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THE NEWS.

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H. L. & J. H. MYROER,
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MYSTERIOUS PERSONS IN HISTORY.

The records of the past furnish us with half a dozen historical characters that seem to have had a mysterious existence after the public have been informed of their tragical death. To such an extent has the belief of a post existence been carried that one could say with great propriety, in the language of Sir William Jones:

"The block may sink their gore,
Their heads may sicken in the sun, their limbs
Be strung to city gates and castle walls;
But still their spirits walk abroad."

And these spirits seem generally to be encased in tangible earthly bodies, if we may credit the tales of travellers. This young republic has not been slow in making a startling history, and one that has all the romantic pages of centuries-old Europe. For have we not

J. WILKES BOOTH,
who, like that phantom ship, the Flying Dutchman, is from time to time reported to have been seen in propria persona in various parts of the world, the latest story being that he now is the captain of a pirate vessel and the terror of the China seas? At intervals the press informs the public that some reliable correspondents have seen the notorious assassin in Europe. One time he has been seen playing *rouge et noir* at Baden-Baden; another at the opera in Vienna. One positively swears that he saw him driving in the Bois de Boulogne at Paris. And another is equally confident that he beheld him visiting St. Peter's at Rome. One fact is certain in regard to the disposal of the corpse of Booth, that its resting place is known to but few, and the public at large are in doubt as to whether it now moulders in a secluded and unknown grave, or whether the dark waters of the Potomac received his mangled remains. Booth, indeed, may be said to be the only really mysterious personage we have had in our annals, although perhaps, for the few years we have been an independent republic, no nation ever made its history so fast.

"THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY."

Whether or not the person who bears this pseudonym was the subject of a cleverly concocted fable or not, it is at least a singular case. The person who is said to have borne this title was a Philip Nolan, a notice of whose death appeared last year in a New York journal. It ran thus:—"Died on board U. S. corvette Levant, on the 11th of May, Philip Nolan." The story is as follows: When Aaron Burr made his first dashing expedition down to New Orleans, in 1805, he met a lieutenant named Philip Nolan, belonging to the legion of the West. The young officer became fascinated with the brilliant statesman, who enlisted him in his treasonable schemes. The authorities suspected Nolan as being an accomplice of Burr's, and on the court-martial the impetuous youth cried out, in a fit of frenzy, "D—n the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again." These words shocked the Revolutionary officers that formed the court-martial, and Nolan was condemned to be sent on board a vessel, where he was never again to hear the words United States, and the instructions received were as follows:

"WASHINGTON" (with the date, which must have been late in 1807.)

"Sir: You will receive from Lieutenant Neale the person of Philip Nolan, late a lieutenant in the U. S. army.

"This person on his trial by court-martial expressed with an oath the wish that he might 'never hear of the United States again.'"

"The Court sentenced him to have his wish fulfilled.

"For the present, the execution of the order is intrusted by the President to this department.

"You will take the prisoner on board your ship, and keep him there with such precautions as shall prevent his escape.

"You will provide him with such quarters, rations, and clothing as would be proper for an officer of his late rank, if he were a passenger on your vessel on the business of his government.

"The gentlemen on board will make any arrangements agreeable to themselves regarding his society. He is to be exposed to no indignity of any kind, nor is he ever unnecessarily to be reminded that he is a prisoner.

"But under no circumstances is he ever

to hear of his country or to see any information regarding it; and you will specially caution all the officers under your command to take care, that in the various indulgences which may be granted, this rule, in which his punishment is involved, shall not be broken.

It is the intention of the Government that he shall never again see the country which he has disowned. Before the end of your cruise you will receive orders which will give effect to this intention.

Respectfully yours,

W. SOUTHARD,

For Sec'y of Navy."

Nolan seems to have passed from vessel to vessel, and to have remained a prisoner for over sixty years, and was made the subject of innumerable traditions and palpable myths. He was strictly guarded and the name of the United States never mentioned to him. It is generally supposed however, that this myth was originated during the recent war by some imaginative individual who desired to institute comparison and similes between Nolan and the rebel leaders. Of course, Nolan repented of his folly, and died deeply regretting the incautious words that condemned him to a life of imprisonment, which was probably more painful, as it prevented him from interfering in the politics of the country.

MAN IN THE IRON MASK.

Within the walls of the Bastille during the reign of Louis XIV., was enacted the inexplicable mystery, which has continued a mystery to this day, of the Man in the Iron Mask. When first heard of, he was confined in the Marguerite Islands, in the Mediterranean, whence he was removed by De Saint Mars, who was his private governor, and answerable, it is supposed, for his safety with his own life, to the Bastille, where he died, on November 19, 1703, and was buried on the 20th, in the cemetery of St. Paul, under the name of Machiati. No name, except the governor, so far as is known, ever saw his face, or heard his voice; two persons, to whom he had conveyed written words, in one case marked upon a linen shirt, in the other engraved on a silver plate, died, without apparent cause, immediately afterwards.—During his conveyance from the Marguerite Isles, De Saint Mars dined at the same table, and slept in the same chamber with him, with pistols ever at hand ready to destroy him, in the case of an attempt on his part to reveal himself. In the Bastille he was waited on at table and at his toilet, by the governor, who took charge of and destroyed all the linen he once used.—He was never seen but with a mask of black velvet; fastened behind his head with steel springs; and when he went to hear mass, the invalids, who were in charge of him with muskets and lighted matches, were instructed to fire on him instantly in case of his speaking or showing his face. A hundred conjectures have been risked as to who this mysterious person was, who was treated with such respect, yet with such jealous rigor—whose life was held sacred against taking off, yet made one scene of incessant misery. The absence of any person of sufficient note from the stage of history to account for such precautions alone baffles all inquiry. The general idea seems to be that he was an elder brother of Louis XIV., the fruit of an adulterous intrigue between Anne of Austria and the Duke of Buckingham, or some other unknown lover, who being born in wedlock, could not have been dispossessed of his claim to the throne had his existence been admitted.

THE LAST OF THE STUARTS.

Henry Benedict Maria Clement Stuart, Cardinal York, the last male representative of the Stuart family, was born in Rome in 1725, died in Venice in 1807. He was the younger brother of the Pretender, Charles Edward, (the Prince Charles of Scottish song) whom he was preparing to aid with a body of French troops assembled at Dunkirk, when the overthrow of the Jacobites at Culloden ruined the Stuart cause in Britain. He subsequently took orders in the Roman Catholic Church, and in 1747 was appointed by Benedict XIV a Cardinal. On the death of his brother, in 1788, he assumed the title of King of England as Henry IX. *gratia Dei, non voluntate hominum*, as the medal which he caused to be struck of the occasion declared. He was subsequently obliged to take refuge from French invasion in Venice, and during the last years of his life was dependent upon the British Court for means of subsistence. He was the last male of the Stuart family, and with his death the line became extinct. Its chief branches in the female line are the houses of Savoy and Orleans and the Duke of Modena, all descended from Henrietta Maria, daughter of Charles I., of which the present Duke of Modena is the lineal representative, being thus, but for the act of settlement, heir to the crown of England. There are two families of the name Stuart on this continent that claim falsely to be the descendants of the Stuarts, and if they be the descendants they cannot be the legitimate, lineal representatives, because the last male of the line died a priest, and was never married; and the females, on marriage, changed their names. One of these females resides in Jackson, Mo., and the other in Lennoxville, Canada.

The old foggy who poked his head out from "behind the times," got it rapped by a passing event.

ANECDOTES OF CLICHY.

Since imprisonment for debt has been abolished in France, and Clichy has been closed, anecdotes in regard to the prison are continually appearing in French papers. We copy one or two:—"If you entered into a conversation with some of the old guardians of this house of detention, you would hear them speak, with respect, among other noble prisoners of all lands; of the great foreign lord who spent two *lois* every day for his dinner, which was brought to him from the Cafe de Paris. He remained a prisoner four months, although he was in a position to pay his debts and obtain his liberty; but it was his fancy to stay where he was. Another inmate (this was an Englishman) had sworn, though immensely rich, that he would never pay his creditor. The creditor on his part, declared that he would keep him in Clichy as long as he could; and he kept him there eight years. The carriage of the English millionaire might be seen every day in the Bois de Boulogne and the Champs Elysees as if the proprietor were taking his accustomed airing therein. He gave positive orders with regard to this singular proceeding. At his death, a special clause was found in his will, peremptorily forbidding his heirs to pay the creditor who had made him a prisoner for eight years. The case was different with M. V., a geometer and mechanic who ruined himself in endeavoring to discover perpetual motion. This debtor thought only of the means of gaining his liberty, and practised the following *ruse* to accomplish his purpose. Being aware that his detaining creditor, who had retired into the country, took in only one journal, which he always read from beginning to end, he caused to be inserted in it a formal notice of his death in the debtor's prison; whereupon the creditor neglected to pay the necessary periodical contribution to his maintenance in 'durance vile,' and, in half an hour afterward, he was a free man."

A FRENCH MARRIAGE PARTY.

Some French suburban scenes are distinct; they belong to no other country; and their parallels can be found nowhere else; only French life could create them—only French nature carry them out. The other day I went out to the donjon of Vincennes where Mirabeau was confined so long; and, returning in the evening through the quiet streets, I saw a party which I shall not soon forget, and which for a long time I watched attentively. It was in a wagon—the important part of it—and that part, though double, was yet single, for the twin had just been made one flesh. Such roses as Adele had in her hair, and such an extravagant *rosette* as Auguste sported at his button-hole! They were peasants, but well-dressed, as Frenchmen always manage to be, and they were so happy! Then a running fire of boisterous merriment was kept up, which the united complaisance of the new bride and bridegroom bore heroically. The friends ran along at the side of the wagon, and pelted the happy couple with roses. Then Auguste persisted in attempting to drive over him who was most officious of the rose-pelters, and the latter individual sat him down on the grassy road persistently, until the horse's cold nose touched his shoulder, and the animal came to a stand-still. Then the hosts of pretty-peasant girls, scattering flowers and chattering their pleasant *chansons*; the young men shouting loud enough to be heard in Paris, and the young bride blushing with mingled rage and pleasure, made up a pretty picture. The party alighted, and their tormentors made the air merrier than before at a rustic *cafe* on the outskirts of the village, not far from the spot where Saint Louis used to administer justice to the people; and when I lost sight of the company they were dancing merrily on the bright, green sward, and calling loud, "Master Brumel, Master Brumel, bring out your best wine for the newly married, *toute de suite, directly!*" Such merriment, such innocent, yet boisterous freedom, I have rarely before seen.—*Home Journal.*

THE SUNKEN LAKE.—The *Sentinel*, published at Jacksonville, Oregon, of the 12th ult., says: Several of our citizens returned last week from a visit to the great Sunken Lake, situated in Cascade Mountains, about 75 miles north-east from Jacksonville. This lake rivals the famous valley of Sinbad the Sailor. It is thought to average 2,000 feet down to the water all round. The walls are almost perpendicular, running down into the water, and leaving no beach. The depth of the water is unknown, and its surface is smooth and unruffled, and it lies so far below the surface of the mountain that the air currents do not affect it. Its length is estimated at 12 miles, and its breadth at 10. No living man ever has, and probably never will be able to reach the water's edge. It lies silent, still, and mysterious in the bosom of the 'everlasting hills' like a huge well, scooped out by the hands of the giant, genii of the mountain in unknown ages gone by, and around it the primeval forests watch and ward are keeping. The visiting party fired a rifle several times into the water at an angle of 45 degrees, and were able to denote several seconds of time from the report of the gun until the ball struck the water. Such seems incredible, but is vouched for by some of our most trustworthy citizens. The lake is certainly a most remarkable curiosity."

DEATHS BY LIGHTNING.

Few people are aware how many are the deaths from lightning. It appears, from statistics kept in France that, during the last thirty years, more than ten thousand people were struck by lightning, of whom two thousand two hundred and thirty-two were killed outright. Eight hundred and eighty were killed during the last ten years, and of these only two hundred and forty-three were females. If lightning falls on a crowd, it does more mischief among the men than among the women, the taller persons being more exposed. Again, animals are frequently stricken, while the persons in charge of them are spared. The old idea that the beech tree is a protection, is a fatal error—the neighborhood of all isolated trees being dangerous, like that of all highly projecting objects, except when they are in metallic connection with the soil. Railroads and telegraphic wires are protectors, in so far as they are able to absorb and convey considerable amounts of electricity. Every locomotive does this unperceived, its metallic mass being an excellent conductor. Walking along a railroad track where it runs through a country without trees, is as dangerous as taking shelter under a tall tree. That windows are dangerous is believed to be an error, for experience does not show that lightning strikes through open windows or follows a draft of air.

UTILITY OF BEARDS.

There are more solid inducements for wearing the beard than the mere improvement of a man's personal appearance, and the cultivation of such an aid to the everyday diplomacy of life. Nature, combining, as she never fails to, the useful with the ornamental, provides us with a far better respirator than science could ever make, and one that is never so hideous to wear as that black seal upon the face that looks like a passport to the realms of suffering and death. The hair of the moustache not only absorbs the moisture and miasm of the fogs, but it strains the air from the dust and soot of our great cities. It acts also in the most scientific manner, by taking heat from the warm breath as it leaves the chest, and supplying it to the cold air taken in. It is not only a respirator, but with the beard entire we are provided with a comforter as well; and these are never left at home, like the umbrellas, and all such appliances, whenever they are wanted. Moffat and Livingstone, the African explorers, and many other travelers, say that in the night no wrapper can equal the beard. The remarkable thing is, too, that the beard, like the hair of the head, protects against the heat of the sun; but, more than this, it becomes moist with the perspiration, and then, by evaporation, cools the skin. A man who accepts this protection of nature may face the roughest storm and the hardest winter. He may go from the hottest room into the coldest air without any dread; and we verily believe he might almost sleep in a morass with impunity; at least, his chance of escaping a terrible fever would be better than his beardless companion's.

THE BEAUTY OF IRISH WOMEN.

Mons. Felix Belly, one of the writers of the Constitutionelle, having made a tour through Ireland, last summer, pronounces the following eulogium upon the women of that country: The most remarkable element, the richest, and certainly the most full of life, of this land so full of life is the population itself. No European race, that of the Caucasus excepted, can compete with it in beauty. The Irish blood is of a purity and distinction, especially among the females, which strikes all strangers with astonishment. The transparent whiteness of the skin, the absorbing attraction, which in France is the attribute of but one in a thousand, is here the general rule. The daughter of the poor man, as well as the fine lady, possesses an opal milky tint, the arms of a statue, the foot and hand of a duchess, and the bearing of a queen. In the wretched streets of the olden quarters of Dublin the most ideal tints of the pencil would grow pale before the beauty of the children, and in the compact crowd which each day occupies the galleries of Merrion Square, there is certainly the most magnificent collection of human beings it is possible to meet. Blondes with black eyes, and brunettes with blue, are by no means rare. The race is as strong as it is handsome, as vigorous as it is charming. The girls of Connemara, with their queenly shoulders and eyes of fire, would put to shame, at this day, those daughters of the East from whom they are said to have descended.

It is said that Balzac, the celebrated French novelist, used to lie excessively.—One day he was walking along the Boulevard Montmartre, with a servant girl on each arm, when he came across two of his friends, Hatzel and Laurent. He greeted the women precipitately, and, running to his friends, said to them, in a low tone:—"Don't recognize me; I am with two arch-duchesses who have come to Paris in disguise, and whom Matternich has asked me to show the capital to. Hush!" And with a mysterious sign, he disappeared. "What a liar!" said Hatzel. "What the deuce did he leave his women for?" "Simply," replied the other, "to tell them that we are two princes of the blood, his most intimate friends."

A Beautiful Legend.

They tell a story that one day Rabbi Judah and his brethren sat in the church on a fast day disputing about rest. One said it was to have sufficient wealth, yet without sin. The other said it was fame and praise of all men. The third said it was possession of power to rule the State. The fourth said it must be only in the old age of one who is rich, powerful, famous, and surrounded by children and children's children. The fifth said it were all in vain unless a man kept all the ritual of Moses. And Rabbi Judah, the venerable, the tallest of the brethren, said: "Ye have spoken wisely, but one thing more is necessary. He only can find rest who to all things addeth this—that he keep the traditions of his elders." There sat a fair haired boy, playing with lilies in his lap, and hearing the talk dropped them in astonishment from his hands, and looked up—that boy of twelve—and said: "Nay, father, he only can find rest who loves his brother as himself, with his whole heart and soul. He is greater than fame, wealth and power, happier than a happy home, without it, better than honored age; he is a law to himself above all traditions."

AN OREGON TRADITION.

It may come out that the Chinese not only invented gunpowder but discovered America. There is a story current along the coast that several years ago an expedition of Indians from that part of the country now called Washington Territory, had paddled their way coastwise in a canoe as far as Portland, in Oregon, up through the ugly Columbia river, and that in progress forward, they met with, on the banks of the river, partially embedded in the mud, the somewhat broken remains of a Chinese junk. This astonished the Indians, who regarded themselves the sole lords of creation, while it afterwards excited curiosity and spirit of inquiry of such few white men as were then in those distant and comparatively unknown regions of the earth. The finding of the Chinese junk is still a matter of tradition among the Indian tribes who inhabit those regions, and is freely spoken of by the American and European population, and the conclusion come to is, that at some far off period of the world's existence, the Chinese—always an enterprising people—sent an expedition northwise, which became a prey to the pitiless storms that are so often to be encountered in the Columbia river. Certain it is, at all events, that the junk was found in the Columbia, and it is only reasonable to conclude that it came from China at some far remote period of antiquity. Perhaps, after all, Johnny Chinaman may claim the credit of having discovered America. (B-sh.)

HOW NATURE PRESERVED A RECORD.

A St. Louis paper mentions an incident which occurred in the surveys of the Iron Mountain Road in the cypress swamps of Southeast Missouri. The engineers, having orders to locate their surveys in connection with the United States land surveys, had occasion to search for the marks or records made years ago in the swamps. The land surveyors had marked the results of their work by cutting into the body of a tree, leveling off a smooth surface of the trunk, and engraving their records on the tablets thus prepared. The engineers found the scars of former cuttings, but to reach the records were compelled to cut into the trees again. New wood had grown up over the old record, completely hiding and protecting it. But, after cutting into the body down to the original tablet, they found the surveyor's record as plain and distinct as when first made.

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN'S SHOE.—There is a well-authenticated story of a poor woman—not precisely a beggar, but who had a petition to present, the prayer of which was, of course, a *limosna*, who pounced upon the queen just as she was coming out of the garden of the Retiro. Her prayer was very soon heard; but unhappily when her majesty felt in her pocket she had no money. Kings, queens, millionaires, and theatrical managers never have ready money about them enough to pay for a cab or a turpentine. "Come to the palace to-morrow," said the queen to the petitioner. "Alas!" replied the woman, "the servants will not let me pass." Whereupon, it is upon record, Donna Isabella de Bourbon, stooping down, took off one of her shoes, and gave it to the suppliant as a token and a sign that she might be allowed next day to pass the palace gates and have her claim attended to.

A man and wife were sitting at breakfast the other day—the husband trying to read a paper, while his wife was lecturing him on his dissipated hours. He suddenly looked up from his paper and said: "Here's a perfectly correct sentiment. A writer in this paper says, the best capital to begin life with is a capital wife!" "That's very true, dear," replied the wife, smilingly, thinking that his remark would elicit a compliment, "but where can you always get them?" "In the deaf and dumb asylum, of course." As sympathetic novelists say, "we will not further invade this scene of quiet domesticity."

Jones complained of a bad smell about the post-office, and asked Brown what it could be. Brown didn't know, but suggested that it might be caused by the "dead letters."

A NEGRO EMPIRE—WHAT WOULD BECOME OF THE SOUTH IF LEFT TO THE NEGRO?

The question of nigger supremacy, which the extreme measures of the radicals have thrust upon the country, was practically illustrated in more than one locality down South during the radical regime which immediately followed the collapse of the rebellion. Notably was this the case among the sea islands of South Carolina and Georgia, where General Saxton pursued the policy now advocated by Wendell Phillips and Thad. Stevens, and gave all power into the hands of the colored race. The result was thus described in a letter from a special correspondent of the Herald, published June 2, 1866, and more than confirmed afterwards by official reports: On St. Catherine's Island, Georgia, the territorial aspirations of the negroes received their richest developments and culminated in the virtual establishment of a nigger empire, which came about in this way. A full blooded negro named Tunia G. Campbell, a son of a preacher, hailing from New Brunswick, British America, possessed of some little education, much cunning and unbounded ambition, was appointed an agent of the Bureau, under Gen. Saxton, and assigned to the charge of St. Catherine's and Ossabaw Islands, at that time occupied exclusively by the negroes who had lived there as slaves, and by colored refugees who had come there to avail themselves of Gen. Sherman's order. A very simple form of government had been improvised for their guidance, and some three or four of their number had been appointed to see justice done among them. This system of government was far too simple for Mr. Campbell's ideas. He at once upset it and turned the old resident negroes out of their cabins, telling them they were only "refugees," but that they (the new comers) were "American citizens." He then set to work and organized a little empire of his own, taking for his model the Constitution of the United States, but reserving therein so strong a spice of autocratic power for himself that he was ever afterwards known and spoken of as the Tycoon. I had the felicity, while in St. Catherine's, of looking into the laws and constitution of the empire. There was a Senate composed of eight members, four elected from the north side of the island and four from the south; a House of Representatives, comprising twenty members, ten representing the north and ten the south. There was a Supreme Court and a Court of Common Pleas. There were magistrates, sheriffs, town clerks, coroners, and every officer down to a roadmaster. It was provided that all bills must originate with the House of Representatives, be passed by the Senate and approved by the Superintendent (or Tycoon.) A majority of two-thirds carried a measure over the head of the Senate, but the right of veto was in all cases reserved to the Superintendent. This saving clause was repeated with emphatic iteration at the end of every important article of the constitution. Thus the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court was empowered, among other duties, to preside in the Police Court (in conjunction with the Superintendent), and to charge five-and-twenty cents each for the issuing of summonses. Appeals from his decision might be taken to the Supreme Court, where they would be heard by the Chief Justice (in conjunction with the Superintendent). To secure the observance of these regulations King Campbell I raised a standing army, placed guards and pickets around the coast and forbade any white man to land under peril of his life. Everything being thus established to his satisfaction, he convened his Cabinet together and issued the following

PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, we through the goodness of God, the Supreme Being, have prospered upon this island; and whereas we feel now the influence of the boon of freedom, which we believe emanated from God,

Therefore, I, Tunia G. Campbell, Agent of the Bureau of Freedmen, Refugees and Abandoned Lands for St. Catherine's and Ossabaw Islands, by virtue of the authority vested in me, by the President of the United States and Brigadier General Saxton, do issue this my proclamation, that the people do assemble on December 5, 1865, at their churches, and invoke divine aid and return thanks for His great mercy in delivering us from the bond of slavery, and all other mercies vouchsafed to us.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal.
TUNIA G. CAMPBELL, Superintendent.
—Howard, Secretary.

It was only with great difficulty that General Tilson succeeded in depositing Tycoon Campbell from his throne, and reducing him to the subordinate position he was more qualified to fill. I met the ex-monarch at Savannah, where he was playing the lumbule role of delegate to the Convention of the African Episcopal Church, assembled in that city. He seemed to bear his misfortunes with pious equanimity, contenting himself by insinuating groundless charges against the agent of the Bureau, who had succeeded him. I saw, also, at Sapelo Island the ex-Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, a full-blooded Congo, attired in brown mottled blouse, dark trousers and a dirty shirt, but bearing with an aspect of dignified reserve which Mr. Chase himself could hardly surpass. I restrained my risible tendencies, not knowing whether Congress might not soon reinstate him in his judicial position and thus subject me to the dire pains and penalties of a contempt of Court.

All the time the ludicrous burlesque of government above described was going on, not a stroke of work was done. The most productive cotton lands in the world were allowed to waste, and when winter came the freedmen had to be fed and clothed by the Freedmen's Bureau. With a controlling balance of power placed in the hands of the emancipated slaves, what country, it is true, that Tunia G. Campbell had not turned up all over the country, and that the system of government which the nigger Tycoon administered on St. Catherine's Island will not be transferred to Washington?

They have frogs in California that weigh twenty-five pounds apiece. California is great on big things.