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Memphis Outbreak.

Established in 1813. ST. CLAIRSVILLE, OHIO, MAY 17, 1866. New Series-Vol. 6, No. 16.

THE MEMPHIS OUTBREAK.

Third Day of the Riots.

All the Colored School Houses and Churches Burned--Houses of Blacks Destroyed--More Cold Blooded Murders--Burning of Women--Threats of the Rebel Army--THE SCENES ON WEDNESDAY NIGHT.

The Memphis Post, of Friday, contains the following account of the frightful events of the third day of the outbreak in that city:

The riot was kept up all Wednesday night. Crowds of armed citizens were at the corners of the streets. Many were drunk. The great fun of the riot was the burning of the colored school houses, churches and homes. They seemed to have acted in concert, and to have carried out a programme which had been previously arranged.

After getting this well under the control of the riot, the leader of the desperadoes called upon them to "fall in," which was done in a style which would have reflected credit upon any military organization, and proceeded to a blacksmith shop on Alabama street, near Ball Run, which, as it belonged to a peevish black man, was burned.

The colored Baptist Church on Main street, near Overton, was burned. This was of brick, the oldest colored church in the city. It was owned by the colored people. The colored church on Poplar street was burned; also the Lincoln Chapel, on Union street. This belonged to the American Missionary Association, and cost one thousand dollars. It was insured for eight hundred dollars.

Every colored church was burned. The colored schools were kept in the barracks formerly occupied by the Provost Guard. These were all burned. They were located at follows: One at the corner of Second and Main streets; one at the corner of Main and Vance streets; one at the corner of Main and Pontiac streets; one at the corner of Main and Adams streets; one at the corner of Main and Adams streets; one at the corner of Main and Adams streets.

Those of our readers who have read Goethe's Faust, and many who have not, will find delightful reading in the following: (From the Atlas Monthly for May.)

MEPHISTOPHELEAN.

You have been, I presume, Madam, among the crowds of young and old, to the musical revival of the great wonder-work of the last century. You have heard the Frenchman's musical expression of the German poet's thought, uttered by the motley assemblage of nations which constitutes an opera troupe in these latter days.

Yesterday morning found the city quietly dozing after the long night's excitement. South Memphis was nearly deserted. Dead bodies of negroes were found here and there in the streets. The violence during the night had been a fearful thing to the whites. Indeed, it is said that freemen can be identified who were riding about town on horses belonging to the Fire Department, and who fired some of the houses. It is charged, too, that numbers of the police joined the rioters.

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The grocery at 61 Causey street, belonging to a colored man, was entered and robbed of half its contents. "Bob Church (colored) was shot in his saloon on De Soto street. A colored man named Cook, a porter in a store on Main street, was shot near the corner of Main and Exchange streets.

A colored boy on Main street had his brains beaten out. A shot was fired at a negro man who was quietly looking through the grating in front of the billiard saloon in the Gayosa House. The ball missed him, and passed in close proximity to two of the players.

The body of a negro who had been shot, lay in the morning at the corner of Hernando and Beal streets. An attempt was made to fire every Government building in town. In one that was burned, it is said that an immense amount of Quartermasters' stores were destroyed.

The carnival of blood and fire continued the whole night. The sky was continually lit up by bonfires of several feet, and by five fires in different parts of the city, at a time. Crowds of armed rioters were moving up and down the streets, firing, shooting and threatening negroes and Union men. The Post was repeatedly threatened with violence. Friends inform us that at one time a crowd up Main street seemed to have been fully decided that the "damned Yankee-muzzler-sympathizing Post" should be wiped out, and that they were the ones to do it. The only call we received, however, from these lovers of a free press was over two ruffians who fired at the building, and ran with all their might. No damage was done.

The rioters seemed determined to repeat the tragedy last night by attacking the teachers of colored schools, the colored ministers, and Yankees generally. Although the city was generally quiet, the assaults and robbery of negroes continued. A colored man named Louis Bennett, who had just come on a boat from Mound City, was asked on the levee where he was from. He replied that he was from Mound City. They called him a "smoked Yankee," and beat him with their fists and money, broke his arm, beat him over the head, and kicked him off.

Robert Jones (colored) had just come in from the country, and was standing on the corner of Beal and Causey streets in the forenoon. A man appearing to be a policeman, took his pistol and turned nine dollars in money, and as he turned to leave, thrust a knife into his back, under the shoulder-blade. Another, standing by, known to be a policeman, made no arrest of the robber.

A colored man named Bob, who works at Mr. O'Neil's livery stable, was standing on the corner of Adams and Main streets, near the corner of Adams and Main streets. He hastened to get out of the way, and was shot in the leg. A negro was shot in the knee near the corner of Howard's Row and the levee. This was done by a well known individual for the sake of amusement, and was laughed at by the citizens who saw it.

A large number of armed men from the country arrived on the morning train. They hoped to have a hand in putting down a great negro insurrection, but every general object was however maintained. Yesterday morning found the city quietly dozing after the long night's excitement. South Memphis was nearly deserted. Dead bodies of negroes were found here and there in the streets. The violence during the night had been a fearful thing to the whites. Indeed, it is said that freemen can be identified who were riding about town on horses belonging to the Fire Department, and who fired some of the houses. It is charged, too, that numbers of the police joined the rioters.

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is only one Mephistopheles. They have lived and loved and fallen and died. But he, indestructible, lives on to fish fire in the cups of beings yet unborn, and lurks with unholo intent in hearts which have not yet learned to beat. There is only one Mephistopheles; but he is protean in shape. The little gentleman in black the hero of so many strange stories, is but the Tontine incarnation of a spirit which takes many forms in many lands. Out of the brain of the great Goethe rose his steps, in a guise which is known and recognized wherever the story of love and betrayal finds an echo in human hearts. Poor Gretchen! She had heard of Satan, and had been rocked to sleep by tales of the Lorelei, and knew from her Bible that there was an evil spirit in the world seeking whom he might devour. But little did she dream, when she stopped her spinning wheel to think for a moment of the gilliant young lover who wooed her so ardently, that the glance of his eye was filled with the flames of eternal fire, and that the fond words of love he spoke were hot breathings from the regions of the accursed. Poor Gretchen!

But, my dear Madam, this is all a fable. Mephistopheles--the real, vital, moving Mephistopheles--has outlived Goethe, and will outlast the very memory of the unhappy Gretchen. He is not a spirit of evil, but a spirit of good, and he is not a spirit of the dead, but a spirit of the living. He is not a spirit of the past, but a spirit of the future. He is not a spirit of the earth, but a spirit of the sky. He is not a spirit of the sea, but a spirit of the land. He is not a spirit of the air, but a spirit of the fire. He is not a spirit of the water, but a spirit of the earth. He is not a spirit of the sun, but a spirit of the moon. He is not a spirit of the stars, but a spirit of the planets. He is not a spirit of the universe, but a spirit of the world. He is not a spirit of the world, but a spirit of the world.

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A personage, and yet none ever saw him. His cloven hoof, his twisted horns, his snarl of black, his gleaming eyes, his limbs of flame, are but the poet's dream, the painter's fancy, the sculptor's phantasy. But the creature of our fancy, and exists but in the fears, the passions, the desires of mankind. He is born in hearts where love is linked with fire, in minds where pride wars with folly, in souls where piety unites with intolerance. We never meet the roaring lion in our path, yet our hearts are torn by his fangs and lacerated by his claws. We never see the ardent cavalier; yet we hear his splendid whispers in our ears. The sunlight of truth chases forever upon us; yet we sit in the cold shadow of error. We lift the cup of pleasure to our lips, and quaff, instead of cooling draughts, the fiery flashes of searing excess. We long for forbidden delights, and when the God Opportunity places them within our reach, we sign the compact of our misery, to obtain the charms of the moment. This unholy spirit draws around his fatal power invisible along the devious line that marks our weakness and our ignorance. Storm as we may, he stands entrenched within our souls, defying all our wrath. But he shrinks and crumbles before us when, bold and fearless, we lift the cup of truth, and bid him by the upborne night of our intelligence. Mephistopheles is an unholy spirit, nesting in the hearts of myriads of poor human beings who never heard of Goethe. Long after the mimic scene in which he shares the stage with the German poet, he will be remembered as the man who has warbled poor Gretchen's love and sorrows shall have mouldered in their graves. Long after the witching beauty of the Frenchman's harmony shall have been forever hushed, long after the very language in which the German poet portrayed him shall have passed into oblivion, will Mephistopheles carry his diabolical insinuations to the souls of human kind, and hold there his mystic reign. Yet there, who do you find Amosuden is one, who dream of a day when the Mephistophelean dynasty is to be overthrown, when the supporters of the great army of human progress are to be besieged in his strongholds, and to lead him captive in eternal bondage. Of all the guides who lead that mighty host, none rank above the Faust of whom tradition tells such wonderful tales. Not the lowly and modest personage Goethe drew, but the great genius who first taught mankind to stamp its wisdom in imperishable characters, and to bequeath it unto ages yet to rise. The Faust of history shall never be forgotten. The Faust of the future shall be a conqueror in the unwritten chronicles of time.

My dear Madam, let us draw away from a charmed circle, not with the treacherous point of murderous steel, but with the true sword of a better world. Within its bounds, intelligence and thought shall rear its safe from Mephistopheles. Come he in whatever guise he may, its subtle potency shall, like Ithuriel's spear, compel him to display his real form in all its native ugliness and deformity. And we must pass away; for he will leave behind, seated in the defence we trust may raise, the dark ones that we love, to be the parents of an angel race that, in the distant days to come, shall tread the sod above our long forgotten dust.

Incident in the Early Life of Carl Schurz.

The Paris correspondent of the New York Times, under date of March 30th, takes the arrival in that city of the German poet, philosopher and patriot, Gottfried Kinkel, as the text for an incident in the European history of Carl Schurz, who is no less distinguished in this country than upon the continent. We quote as follows:

In the literature of Germany, Kinkel occupied a high position as a poet and historian. When the Revolution of 1848 broke out, he was a Professor at the University of Bonn, and his strong Democratic opinions induced him to take a prominent part in the struggle. He fought, was made prisoner by the royal authorities, was tried for treason, and was sentenced to many years imprisonment at hard labor.

Among Kinkel's companions at this time was a young student, not yet twenty years of age, named Carl Schurz, who was also captured, tried by court martial, and sentenced to hard labor. However, more fortunate than his Professor, succeeded in escaping across the French frontier, and was safe. Kinkel was sent as a common prisoner, placed among criminals of the vilest sort, and set to work making shoes. Young Schurz, with a great deal of the excitement of the Revolution, learned with indignation the treatment inflicted upon the eminent poet and scholar, and numerous petitions were sent to the Prussian Government, praying that his situation might be ameliorated. To all this the authorities, however, were deaf. The authorities ceased, and Kinkel seemed likely to be abandoned by his friends. There was one, however, who did not desert him. Carl Schurz left Paris, disguised himself in rags, dyed his beard, re-entered Prussia, with an organ on his back, and he begged, he laid aside his organ, and visited the abodes of his former companions and the friends of German liberty, and endeavor to reawaken their interest in the fate of the imprisoned patriot. In this way he traveled three hundred leagues on foot, playing the organ through many towns and villages, carefully maturing his plans, and sleeping in barns or under hedges. On one occasion he was stopped by two Prussian gendarmes, who inquired where he was going.

"To the neighboring town," replied Schurz. "Would you like to earn a handful of pennings?" asked the other. "Certainly." "Very well, come with us to our barracks. We intend to give a dance this evening, and the airs of your organ will suit our purpose exactly." It was impossible to decline the offer of the soldiers without exciting suspicion; so Schurz accepted, with a great show of gratitude, and during the whole night ground out waltzes and quadrilles for a battalion of gendarmes. Leaving undiscovered the dangerous society of the military police, young Schurz continued his journey, and a short time subsequently, information reached him that Kinkel's prison had been changed. He was now incarcerated at Spandau, and placed under the personal supervision of the prison director.

Late one night, when the streets had become deserted, a post-chaise, escorted by a guard of four hussars, drove rapidly through the town of Spandau, and halted before the prison. An officer, in the uniform of a Colonel of the Royal Guard,

alighted from the vehicle and was soon in the presence of the Director, into whose hands he placed a letter from the Minister of the Interior at Berlin, and bearing the official seal. Receiving the packet with the respects due to a communication from the King's Minister, the Director opened the important missive, and read as follows: "A deep-laid plot has been organized at Berlin, the object of which is to effect the forcible release of the poet, Kinkel, from the hands of the authorities. We are now watching the movements of the conspirators, and are preparing to arrest them. In order, however, to prevent the possibility of a surprise, the honor of the present letter, (which is commended to take charge of your prisoner, whom his will immediately conduct to the citadel of Magdebourg, and place him in the hands of the Governor of that fortress."

Upon reading this ministerial injunction, the director of the Spandau prison at once had the unfortunate Kinkel awakened, caused him to be securely ironed and placed in the post-chaise, which set off on the road to Magdebourg, accompanied by the Colonel and four dragoons, who rode with drawn sabres. All night long they traveled at rapid speed. Each horse was minutely furnished at each relay, and the Colonel's command being accompanied by the magical expression, "The King's service." The unhappy prisoner, crouched in a corner of the vehicle, cared not what might be his fate--Germany had forgotten him, and nothing could be worse than the night-draughts of Spandau. Morning came at last, a gray Winter's dawn, and the carriage stopped. The Colonel himself opened the door, and bade the prisoner alight. Without a word, poor Kinkel obeyed, and found himself standing on the pavement, a hat waiting a few feet from the spot where he stood, and a ship, with the English flag at her masthead, lying to within sight. The prisoner uttered a cry of mingled hope and despair.

"You do not know me, my dear old master?" asked the pseudo Colonel, tearing off his false mustache, and clasping Kinkel in his arms. "I am your friend and pupil, Carl Schurz. Let us embrace each other once more on German soil, and then away for England!" Kinkel could not reply, but burst into tears. In a few moments more they were in the boat, and rowing lustily toward the vessel in the offing, which had now hoisted the German Republic flag, in token of recognition of welcome. As they reached the ship's side, Kinkel, with a trembling hand, laid upon Schurz's shoulder, and murmured: "My wife, my children--where are they?"

He had time to say no more, for, in another moment, Mrs. Kinkel was in her husband's arms, and his children were clinging about his knees. "My mission is accomplished," said young Schurz. "I had sworn, dear master, to restore you to liberty and to your family. My duty is done."

Upon their arrival in London, the patriots received with transports of joy the news. The rich German residents of the British metropolis took upon themselves to provide for the brave young fellow, who in the disguise of Prussian dragoons, had aided Schurz in successfully carrying out his noble mission. The German American Association, in support of the American freedmen's aid fund, England has already contributed to the sum of \$25,000, and more is on its way.

The method of manufacturing gas from crude petroleum is likely to create a revolution in light producing methods. This gas will be much superior to that made from coal, and costs only half as much. A Connecticut man lately put \$700 in a straw bed for safe keeping, and when he found the bed filled with fresh straw, and the money happily gone.

JEFFERSONVILLE, Ind., has been designated as the principal depot of supplies for the Quartermaster's Department, and the depot heretofore existing at City Point has been given up.

A SPECIAL FROM Washington states that the Secretary of War has ordered Gen. Terry to disband the President's army, proclamation as going away with martial law in Virginia.

The prospect for a large crop of fruit in the Southern States is very good--better than for two years past. The peaches are a little hurt by the frost, but not materially injured.

It is stated that a steamer, bound from Havre to New York, touched at St. Johns, Newfoundland, on the 24th of last month, having on board the Fenian Head Center, Stephens.

GEN. SCHOFIELD has been making a two months trip through Italy and the South of France. He has now returned to Paris, where he intends to remain for some time.

LAST week 92 persons discontinued the use of liquor in Boston. In several instances figures had been purchased of wholesale dealers were returned to them.

DAN YORRES, recently ousted from Congress, says No, I thank you, to his democratic supporters in the Seventh Indiana District, who want to re-elect him.

SOME idea of the vast number of pigeons in the State of Indiana may be gathered from the fact that Carterville alone has sent over \$12,000 worth to New York.

A RESPECTABLE young girl of New Orleans has what is pronounced by physicians to be ancient leucorrhoea. One of her feet has rotted off, and one arm is nearly gone.

A TRIAL of skill by the telegraphers of New England and New York took place on Monday, 7th inst., the prize being a silver telegraph key.