

# VICKSBURG WEEKLY HERALD

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## THE WEEKLY HERALD.

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SATURDAY SEPT. 17, 1870.

From the Old Guard.

### WHAT THEN?

The land where force the people's will supplants,  
Where naught power to supplication grants,  
As favours what are sacred rights; where fraud  
In robes of office proudly stalks abroad;  
Where robes the mass to wealth, and honest worth,  
Doing good, may never rise from earth,  
Where rich men richer, poor men poorer grow,  
And eating wretches cheat and rob the poor,  
Where starving creatures in vile tenement dens  
Fester and rot, in angels' light and men's;  
Where one illiterate wretch, without an heir,  
The curse of his ill-gotten hoards to bear,  
Bosses half a Rothschild's wealth, and sighs for more,  
And ruins thousands to increase his store;  
Where dull unknowingness controls the State,  
And fools and knaves for good men object late;  
Where proud bondholders rule o'er absent slaves,  
And man-shaped dogs do their father's graves—  
Is such a land, if such a land there be,  
What shall be done to make its people free?

What shall it mean to cure, The bayonet brought all these,  
The plagues that ever follow victories,  
We brought the evils in its hour of train,  
And was it some divine and sacred sign,  
The blind and ball are remedies severe—  
What milder medicine will answer here?  
"Last Reasoning of Kings," sage writers say.  
Last logic of a people brought to bay;  
And when it comes to arguments like these,  
The thing may not be done, but then it frees.  
Some say the bullet only serves to kill;  
The bullet better serves to drive the nails,  
The bullet! Bah! Where votes are bought and sold,  
And judgment is by prejudice controlled;  
Where outrage overcomes on outrage wrongs,  
And law is powerless to redress our wrongs,  
What is the bullet but a show and snare—  
A dead end apple with a surface fair?  
Swords and rapier's rally round the pole,  
What thriving jointians check by law?  
Who has inspectors is assured to win—  
Vote as you may, the rogues will count him in.  
A swarm of office-holders bring in train,  
Kinfolk and tools to vote and vote again;  
Lure the black cattle to lock their rule,  
With hopes of one driving and a sure fall,  
To vote they know not how, nor yet for whom,  
Adding their tread to its certain tomb.  
The ballot! Bah! Freedom to condemn  
Or not, as a bribe, there was an end to them.  
The ballot! Bah! What were we aught to be,  
By which the cunning knave controls the free.

Oh, bless gunpowder, triply-ballooned steel!  
What power for good your force and point  
In your effort,  
You deep re-  
vous do,  
As in that better work you springs from  
you.  
For those the people by your blessed aid,  
Their power regain and feel their will obeyed.  
Then may they surely seize each cog in  
the chain,  
And drag him trembling to their judgment-seat.  
What terror then to knaves that long have  
reigned,  
A people's patience, and their minds per-  
plexed,  
Not that it's the steel—it never strikes so  
low,  
Not that the ball—it never risks its  
blow.  
For them the ruthless rule of Lynck's law;  
For them the rope shall straiten, the halter  
draw.  
The lamp-posts reddily for scaffolds nit-  
Each iron fence can bear its proper fruit—  
Loose rows of rogues, suspended in the  
street.  
Fine porcelain ornaments the yet to get  
Here Horace Greeley swings, there sumner  
hangs;  
Here Schenck his crimes atones in weighing  
pains;  
Here triple stands Ben. Butler's neck in  
chain;  
Here Kelley dances from his favorite iron;  
Here Holt, ere closing on the earth his eyes,  
Shall see a murdered woman's chest arise;  
Here Nye cuts capers to a pleasant tune,  
Even in his lying playing the buffoon;  
There Cassin "wags" and the yellow  
"Simon says" "wig-wag," and the yellow  
die;  
And rogue on rogue, who trampled on the  
laws,  
Shall make his exit followed with applause.

Ye knaves in office on the people's backs  
Imposits on impostable, and tax on tax;  
Tax the man's coat, the knife of the maid,  
The farmer's ploughshare and the laborer's  
spade;  
Tax the wife's white and the church's bell;  
The Jew's gold, the child's cradle and the dead man's  
shroud;  
Tax food, tax drink; tax all the poor may  
wear.  
Tax the sunset, the sunlight and the air.  
The time will come when this dumb ass will  
weep.  
The tax of oil and poor work of days,  
The web that binds his limbs will rend and  
spurn,  
And those made wolves upon the hinkles  
turn.  
Woe to ye all upon that evil day!  
Ye would not yield to reason, now will ye,  
Reason should rule among the wags of men,  
Not being brute; but if it fall, what then?  
If force prevent, and fraud of any avail,  
Make the best course, must every other fail!  
Let the war come, if come it must, despite  
All prudent efforts, God defend the right.  
And should the people to their martyr's dem-  
onstrate and slay these bandits—well! what  
then?

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## THE VICKSBURG FAIR.

By the courtesy of Col. C. C. Flowerree, we had the opportunity yesterday of visiting the Fair Grounds, and gladly availed ourselves of it in company with the afore-said gentleman, Mr. W. A. Fairchild, the Secretary of the Society, and Capt. J. M. Searles.

The grounds are being put in an excellent condition. They have been thoroughly ditched and drained, the hollows filled and the track raised in low places and well levelled with firm earth, and being well ditched on both sides for the entire circuit, makes it in excellent order for the coming exhibition, far superior to what it was last season and fully up to its needs.

The Judges' stand and seats for spectators have been removed to the west side to an elegant and eligible location. Work on the stalls, stands, sheds, &c., is rapidly progressing.

The roads leading to the grounds are being improved, and the Society have been expending their own money in this work which should be done by the city.

We urge upon the city authorities to make appropriations for this particular object of improving the roads leading to the locality of the Fair Grounds. It is a matter of public importance to the city and county that these Fairs should be made successful as they are wholly conducive to public benefit.

Therefore they should be fostered and encouraged by substantial pecuniary aid, and every citizen should be, and doubtless is, willing to pay something towards so laudable a work.

So should our merchants and business men generally, aid liberally in making the coming and all subsequent Fairs great attractions and sources of pleasure and profit to all at home and abroad.

Nearly two thousand dollars in money is offered already as special premiums besides many articles of value.

We hope, and expect the present exhibition will eclipse any thing yet seen about here. No efforts or expense will be spared to accomplish this. Let us all lend our shoulders to the wheel.

JUDGE BURWELL, of the City Court, decided yesterday that no appeal could be taken from his Court to the Board of Aldermen or to any higher Court (as we understood it) when the judgment was rendered under a provision of the City Ordinances, and not under the statutes of the State.

This decision may be strictly in accordance with the law, but it makes the Court of Judge Burwell the most arbitrary tribunal of law in this country.

The Charter confers on him the same criminal jurisdiction of a Justice of the Peace, also jurisdiction under the City Ordinances.

This latter jurisdiction is that from which, when judgment is rendered, there can be no appeal, according to the decision of Judge Burwell. Mr. Burwell is a profound lawyer and thinker, and has achieved a high reputation at the bar; but with all that we are forced to differ from him on this point, not so much in a strictly legal view as in a reasonable view of the subject, and yet the conclusion we arrive at we think a legal one.

The City Judge is the legal successor, under the new Charter, of the Mayor, as the city's official administrator of the laws and the Ordinances, with some additions or exceptions of power, of which latter, the authority to grant appeals is not one.

There is no question but that an appeal could be taken from a judgment of the Mayor when rendered under a city ordinance, either to the Council or to a higher court; why should Mr. Burwell, standing in the place of Mayor, as regards his jurisdiction of crimes and misdemeanors, refuse to accord the rights that his legal predecessor was bound to grant?

It seems to us that as having succeeded to the Mayor's law-power, it is incumbent upon him to allow such appeals, unless he can show something in the New Charter which expressly takes from him that power which the Mayor had.

If Judge Burwell is right in his opinion then some course should be at once taken to modify the arbitrary character of said Judge's decisions under the ordinance; or else innocent parties must be doomed wrongfully to suffer great injustice.

The power claimed by Judge Burwell is foreign to the spirit of our laws and of our government, and we believe it is unconstitutional and should be tested before competent tribunals.

## STATISTICS OF ILLINOIS DIVORCES.

There are fifty-six cases for divorce registered on the docket of the Court of Common Pleas in Marion county, for consideration. Thirty-seven of the suits are filed by females and nineteen by males. One foolish man desires a separation from his angel because she habitually indulged in the innocent amusement of sprinkling his bed with that gentle irritant cowitch.

As to Chicago, where divorce is in the air, statistics and culled facts of last year's campaign, from March, 1869, to March of the present year, are also interesting. The whole number of divorces applied for in the Recorder's Court, was 447; in the Circuit Court 36, and in the Superior Court, from January to July, 1869, it was 86—in all 563; to which, in order to form an estimate, about fifty should be added to make up the year's balance—a goodly pile of applications—over 600. How false or how limited was Tennyson's notion that in the spring people's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love, may be seen from the fact that at the opening of the year the fancy of more persons turns to thoughts of divorce than to those of matrimony, rising, on the average, from about forty to about seventy. The fact that desertion figures so largely as a cause of marital difficulty in Illinois is due, among other things, to the unstable and migratory tendencies of Western life. Intemperance, which is another source of this moral abomination, is a necessary consequence of living in the exhausted, because intoxicating, climate of the West, where, for the same reason, insanity is prevalent. In all climates and under all conditions it is the nature of woman to be discontented. In the East this peculiarity appears in woman's rights agitation, salsacious literature, curtain lectures, and assumption of the garb of men; in the West it crops out as divorce—because of facility. In Illinois, whether the husband gains or loses a divorce suit, he is responsible for all costs therewith connected, and—Ossa upon Pelion—while the suit is going on the wife can enjoy him from the use or possession of his own real and personal property. Thus is climate aided and abetted by law and divorce made easy. Throwing affection and decency aside as not entering into the question, the wife has all to gain and nothing to lose by an Indiana or Illinois divorce. Law, public opinion, and vagrant desires, push the inhabitants of the West down an inclined plane already greased by climatic and social influences, and when they get to the bottom they will find that it is a greased plane they have to climb again.

This morning, an esteemed correspondent endorses our views expressed a few days since, relative to the purchase and control of an hotel, in this city, by a stock company. We are glad to see that the suggestion has met with favor, and hope that it will not be permitted to die out as so many schemes have, which have been suggested for the welfare of the city. Cities like other things need advertising. What better advertisement can there be for a city than an elegant hotel. Hundreds of people take a meal in this city who never so much as buy a pocket handkerchief from a merchant here. Such persons take their impression from the hotel. If it is elegant, so are their impressions; if it is bad or indifferent, they entertain corresponding sentiments of the city and its enterprise. That joint stock operations work to a charm, our citizens have but to look to the result of joint operation in the Merchant's Wharf Boat. Stock in that institution, cannot-to-day, be bought for one hundred percent premium. We do not intend in these articles to disparage the efforts of gentlemen conducting hotels here. These we have are well kept, and in the hands of honorable gentlemen; but we think that Vicksburg, with the future which she has before her, should make greater pretensions than at present. We return thanks to our correspondent for his kind and complimentary words of us.

If not legally brought into the Court, the whole proceeding, *ab initio ad infinitum*, is null and void, and a party convicted under such proceedings is entitled at any stage thereof, even after judgment, to his discharge upon pleading this matter of objection.

If Judge Burwell is legally cor-

## SEVERAL PAPERS IN THE STATE

while professing undying hatred for the Radical party, yet refuse to affiliate with the Democratic party, and urge that to the Conservative party is reserved the privilege of restoring the people to all their rights. Now political parties are supposed to be composed of something besides names. They are founded upon principles. Is it the principles of the Democratic party which are objected to by our sore-headed friends? If so, please inform the public in what respect the principles of the Conservative party differ from those of the Democratic party. If it is only the name that is objected to, sensible men should be ashamed to admit that they are governed by such unreasonable prejudice. Do men think they can recommend themselves to the people who prefer a miserable petty prejudice to all the principles involved in this struggle, and because a majority refuse to pay any regard whatever to these senseless wallings, they must needs throw all kinds of obstructions in the way and probable ruin the whole State? Where is the Conservative party of which we read and hear so much from disaffected sore-heads? We know of the existence of a well organized and thoroughly drilled Radical party pledged to the destruction of every right of the people, and we know of another well organized and rapidly growing party, basing its operations upon the purest principles which is battling for the destruction of this Radical party, but we know of no Conservative or Whig party. Will Major Harper of the Raymond Gazette, please enlighten us a little.

The New York World says a new mode of suicide has been discovered by an enterprising Westerner. He was travelling, and came to a farm where they were threshing out grain, and going to the barn-yard, began talking to some of the men at work, telling them he used to work with a machine, whereupon he asked leave to drive. His request was granted, and after a short spell he asked if he might not feed the machine. It was quite apparent that he was well acquainted with threshing, and having fed for some time he looked around at the driver with a nod, signifying that he wanted more power. Standing still till the cylinder was flying and buzzing around with greatly increased speed and every one becoming alarmed at the awful motion, he jumped head first against the teeth of the cylinder, and in less than an instant he was completely threshed. No one knew him, and there were no papers on his person by which he could be identified.

The decision we speak of elsewhere whereby Judge Burwell refuses appeal from his judgments when rendered, for a violation of the city ordinances, is perhaps equalled by a similar decision to the following effect: That where a party is arrested upon a written statement, purporting upon its face not to have been sworn to, and is tried and convicted under the same without having objected to the want of such oath to the truth of the statement, he cannot urge it upon a motion for a new trial; or if he does, the plaintiff may then show oral proof that it was sworn to though not signed by the officer taking said oath. This is a queer decision it seems to us.

In the first place, no officer had any authority to issue a warrant for the arrest of the individual charged in such unsworn to statement, even if the facts should subsequently show that it had actually been sworn to orally, though not in writing and upon the document.

As we conceive, it is not the mere oral statement of facts, even when sworn to, upon which a party is arrested; a written statement of the facts, and sworn to in writing, signed by the proper judicial officer, is the only document which can legally bring such offenders into court.

If not legally brought into the Court, the whole proceeding, *ab initio ad infinitum*, is null and void, and a party convicted under such proceedings is entitled at any stage thereof, even after judgment, to his discharge upon pleading this matter of objection.

If Judge Burwell is legally cor-

## RECT IN HIS DECISION, THEN WE

recommend that all affidavits, writs, subpoenas, &c., be dispensed with, and some trouble and expense saved the city and State.

Such extraordinary decisions from so eminent a lawyer look as if he cared more for power than justice and equity.

Mr. Editor: In the issue of your very valuable paper of the 15th inst. an article appeared which to my mind, if properly acted upon, was calculated to subvert a most important interest to our city as well as prove a source of handsome remuneration to those who might enlist in it. I refer, of course, to your suggestion respecting the formation of a stock company for the purpose of obtaining or erecting an hotel upon a Metropolitan plan. It is obvious that Vicksburg just at this time, when she has everything to gain by a little enterprise and much to lose from the want of it, is sadly in need of a fine hotel, such as would not only supply every comfort to the traveling public but would also possess features of attraction from its external and internal arrangements. Upon this point we opine that no issue will be joined by any one, but how is the company to be formed and what hopes of success may it reasonably entertain in the event of its formation are questions which may naturally suggest themselves to the live enterprising men of our city, who, with a very few honorable exceptions, comprise our mercantile element. The best men in the city to form such a company, not only on account of their superior energies and enterprise, but because of their numbers and influence. There are at least 150 merchants in Vicksburg who would take three shares of \$125, payable in one, two and three years, which by a little calculation will be readily seen, would aggregate in the handsome sum of \$56,250, and this amount would secure a suitable building and furnish it. The dividends would be large, and by the third year ought to pay up the last share of each subscriber. An hotel properly conducted, ought to pay a profit of at least \$15,000 per annum, which it is thought would be the result if the aid and influence of our commercial men were given to the scheme. Your unflinching devotion to the development of Vicksburg's best interests, should be rewarded by the donation of at least three shares in the company if it is ever established for the many important and remunerative schemes you have suggested to our people. I believe you have been overlooked, and in general principles we think it may be safely said that Capt. Spears and the Vicksburg Herald are the pioneers of every new stride our city makes in its onward march.

D.

A West Point Ball--The Negro Cadet Absent.

(From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.)

It is reported that at the closing hop of the West Point cadets last evening, the colored "pleb," did not put in an appearance. Can it be that more tyranny has been exercised at that aristocratic institution? Was this son of poor but African parents purposely excluded from the scene of festivities? Did the great American doctrine of social equality suffer another stab in the back last night? Are we to understand that the national brunete has no ball room rights that white men are bound to respect? Were such men as President Grant, Superintendent Pitcher, Generals Fort, Emory and Parker, Senator Ames, et al., silent spectators of this arbitrary exclusion? Did it not occur to President Grant and the rest of them, surrounded as they were by their wives and daughters, that this would have been a glorious opportunity to formally introduce the "shady element" of our civilization and stamp it with the approval of authority? What more magnificent spectacle could the world have witnessed than the hero of Appomattox presenting to that brilliant assembly an embryo Toussaint in a gray cut-away coat and brass buttons, and soliciting for his partner in the dance, one of the lovely daughters of Secretary Fish or the charming bride of the blonde Senator from Mississippi? Assuredly the act would have given color to the belief that we all cheerfully accept the great social revolution which war has entailed, and are prepared to confirm it by our acts. It was a cruel thing—shutting out this poor "pleb" from the gay throng of pleasure whorlappers—a very cruel thing. Brethren, let us weep.

The following is a succinct, but spirited account of the history of Kilkenny cats:

There was two cats in Kilkenny, And such thought there was one cat too many;  
So they quarrelled and bit,  
And they growled, and they bit,  
Till, excepting their tails,  
And the tips of their tails,  
Instead of two cats, there was't a ny.

## DEED OF BLOOD BY AN ALBORN APPOINTMENT--THE TRAGEDY OF GOODMAN.

One Brother Killed and Another Wounded.

(From the Central Star.)

Goodman was the scene on last Monday night, of one of the bloodiest affrays which this county has ever witnessed. The plain unvarnished facts of the case show beyond peradventure, that James R. Bowen, the murderer, is a fiend in human form—a regular man-eater, who carves life, but for the privilege of ghoulishly feasting upon the blood of man.

Mr. Phil. Raiford, his brother Ed. Raiford and Mr. Green, all citizens of the county, came to town on Monday evening. They took, perhaps, several drinks, and doubtless some of them felt the effects of their drinking to a limited extent. About 9 o'clock in the night, the party began to make preparations to go home. Mr. Ed. Raiford drove his buggy up in front of the hotel, Mr. Phil. Raiford led his horse up, ready to mount; Green seemed a little disposed to linger and manifested some disposition to be noisy, but by no means annoying. Ed. Raiford got into his buggy and he and his brother both told Green to get into the buggy that they might all go home. Just at this moment Bowen came down from his room in the second story of the hotel building, and assuming to be a magistrate, ordered several persons present to arrest the Raifords and Green, accompanying his order to arrest with such denunciation of the Raifords and Green, as "you are a damned set of scoundrels, liars, etc." Mr. Phil. Raiford said to Bowen, that none of his party had done anything to be arrested for, and that they were starting home, and that they could not be arrested unless they had done something to justify it. Bowen, with his pistol in his hand under his coat, continued his denunciation of the Raifords, until Mr. Phil. Raiford said to him that he was acting the fool, and had better get to his room and go to bed and that they would go home. At this point, Bowen, who seemed to imagine that the pacific conduct of the Raifords was indicative of cowardice, became keener severe in his denunciations. These denunciations were repelled by Mr. Phil. Raiford, denouncing Bowen as a liar. The words had not fallen on Raiford's lips ere Bowen fired, his first shot taking effect in the left breast of Phil. Raiford, from the effects of which he died in one hour. Bowen's second shot took effect in the abdomen of Ed. Raiford, and was fired just as Ed. Raiford was jumping from the buggy to rescue his brother.

Bowen fired two additional shots into the general crowd of human beings present, not seeming to care who he killed. Having completed his bloody work, and while the crowd were standing in mute astonishment, not knowing exactly what had been done, he fled, and on Tuesday morning boarded the upward bound train, at Pickett's Station. When the train arrived at Goodman, search was made and Bowen was discovered and captured by the law-abiding citizens.

The community was much excited, and that excitement was greatly augmented by the wholly unnecessary demonstrations of the negroes, in the interest of Bowen. This bloody deed has desolated the hearthstones of two or three of our worthiest families. The people—we mean the white people, are determined that the law shall take its course, and that justice shall be done according to the facts. They don't desire, nor will they willingly resort to violence, but it may as well be said now and here, that by the eternal God, all the powers of loyal leaguism, aided by carpet-bag devilism, in its most hideous form, shall not prevent the law from taking its regular and legitimate course in this case. Bowen has, since his advent here, been working upon the negroes, day and night, trying to win them to his support, and it would seem to a great extent has been successful. He went last Saturday night into the midst of several hundred, secretly, and advised them that it was important that they organize a colored company of militia, for mutual protection, with him for Captain.

(Bowen was taken to the county jail, and was to have had a preliminary trial on Friday last.)

Pruss pudding is one of the new articles of food adopted for rations for the Prussian soldiers. It has the advantage of being cheap; it will keep for a long time, and it contains a large amount of nutritious matter. The idea of using it was borrowed. It is said, from the Chinese, but the Germans have improved upon the Chinese pattern by mixing smoked meat, chopped up small, with the mass. If boiled, it forms a complete meal of meat and vegetable. If eaten cold, it is equally good, and a small quantity will last you for a day.

## FRANKLIN BUSH

The following article from the Rural New Yorker should attract the attention of the planter in this immediate vicinity, who desire and since timber was destroyed during the war. There is any amount of the Prussian growing in this section:

In the Rural notice A. J. Addy's reply to Mr. A. Bushman, North Carolina, in reference to Prussian hedges as a hedge plant. Allow me to state that it ought not to be expensive, for, if properly planted, ninety-five out of every one hundred cuttings will grow, and that vigorously. I know no plant that grows more readily from the cutting, and have planted with equal success in October, November and February. Several have planted here, and have nice hedges, with but little trouble. The following is the course adopted: Prepare the ground intended to be planted by digging deep, and if poor, enriching with vegetable matter. As nothing will flourish in a poor soil or clay; take the cuttings, the growth of the previous season, and in pieces of a foot long set in the ground eight inches, slanting a little, and leaving four inches above. They must not be disturbed the first year, by hoeing or weeding, and if planted where they are intended to stand, any that don't grow can be replaced with some taken from one end of the row, and the others will have furnished cuttings enough to make several strings of fence of some length. It makes a useful as well as an ornamental hedge, and if trimmed at last of June, and any time from November 1st to February 1st, cutting it well back each time, it will in a few years make a fence impervious to stock or anything else.—B. Lexington, Miss., in Rural New Yorker.

The Cincinnati Commercial of yesterday says: From the officers of the Kanawha river packet Annie Laurie we learn the particulars of a riot on the 4th inst. between some white men and negroes engaged at work on different sections of the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad, on Loup Creek, near the falls of the Kanawha. A white man employed by Dr. Lewis became involved in a difficulty with a negro working for Mr. Warthen, in which the negro was rather worsted. On his way home the white man and some of his friends were overtaken by a larger crowd of negroes, and being the weaker party, were forced to capitulate on the best terms they could procure. They, in turn, securing some additional to their number, renewed the battle, and completely routed the negroes. But the matter was not to rest here. The negroes procured reinforcements to the number of fifty or sixty, and after arming themselves with guns, pistols, axes, stones, &c., took up the line of march, with the avowed purpose of cleaning out Dr. Lewis' men. They being apprised of their danger, mustered their forces to the number of twenty-five or thirty men, armed the best they could, and marched out to receive the expected attack. The negroes advanced in regular line of battle, under command of a gigantic black, who kept calling to his men to "close up! close up!" as he advanced. When within range the negroes fired a volley, which was returned by the white men, who then charged on the black brigade with a yell. This was more than the negroes had bargained for, and they broken dismay, the white men following about a mile, killing and wounding several of the negroes. After returning to camp and calling the roll, it was found that none of the white men were missing and no one hurt. The next day Dr. Lewis organized a force of sixty men, and arrested all engaged in the riot.

"Our Fritz."—The Crown Prince of Prussia is thus photographed by the London Times correspondent:

"Most people in England are familiar with the appearance of his Royal Highness, and I am not sure that a Prussian would take it as a compliment to have it said of him, 'he has a very English look.' But it is in face and figure; the light brown hair, thick mustache, and dense beard, not allowed to exceed due proportions, are German, or at all events, belong to our Crimem camp days; but the bright blue eye, the honest full look, the broad brow, and the bronzed, ruddy cheek, have what we vain islanders call the regular John Bull look, and there are few men in the isle who can boast a more powerful frame—the head set well on large shoulders and immense breadth of chest. The Prince wears the universal flat military cap, with red band, and small circular rosette in front over the peak, a uniform frock coat, double-breasted, with a single order round his neck, a star on his breast, and long boots, the tops of which can be pulled up the thigh in wet weather. He sits his horse perfectly, and he has among his charges at least four fit for anything.

An Omaha three-year-old white horse—'If God's will be done'—