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*For the Watchman & Old North State.*

## LIFE-SKETCHES OF MY FRIENDS.

### No. 1.

CHAPTER I.

When I was a college boy, the arrival of the stage wa.. a moment of general interest. Of course the driver blew his horn as he drew near, and as the notes swept over the campus it awoke many hopes and expectations about wished-for letters and various little packages in the mail. Who that has once seen, can ever forget, the restless anxiety of a crowd of students, far from [redacted] around the office, while door or windo[redacted] As they wait the mail is b[redacted] somewhat the expressi[redacted] has taken place, th[redacted] tion clothing contentment [redacted] ness—disappo[redacted] the shadows [redacted] of vexatio[redacted]

But abo[redacted] the comi[redacted] liarly ex[redacted] The rivalpected, [redacted] ry of the [redacted] caused many to be very [redacted] such time and to appear pa[redacted] courteous to the new comer [redacted] was rather more selfish than gen[redacted] It is perhaps well that such is t[redacted] for a young, inexperienced stranger, [redacted] his extravagant conceptions of college, needs all the kindly welcome that the shrewd society boys can accord. Perhaps I was not free from thoughts about the old Frank Hall, when one quiet evening I stood by the door of the coach, as it stopped, and politely took the hand of a handsome young man, tendered my good offices in assisting him as circumstances might require to make him comfortable, and then led him to my room No. 56, and bade him feel at home. But this was, perhaps, the only time that I was thus officious in my attentions, during all my course in the Institution. Was I drawn to him by his appearance? It might well have been so, for there was something very prepossessing in his personel. His blue eye mingled kindliness, manliness and talent in every beam. His light auburn hair, straight and smooth, had something regal in its expression.—His brow was full but regular and its happy symmetry with the rather large, pale, handsome face. His form was erect, tall, lithe, reminding me more of that of Henry Clay than any other person I have ever seen. His gait was dignified and his every movement indicated self-possession and bold resolve.

The intimacy of a long friendship revealed a character in direct harmony with this flattering exterior. He was the son of a Methodist minister to whom the Spirit of Love had long ago whispered,

"servant of God well done!
Rest from thy loved employ!"

Before he died, he had written noble truths and principles on the mind of his boy, that were an earnest of his success in the great duties of life.

He was not popular with all the students, but knowing him better than any other did, I can say he was more nearly exempt from foibles and faults, and exhibited more of the better traits of the true gentleman, than one among a multitude. He only needed the finishing charm of true piety to make him remarkable as a model. Yet he was not without an abiding confidence in the truth and glory of the christian faith. In conversation he was fluent, animated and chaste. His tastes were political. How lofty his admiration for Kentucky's peerless statesman! How he loved that sterling old journal, the *National Intelligencer!* He was from Missouri, and he regaled me with pictures of Tom Benton—his tall white beaver—his compact form—and particularly the disgustful panderings of the old politician as he played the demagogue among the ignorant Germans.

In 1854 I completed the course and in that (to me) memorable June, I bade adieu to him as to all my loved companions of that interesting period of my life, which I spent *out of the world in college.*—Among the mementoes of my fellow students is a beautiful piece from his pen in my autograph album concluding as follows:

"And now, as we are about to separate, I leave you my autograph as a memento of our past friendship—conscious that I shall never recur to your name without recalling a thousand sweet memories of by-gone days. Hoping that the goddess of Fortune may smile propitiously upon the pathway of your life, that the genius of prosperity may preside over your every undertaking, and that finally when the journey of life shall have been made, and the Ocean of Time, with its angry billows and threatening storms shall have been crossed, you may reach the Haven of eternal bliss. I remain

Your sincere friend,
I. A. V.

Boonville, Missouri.

Scarcely had I reached home, when ruddy, jolly, talented, Tom —— led to the altar a beautiful Virginia girl who resided in the village near the college.—Henry, (for that is our hero's name), together with several others, remained to attend the nuptials. The wedding was a joyous and happy occasion. His buoyancy drank in the festive glee, while it diffused a genial spirit on all around. At a late hour he left for his room in college. In that short walk from the crowded hall to his dormitory a terrible cold was contracted which, in a few days occasioned violent hemorrhage from the lungs. Oh, what a crushing blow to his aspiring soul! How his life-plans, that ambitious fancy had spread over the inviting future, were rolled up like a scroll and labelled by the red vital current in letters of woe! But when disease attacked him it encountered a resisting will that is worth half the medicine and science of the medical profession. Though utterly prostrated, he was soon on his feet, and hastened to secure the skillful treatment of Dr. B——, in Baltimore. The remedies and advice soon restored him sufficiently to enable him to visit some friends in the country. Here again exposure brought on illness, and he returned to his physician with every prospect of a rapid decline. As he lay weak and emaciated in his lonely chamber that dread word "consumption," seemed to be placarded on every object and over all the ceiling. The drapery of despair hung like a black curtain around him. It was a season of *almost death.*

Again he rallied. And now he repairs to the mountains of Pennsylvania for the remainder of the summer. The pure water and the cool breezes invigorated him. He selected a retreat on the mountain near a stream, about six miles from his boarding-house and thither he would ride his trotting pony every morning, spend the day in fishing, reading and such amusement as he could invent, and in the afternoon trot his pony back the six miles.—Under this *regime* his recovery was remarkably rapid.

At the Fair in Raleigh, in October, I was surprised and delighted to meet him, looking nearly as well as when I left him in June. As neither of us had many resident acquaintances in the city, or scarcely enjoyed the hospitalities that were given to the quadrupeds on exhibition; for the hotels were crowded and Raleigh is very city-like in its invitations. At last we were informed where we could find a private boarding house. It seems to me it was the house of a reputable citizen who was the Post Master. On reaching our little *humber room,* (so it appeared,) we felt grateful to our host, for there was something on the floor large enough to sleep on—and the prospect of getting some rest without fear of falling out of bed or tumbling the stead down. But alas! adjoining our room was a larger one in which about a dozen young rowdies were crowded late at night, when they came in from their debauch. Perhaps I did not know then as certainly as I do now, that when men in towns and cities are out after 10 or 11 o'clock, without being detained by extra social engagements or urgent business, they are occupied, as a general thing, in what I will not describe here further than to call it the pastime of fools in the devils most infernal saloon. But the obscenity, profanity and nonsense of that drunken and garrulous crowd taught us where they had been. If I could photograph, unseen, I could hang some hideous pictures of men's own actions in their parlors. And what if I could bottle up the echos of their words and turn them loose in respectable society! A great many young men would never find a decent woman who would marry herself to so much pollution, and many a wife would spurn from her presence the dirty dog who dares to kiss her pure sweet virtuous lips after bathing his own in the ichor that slavers from—but I must go on with my history.

Very late, one after another, overpowered by intoxication or fatigue, gradually subsided into silence and slumber. The next morning, as we passed through the room, it betrayed the character of its occupants. The beds, the counterpanes, the sheets, the pillows, the boots, the hats, the various outer garments, the whiskey bottles and the tumblers, the fumes of liquor, the loud breathing of the slumbering inebriates and their own various crooks and angles as they lay in their stupor, made up a specimen of confusion very strikingly illustrative of the moral condition of men who can delight in so debasing their character and manhood.

But the wakeful hours which the rowdies forced upon us were spent by us in pleasant discourse about the past and the future. He was not yet a sound man.—There was a pallor, a flush, a cough, that created uneasiness and foreboding. He told me he would go directly to Missouri, close his business, and then repair to the sand-hills of Georgia or to Cuba for the Winter. We parted early that morning but very doubtful as to whether we should ever be favored to meet again.

CHAPTER II.

Months passed away in which I heard nothing from him. Opposite his piece in my album I wrote a few and lines closing with a reference to his supposed visit to Cuba and this melancholy line, "I fear he sleeps his last sleep in a land of strangers."

After awhile one whom we both cherished as a friend, Prof. S— from Massachusetts, who afterwards became a daring sharpshooter in the army of Lee, wrote me that the last he heard of Henry he was very ill in Memphis. Of course I was confident that if he were again prostrated by his terrible disease, his fate was indeed sealed. I mourned him as dead, and few were the graves, I felt, that covered a manlier heart.

One year and a half from the day of our parting, a cold gloomy morning in March, 1856, as I entered the sitting-room of the American hotel in Philadelphia, and glanced, through the fog of tobacco smoke, around the throng that filled the rows of seats, to see if there was a familiar face among the arrivals, I discovered, imagine with what thrilling surprise, the very same noble face and commanding form of my college friend which my weeping fancy had given to the lonely tomb. Ah! that was a happy meeting—so unexpected, so full of gratification, to both!

And now for the links in his history that will mend the broken chain:

With a heavy but still hopeful heart he hastened from Raleigh to Boonville, Mo., and after the necessary preparations, set out for the soft air and balmy scenes of Cuba. While *en route* for the Missouri river, in an open vehicle, a fierce November storm arose, and the cold winds and beating rains were too severe for his sensitive and weakened constitution. By the time he reached the boat he was suffering greatly from his exposure, a cold having attacked his wounded lungs. His singular recuperative powers soon rallied him, but only to encounter a sudden attack of cholera. From that dangerous and alarming disease he suffered some time after his arrival at Memphis. While he was fast regaining his strength once more, as tho' fell maladies had formed an alliance for his utter destruction, he was thrown back upon his bed of pain by a sudden and severe rheumatism. A long confinement was the result. But his brave soul did not surrender, and in a few weeks he was sufficiently recovered to ride out in a buggy. Here again his ill fortune befell him. His horses took fright, ran away, threw him from his buggy and fractured his ankle. By the aid of crutches he was soon visiting freely, imparting and receiving refreshing pleasures at social gatherings, enjoying special attentions which his noble qualities as well as his misfortunes were calculated to win.

When the mild weather arrived, he returned, somewhat improved in health, to his home in Boonville. He then joined a party of young men on a hunting excursion to the Western frontier. Swinging loose from all the stereotyped customs of home-life, with guns and ammunition as their means of pleasure and subsistence, they felt indeed that they were adventurers. Having reached their destination, they freely roamed the prairies and wildwoods in pursuit of game. Their plain but wholesome meals were mainly furnished by their guns in each day's hunt. At night they slept in the open air—by day they hunted in the open air. It was the best medicine for Henry that could have been prescribed. He grew stout and muscular. His eye was as bright as before its natural lustre was changed by the merciless clouds of sorrow. His pale cheek was ruddy again. He was a large, strong man now. When he returned he entered upon the study of law, but applying himself with his wonted energy, he soon began to study down his strength, and prudence warned him to abandon it. This brings him up to the period of our re-union on a casual visit by both of us to the city of Brotherly Love, so-called. His companion on this visit was a handsome, intelligent and wealthy young merchant from Missouri—who afterwards became Colonel in the Confederate forces in Missouri. The fires were then burning warmly which at length spread into the awful conflagration of civil war. This young merchant during his sojourn exhibited the ardent southern spirit in his discussion of the exciting topics. One day while engaged in a warm controversy with a northerner, several others, friends of his antagonist, gathered around with evident sympathy and readiness to support their advocate. The northern man becoming offensive, Col. C— undauntedly continued, although he saw so many opponents and no one near to defend him. Just then a heavy weight fell on his shoulder and as he turned he heard the booster like exclamation, "Go it, stranger! I'm here!" It was the hand and voice of a broad-shouldered, brawny Kentuckian who looked "rough and ready" for any amount of such work as was threatened. Col. C— raised his hand to his breast, when the other disputant defended himself with a hearty laugh, saying, as he laughed, "Oh pshaw! we northern folks don't fight so easy about these things!"

This same spirit met with dread disaster in the history of our friend, for in one of the first Missouri battles he was so badly wounded that he was compelled to submit to the amputation of one of his limbs at the thigh. I do not know whether he survived the operation.

Henry informed me that a few days before my arrival, Messrs. Zollicoffer and Brownlow of Tennessee had held a grand controversy with the abolitionists in the city. In the tumultuous excitement of the occasion, Zollicoffer drew his pistol upon one of them, who was advancing upon him, and stopped him by the remark, "if you come one step nearer I will slay you." There were numerous hisses while Zollicoffer spoke. When Brownlow arose to speak, he deliberately drew a pistol from his pocket and laid it on the table before him, quietly observing, "I will blow out the brains of the first man who hisses me." There was silence till he was done.

Henry and I saw "the lions" of the city together. Our visit to Laurel Hill Cemetery was pleasant enough to be recalled in these sketches. We had failed to get permits and had to use address to carry favor with the janitor. It is really amusing to see how self-important, how *ex-officio* dictatorial small-minded people, with a little brief authority, are. It may sometimes console one to reflect that, often, none but people of very small capacity would hold such offices and they have no better sense than to be impolitic. Besides there are a great many intelligent people who haven't sense enough to be gentlemen in etiquette, either socially or officially.

But why should I say this when the ready tongue of my companion so smoothly told the portly keeper that we were from a great distance and would like so much to inspect the grounds, that permission was immediately given.

From that rude stone statuary of old mortality that stands in the angle fronting the entrance, we wandered about through the multiform plots, amid the various specimens of evergreens, wound through a very forest of tombstones and larger monuments, until we reached the frail wooden tower which overlooked the valley of the Schuylkill. That night I had to describe the view we enjoyed from that point, in an article in Henry's album; so I may remember enough to assure the reader that two sanguine minds like ours, did not go away joyless from even that visit to "a field of graves."

See that solitary cross, so rude and coarse, standing on that little slope between the tower and the river! That is the stranger's grave. He came to Philadelphia and died, and no one knew even his name. Let him sleep there! It is a beautiful spot for the calm repose of death. If no friend visits it to weep over his memory, yet there are more dew-drops there than in the higher grounds, and dew-drops are the tears of nature as she weeps over the darkness that shrouds her children. Those tall oaks are worthier ornaments than the rare vines and shrubs which human taste and treasure have planted over the dust of departed friends. They look like great sentinels guarding the scene of his rest. The Father's river murmurs his requiem, as it flows by his tomb. Perhaps those who lost him have found him forever and the angels know his name and the place where he was buried. Oh! how many of our own have died the stranger's death and met far worse than the stranger's burial since we stood in pensive silence and gazed on that retired spot that day! But the angels know their names, the story of their deaths, and are watching their dust even though it never found a sepulchre.

But turn now and enjoy the scenery. To the left runs a deep, concave hill descending to the brink of the stream. It is like an amphitheatre. Those trees ranging along its slope, are the spectators. The chiming river, bridged with ice, is the arena. And I know not were we shall find the combatants if we do not fancy those roaring coal-trains on the opposite valley, to be maddened monsters rushing to the conflict. That long and beautiful bridge to the right may answer for the cages in which those monsters are confined.

But we need not linger longer here. By the time we reached the entrance we were fatigued, and we could find no omnibus. Loitering along we at length met up with a jersy wagon whose driver was good-natured and were soon jolting back to the city as happy as Kings.

One night we went to the Academy o Music to hear a lecture by Henry Ward Beecher. I do not know who he was that night as the other day when arraigned by his church for writing a novel, (for which he received $25,000) and permitting it to be dramatized, he plead that *Rev.* Beecher and *Author* Beecher were two different characters. I presume he was both that night, for his story for Bonner is evidently made up of what he considers his best thoughts in both lectures and sermons; and I observe part of that lecture of 1856 in his "Norwood" written last year. I presume if he ever *tries* to write another novel money will be his inducements, for it is all he got in this grand experiment. It has convinced those who have read it that he is much higher in reputation than he deserves. If he never tries again even the lovers of fiction will not object—and Bonner is too sensible to risk heavily on him again. I have scarcely read a work from mortal man, which, all things considered, is so vulnerable to the critic's pen. How *can* he humbug and control the North as he does!

His lecture that night was hardly interesting, though it evinced originality and skill in composition. It was as dry, as it fell on the vast audience, as a shower of saw-dust. He read it, nearly all. There must be peculiar force in his extempore delivery or his influence could not be so great. But a truce to the man of Plymouth pulpit and hard-hearted Philadelphia.

I make no apology for my frequent digressions in this narrative, as he who writes a faithful sketch of real life is sure to give a miscellany, and constantly change his themes. We went together to Baltimore. We did not think our dignity compromised as we locked arms at the depot, wouldn't listen to the frantic porters, and chose our own active limbs as the best locomotive. As we wended our way up Baltimore street we met a medley of sublunary life—fair ladies, a heterogeneous throng of men in a hurry about all sorts of business, the anxious and shivering poor, an imposing funeral procession and a severe snow-storm.

Next morning we separated with the expectation of soon meeting in Washington—an expectation that was not realized; for though I spent some time in the Capitol, I never had the pleasure to meet him. In the Summer of '57, we had a brief interview amid the feverish excitement of Commencement at our *Alma Mater.* At the close of that commencement I was conscious of a deeper sadness than when we first said farewell to the friends and scenes of student life. Memory had become more sacred and potent in its spell for experience in real life had made us more than hopeful students. Why it was I may not be able to explain, but at midnight on the last night when a number of us were communing tenderly and touchingly in the main College building, the Band at Steward's Hall where the festive party was held, signalled the close of the joyous anniversary by playing that ever beautiful air, "Sweet Home." With what soft cadence those rich notes swept on the silent air! As we paused and opened our hearts to welcome the enchanting sweetness—that silence was a desert, that imperishable music was an oasis where only flowers bloomed, and those flowers diffused around a fragrance that would regale any soul that was not dead to the faintest dream of hope and love.

We all felt—we are together once more, but oh, where shall we all meet again!

Here Henry and I had a long separation. He settled in Virginia. He married an accomplished lady, and spent a few years in the untold joy that a noble woman breathes upon the man she admires and loves with that profound intensity of devotion which none can appreciate save those who are thus blessed.

*(To be continued.)*

## A DEAD FALURE.

The New York *Tribune,* having become intensely disgusted with the accounts given by the *Herald* and the *World* of the sayings and doings of the Radical "conventions" in the Southern States, sent a special commissioner to Florida, with a large assortment of brushes and a barrel of lime, with instructions to lay on the whitewash thick and heavy. The person selected for this work was Solon Robinson, the notorious old humbug, whose twaddle about agriculture in the *Tribune* for many years, has been about as profound as the celebrated discourse about "cosmogony" with which the immortal Jenkinson prefaced the conversation which ended in his exchanging a gross of green spectacles for the favorite colt of the Vicar of Wakefield. Never, did the *Tribune* send a "commissioner" upon a more unhappy mission. Solon reached Tallahassee, prepared his whitewash, dipped his brushes, and was indulging in a preliminary flourish before applying them to the unclean blacks and tans, when, lo! the convention exploded like a bombshell!

There was in the delectable body such a fearful amount of scoundrelism, that the rogues got by the ears, and the "minority" and "majority" are now holding separate conventions, and each "convention" insists that the members of the other shall be hanged. Both very richly merit that fate. The day after his arrival, Robinson informed the *Tribune* that there was more talent, decency and learning among the black and white Radicals than he had ever seen in any deliberative body. He found fourteen corn-field hands equal to Daniel Webster and Demosthens, and nine Yankee squatters not at all inferior to Henry Clay. The very next day these distinguished men fell upon each other like drunken negroes at a "corn-shucking," and their conduct was so atrocious that Solon had to drop his whitewash and tell the truth about the utterly depraved vagabonds, whom he was to paint as miracles of virtue, refinement and eloquence. He fills three pages of the *Tribune* of the 8th with accounts of the Pandemonium into which the late "convention" has resolved itself. He declares that there is no "intent to work," that "the wildest tumult prevails," that the hall of the convention has become a "hideous gladiatorial arena," that the delegates are "mad angry bulls." He denounces the Radical "lobby" for bribing the members of the "convention," and the "delegates" for being "steeped in whiskey."

Indeed, taking the statements of the *Tribune's* commissioner as not overdrawn, we imagine that of all the "conventions" yet held, that in Florida is the most unredeemably infamous. We submit that the *Tribune* has not paid expenses by sending a commissioner to whitewash the Southern Radicals.—*Rich. Enquirer.*

## JUDGE FIELD AND RECONSTRUCTION.

Washington Correspondence New York Herald.

It appears from various responsible sources that there is no truth whatever in the statement of certain newspapers, that Stephen L. Field, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, in the presence of a number of gentlemen, expressed an opinion condemnatory of the reconstruction acts of Congress. Some days ago Judge Field visited Senator Stewart, of Nevada, at his rooms in this city, where he met several gentlemen.—In the course of conversation, the subject of impartial negro suffrage was alluded to, when the Judge gave his views as opposed to such a measure at this time. He also remarked that he thought a more conservative tendency as a moving feature of governmental administration at this time would be desirable as calculated to draw together the opposite elements of political opinion. Nothing was said on the subject of the reconstruction laws. It appears, therefore, that the accusation against the Judge was based upon an inference drawn from his views on political matters of an entirely different character. Senator Stewart, it is understood, is very much mortified at the occurrence of so grave an accusation resulting from a conversation that was merely social. On the other hand, Judge Field is anxious that an investigation should be made, so that it may be satisfactorily known how the report originated, and from what source.

From the Harrisburg Union and Patriot.

## CONDITION OF THE SOUTH.

### LETTER FROM GOV. PERRY, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

### Terrible Paralization of the People.

*How the South Costs the Country a Hundred Millions, Instead of Adding a Hundred Millions to its Resources.*

The following letter, addressed by ex-Governor Perry, of South Carolina, to Captain O. N. Butler, of that State, but now residing in this city, gives a graphic and deplorable picture of the present condition and future prospects of the great Southern section of our country:

GREENVILLE, S. C., Jan. 19, 1868.

O. N. BUTLER, ESQ.:

*My Dear Friend:*—In your letter to my son you say that the Northern people are not aware of the true condition of the Southern States, and that you wish me to write something on this subject for publication. I am willing, as I always have been, to do anything and everything in my power to enlighten the Northern mind as to the frightful and appalling condition of the South; but it does seem to me that I can say very little not already known, through the public press, to the whole reading community.

It is well known to the world that ten of the Southern States have been stripped of every vestige of republican liberty, and placed by the wicked and unconstitutional legislation of a Radical Congress, under a military despotism for partisan purposes. It is equally well known that negro conventions have been ordered in all those States for the purpose of establishing in them negro supremacy. In order to accomplish this, a very large portion of the most intelligent, virtuous and patriotic of the white race have been disfranchised, and are hereafter to be governed by their former slaves and unprincipled adventurers from the North. These facts are well known, and their consequences every intelligent mind may well anticipate.

When slavery was abolished in the Southern States, if the people had been let alone in their State legislation and restored to the Union, all would have been well. They would soon have recovered from their exhausted and crushed condition, and been once more a happy and prosperous people. They would have added hundreds of millions annually to the wealth of the Republic, instead of costing it, as they now do, a hundred millions every year, through the Freedmen's Bureau and a standing army. But the unjust, unconstitutional and suicidal legislation of Congress has paralyzed them forever, I fear. The negro is no longer that industrious, useful and civil laborer which he once was, but an idle drone and pest to society. Inflated with his new and marvelous political importance, he has abandoned his former industrious habits and spends his time in attending public meetings and loyal leagues, gatherings by day and by night. The whole race seem disposed to quit their work and resort to the town and villages, where they may eke out an idle and wretched existence in pilfering and begging.

The consequences are that our fields and plantations are uncultivated, the country pauperized, at the point of starvation, and filled with every grade of crime. Not a day passes over our heads that we do not hear of some theft, house burning, robbery, rape or murder. I will mention one or two instances out of thousands which might be enumerated: Five negro men, last week, in Darlington Dis't., went armed with guns, to a country store, robbed the store, killed the clerk, shot a woman in the house, and went to the dwelling of the owner and killed him. A short time since a parcel of Negroes placed obstructions on the North Carolina railroad, which threw off a train of cars in the night time. Again, at another point on the same road, a parcel of negroes fired into the train, and came very near killing several passengers. Last fall, at Pickens' Court, seven or eight negroes were convicted of murder, and seventeen or eighteen others sent to the penitentiery. Highway robbery, an offense which was scarcely ever heard of in South Carolina for years past, has become a very common crime in the neighborhood of towns and villages. Theft and burglary are of constant occurrence. In the country it is almost impossible to raise hogs, sheep and cattle. A gentleman told me the other day that he had lost the last one of his sheep, forty in number, all stolen by the negroes. Another gentleman, who had been Governor of the State, informed me that he had eighty-five hogs to kill last fall, and that they were all stolen by the negroes except seven.

The support of so many prisoners and convicts in our jails and penitentiary is becoming alarming. We shall not long be able to feed them; nor will the prisons contain them. The country is so much impoverished that it is difficult for the negroes to get employment, if they really wished to do so. The failure of the cotton crop throughout the United States, with the Government tax and low price of the staple, has rendered it impossible for the planters to continue their business the present year. The difficulty, too, in getting the negroes to work during the past year has discouraged and disgusted a great many. A large cotton crop was planted last spring, and a great effort was made by the planters to retrieve their fortunes and give employment to the negroes, but universal failure and bankruptcy have ensued. I am not able to state the falling off of the cotton crop this year, but the rice crop has fallen from one hundred and thirty or forty thousand tierces to twelve thousand tierces. The present year every one will have to devote his attention to the raising of a provision crop. He will not require so many laborers, and would not be able to feed them if he did. The negroes have nothing to live on the present year, and are unable to make crops by themselves. They will have to steal or starve. This greatly discourages farming in the Southern States at this time. If you make a good crop of provisions, you have no security that it will not be stolen or burnt up by the negroes.

In regard to the political condition of the Southern States, I am in deep despair, and have no hope except in a returning sense of justice on the part of the Northern people. The idea of placing the government of these States in the hands of negroes, is preposterously absurd. None of them have property, and not one in five hundred can read or write. In the recent election for members of a convention, many of the negroes had forgotten their names, and scarcely one in a hundred could tell after the election for whom he voted. They were controlled blindly by the Loyal Leagues. The Tickets were printed in Charleston, with a likeness of President Lincoln on them. There never has been before such a wide field opened for the demagogues and unprincipled aspirants to office. The negro is the most credulous being in the world, and most easily imposed on by vile wretches who are disposed to pander to his ignorance and passion. Emissaries from the North, white and black, have come here and prejudiced him against the white race. He has been told that unless he voted the Radical ticket he would be placed back in slavery, and that if he voted that ticket he would have lands and mules given him. In some instances the negroes actually brought with them bridles to take their mules home with.

By military order in South Carolina, negroes are to sit on juries. In some of the districts of this State the negro population is so much larger than the white that they will compose almost the entire juries. How it will be possible to administer justice with such juries, in complicated cases, is more than I can tell. I am equally at a loss to know how the offices of the State are to be filled. The "iron-clad oath" excludes from office all who are competent and worthy. This difficulty was foreseen by General Sickles, and he requested of Congress the removal of the test oath. General Meade has recently suggested the same thing in Georgia. It will be impossible for the negroes and the worthless whites to fill some of these offices, or give the security required by law.

Property of all kinds, and especially real estate, has depreciated in value one-half or two-thirds during the past year. No one is disposed to purchase anything, and foreign capital has been driven out or deterred from coming here for investment. Property sold by the sheriff brings nothing. The Marshal of this State told me the other day that he sold a plantation, well improved, containing two thousand acres, in Horry district, at public auction to the highest bidder for five dollars.—Mules brought only five dollars apiece.

A great many persons are moving from the lower country, where there are so many negroes, and that section of the State is destined to become a wilderness. The same thing must occur in many portions of Mississippi and other Southern States. A gentleman just returned from Mississippi tells me that lands, which rented last year for fourteen dollars per acre, were now offered at two dollars per acre; and no one would take them.

Unless there is a reaction at the North, and better legislation for the Southern States, they will be an incubus to the Union, utterly destructive to the whole republic. The present military force will have to be kept up to maintain peace between the two races, and there is no certainty of their ability to do this long. I have, for some time, thought that when the negro government went into operation it would be impossible to preserve the peace of the country. A war of races must ensue, and it will be the most terrific war of extermination that ever desolated the face of the earth in any age or country.

I am, with great respect and esteem, yours truly, &c., B. F. PERRY.

PERPETRATORS OF CRIME IN THE SOUTH.—We observe, upon looking through our Southern exchanges, long lists of persons who have been sentenced by courts for petty crimes or offences, nearly all of whom were negroes. If the latter were better men than "rebels," why the vast disparity in the commissions of crimes? If it be said that the courts were partial, and punished negroes while white rebels were unwhipped of justice, why have not the military, under the reconstruction acts, interposed for the protection of hundreds upon hundreds of the "superior" black race?—*Nat. Intelligencer.*

*Mr. Chase.*—The new paper which has been talked of in Washington will, it is quite sure, be established. It will be backed up by a large capital, will be strongly Radical, and advocate the claims of Chief Justice Chase for the Presidency. The same backers are strongly considering the feasibility of establishing a first class afternoon daily in Baltimore, having the same object in view.—*Sun.*

Memphis, Feb. 13.—A French woman living on the suburbs of this city, was ravished by two negroes on yesterday. The Police are after them.