

The Rutherford Star.

66 BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT AND THEN GO AHEAD. 99—DAILY CROCKET.

VOL. II.

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NO. 39.

A MAN AT THE DOOR.

"No tramps here," said I, and shut the door in his face. The wind blew so cold I could hardly do it, and the street was beating on the pane, and the bare trees were groaning and moaning as if they suffered in the storm. "No tramps here, I'm a lone woman, and I am afraid of 'em."

Then the man I hadn't seen for the dark went away from the door—chump, chump, came through the slush, and I heard the gate creak as it always does, and then chump, chump, came the man back again, and then he knocked on the door—knocked not so hard as before—and I opened it hot and angry.

"How far is it to the next house, ma'am?" said he.

"Three miles or more," said I. "And that's not a tavern?"

"No, ma'am, there is no tavern to be got there; it's Miss Mitten's and she is as set against tramps as I am."

"I don't want to drink," said the man. "But I do want food. You needn't be afraid to let me in, ma'am. I've been wounded and not able to walk far, and my clothes are thin; it's bitter cold."

I've been trying to get to my parents at Greenbank, where I can rest until I am better, and all my money was stolen from me three days ago. You needn't be afraid, just let me lie before the fire, and only give me a crust to keep me from starving and the Lord will bless you for it."

And then he looked at me with his mild blue eyes in a way that would have me do it, if it hadn't been that I had seen so much of these imposters. The war was just over, and every beggar that came along said he was a soldier travelling home, and had been wounded and robbed. One that had been fool enough to help, limped away out of sight, as he thought and then, for I was at the garret window, shouldered his crutches and tramped it with the strongest.

"No doubt your pocket is full of money," said I, "and you only want a chance to rob and murder me. Go away with you."

Druella, that's my niece, was baking short cakes in the kitchen. Just then she came to the door and motioned with her lips to me. "Do let him stay, aunty," and if I hadn't had good sense I might, but I knew better than a child of sixteen.

"Go away with you," says I louder than before. "I won't have this any longer."

And he gave me a kind of a groan, and took his hand from the latch, and chump, chump, through the frozen snow again; and I thought him gone, when there was once more, hardly with a knock at all—a faint touch like a child's now.

And when I opened the door he came quite in, and stood leaning on his cane, pale as a ghost, his eyes bigger than ever.

"Wall, of all impudence!" said I. He looked at me and said: "Madam, I have a mother in Greenbank. I want to live to see her. I shall not if I try to go further to-night."

"They all want to see their mothers," said I, and just then it came to my mind that I hoped my son Charles, who had been a soldier—an officer he had got to be, mind—wanted to see his, and would go.

"I have been wounded you see," said he.

"Don't go a showing me your hurts," said I; "they buy them, so they told me, to go begging with now. I read the papers, I tell you, and I'm principled, so's our clergyman, 'agin giving anything unless it's through some well organized society. Tramps are my abomination, and as for keeping you all night, you can't expect that of decent folks—go!"

Druella came to the door and said, "let him stay, aunty," with her lips again, but I took no notice.

So he went this time, and did not come back; and I sat down by the fire and listened to the wind and sleet, and felt the warm fire, and smelt the baking cakes and the apples stewing, and the tea drawing on the kitchen stove; and I ought to have been very comfortable, but I wasn't. Something seemed tugging at my heart all the time.

I gave the fire a poke, and lit another candle to cheer myself by, and I went to my work basket to get the sock I had been knitting for my Charlie; and as I went to get it I saw something lying on the floor. I picked it up. It was an old tobacco pouch, ever so much like the one I gave Charlie, with fringe around it, and written on it in ink, "B. F. to R. H." and

inside was a bit of tobacco and an old pipe, and a letter; and when I spread it out I saw at the top: "My dear son."

I knew the beggar must have dropped it, and my heart gave one big thump as though it had turned into a hammer.

Perhaps the story was true and he had a mother. I shivered all over, and the fire and the candles and the nice comfortable smell might not have been at all, I was so cold and wretched.

And over and over again I had to say to myself what I had heard our pastor say so often, "Never give anything to chance beggars my dear friend; always bestow your alms on worthy persons, through well organized societies," before I could get a bit of comfort. And what an old fool I was to cry, I thought, when I found my check wry.

But I did not cry long, for as I sat there, hark and crash and jingling came a sleigh over the road, and stopped at our gate, and I heard my Charlie's voice crying, "Hallo, mother!" And out I went to the door and had him in my arms, my sweet, soft, handsome, brown son. And there he was in his uniform, with his pretty shoulder straps and heavy as if he had never been through any hardships. He had to leave me to put his horse up, and then I had by the fire again, my own boy. And Druella who had been up stairs and crying—why I wonder—came down in a flutter—for they were like brother and sister—and he kissed her, and she kissed him, and then away she went to set the table, and the nice hot things spoke on a cloth as white as snow; and how Charlie enjoyed them! But once in the midst of all, I felt a frightened feeling come over me, and I know'd I'd turned pale for Druella said, "what is the matter, Aunt Fairfax?"

I said "nothing," but it was this:—Kind O, like the ghost of a step, going chump, chump over the frozen snow; and I felt the ghost of a voice saying, "Let me lie on the floor before your fire and give me any kind of a crust;" kind O, like seeing some one who had a mother, dropping down on the wintry road, and freezing and starving to death there.—That was what it was but I put it away, and only thought of Charlie.

We drew up together by the fire when tea was done, and he told us things about the war I'd never heard before. How the soldiers suffered, and what weary marches and short rations they sometimes had. And he told how his life had been set upon and he was badly wounded; and how, at the risk of his own life, a fellow soldier had saved him, and carried him away fighting his path back to camp.

"I'd never have seen you but for him," says my Charlie. "And if there's a man on earth I love, it is Bob Hadaway—the dearest, best fellow. We've shared each other's rations, and drank from the same canteen many a time; and if I ever had a brother, I couldn't think more of him."

"Why don't you bring him home to see your mother, Charlie?" said I.

"Why, I'd love him too, and anything I could do for him, the man who saved my boy's life, couldn't be enough. Send for him, Charlie." But Charlie shook his head, and covered his face with his hands.

"Mother," said he, "I don't know whether Bob Hadaway is alive or dead he was taken prisoner. And the prisons are poor places to live in, mother. I'd give my right hand to be able to do him any good; but I can find no trace of him."

And he has a mother, too; she lives at Greenbank—poor old lady. My dear, good noble Bob, the preserver of my life! And I saw Charlie crying.

Not to let us see the tears, he got up and went to the mantelpiece. I did not look around until I heard a cry.

"Great Heavens! what is that?" As I turned Charlie had a tobacco pouch the man had dropped, in his hand.

"Where did this come from?" said he. "I feel as though I had seen a ghost. He gave this to Bob Hadaway the day he saved me. We had not much to give, you know, and he vowed never to part with it while he lived." How did it come, mother? I fell back in my chair white and cold, and said I, "A wandering tramp left it here, never your Bob, my dear; never your Bob. He must have been an imposter. I would not turn away a person in want; oh no, no, no; it is another pouch child, not that, or he stole it."

A tall fellow with blue eyes and yellow brown hair wounded, he said, and going to see his mother at Greenbank. Not your Bob."

And Charlie stood staring at me with clenched hands; and said he, "it was my Bob; it was my dear old Bob who saved my

life and you have driven him out in such a night as this, mother, my mother, to use Bob so."

"Curse me, Charlie!" said I, curse me if you like; I'm afraid God will. Three times he asked only for a crust and a place to lie, and I drove him away. I—and he's lying on the road now. Oh, I had known! oh if I had known!"

And Charlie caught up his hat. "I'll find him if he's alive," said he. "Oh Bob my dear friend!"

And then I never saw the girl in such a hurry—down went Druella on her knees as if she was saying her prayers, and says she, "Thank God I dared to do it!" and says she to me "O, aunt, I've been trembling with fright, not knowing what you'd say to me. I took him in the kitchen way, I could not see him so faint, hungry and wounded, and I put him in the spare chamber over the parlor, and I've been so frightened all the while."

"Lord bless you," said Charlie. "Amen!" says I. And she getting bolder, went on: "And I took him up hot short cake, and apple sauce and tea," says she, "and I took him a candle, and a hot brick for his feet, and told him to eat and go to bed in the best chamber, Aunt Fairfax, with the white counterpane."

After this Charlie, not being ungrateful or poor helped Bob into business.—And he got over his wounds at last, and grew as handsome as a picture, and that day one again was married to Druella.

"I'd give you anything I have," said I, "and I would refuse Druella," when he asked me, telling me he loved her ever since she was so kind to him on the night I've told you of.

And Charlie is to stand up with them, and I'm to give Druella away, and Bob's sister is to be bridesmaid, and I have a guess that some day Charlie will bring her home to me to Druella's place.

I don't drive beggars away now as I used to, and no doubt I'm imposed upon, but this is what I say, "Better to be imposed upon always than to be cruel to one who really needs help." And I've read my bible more of late and know who says: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

I said I would take the resolutions if they would allow me to add but three words, which you will find embodied in the plat form, I added this: "AND WE DECLARE THAT THE RECONSTRUCTION ACTS ARE REVOLUTIONARY, UNCONSTITUTIONAL AND VOID."

I proposed that every single member of the Committee, and the nearest ones in it, were the men of the North—came forward and said they would carry it out to the end.—W. H. HAMPTON on the 4th of July, New York Nullifiers Convention.

At last we have the official reports of the Camilla massacre, concerning which so much has been said. We ask readers to compare them with the accounts of the same, established by official reports and sworn evidence, that the Republicans were entering Camilla in peaceable procession.

That country is armed; that they made no threats and expected no trouble; that they were first told they could not hold their meeting in Camilla, and then were fired upon when they entered; that they were wholly unprepared for any attack; that they were mercilessly butchered and pursued miles from the town; that no inquest was held over the corpses thus scattered through their streets and about the country, and that to this day the civil authorities of Camilla have taken no steps to punish the murderers. These were the statements made by the Tribune and denied by Mr. E. H. Hill at the time; these are the facts now established by the official reports.

Freemen of Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana you are about to pass verdict on the authors of this massacre. Shall the Camilla rioters be encouraged to fresh outbreaks by your voice next Tuesday? Shall the murders of Mitchell County receive such sanction as to insure their repetition in all parts of the South? Shall the erect and hissing Rebels, whom Frank Blair's words have warmed into violence, be encouraged to disperse the carpet-bag State governments, reorganize their own government and elect Senators and Representatives? Shall the bloodshed of Camilla spread and make permanent the existing desolation? Shall restored order and assured government bring revival of industry and general prosperity? Shall we have war or peace? Remember, Camilla will hear the answer your ballots give next Tuesday as distinctly as Philadelphia or Cincinnati.—Tribune.

"There is but one way to restore the Government and the Constitution; and that is for the President elect to declare these (reconstruction) acts null and void, compel the army to undo its usurpations at the South, disperse the carpet-bag State government, allow the white people to reorganize their own governments, and elect Senators and Representatives."—Blair's Letter.

The New Rebellion.

There was, some years ago, in India, a tribe since put down by the strong hand of the Government. The hereditary business of this Oriental Ku-Klux Klan was homicide, and robbery was its constant recreation.—It waylaid unsuspecting travelers, and having knuckled them on the head, or strangled or stabbed them, it concluded by rifling their carpet-bags. These pleasing professors of the Fine Art of Murder, although extremely enthusiastic, and even fanatically devoted to their trade, did not publish a newspaper; and in this respect the Things of Alabama are rather in advance of their Eastern prototypes, being, indeed, the first organization of headed murderers in the world which has arrived at the dignity of an organ.—The Tusculooza (Ala.) Monitor (R. Randolph, Editor) is a curiosity in its way, and is, in the journal which the East India Things would have printed, if they had printed any journal at all. We must premise of this agreeable sheet that it proudly bears the names of Blair and Seymour at the head of its homicidal and incendiary columns. It openly avows that should these persons be elected to the places for which they have been nominated by the "Democratic" Convention, the work of wholesale lynching at the South will begin. In order that there may be no mistake about the methods to be employed (as the editor is pleased to say) "on the Fourth of March, 1869," the Monitor gives a rule wood engraving in which two "carpet baggers" are represented suspended by the neck from a tree, with the legend, "Hang, curs, hang!" The general Randolph adds: "This unprecedented reaction is moving on with the swiftness of a velocipede, with the violence of a tornado, with the crash of an avalanche, sweeping negroes from the face of the earth. The happy day of reckoning with these white-cute scoundrels approaches rapidly.—Each and every one who has no unblushing eyes to lower the Caucasian to a degree even beneath the African race, will be regarded as *hostis sui generis*, and be dealt with accordingly, if found hereabout when the time is ripe for action." The Monitor is good enough to give us a particular description of the *modus operandi*, as follows:—"We candidly believe that the picture, given to our readers *supra*, correctly represents the attitude and altitude of all foreign and domestic foes of our land who still have the folly to remain 'down South' after the 4th of March. The contract for hanging will be given to the negro, who, having mounted the carpet-bagger and scawling on the rule that he didn't draw at the elections, will be taken to a limb, and leading the said mule from under them, over the forty acres of ground that he also didn't get, will leave the vagabonds high in mid-air, a feast for anthropophagous vermin.

"E. S.—It will be seen that there is room left on the limb for the suspension of any bad Grant negro who may be found at the propitious moment."

After this exhilarating description, which is very much aided by the wood-cut above mentioned, The Monitor calls the public attention to "a Scawling Justice of the Peace named A. H. Sealy of Hickman's Beat," who has "discharged a rascally negro from custody," and "angels that Sealy and Jack (the negro discharged) be turned over to the mercies of a Ku-Klux Klan, or some other good society prostrate." This mild hint to a head of braves to commit only a couple of murders comes, it must be remembered, from a sheet enthusiastically devoted to the sleight of Horatio Seymour, and which proposes after his inauguration, on the 4th of March prox., to hang without judge or jury all Republicans, including a "bad Grant negro who may be found at the propitious moment."

In order to prove that these ruffians are perfectly capable of executing the atrocities which they recommend in a public journal, it is enough to show, by their own exultant confessions, that they have already executed the like. Thus, The Monitor says: "Five notorious bad negroes were found swinging by the necks to limbs in the woods of Colbert County, a few days since. They had been guilty of moving threats against the whites."

If threats were a capital offense, pray how long would "R. Randolph, Editor," escape strangulation? Here is another specimen of The Monitor's persuasive ways:—"Scawling Lakin of Montgomery, and carpet-bagger Lakin of Nowhere, arrived here Thursday. Cloud, the Radical Jockey, comes as trainer of Lakin, the negro-loving jockey. The one is a long, slim creature of the *katydid* kind; the other is a stout, portly reptile of the genus *batrachia*. Both would make first-rate hemp-stretchers. For further information they may regard the wood-cut elsewhere. Next week we will give a more elaborate description of the *earmarks*. We would not take a good deal for this fresh gear."

Here follows the promised description of "the varmint":—"Lakin and Cloud, poor devils! visibly shook to their shoes while here. The zig-zag manner in which their noses and names were registered at the hotel indicate great tremor of the fingers. Every fellow they met on the streets appeared, to their alarmed fancies and guilty consciences, to be Ku-Kluxes in disguise. Now and then, as they would pass by a crowd, some cruel man would give an unearthly yell, that made the round-bellied ignoramus Lakin fairly shake from fright, 'like a bowl of jelly.' It was our desire to have these unworthy stay here at least a week or two, so as to provide us with 'food for sport.' They have departed hence forever."

"Tho' the world a curse will follow them like the black plague, Tracking their footsteps ever—day and night, Morning and eve, Summer and Winter—ever."

This is the style in which this unfeeling supporter of Blair and Seymour proposes to inaugurate a peace after the election of those worthy gentlemen. It will be indeed a peace which surpasseth all understanding.

It appears that this Alabama paper, which is ready to hang "any Grant negro who may be found" at the propitious moment, has not the least objection to Blair and Seymour negroes, as witness the following affectionate advertisement printed in its columns: SEYMOUR AND BLAIR BARBECUE AND PUBLIC FEASTING!

At the University grounds, near the city of Tusculooza, on Saturday, the 19th of September, 1868. Everybody invited, both white and black. Persons wishing to subscribe either money or provisions will please call on John Glascock, Esq.

This is an old way of "sweeping negroes from off the face of the earth," which, in another place, R. Randolph, Editor, threatens to do "with the swiftness of a velocipede and with the violence of a tornado." These slight inconsistencies occur in the very same issue. In one part of the paper the negro is invited to come to a Seymour barbecue, and to partake freely of roast pig and whiskey; and in another part, with this hospitable overture is a threat to sweep all Blacks "from off the face of the earth." This is to welcome the coming and speed the parting guest with a vengeance.

In one column The Monitor says: "We contend that White men must rule America; and whilst willing to have negroes protected from cruelty and injustice, we at the same time are not willing to place them on a footing, political or social, with the descendants of Adam." In another column, "Every body is invited, both Black and White," to attend a Blair and Seymour Barbecue!—Unfortunately, "the five negroes" who were hung in Colbert County, "for making threats against the Whites," were not able to be present at the Tusculooza Barbecue to swell the exultant, heaven-rejoicing shout for Blair and Seymour. The prudent artisan named in the following paragraph from The Monitor was no doubt present and "holered" for Blair and Seymour enthusiastically.

"Every Nigger—Makes the prettiest and best look we ever saw. He goes for the Seymour and Blair ticket, and is every way worthy of patronage."

We do not know that it is necessary to give any further extracts from this lovely and amiable Seymour publication, although we might continue them at considerable length from the material before us. "The World," on the 30th ult., was kind enough to criticise, with its usual suavity, what it is pleased to call THE TRAMP'S "manufacture of Rebel outrages," and to laugh at our "dreadful stories of murder and rebellion," which it termed "contributions to popular misinformation." With the view of promoting the daily recreations of this facetious journal, we have ventured upon the foregoing extracts from a Southern newspaper devoted to the cause of Mr. Seymour. We trust that we have thus improved upon The World's advice to us, "to go back to our own files, and reproduce the Kansas bloody records of 1856." The Tusculooza Monitor (Blair and Seymour) must be much better informed than THE TRAMP can pretend to be in the office of The World.—New York Tribune.

Be it remembered by the voters of the 7th Congressional District, that PLATO DURHAM, the Rebel candidate for Congress, voted to raise \$548,784, of taxes more than necessary to defray the expenses of the State Government. This is where your high taxes comes from.

THE WAY IT WORKS.—Democratic orators and Democratic papers are strenuous in assuring the colored people that the only way in which they can secure peace, obtain their rights and avoid being cheated by wicked "carpet-baggers" is to vote for their best "friends," the Democrats.

Well, a short time ago, some of the colored people of Georgia—some fifteen or twenty thousand—took this advice and voted the Democratic ticket, and what was the result? Why, the Democratic members elected by colored votes uniting with their brother Democrats, turned all the colored members out of the Legislature; declared all colored men ineligible to office, and even deprived some of the right to sit on juries.

Well may the colored men exclaim "save us from our (best) friends."

From this disgraceful outrage in Georgia the colored men of this State can draw the following rules:

To be turned out of the Legislature—vote the Democratic ticket.

To be declared incapable of holding office—vote the Democratic ticket.

To be driven from the jury box—vote the Democratic ticket.

To be deprived of every right of citizenship, which Congress and the Republican party has bestowed upon him, and to be reduced again to practical slavery—VOTE THE DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

"We will make the condition of the Republican Party, when we get in power, more intolerable than it was for the inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah."—Z. B. VANCE, at the March Democratic Convention.

Who murdered Dock Hampton? Democrats.

From the Cincinnati Commercial.

Mr. Colfax at Indianapolis—A Brief, but Stirring and Effective Speech—Reception at the Hotel.

INDIANAPOLIS, October 4.—The Indianapolis battalion of Fighting Boys in blue waited on Mr. Colfax last Saturday evening, at the residence of Theodore P. Hanley, Esq. The distinguished Indianan was introduced by William Wallace, amid tremendous cheering, and spoke as follows:

"FELLOW CITIZENS—I came here to-day with a broken voice and exhausted strength, to visit some friends of mine, and perhaps, to say a few words during the coming week to the citizens of Indianapolis. I thank you with all the warm emotions of a grateful heart, for the kind and enthusiastic manner in which you have surprised me by this welcome on my return to the capital of our State. I expect to speak to you on Monday evening next—if health and strength shall permit—at some length, and shall, before doing so, detain you by any remarks to-night. I can, however, congratulate those whose hearts are warm with devotion to the noblest cause that was ever advocated in any land beneath the circle of the sun, those who advocate the patriotic and noble principles of the Republican party, on the auspicious indications of the magnificent triumph that awaits them in November next. [Cheers.]

Never in my life have I felt more faith, as well as hope, in the success of a cause in which I was engaged, than I have felt and now feel in the success of the cause which this canvass is drawing toward its close. [Cheers.] You are destined—'you who stand' by our noble and God-given principles, the principles of justice, of liberty, of humanity, of loyalty and of peace—to gain victory, that will eclipse in brilliancy all the glorious triumphs that we have won in the past. [Cheers.]

Behold how brightly does the morning dawn! The light, after the darkness of the night, always comes to us from the east, and now turn your eyes thitherward; you see the heavens flaming with the glory that awaits us. That Providence that watched over our land in its darkest hours—that Providence which has brought us, as a nation, safely through the most disastrous and wicked rebellion that the world has ever known—that Providence does not intend to surrender the country into the hands of those who have taken the nation's life. [Never.]

A short time ago you were listening for the first responses the people should make to the questions involved in the political campaign. The first response that came was that there was a great reaction in the public mind, which was to drive the party of liberty, of patriotism, of humanity, and of justice from power; but when the response came from New Hampshire, what was it? As you bent your ear to the groans and sobs of the people, you saw the boys are marching. [Cheers.]

The next response came from the State of Vermont, where it did not require half an hour for the Republican strength to gain the victory. They told us that there was a great reaction in the public mind, which was to drive the party of liberty, of patriotism, of humanity, and of justice from power; but when the response came from New Hampshire, what was it? As you bent your ear to the groans and sobs of the people, you saw the boys are marching. [Cheers.]

Yet will I hear it again. The boys are still marching on—marching steadily against the enemies of their country—marching against rebels and traitors, all those who strike hands with the men who sought to destroy their country. That march will not cease until it ends in complete and glorious victory. [Cheers.]

Why will we hear it again? Because we are faithful to the people to those who died that with their hearts' blood they might extinguish the fires of treason, never to be rekindled upon American soil. The South is followed with the graves of the martyrs, and over their sacred ashes the men who reason give their lives to be put down, are again striving to raise the standard of rebellion. But those who have survived, faithful to the memory of those who fell—soldier and civilian, joining hands together—have determined that wherever in this land, above the grave, a rebel soldier sleeps, shall a traitor dare to mouth his wicked treason again. [Applause.]

We are going to have peace, because we will have loyalty triumphant. We are going to have peace, because we are going to have rebellion stricken down wherever it dares to raise its serpent head. We are going to have peace, because we will have a President presiding over the destinies of the nation who, with the strong arm so the power given him by the people, will strike down any man, or set of men, that shall dare to molest or make afraid an American citizen for his devotion to the Union, no matter if he be the poorest or richest in the land. [Cheers.]

And now, as I am about to bid you good night, let me change some of the serious character of these remarks to something more appropriate to this beautiful eve, the brilliant scene before me, and the happy circumstances by which we are surrounded. I will tell you a story of some time since, which will be found to have an application to the present.

In the earlier history of this country, when the militia used to meet for training purposes, a young man, who attended the training for the first time in his life, was more heroic than in firing them off, and by the time he started for home he had sixteen charges in his musket. His mother asked him if he had attended the training, and he told her he had. "Did you fire any?" "No," he said. "You were too much of a coward; give me your gun." She took the musket, and fired it off, and as you will readily imagine, as the charge went off at one end the

old lady went down to her back at the other. Said the young man to her, "Lie still, mammy, there are fifteen more to come yet." [Laughter.]

Our Democratic friends have heard from New Hampshire; they have heard from Maine, and like the old lady of my story they had better lie still. There are fifteen more to come yet. [Laughter and cheers.]

Again, I congratulate you on the triumph which certainly awaits you in November, and thanking you again for this greeting I bid you good night.

Mr. Colfax, after the crowd had dispersed, went to the risk to witness the representation of the "Drummer boy of Bull Run." A sudden burst of applause greeted him as he entered, and lasted for some minutes, during which the performance of the play was necessarily suspended. After the close of the representation the audience called him out, and, notwithstanding his evident reluctance, he was compelled to come upon the platform. His few remarks were as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—It is scarcely fitting that one whose sphere of duty has been in civil life should stand at this moment upon the board on which, by the very soldiers who perished their lives for the salvation of this Republic, you have seen portrayed and reproduced the stirring scenes of camp life, the privations and dangers and perils of the battle-field, the storms of shot and shell, and flame, amid which they fought so bravely for the country; the misery and sufferings they endured for us as a nation—ville, where the groans of the wounded and starving prisoners echoed around the drizzled wood, and filled it with horror; and the final and glorious consummation of a nation saved by the sacrifices made by its heroic defenders. I have witnessed these scenes to night with an interest shared with you, because acted by the very men who mingled in these stirring and eventful scenes of camp and field. I shall speak to you on Monday evening next, but to night my subject is too full of these thoughts, that spring up in the mind when we remember the four years conflict by which treason was crushed in our land. In the sacrifices we have seen portrayed—by the blood of the noble—before us to-night—let us be faithful to the brave boys who gave their lives so willingly that never again should treason attempt to take the nation's life. [Never.]

I can add no more. But thank you for the compliment you have paid me.

"The spirit of Wilkes Booth still lives thank God! Therefore, take courage, Seymour, Blair, and the revival of the great cause is the motto of every true man!"—PINE BLUFF (ARK.) VINDICATOR.

Southern Harbors.

The World thus moralizes over the late massacre at Camilla, Georgia, and other outrages at the South.

"The Rebels" of the South have everything to lose and nothing to gain by an 'outrage'—the Radical leaders everywhere, to gain and nothing to lose. Who, then, is the more likely to act the aggressor? Let the reader carefully review this subject; let him consider that every 'outrage' heretofore has been profitable to that party, and unprofitable to the South, and he cannot but see where the guilt of these things lies.

"The Rebels of the South have everything to lose and nothing to gain by an 'outrage,' when they are its guilty authors, and is no other case. The World assumes that a majority of the voters in the Free States are Democrats; and it pretends that its own circulation is equal to that of THE TRAMP, and it is very certain that, through ours and other journals the whole truth comes to light. These 'outrages' can only damage the Rebels by inducing Northern citizens otherwise inclined to the Democrats to vote with the Republicans. That is the precise way—the only way—in which the Rebels 'lose' by said 'outrages.' And they could not so lose if the candid did not see that the Rebels were the guilty aggressors.

The World understands this whole matter perfectly. It knows that the one question that now distracts the South and disturbs the National peace is—"Shall Blacks be allowed to vote at elections?" The Democrats are determined that they shall not—that the acts of Congress which made these voters able to be subverted, and Frank Blair shadowed in the letter that gave him the Democratic nomination for Vice-President; and the loyal Four Millions thus remained into nonentity and vassalage. In strict accordance with this programme, the Rebels of Mitchell County determined that the Republican candidates for Congress and Electors should not speak at their county seat, Camilla, as they had announced their intention to do; and when the day came and the speakers, with a band and procession, they ambushed, fired upon and butchered as many of them as possible, hunting and shooting the fugitives for hours. All who have read both stories know that this is the substantial truth, and that it is a natural, necessary result of the doctrine held by THE WORLD, by Seymour, and by the Democratic party generally, that "niggers" have no right to vote, and that it is presumption and usurpation on their part to attempt it. If Frank Blair is a statesman, then then the Rebel murderers at Camilla were patriots; and their action was far more justifiable than that of Seymour's "friends" in this City in burning a Colored Orphan Asylum and hanging or roasting "niggers" who were not even accused of carrying a rock. It is the devilish spirit of Camilla—the notion that one man, because he is White, has a right to dominate over another because he is Black—that is at the bottom of all these crimes and outrages, and THE WORLD knows it.—N. Y. Tribune.

"The cause for which Jackson (Stone-wall) and Stuart fell cannot be in vain, and in some form will yet triumph."—W. H. HAMPTON at Gen. Lee's College, in Virginia.