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THE WEEKLY HERALD.

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SATURDAY, OCT. 15, 1870.

THE BEST GOVERNMENT THE WORLD EVER SAW.

There is probably not a man in the United States, we care not whether he be Democrat or Radical, whether he was born in the North or beneath the bright sun of the South, who did not feel his cheek tingle with shame when he read the telegrams of yesterday, and saw that Mr. Secretary Boutwell had declined to allow the memory of General Lee to be respected by the custom-house officers in Savannah by lowering the flag in their building to half mast. The government which Mr. Boutwell represents, and which speaks through him in the present instance, compelled Southern men and women, whom the destinies of war had placed within its lines, to wear mourning for the "late lamented," but the same government which boasts of freedom and an unprecedented magnanimity in its treatment of captives, declines to render unto "Caesar" the things that are Caesar's. It declines to allow its officers to raise their hats as the cold corpse of the immortal Lee passes along to the grave.

It declines to permit its flag, which has trailed in defeat before him on an hundred well fought fields, to be touched in recognition of his death. It declines to honor in death the man whom it feared in life, and whose strong arm has more than an hundred times struck terror to its hearts. Is this magnanimity? Is this the courtesy which the strong should show, not to the weak, but to the dead? God pity the poor wretch who declines to recognize worth, and is ashamed of right. We pity Boutwell who fears General Lee dead, just as the English did Napoleon I. We spurn the bastard efforts which he and his government may make to throttle the expression of Southern grief occasioned by the death of our greatest hero. The dust of the valley of Virginia will lie softly upon the breast of its greatest offspring, the daises will blossom and bloom above his beloved form, and the Southern people will nourish with unabated ardor its love for him who has fallen, to the latest hour of time, and naught that the Government, or Boutwell, or Grant can do can ever tarnish the fame of him whom we revere in life and will cherish in death. Poor Boutwell, your name will be forgotten; will be covered with the dust of decay and with the curses of a people who loathe your meanness long before poets, historians and biographers will have ceased their efforts to sing the praises, record the glory or tell of the deeds accomplished by General Lee.

The United States Government, with all its power and with all its miserable political mercenaries who are justly ashamed of the repeated defeats they have sustained at the hands of the invincible armies which were led by that more invincible chieftain, who has just gone to his rewards, can never detract from the admiration which the civilized world is anxious to pay to the memory of General Lee. He needs no assistance to secure his niche in the heights of immortality, nor can the blatant financial Secretary of the nation retard the flight of the illustrious dead to the beautiful oasis of memory where the people of the South will ever delight to wander to pay to his greatness the tribute to which it is justly entitled.

Mr. FOLKES, our efficient Assessor, who is taking the census of the county, desires us to request all those who have not been seen by himself or one of his agents on this subject, to call at an early day with Mr. Shearer's and furnish him with the data necessary to complete the census of the county. It is an important work, and one in which every one should feel enough interest to assist in its proper completion.

We clip the following important correspondence from the Clarion, and are glad to see that the learned gentlemen who preside over the destinies of our State University, have come squarely up to the standard of respectability, which every white man in the country expected of them. We are pleased that the great question which has for some time agitated the Radical mind, has at last been settled, and to know that the purposes for which our proud University were founded are not to be prostituted to the disgraceful demands of a mongrel party not entitled to its advantages.

Correspondence between Hon. H. S. HUDSON and the Faculty of the University.

YAZOO CITY, Miss., Sept. 27, '70.
Chancellor J. N. WADDELL, Oxford, Miss.

DEAR SIR:—My apology, if any is necessary, for addressing you, will be found in the facts and objects of this letter. I have sons to educate, one of whom has been a student of your institution and is now at home spending vacation. I have a State and individual pride and desire to see your institution prosper and give it my patronage, even in my posterity and disabilities, yet I have a personal pride, duty and conviction that must, at the same time, be satisfied. You cannot be insensible to the fact that there is now a hue and cry against your institution, from highly respectable sources, involving its social and political status, and that this matter must be settled definitely before the country can act advisedly. I claim the right to be so advised, and hence address you. Will the faculty as now composed, receive or reject an applicant for admission, as a student, on account of race or color? I await your answer for my action and the tuition and education of my sons. I have every confidence in you and think I know your feelings and judgment, but what I wish, is the authoritative and reliable response of each member thereof on this question.

I, with many others, await the answer here solicited. I hope no evasion or uncertainty will mark the response. Whatever infirmities I may possess, I flatter myself that I am not wanting in honesty or candor, and hence desire in as few words as possible a candid, definite and authoritative answer to my question, both by you and the Faculty, or by you the Faculty.

I have the honor to be truly,
ROBERT S. HUDSON.

UNIVERSITY OF MISSISSIPPI,
September 28, 1870.
HON. R. S. HUDSON.

DEAR SIR:—Your letter of inquiry of the 27th inst., is received, and as your object is clearly and candidly expressed, you are entitled to a reply just as clear and candid.

In answer to your general question—"Will the Faculty, as now composed, receive or reject an applicant for admission, as a student, on account of race or color?" We proceed to say that this Faculty would, most assuredly, in deciding the question of admission, be governed by the consideration of the color and race of the applicant. Furthermore, and the more clearly to meet the point which we know you had in view in the inquiry, we state that should the applicant belong to the negro race, we should, without hesitation reject him. We presume this answer will be satisfactory to yourself, as to the "many others," who, with you "await the answer" you solicit; and that "this response" will not be found "marked by any evasion or uncertainty." Here then we might close our reply; but inasmuch as many will have access to our correspondence who may not be so readily satisfied, we shall briefly, but with as much clearness as possible, present the considerations, which, in our judgment, imperiously demand of us the above indicated course.

1. The University of Mississippi was founded originally, and has been conducted exclusively, in all its past history, for the education of the white race. The Congress of the United States which endowed the Institution, the State of Mississippi which by its Legislature accepted the endowment, and chartered and fostered the University; the successive Boards of Trustees which have, for a quarter century past, directed its affairs; the Faculties which have presided over it, and governed it; and lastly, the citizens of the State who have patronized it, never, for a moment, conceived it possible or proper that a negro should be admitted to its classes, or graduated with its honors, or presented with its diplomas.

2. The Faculty are not invested with the law-making power, and until the Board of Trustees, who

possess this prerogative, legislate a change in the relations of the races, the University will continue to be, what it has always been, an Institution exclusively for the education of the white race.

3. We have received not the slightest intimation that such a change is contemplated by the Board of Trustees; but, on the contrary, so far as we know, it is their mind and purpose to maintain the Institution unchanged in this respect.

4. We add, as due to ourselves, as well as to the patrons of the Institution, that should such a change be made in the internal regulations of the Institution, as require the Faculty to receive and admit applicants of the negro race to the University Classes, the members of the present Faculty would instantly tender their resignation of the office they now hold, and surrender the trust to the authorities of the University, as that of which they could no longer conscientiously continue to be the fiduciaries.

The above is the "authoritative and reliable response of the Faculty, and the status of each member thereof, on this question." It is subscribed by each member of the Faculty with the exception of Prof. Lyon, who, being absent in a distant part of the country, could not of course affix his signature to it at this time. It is due to that gentleman to add, that no one entertains the above sentiments more cordially than he does, and no member of the Faculty would more promptly subscribe this document.

Since this question was regarded as one of sufficient importance to be propounded to the Faculty, our only regret in connection with the matter is that it has been delayed until a period immediately before the annual opening of the Institution; since, if our "status" on this subject were doubtful, it would have been better for the interests involved to have this doubt removed at a period of time which would have enabled parents and guardians to decide for themselves whether or not they could entrust their sons and wards to an Institution which is, and has ever been designed exclusively for the white race.

Very respectfully,
JNO. N. WADDELL, Chancellor,
C. W. SEARS,
J. J. WHEAT, Prof. Math's,
A. J. QUINCE,
S. G. BENEY,
E. W. HILDGARD,
L. C. GARLAND,
GEORGE LITTLE.

From the N. O. Times.

MERIDIANS OF COMMERCE.

At the late Commercial Convention at Cincinnati, an enlightened citizen of Texas proposed a resolution to the effect that the South and West ought to favor the construction of railroads running North and South, for the reason that trade does not follow lines of latitude but rather the great meridians. Our authority is a condensed telegram, but that is the substance of the proposition. The purpose is to construct or (complete) lines of transportation by which the people of one latitude may be more closely connected with the people to the north or to the south of them; and the spirit and reason of the plan result from the diversity of productions. The people of the grain growing zone produce a surplus of that for which their climate is best fitted, but they need the surplus of other products which intertropical countries produce with equal superfluity. Cuba, Mexico and Louisiana need the products of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Iowa; and these regions in their turn need the surplus growth of the tropical or semi-tropical regions. From this mutual need comes a natural commerce, and to help this commerce lines of transportation extending North and South are required, rather than such as extend East or West.

This is a commercial necessity not limited by the boundaries of countries. In our case the trade lines extend North and South, not only into and through the entire domain of this country, but into and through all the regions which lie South of us. Mexico, Cuba, Central America, the Columbian States, the land of the Peruvians and Brazilians, all the way to where the sun in its winter course hangs vertically over Capricorn and beyond to where our antipodes shiver amidst antarctic storms, all come within this mutual system and natural copartnership of commercial interchange.

Our great river nearly supplies this trans-meridian of commerce, reaching across thirty degrees of latitude and connecting the land of the lichen, the moose, the walrus, the beaver and the reindeer with the land of the cane, the orange and the banana, and pouring the melted ice of the polar regions into the warm land-bound gulf of the sunny tropics. In all the wide dimensions of the globe there is no nobler river traversing a grander or richer region. It supplies climatic wants and is the

infallible means of changing the surplus products of one climate for those of another. It affords to all who live in its great valley a ready, quick and cheap conveyance to the sea for all their exportable products, and an easy and always practicable avenue by which they may receive their imports. This great canal needing neither locks nor dams nor aid from engineers, is a perpetual invitation to the whole commerce of the hemisphere an unailing promise and pledge of a future of unparalleled commercial greatness. Like a great artery of commercial life, it will forever energize, vivify and strengthen the wide and wealth valley through which it flows.

Nature and the necessities of producers dictate the currents of trade. These natural and compulsory tides of commerce can be but little impeded, hastened or varied by legislation or by theory. Like the liquid highway by which it flows toward the sea, its current is without change, and irresistible. All that can be said by the legislator, the conventions and the journals of our great valley cannot materially change the natural tide of commerce. Yet a just conception and anticipation may guide the labor of the enterprising and stimulate their confidence. There is, assuredly, an illimitable field open to us for extending our trade from the mouths of the Mississippi with all the rich and growing nations surrounding the gulf and bordering on the Caribbean Sea and the Southern Atlantic.

Whatever we may be able to do in hastening the growth of this infant commerce will be labor well bestowed. What we do to-day will soon be paid back to us with magnificent profits. The great empire of the valley invites intimated commercial relations with all Southern ports, and all that we can do to open, foster, and facilitate such relations, will return to us and to them a rich reward.

FRENCH LOSSES DURING THE WAR.

A correspondent of one of the papers at Berlin gives the following statement of German captures thus far, not including Laon on Strasburg:

On the 24 of August, the day when Saarbrück was temporarily abandoned by the Prussians, the French lost as prisoners 6 officers and 67 privates.

At Weissenburg, 30 officers and 1000 men as prisoners. Artillery pieces, 22 cannon, 51 army wagons and carriages of all kinds.

At Worth, 6,000 prisoners, including 100 officers, 2 eagles, 6 mitrailleuses, 35 cannon, 42 wagons and carriages, 200 horses, the baggage and camp tents of two divisions, and two railway trains with provisions.

Same day at Spichern, and during the days following those battles, in engagements at Reishofen and Sarreguemines, 2,500 prisoners, 4 guns, a pontoon train, a tented camp, and 2 magazines containing 10,000 woolen blankets, 40,000 packages of rice, coffee and sugar, large quantities of wine, rum and tobacco, the last alone amounting in value to \$500,000.

There were captured in the fortresses surrendered during the first half of August:—At Haguenau, 3 officers, 103 privates, 80 horses, a large supply of arms; at Lichtenberg, 3 officers, 280 privates, 7 guns, 200 muskets, 30,000 cartridges, powder, etc.; at Lutzelstein and Petite Pierre, large quantities of arms and munitions; at Marsal, 60 guns.

The three days fighting at Metz do not show such large captures of men and material, because the enemy was able to save both under the guns of that fortress. Still, the captures were, at Vionville, 26 officers and 3,000 prisoners; Gravelotte, 54 officers and 3,000 prisoners. (The losses in killed and wounded during those three days were 25,000.)

Since then the captures have been, at the fortresses of Vitray le François, 17 officers and 850 privates and 16 guns. At the engagements and battles at Nouart, Beaumont, and Sedan previous to the capitulation of the place, above 35,000 prisoners, more particularly at Beaumont, where the French lost 7,000 prisoners, 2 eagles, 32 guns, and a tent camp. At Sedan, before the capitulation, nearly 25,000 prisoners, 2 eagles, 25 guns. At the capitulation of Sedan, 13000 of the Empire, 39 generals, 230 staff officers, 2,093 line officers, 84,450 privates, beside 14,000 cannon, all the eagles of the regiments taken, 79 mitrailleuses, 349 field guns, 150 fortress guns, and 10,000 horses.

Laon is not yet reported, but the surrender included 25 guns and many muskets. Add the captures at Toul (recently reported) and the total is, 1 marshal, 30 generals, 3,350 officers, 106,950 privates, 10,280 horses, at least 50 eagles, 162 mitrailleuses, 887 field and fortress guns, more than 600 wagons, several pontoon trains, magazines, railway trains, and almost incalculable quantities of arms, ammunition, clothing, equipments, forage and provisions.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

Bad Taste—Aassafetida. The Cricketer's chief study—The bat.

A counter-attraction—A handsome shopman.
A bug that flourishes all the year round—Humbog.
A delicious flower of speech—The hello-trope.

A wonderful Aerial phenomenon—A flight of stairs.
The most difficult thing to remember—The poor.

Noah's Ark is the first piece of architecture mentioned.
Advice to fish-eaters—Deal gently with the herring.

The way to treat a man of doubtful credit is to take no note of him.
An "early-closing movement"—The morning-glories about seven o'clock.

A "backward spring" is produced by presenting a red-hot poker to a man's nose.

Laziness is a good deal like money, the more a man has of it, the more he wants.

The noise in a drum ought to be very easily explained, because the smallest drummer boy can make it out.

To prevent beer going sour—Introduce two cubens into your cellar and give them the key of the cask.

A lady in Syracuse is said to rest her head on a grammar while sleeping, in order that she may dream correctly.

A man may be ever so poor, he may be ever so unfortunate, but he need never be hard up for candles, so long as he makes light of his suffering.

A watch-maker has a watch to repair that (according to its owner's statement) frequently stops while it is going, and sometimes loses an hour in twenty minutes.

One of the miseries of life is to be beaten in an argument, and immediately afterward to think of some expression which would have totally annihilated your opponent.

A contemporary asks, "How is it that the mouth of rivers are larger than their heads?" Nothing out of the way in that; we know of persons in the same fix.

A wise physician once said: "I observe that every one wishes to go to heaven; but I observe, also, that most people are willing to take a great deal of disagreeable medicine first."

Lovers of tobacco are now designated "Tobaccoophagists," and the gratification of their taste is this respect, which ignorant people call "chawin" or "smokin'." It is henceforth to be known as "Tobacco-phagism."

A gipsy woman promised to show two young ladies their husbands' faces in a pail of water. They looked, and exclaimed, "Why, we only see our faces!" "Well," said the gipsy, "those faces will be your husbands' when you are married."

A new minister at New Bedford took a stroll before breakfast on the first Sunday he was there, and after walking a dozen blocks he was accosted by a shabby-looking individual with: "You needn't look any further; there isn't any saloon open."

A poor fellow was brought before one of the police justices recently charged with being intoxicated. "Well, why did you get drunk?" "See here," was the reply, uttered in a hiccough and accent of a drunken man; "what did you give license for?"

"Can't you manage to give my son one of the prizes at the exhibition?" asked a mother of a teacher. "No, madam," was the reply. "Your son will stand no chance; he obstinately persists in idleness." "Oh, but then," exclaimed the fond mamma, "if that's so, you can give him a prize for perseverance!"

A hog entered a grocery store in Brunswick, Mo., recently, when a knowing dog attacked him, bit off his tail, then seized the hog by the ear, and led it shrieking back to its quarters in the rear. The dog then returned to the store, picked up the tail, and carried it out to the pig.

St. Louis Correspondence.

St. Louis, Oct. 13th, 1870.

DEAR HERALD:

Shortly—that is, two hours—I shall be afloat—the palatial "City of Vicksburg" will be bearing me hence to resume the quill editorial amid the cobwebs and murky gloom of the mystically sacred "sanctum."

But two short hours and St. Louis knows me no more—perhaps forever (I reckon not, though). No longer shall my gilded and silken beaver be noted jaunting along Fourth and Fifth streets, or mingling in the aristocratic crowds of the first class hotels. Alas! no longer will my princely bearing attract the fascinated gaze of beautiful promenaders on the streets, or catch the point blank range of logarithms and opera glasses at the theatre. Bootblacks and barbershops, cigar stands, street cars, and—and—my boarding house shall miss me, for "we goeth on the wings of Mercury with the spirit of Mars and the front of Jove to engage in awful mental conflicts with intellectual Hercules."—(Ossian.)

So my dear Will, you can inform my creditors that it is barely possible that I shall reach Vicksburg about Tuesday next, and that having spent all my own money here, and all that I could borrow from my friends, I am prepared for almost any emergency, from soda cocktails to suicide. Selah. But my visit has been pleasant and, I hope profitable to both the paper and myself. To Col. Martin Keary I am indebted for a charming drive in a handsome barouche behind a fast pair of elegant black horses, and in company with his intelligent son, who drove us to Shaw's magnificent garden, the water works, new bridge, public buildings, &c. Col. Keary has purchased a new ferry boat which shortly will be plying between Vicksburg and DeSoto.

There are many sights I leave unseen for want of time. During my stay in this city I found excellent accommodations with Mrs. S. M. Houston, on Chestnut street, whose husband formerly was editor of that able journal, the Eutaw (Ala.) Whig. Mr. Wm. Marshall, son of Thomas A. Marshall, Esq., of our city, and a lawyer in practice here, I met at Mrs. Houston's. I am glad to learn that Mr. Marshall is doing well in the law.

This city has but little less than 100,000 Germans among its population.

Perhaps the great infusion of that element accounts for the magnificently well rounded ankles the ladies display on the streets—at least I am told that they do—but being bashful and near sighted—hardly like to give it as my own opinion that it is a naked fact.

Mr. A. C. Isaacs, the handsome and efficient clerk of the "City of Vicksburg," engages to see me safely to the Hill City, and in his generous care I feel at ease.

So, bye bye awhile.

Yours,
BROU.

BREVITIES.

Large butterflies and bugs are now worn in the hair, made of silver or gold, a la Nilsson.

A Prussian beauty of Blairsville, Indiana, consumed twenty-seven glasses of beer without winking, in honor of Sedan.

A country paper says: "There is a graveyard in the neighborhood where may be seen the impressive picture of a man sleeping peacefully by the side of his six wives."

The difference between a country and a city greenhorn is, that the one would like to know everything, and the other thinks he can tell him.

Josh Billings says that "if a man professes to serve the Lord, he likes to see him do so when he hollers glory hallelujah."

The sending of negro troops to fight the Indians on the plains may be called the new game of rouge et noir.

Mrs. General Houston is dead. The surviving members of the family of the father of Texas reside in Georgetown, in that State.

"Clara, I love but thee alone," thus sighed the tender youth: "O, here me, then, my passion over with trembling lips, in earnest tone. Indeed I speak the truth!" He paused—the blush creeps round her cheek, she left him draw her near; scarce for emotion could she speak, yet still she asked, in accents meek, "How much have you a year?"

A BAD SIGN.—They had thirteen deaths from yellow fever in New Orleans on Monday last. We fear that the city is getting dirty again and that it wants another such overhauling as that which Gen. Butler gave it during the war. He gave it a cleansing which followed from year to year, kept out the yellow fever as an epidemic for seven years. Cleanliness in all places is the thing needed against pestilence in our Southern cities.—New York Herald.

You are right. The great spoon thief did that service for the Crescent City, as well as clipping it of all the silver spoons.

Josh Billings on the Gote.

The gote is a coarse wookoo sheep.

They have a split hoof and a whole tail.
They have a good appetite and a sanguine digestion.
They swallow what they eat, and will eat anything they can bite.

Their moral characters are not polished.
They had rather steal a rotten turnip out of a garbage box than tow cum honestly by a pack of otes.

The male gote has two horns on the ridge of his head and a mustash on his bottom lip, and is the pluggily of his naborhood.

A maskaline gote will fit anything from an elephant down to his shadler on a dead wall.
They strike from their but-end instead of from the shoulder, and as likely to hit as a hammer is a nail head.

They are a hi seasoned animal, as much so as a pound of assafity.
They are faithful critters, and will stick tew a friend as long as he lives in a shanty.

They can klime anything but a great pole, and kno the way up a rock as natural as a woodbine.
They are az certain tew rise as young crows: sum families are half gotes and the other half children.

They are good eating when they are young, but they leave it oph as they get stronger.
They are always poor in the body, but phatt in the stummick; what they eat seems all go to appettit. Yu mitic az well agree to phatt an injun rubber overshoe by filling it with kiam shella, as tew raise enny adipose membrane on the outside of a gote.

A phatt gote would be a literary curiosity.
They use the same dialect as the sheep, and the yung ones speak the language more fluently than the parients do.

There iz only two animals of the earth that will eat tobako—one in a man and the other iz a gote, but the gote understands it most, for he swallows the spit chaw and all.

The male gote when he iz pensiv, iz a venerable and philosophic looking old cuss, and wouldn't make a bad professor of arithmetick in some of our colleges.

They are handy at living a long time, reaching an advanced age without arriving at any definite konklusion.
How long a gote lives without giving it up, there iz no man now old enuff tew tell.

Methuseler, if his memory was had at forgetting, might give a good sized guess, but unfortunately for science and this essa, Methuseler ain't here.

Gotes will live in enny klimata and on enny vittles except tan-bark, and if they ever kum to a square death it iz a profound secret, in the hands of a few, to this day.

I wouldn't like to believe enny man un'er oath who had ever seen a maskuline gote actually di, and stay so.

GENS OF THOUGHT.

There are three things in the world that kno no kind of restraint, and are governed by no laws, but merely by passions and brutality—civil wars, family quarrels, and religious disputes.

Slender.—Look on slanders as direct enemies to civil society as persons without honor, honesty, or humanity. Wloever entertains you with the faults of others designs to serve you in a similar manner.

Hope.—We are born in hope; we pass our childhood in hope; we are governed by hope through the whole course of our lives; and in our last moments hope is flattering to us, and not till the beating of the heart shall cease will its benign influence leave us.

Wisdom and pleasure.—If we apply ourselves seriously to wisdom we shall never live without true pleasure, but learn to be pleased with everything. We shall be pleased with wealth so far as it makes us beneficial to others, with poverty for not having much to care for, and with obscurity for being unnoticed.

Goodness.—We should not despair of the goodness of the world if we do not happen to see it immediately around us. The atmosphere is still blue, though so much of it as is included in our apartments is colorless.

Conversation.—The daughter of reasoning, the mother of knowledge, the breath of the soul, the substance of hearts, the bond of friendship, the nourishment of content, and the occupation of men of wit.

Destroy Evil.—I would not deprive life of a single grace or a single enjoyment, but I would counteract whatever is pernicious in whatever is elegant. If among my flowers there is a snake I would not root up my flowers; I would kill the snake.

Scott, the carpet-bag Governor of South Carolina, has ordered seven boxes of Winchester rifles and seven boxes of ammunition to be sent to the colored militia.