivided into small parcels. France owes her wonderful recuperative powers and her marvellous wealth and prosperity to this one fact more than any other. England is no exception to the rule, for while her lands are owned by a few they are subdivided into small farms and leased to tenants for almost indefinite periods, the landlord receiving rent and retaining the fee simple title only. Rome, in her palmiest and most prosperous days, allowed an allotment of but six acres to her agricultural citizen. Senator Butler showed that South Carolina, with her small area of territory, had more large farms than the largest of the Northern States, and that the prosperity of the North is attributed to small farms. In comprring the material prosperity of the South with the North the disparity was most unfavorable to our section. But there was something to be proud of in other comparisons. The figures which Senator Butler adduces show that South Carolina, with a population of 705,606, had in 1878 2,343 paupers, supported at an annual cost of $224,805, while Massachusetts, with a population of 1,458,350, about twice the population of South Carolina, had at the same period 8,036 paupers, about four times as many as South Carolina. On the 1st of June, 1870, South Carolina had 732 persons in prison, and Massachusetts had 2,526, more than three times as many as South Carolina, yet she had but twice the population. Continuing the comparison, we will find that in 1870 Massachusetts had 2,662 insane persons, while South Carolina had but 333, eight times as many with twice the population, or four times as many with the same population. Of the 732 prisoners in South Carolina, only 130 were native white, and 584 colored and 18 foreign born, and of 2,526 prisoners in Massachusetts there were 1,152 native white, 139 colored and 1,235 foreign born. This comparison will show similar results when made with any of the other Northern States, and it is proper to be made to correct misapprehensions at home as well as abroad.—*Memphis Appeal.*

— A negro named Mert was elected Circuit Court Clerk of Bolivar County, Miss., over two white competitors, many whites voting for him on account of his superior qualification.

The Lancaster Horror—Additional Particulars.

From gentlemen who came over from Lancaster last week, we gathered the following particulars of the tragedy of Saturday night, the 8th instant, in addition to those already published. It is alleged by our informant, a gentleman living very near the scene of the tragedy, that the five children of Mrs. James Adams were not killed with a knife, nor was the mother content with the mere cutting of the juglar veins of the children. A sharp hatchet was found in the cradle, from which the blood had evidently been washed, and with this hatch it is reasonably believed the deed was committed. The cuts on the throats were in most instances directly across and nearly through. The infant had a terrible bruise on one of its shoulders, which was made, it is now thought, by a misslick of the hatchet, when the child must have awakened, and, having moved its head, another blow was struck, cutting deeply into the jaw, and another directly across the throat. The head of this child was nearly severed from its body. It is now thought that the children were killed on a pallet in front of the fire, and this theory is supported by the fact that pools of blood were found under that part of the floor immediately in front of the hearth. It is believed that the mother washed the blood from the floor with a quilt, parts of which were found, the day following, in the ashes on the hearth, saturated with blood. The children had, undoubtedly, been arranged in bed after the killing by Mrs. Adams.

An additional incident is that a bottle of strychnine was found in the house on Sunday, and on a table was discovered a cup which contained water which was very bitter to the taste. It is thought the woman had taken a dose of this, which failed to produce death, when she set fire to her clothes. Be this as it may, it is alleged by Mr. Adams that fully a tablespoonful of the strychnine had disappeared from the bottle.

The bodies of the mother and her five children were all buried on Monday following the tragedy, in a box 5½ by 6 feet, the mother being placed in one end, the baby next, and so on up to the eldest. Our informant says that in all his experience in war and elsewhere he never witnessed such a horribly sad picture as that presented in the mother, burned to a crisp, and her five little children, with their throats cut lying in that box together.—*Chester Bulletin.*

WORDS BRAVELY SPOKEN.—A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Times* has had a long interview with Mr. Bayard, and sounded him upon all the salient qustions of the day. The replies of the Senator are frank and explicit. He makes no attempt at evasion, but squarely delivers himself upon every issue. There is a grandeur and broad statesmanship in every utterance of this worthy patriot that should command the respect and challenge the admiration of the whole country. When the question was propounded to him, "What does the South need?" the following was the undaunted reply of this truly great man:

"The South does not need legislation; the South needs sympathy and respect. In my judgment what they need is a realizing sense they are safely and securely within the Union, bound up in its destinies, in which they are to share the blessings as well as the burdens; but that they are not to be in the Union except upon terms thoroughly consistent with their self-respect. Everything is gained by appealing to all that is higher and better among them, and to cease the spirit of domination and constant expressions of self-conscious superiority, sending men down there to see that the trials are conducted as they think they ought to be, telling them they are on trial, and all that sort of thing. No such spirit ought to exist, and I would not treat this Union as an experiment. I would treat it as a fixed fact that they are in the Union and are going to stay there; that they are going to be part of the government, and not only expect them to sustain and help it, but make that part of the country a source of strength to the whole. I want the people of the South to feel that they are a respected and essential portion of this Union and they cannot be anything else. Now, in order to do that, we must make their position in the Union one of honer in the first place, and then if they fall away from that it must be their own disgrace; but the honorable recognition must precede the other, and that they have not had yet at the hands of the Republican party. The people of the Northern States, whose representatives want to make a solid North, if they are wise, must see that the South must be to them one of two things—a source of weakness or a source of strength; but their present course and their present feeling is calculated to make the *South a second Ireland.*"

TWO WHITE BOYS AND A NEGRO ROASTED ALIVE IN A COTTON PRESS.—*Ellenton, November* 14.—Mr. L. A. Ashley, who resides about seven miles from Ellenton, just across the Barnwell County line, lost by fire on yesterday his steam saw mill, grist mill, and gin. The gin alone was running at the time, and it is supposed that a match in the cotton was the cause of the conflagration. The press for bailing the cotton was situated in the lint room. At the time the fire occurred Teague and Jesse Owens, two white boys about 14 and 16 years of age, employed by Mr. Ashley, were in the press, and a young negro named Isaiah was working in the lint room. In a minute after the cry of fire was raised the parties in the lint room found themselves enveloped in flames and all means of escape cut off. The poor boys in the press could not get out, as the doors of the press box fastened from the outside.

Mr. Ashley and Mr. J. M. Darlington with others who were in the gin house at the time the fire broke out rushed to the rescue of the unfortunates, who were now in a den of fire. With axes they soon burst through the wall of the house and knocked down the doors of the press, when they dragged out the half-dead boys and negro, to find their clothing all burned from their bodies and their persons fearfully burned. A physician was summoned and did all in his power to lessen their suffering. Jesse Owens died in a few hours after the accident, his injuries being more severe than those of the others, who are still living, but whose final recovery is considered doubtful. In the rescue Mr. Ashley and Mr. Darlington had their hands painfully burned. The Owens boys were the only support of a widowed mother.—*News and Courier.*

— Cream of tartar rubbed upon soiled white kid gloves cleans them very much.

— Governor Croswell has appointed ex-Gov. H. P. Baldwin United States Senator, to fill the unexpired term of the late Senator Chandler.

— The largest church in the United States is the First African Baptist Church, of Richmond, Va. It has 3,300 members. On one Sunday its pastor baptized 598 persons, and added nearly 900 to the church.

The Great West.

It is great in extent of territory, great in fertility of soil, great in excellence of climate, great in industrial activity and progress; and the most promising era of prosperity for the West has just dawned. In view of the wonderful development witnessed during the last ten years, what are we to expect in the next decade? Who will pretend to estimate the future growth of a region which, despite all adverse circumstances (and they have been numerous), has risen in population and wealth so rapidly in the past?

The financial panic and consequent period of business depression were felt severely by Western farmers, but their pluck, energy and enterprise were still manifest, and even in the darkest days they made some progress. The result of this marvelous prosperity has been a large emigration of late to Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas, Nebraska, Dakota and other States and Territories—a constant stream of people from the East and from foreign lands pouring Westward and settling on those vast and fertile plains. It is said that during the year 1878 30,000,000 acres of land were taken under the homestead laws and by purchase, in the four States and one Territory above mentioned, and that the population of these localities was increased over 500,000. Doubtless the present year will make a showing still more wonderful. Foreign immigration has never been as great, and a large proportion of immigrants seek homes in the West, where land is cheap. But the record for 1878 is astonishing. It is almost beyond belief that such an extensive area of land was purchased and pre-empted, and either put under cultivation or prepared for actual settlement in the future. Look at the facts. The six States of Iowa, Missouri, Illinois, Minnesota, Kansas and Nebraska contain not far from 225,000,000 acres, exclusive of the plains of Kansas and Nebraska. More than 30,000,000 acres more taken last year, mostly by settlers—or nearly one-seventh of this entire territory. The aggregate of productions and the accumulation of wealth swell with the increase of population. If the tide of immigration should continue at its present stage, the growth of these States in coming years will be simply incalculable. There is now a population of 8,000,000, where in 1840 it was less than 1,000,000. Where in 1840 there was not a mile of railroad, there are now over 20,000 miles. When, during a period of almost unparalleled depression throughout the country, there has been a great accumulation of wealth, what will the sturdy farmers of the Western prairies accomplish in prosperous times with their number rapidly increasing and with constantly improving facilities?—*Cincinnati Times.*

SLIGHTLY SCARED.—After the war ended, where once was a beautiful woods lot, was now an unsightly waste through which meandered a small creek, and when the spring came the blue grass grew as luxuriantly upon it as ever. It was about a mile from town, and Major Billy was in the habit of riding out of an evening to graze his horse. One evening, to his surprise, he saw fifteen or twenty large yellow suckers lying on a sandbar in the creek. He rode back home, got a minnow net, and soon landed them. Running after the fish had heated him considerably, as the weather was warm; he pulled off his coat, unbuttoned his collar, and, wrapping the halter around his right hand, lay down in the shade of a bush to cool off. While lying on his back and looking up at the clouds passing slowly over him, his thoughts reverted to the time when the Federals evacuated Tennessee and the box cartridges he fished up out of the creek, and how he and his son William, after taking off the balls, put the powder in a large iron pot and set it by the fire to dry—the fire popped, a coal described a segment of a circle and dropped in the powder. "Fall back, William, fall back," says the Major. William had "done fell" out of the door. While ruminating on such pleasant reminiscences, the Major fell asleep. He can tell the balance. He said: "My friend, God bless you, something crawling over my face waked me. I thought at first it was the halter, but there was a cold, slick feeling about the thing that made my flesh crawl. I opened my eyes. There was a large water-moccasin, his head raised about six inches above my nose, one glittering eye looking straight into mine, his tongue playing in and out of his mouth like sheet lightning during a hurricane.

"My friend, God bless you, I expect I hollered, for the snake tucked his head, and, seeing my shirt collar open, and thinking it a safe hiding place, glided down into my bosom. Stranger, I have had the cholera, the small-pox, shot at by the Yankees, been blown up with gunpowder, but that was the worst scrape I ever got into. That snake was squirming about the pit of my stomach, his head on one side, his tail on the other, just a tickling me on the short ribs. How I got out of that shirt I don't know. The first thing I recollect was seeing that snake's tail disappear under a pile of brush in the creek."

"Major, was you scared?"

"Well, slightly, stranger; God bless you, slightly. Yes, sir, slightly."—*Merrilton (Ark.) State.*

HOW TO GET ALONG.—Don't stop to tell stories in business hours.

If you have a place of business be found there when wanted.

No man can get rich by sitting around stores and saloons.

Never fool in business matters.

Have order, system, regularity, and also promptness.

Do not meddle with business you know nothing of.

Do not kick every one in your path.

More miles can be made in one day by going steadily then by stopping.

Pay as you go.

A man of honor respects his word as he does his bond.

Help others when you can, but never give what you cannot afford because it is fashionable.

Learn to say no. No necessity of snapping it out dog fashion, but say it firmly and respectfully.

Use your brains rather than those of others.

Keep ahead rather than behind the times.

Learn to think and act for yourself.

— There are 17 murderers under sentence of death in Texas.

— A good constitution is like a money box—its full value is never known till it is broken.

— A beautiful young Austrian damsel traveled all the way from Vienna to Fort Worth, Texas, to marry her sweetheart.

— You might as well back a mule up against a beehive and tell him not to kick, as to tell a woman about a wedding and not set her under jaw in motion.

— D. G. Owens, Druggist, Altoona, Pa., writes: "Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup has a wonderful reputation, the demand for it is really astonishing. Mothers will have no other. It is destined to supersede all other Soothing Syrups."