Synopsis of Mrs. Richardson's Statement, as Published in the New York Tribune of Wednesday.

THEIR EARLY MARRIED LIFE.

I married Daniel McFarland in 1857. I was a girl of 19, born in Massachusetts, and educated in New England schools. I had been a teacher, and was just beginning to write a little for the press. Daniel McFarland was an Irishman of 37 or 38, who had received a partial course at Dartmouth College, and had, seven years before I knew him, been admitted to the Massachusetts bar. When I married him, he represented himself to be a member of the bar in Madison, Wisconsin, with a flourishing law practice, brilliant political prospects, and possessed of property to the amount of \$20,000 to \$30,000. He also professed to be a man of temperate habits, of the purest morals, and, previous to my marriage, appeared neither intemperate, nor brutal, nor profane.

SUSPICIONS OF INTEMPERANCE.

I went home then in less than three months after marriage. He gave me no directions where to write him, and for fourteen days I never heard from him. Nearly beside myself from anxiety, I went to New Haven, and from thence telegraphed to a friend of his in New York for news of him. He appeared in two or three days in answer to the telegram. Then, for the first time, I had a vague suspicion that he might be intemperate. But I knew nothing about intemperance. I had never in all my life seen a man drunk, except some accidental drunkard in the street, and I tried to dismiss the suspicion.

SUSPICIONS VERIFIED-HIS "BRAIN ON FIRE." Some of the time-perhaps half of the time-he was good to me, and professed for me the most extravagant and passionate devotion. But he here first began to come home intoxicated. He would also come home sober, bringing with him bottles called "Schiedam Schnapps," containing a quart or so of vile liquor, and would put them by his bedside, and drink sometimes the whole before morning. When I begged him not to do this he said "his brain was on fire," and this made him sleep. This is the first time he began to tell me about his "brain being on fire," which was a favorite expression with him after he had been drinking, and to which so many people have testified to his using, on the recent trial for his life.

MAKES LOVE TO HIS WIFE'S SISTER.

In November my sister came to visit me, and then I sent away my servant, and we did the housework. During her visit Mr. McFarland took her to a matinee at the theatre; left her and returned at the close of the matinee grossly intoxicated; made love to her in his drunken foolishness, and frightened her exceedingly.

MRS. M'FARLAND LACKS COURAGE.

I will not enter into the details of his treatment of me during these three months; but it was so bad that I went back to my father's in October, 1859, and remained almost a year, till August, 1860. At this time, in October, 1859, when I returned home, if I had had courage to have told my mother and father of my troubled life, I should probably never have returned to this man. PAVE HER OWN BOLD

Part of this time, for the first and only time in my married life, I paid a very small sum for my board, which was all I ever paid in my long and repeated visits to my father's house. I mention this because Mr. McFarland claims to have supported me while at my home. Two of my children were born at home, and the expenses came principally on my father, although at the birth of my youngest child I paid my physician's bill myself with the results of a public reading which I gave for that purpose.

IS SENT BACK TO HER PATHER'S.

I was sent back to my father's with my baby now six months old. Mr. McFarland soon followed me there, and he stayed till February, when he told me again to get ready and go away with him. He had at this time \$1,200, which was the largest amount of money I ever knew him to have at any time, and which he said he had got from the sale of a piece of property, put out of his hands at the time judgment was obtained against him.

WEARY.

But I was so thoroughly weary of the terrible vagabondish life I had always lived with this man, that under almost any condition a home I could call mine seemed delightful to me. Mr. McFarland never did any work while in Madison, or ea sed any money. I lived with extreme economy, and he had \$800 or \$900 left when he reached Madison, which, with the addition of \$200 or \$300 more which, he received from the sale of a tract of land which he owned somewhere, bought the furniture for our little house, and supported us for the fourteen months we lived there.

DRILLING FOR THE STAGE.

As soon as we were settled in the first of the places, Mr. McFarland began drilling me for the stage, which, I may say here, was the first and only instruction of any kind whatsoever he ever gave me; and he also sent me to take lessons of Mr. and Mrs. Goo. Vandenhoff, to be fitted for the stage. I also began to give readings this fall, and paid our board during the fall and winter with my own earnings.

M'FARLAND SELLS HIS WIFE'S JEWELRY.

On this occasion Mr. McFarland took with him all the little stock of jewels I possessed-my rings, brooches, watch and chain (which had by this time been so frequently pawned and repawned that I did not care for them), and sold them all in Boston. These were the last jewels I ever possessed, except a plain gold ring, which is the wedding ring placed on my hand by my dead husband.

HIS UNSPEAKABLE CRUELTY.

Mr. McFarland was unspeakably cruel to me this fall and winter of 1862 and 1863, while we boarded at No. 58 Varick street. We occupied the only sleeping apartment on the parlor floor, and he could give full scope to his furies without fear of being overheard. I was all the time working hard to not as yet receive alms from my friends. study for the profession for which he had designed me, and to make a success in dramatic readings, by which I was supporting both him and myself.

THREATS OF SUICIDE AND MURDER.

I was still very young, and very proud and reticent. I had a most unusual cheerfuiness and elasticity of temper or I never should have lived through so heavy trials. He would lock himself into the room with me, and give way to such terri- "several other men under his thumb in the same | while I spoke, he said: "How do you feel about

ble furies that only the extremest pride and selfcontrol prevented me from making my misery known. He brought home what he professed was prussic acid, and threatened to take it and to force me to take it. He would snatch my soissors from my work-basket, and, tearing open his breast, he ould brandish them about, swearing he would "let out his heart's blood" before me. He told me (then a shrinking girl) that he kept loaded pistols, with which he would at any moment shoot me. He left me one evening, declaring he should shoot a gentleman because he had invited me to join himself and wife and another lady in a party to some pub-lic picture-gallery, although I had the most gen-eral acquaintance with the party and refused the invitation as soon as made.

A TRUE WOMAN'S DEFENSE.

My conduct gave him no shadow of a cause. I owe it to myself to say that in my long and painful life I have seen many happy women, shielded by home, by loving and good husbands, and all that protects and guards a woman's honor, and that never have I seen one thus guarded and cherished who was more faithful to her wedded vows than I was to the unhappy marriage relation in which l lived, under the protection of a drunken and brutal master, and obliged again and again to leave the boarding houses I called homes to earn the means to pay for their shelter. So much I shall say, even at the risk of seeming overbold in saying so. And in all my journeys away from Mr. McFarland, when I went alone to read in public, my prudence protected me even from gallantry or compliment.

One morning during this winter which I am now describing, after Mr. McFarland had been out nearly all night in a drunken orgie, and had risen from bed in one of his worst tempers, I approached him as he stood by the mirror finishing his toilet, and began to say something soothing to prevent the outburst of ill temper which I feared was soon coming. He turned around and struck me a blow across my face which made me reel backward.

After this, whenever he was in one of his paroxsms-as he himself called them-I never moved or spoke, but, keeping perfectly self-controlled as far as I could, I sat quiet, always keeping my eye on him because I always fancied as long as I looked steadily at him he would not do me any mortal vi)lence. And I believe now as I believed then, that my life has been saved by this silence and self-control. He has sometimes approached me with his hands extended, the fingers bent like claws, as if he were about to clutch my throat and cried, "How I should like-like to strangle to strangle you." Or, your life is bound sometime to end in tragedy.' Or, "your blood will be on your own head," and has, as I think, been restrained because I simply ooked at him without saying a word.

M'FARLAND'S FURY. In these furies he would often seize and break anything which was at hand-lamps, glasses, mirrors, and sometimes the heavier furniture of the room. Often he would rise from bed in these uncontrollable attacks of passion, tearing away all the bed-clothing, tearing in shreds his own nightclothing, throwing anything he could find which was breakable crashing about the unlighted room, till it has seemed to me as if there could be no Pandemonium worse than that in which I lived. And all this he would do without explanation or even a pretext for complaint against me, and when knew no more what excited his frenzy than a babe unborn.

MRS. SINCLAIR'S KINDNESS. During the winter of 1862 and 1863 I had met Mrs. Sinclair often at her cousin's, Mrs. Cleveland's, and she had shown me many and great kindnesses. She had given me her parlors for one of my readings and had sold the tickets among my friends. At the time Mr. McFarland received his appointment in the Provost Marshal's office she used her influence and her husband's influence to get him appointed. No person living has a stronger claim on the gratitude of this unhappy man than the noble woman whose charity he has so abused. In the winter of 1863 and 1864, while we lived in Lemartine-place, we were Mr. Sinclair's neighbors. One night while there Mr. McFarland came home so bruised and bleeding from some street broil-a

him in bed. It was only three or four weeks before the birth of my youngest child or I should not have

M'FARLAND'S SHIFTLESSNESS. From the time he got his place in the Enrollment Office in '63, until the fall of '64, Mr. McFarland sent me home three times, and moved me to eight different boarding-houses. If, for one moment, I was peaceful in the possession of a shelter, his habits or his dissatisfied temper drove him to change. At last, in the fall of 1864, Mr. Sinelair offered us, rent free, his unoccupied farm-house on the Hudson River, and we moved there for the winter of '64. During this year my youngest boy Danny had been born on one of my visits to my

BORROWS MONEY FROM HIS WIFE'S FATHER. I stayed at Croton, in Mr. Sinclair's house, all winter, and, during the summer, in a small tenement which we rented there, and which I furnished very cheaply with \$200, borrowed by Mr. McFar-

land from my father. PUBLIC READINGS.

He informed me one day that he was out of a place, and had no money. Then I told him I supposed I should have to give public readings again. As usual, when I made such suggestions, he swore at me in his terrible way, but made mother answer. I went on and made my arrangements to give dramatic readings; gave several before leaving Croton, and then, with some of the money I had raised, I went to my father's, who had now moved to Massachusetts, and from his house went away to give several other readings in New England, leaving the children with mether. At this time I paid the bill to the physician who attended me at Danny's birth, now 18 months old, which had been all this time unpaid.

THEY LIVE OVER A STABLE.

From Boston I went back to New York, to occupy some small rooms over a stable in Thirty-sixth street, which Mr. McFarland had bired. This winter I made a desperate struggle for life. I had my two babies-the younger just/weaned; I had this man half of the time coming hame intoxica-ted, and I had nothing but my woman's heart and hands to look to for support. I gave all the readings I could. I did all my own housework when at home. I took faithful care of my children, but I often sank into such utter despondency of heart as only God knows and can pity, when he sees the poor human soul sinking under it.

AN HONEST PRIDE.

On one of these days Mrs. Sinclair came in. I had never said a word to her about my troubles, and she had been too delicate to broach the subject to me. When she went away she put a little paper in my hand, and after she had gone I found i a \$50 bank-note. Next morning came a letter from her inclosing another \$50 note, which she said was a present from some other friends of mine. I confess I could not endure such a wound to my pride. I had been reared in comfort and plenty, and in my veins ran some of the proudest blood in Massachusetts. I knew not one of my kin had ever taken alms. I had to use some of the money sent me, for we were absolutely pinched with want at that moment, but the next week I sold all our furniture, which was bought with money borrowed of my father, and parted with many articles of comfort which had been sent to me from my home, and with the proceeds of the sales I was able to send back the money to Mrs. Sinclair, telling her I could

M'FARLAND'S MODE OF RAISING STAMPS.

In May, 1866, Mr. McFarland came on to my father's, bringing with him \$1,000 in money. He had got this money from a wealthy owner of oil lands in Pennsylvania, residing in New York city whose name I do not like to mention), by threatening to expose him for some irregularity in paying his income tax, and Mr. McFarland told me this man had given him the money if he "would not trouble him further." He also told me that he had

way." The manner of getting this money was inexpressibly shocking to me, and I told him so.

THE WHITE MOUNTAIN EPISODE.

It was agreed, however, that I should go to a small farm-house in the White Mountains, where I knew Mrs. Oliver Johnson was going to spend the summer, and that he should pay my board therewhich was to be very cheap indeed-for myself and the children. In June, 1866, I went from my father's with the children to Shelburne, N. H. among the mountains. I remained there till September. During this summer he sent me \$160 in a check, signed by Mr. Sinclair, and I had \$50 on arriving, which he had given me, making in all \$210, with which I paid my board and washing bills for myself and the children during my four months stay in Shelburne.

MONEY MATTERS AGAIN.

He paid my fare to Boston, and then told me he was out of money, and asked me to go to H. O. Houghton & Co.'s, whom he knew was going to print my little book that fall, and see if I could get some money. I did do this, and got \$50 while in Boston, where I stayed nearly a week. Mr. McFarland's niece, a daughter of his brother Owen, had been at the White Mountains with me, and was with me in Boston. After getting the money from Mr. Houghton, I gave McFarland half of it, and with \$25 I went with Miss Mary McFarland to Newark, where her father lived.

MRS. CALHOUN. While bere, in the winter of 1866, I had met Mrs. L. G. Calhoun, and during this summer at Shelburne, I had corresponded with her. I have been most fortunate in my friendships, but I never knew any woman more loyal to affection, more overflowing with tenderness, more ready with helpful sympathy than she. My whole nature, usually reticent, went out to her in confidence and friend-ship, and I had written from the Mountains askher aid in getting an engagement on the stage. She had succeeded in arranging an-engagement at Winter Garden, the theatre which Mr. Edwin Booth controlled, and a place which we both considered particularly fortunate for a lady to be connected with, on account of Mr. Booth's position as a gentleman in private life, as well as his eminence in his profession.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

About I o'clock in the night McFarland came nome in a state of beastly intoxication. He was past talking then, but toward daylight, while I was getting ready to take the morning train for Boston, roused him, and told him I had been intending to take Danny home, but now I thought I would take both the children and leave them with mother till I could do something better, and come back and separate myself from him entirely, that I could not possibly work as I was doing and bear his habits any longer. On this he professed great penitence, begged me to try him once more. Said he would do better if I would give him this one trial, &c.,

At New Year's time I foolishly allowed McFarland to draw a two weeks' salary from the theatre, which had been lying over because the money I had earned at Salem paid the necessary board-bill, and he went again and got drunk, and remained so for two or three days.

MRS. M'FARLAND MAKES RICHARDSON'S ACQUAIN-TANCE.

Somewhere about the last of January or the first of February, Mr. Richardson came to lodge at this house. He came there because there was a good room vacant there, and he was obliged to move his lodgings, which were in the vicinity, and he told me that he did not wish to move very far, as he expected to leave the city altogether very soon. He alled on me when he came to the house to see the room, which was the first time he ever called on me, or that I ever saw him in any house where I

MR. RICHARDSON'S ROOM-A JUST EXTENUATION. Mr. Richardson's room was used as his workingoom; and at this time, as at all parts of the day, he had with him a stenographer, a messenger-boy, and an artist, who were engaged in his literary works. When Mr. McFarland came in he objected replied that "I had not been in, was not in the habit of going there, and even if I had been in there, it was not a private room, but an office, in With this the matter dropped, and the day-time." I supposed this was all of it; but in a few moments Mr. McFarland commenced to say something again on the same subject. I saw he was in ill humor, and I supposed he wished to make anything the pretext for one of his passions, and I said little or nothing. From this he worked himself into a great fury, in which I left him to go to my necessary work at the theatre. He continued in this rage through the night, and I spent a terrible night with him. All through the next day (the 20th) he remained at home abusing and tormenting me. He used to me expressions which I never could forgive or endure; and, still harping on the fact of my being at Mr. Richardson's room, asked me before Percy, who was all the time present: "Did " Have you ever Mr. Richardson ever kiss you?" been in his room alone with him?" and others which

considered insulting and unpardonable. WILLING TO BE SEPARATED. He was under the influence of liquor all day, re maining at home, and going out every little while to the nearest bar-room to drink, and then coming in still more furious. At last he declared he was willing to be separated from me, and that I might go home to my father's and leave him. When I assented to this, he wanted to bring in some of my friends to talk the matter over before them, but I refused to take counsel from any one till my father could be sent for. And I only prevented him from rushing out and calling in some of my friends by representing to him that he was then so intoxicated that his cause would be prejudiced by that

AN AFTER PENITENCE.

On this he groveled at my feet in the most abject penitence. He wept and sobbed, and begged me to forgive him. He confessed that he had wronged me, that no woman would have borne with him as I had done, and about daylight went to sleep exhausted.

THE FINAL PARTING. The next morning I did not allude to my purose, but after seeing him leave the house for Mr. McElrath's office, I went to Mr. Sinclair's and placed myself under the protection of his roof, and never afterwards saw Mr. McFarland except once or twice in the presence of others. THE NIGHT OF NIGHTS.

On the last night of my life with Mr. McFarland, the night of the 20th of February, it happened, as was not usual, that Mr. Richardson was in his room the whole evening. He has since told me that he heard the greater part of what had passed that night, as was unavoidable from the position o

his room, and that he feared he might be obliged

to call help, or himself interfere in my behalf

against Mr. McFarland's violence. RICHARDSON SANS REPROCHE. He did help me in ten thousand ways in which l never should have permitted him to take part if I had had the slightest knowledge of the feeling which was to grow up between us. He helped me make arrangements to send Percy home, which was the first thing I was auxious to do. He telegraphed for me to one or two friends, and wrote to Mrs. Calhoun and Mrs. Sinclair of the step I had taken, which I asked him to do at once. All these things which common prudence would have prevented him from doing if there had been any guilty secret between us or any relation except the simple one on his part of sympathy toward a very wretched woman, he did openly and unreservedly. He saw Mr. McFarland and told him he was my friend in

A TOUCHING SCENE-A POSSIBLE FUTURE.

I thought if he went away in a day or two might not see him again, so when he arose to leave that evening, I went to the door to say-what I could not say before the others-that he had been very, VERY good to me, that I never could repay him, but that God would surely bless him for it. I could not say this without strong emotion, and

facing the world with two babies?" I answered: 'It looks hard for a woman, but then, I am sure I can get on better without that man than with him." At this, Mr. Richardson, still holding my hand, which I had given him to say "good-bye," stooped down, and, speaking in a lower tone so that he could not be heard through the door opened into the parlor where the others were sitting, said these words: "I wish you to remember, my child, that any responsibility you choose to give me in any possible future, I shall be very glad to take." I think those were his exact words.

THE FIRST SHOOTING-M'FARLAND TRIES TO KILL

After words of few yards from the theatre, Mr. Mc-Farland came up bening as the M. Richardson inflicting a severe but not dangerous wound in the thigh. As soon as he had done this, he fired two shots in quick succession at me, but without wounding me, as Mr. Richardson had told me to run as soon as he felt

THAT LETTER. At this time I heard first of the intercepted letter from Mr. Richardson to me, which he had written from Hartford after the conversation which had taken place between us. I never saw the letter or knew its conbetween us. I never saw the letter or knew its con-tents until it appeared in print. The letter was a mix-ture of jest and of sentiment, which any one who knew Mr. Richardson would readily understand. I shall not go on to explain it point by point, but the allusion to his love for me being the "growth of years" was simply a sentimental expression, as in point of fact I had known him only a few months, and had been acquainted with bun not more than four months.

MANLINESS.

Just after the shooting, while I was in the great distress of mind following such a horrible occurrence, Mr. McFarland went to my rooms in Amity-st., and, gain-McFarland went to my rooms in Amity-st., and, gaining access to my rooms by such representations as poisoned the minds of the landlady and the servants against me (to whom, of course, I had said nothing about my affairs,) he broke open my trunks, took out all the private correspondence I had preserved during my whole life, rided my writing desk and portfolio, and even searched the pockets of my dresses. He took not only my letters, but all my accounts and receipts by which I could show what money I had earned, the notices and advertisements which I had preserved of my dramatic readings, and even robbed me of all the MSS, and odds and ends of literary labors, some of MSS., and odds and ends of literary labors, some of which I had a long time had on hand, and from that day to this I have never seen any of my private papers of all kinds. He also succeeded in intercepting two or three more letters from friends out of town.

STEPS FOR A DIVORCE-ADULTERY OF M'FARLAND.

It was in the Spring of 1868 that I attempted to see Percy. After the outrageous scene, which nearly broke my heart, my friends all said one thing—that I must at once take legal steps to get free from Mr. McFarland. I decided very soon to go to Indiana. The laws there, as I found on consultation, permit a divorce for drunkenness, extreme crueity, and failure to support a wite. I knew beyond a doubt that Mr. McFarland had committed adultery while I lived with him as his wife. I had been offered proof that he had committed that crime against marriage since I had ceased to live with him.

THE DIVORCE OBTAINED.

On the 31st of October, 1869, I returned to my mother's house legally set free from my first marriage bond by the decision of one of the States under the Constitu-tion which affirms that full faith and credit shall be given in each State to the public acts, records and judicial proceedings of every other State.

AFTER RASHNESS, CAREFULNESS.

During the long time, almost three years, that en-During the long time, almost three years, that ensued between my former separation from McFarland and my legal divorce, my acquaintance with Mr Richardson had been most carefully guarded. We agreed, and all our friends agreed, that we had been rash and foolish. After I returned to my father's in March, after Mr. Richardson was wounded. I did not see him for months. Then he came to my father's house in this wise: Mr. John F. Cleveland of New York, an old friend of Mr. McFarland, came to Mr. Richardson and told him that Mr. McFarland desired that he should go on to see me and see if some settlement could not be told him that Mr. McFarland desired that he should go on to see me and see if some settlement could not be made. Mr. Richardson, supposing this a trap, at first refused to go, but finally, after consulting his own lawver, Mr. John Sedgwick, and on Mr. Cleveland giving his pledge as a gentleman that no mischief was meant, Mr. Richardson came on to see me at my father's. This was his first visit to me, and these were the beginning of the offers on McFarland's part which led to the distance machine for mychildren. After Percy wentaway when I was of the offers on McFarland's part which led to the di-vision of my children. After Percy wentaway when I was most sorely grieved and troubled, Mr. Richardson visit-ed me again at my father's, in the Fall of 1867. When I went to New York in the Spring of 1868, before I left for Indiana, I saw him occasionally in the presence of friends of his and mine. During all my stay in Indifriends of his and mine. During all my stay in Indiana, and in all his frequent journeyings West, I never saw him once, and he carefully avoided passing through the city where I stopped, to give no shadow of a cause for scandal. But on the 31st of October, 1869, I came home free. On November 17, 1869, Mr. Richardson came on to his mother's house in Med way to Thankscame on at his mother's house in medway to Inanks-giving. Thanksgiving evening I met him at the ailtream is a he came from his aged mother's, so he came from his aged mother's, shot in 1861, I walked with nim in the street. In

a had entered no place of amusement toine, parts at the house of a mutual friend. It seemed as it for the first time I had a right to talk freely and unreservedly to him, so carefully had our acquaintance had only once met acc

with each other been protected. A MARRIAGE AND A DEATH. Just a week after he left, a dispatch came that he was mortally hurt, and I came to New-York to nurse him till he died. When I came he asked me, if there should seem at any time to be no hope of his recovery, if I would marry him at once, and I said I would. Otherwise we decided to wait till he recovered. I supposed he wished to he married that I might have a osed he wished to be married that I might have firmer legal right to take the charge and rearing of three orphaned children; and also because he could three orpnaned children; and also because he could die more peacefully having made me his wife. As for my-self, if I had had ten thousand lives, I should have been more than glad to have given them up for him who was dying for the crime of having loved me; and because he could die who was dying for the crime of having loved me; and his lightest wish in the matter would have weighed with me against all other motives in the world. So when it became plain that he must go away from all the hearts that yearned to hold him here, we were

SUMMING UP.

This is the whole true story of all that has happened to me. I said when I wrote it I should teil the whole if it were guiltier I should have told it just the same. I think the same thing might have happened to any man or woman who lives, without bringing to them either remorse or shame, and often without bringing

ESTIMATE OF M'FARLAND.

As to Mr. McFarland himself, I believe now, have believed for years, that he was a man born to do a murder. The fact that he was always uttering threats of bloodshed does not so much convince me of this as the fact of his temperament, which partly from hereditary causes, partly from his nationality, and partly from bad education, had become one of unconpartly from bad education, had become one of uncon-partly from bad education, had become one of uncon-trollable violence. I believe he feared this himself.

FINIS. I have written all without malice or hard feeling against him. Mr. McFarland married me a girl in years, a child in experience. In every way he abused years, a child in experience. In every way no adostath is claim in me, he turned my love to bitterness, he took all the bloom and sweetness from my life. When I went away, and he found I had begun, perhaps, to feel a hope of happiness, his wounded vanity and desire for revenge turned his naturally mad temper into blackest madness. He swore to my friends, by all the fiends, that he "would rob me of my reputation, my children, alfill held dear." He has done so, and I pity him from my soul. turned my love to bitterness, he and sweetness from my life. When him from my soul.

I have tasted to its dregs the cup of justice which, in the nineteenth century, men born of women mete out to one whose worst crime was the mistake of marrying

a man who was half madman from natural inheritan

haif brute from natural proclivity. Of the justice I have received let those who read my story be witness-Gen. Longstreet and the Amendment. The New Orleans Commercial takes occasion to perate Gen. Longstreet for daring to appear in the ratification procession of the colored men of the

Crescent City on the 30th ult. It says: To the great credit of our people let it be said that in this black procession there were but five or Radicalism, and who risked life and sacrificed property in their efforts to defeat its encroachments. Those of this class who attracted most attention were, first, General Longstreet, of the Confederate army, who rode in a carriage literally covered with the "stars and stripes," some of them, perhaps, trophies of his own gallant troops in Virginia, thousands of whom are now lying in their silent graves, while their once beloved commander is here consorting and fraternizing with thei.

The same paper is frank enough to say, however, that "the occasion was one eminently calculated to this, and that he had telegraphed to my father to elicit the enthusiasm of the negroes, as the Constitutional Amendment specially invested their race with political rights heretofore denied them. Their rejoicings, therefore, were natural and proper, and to their credit we say it, their conduct on the occasion was very commendable. Good order and decorum characterized their proceedings, and all over the city their procession was undisturbed."

STATE NEWS.

The Chester Reporter says: A militia company of this place, styled the "Yocum Guards," perfected an organization on the 10th inst., by the election of | loudly applauded. the following officers: Captain, John Lee; First Lieutenant, J. C. Reister; Second Lieutenant, John and was well liked and loudly cheered.

The Keowee Courier states that Mr. F. C. Brown, of that county, died suddenly on sales day last. He was at Walhalla during the day, returned home, ate his dinner late, and, in the midst of lively conersation, fell from his chair to the floor and expired immediately.

The same paper says : We regret to learn that Mr. John Schumann, whilst employed on the steam saw mill of Mr. Parker, near this place, on the 10th instant, was caught by the machinery, drawn under the saw, and horribly lacerated. He lingered a few hours, dying from the effects of the hurt. The deceased was only nineteen years of age, and could not speak a word of English. His parents reside near Pomaria, S. C.

The Winnsboro' News man, not satisfied with the reputation won by his All-Fools' Day hoax, representing an interview with Horace Greeley, has interviewed an aged Georgian. The antique Georgian thinks there will be another war between the North and South, because Sherman's soldiers took all the silver he had but what was on his head.

On Sunday afternoon last, James Bracy and Levi Wood, convicted at the last term of the Court of Sessions of grand and petit larceny respectively, made their escape from the jail in Camden.

The census return of Greenville County for 1869 s published in the Enterprise. The total number f inhabitants is 23,096-males, white, 7,071, colored, 3,884; females, white, 7,793, colored, 4,348.

Last week a violent hailstorm, sweeping along the borders of Greenville and Laurens counties, did great damage to the growing crops in the neighborhood of Clear Spring.

On the 5th instant a colored man on the plantation of Mr. Lawrence Johnson, in Edgefield, while in the act of mounting his horse to go to the field, was struck by lightning and killed on the instant. The horse was also killed.

The residence of Dr. D. C. Bennett, together with the smoke-house and kitchen, situated fifteen miles below Greenville, on the Laurens road, was entirely consumed on Saturday night last, with pearly the entire contents, between \$1,500 and \$2,000.

The Edgefield Advertiser says: A few days ago Captain Kennedy and his constabulary force arrested Abram Landrum, colored, charged with killing John Bush, colored, living on the plantation of Mr. Jerry Gardner, on the night of the 26th of April. It appears that Landrum went to Bush's house, called him out, got into a quarrel, an altercation ensued, and thereupon Landrum fired upon Bush with a loaded musket, killing him instantly. Landrun is in jail. Love and jealousy, it is said, were at the bottom of this unfortunate joyed in that city.

REPUBLICAN VICTORY IN GREEN. VILLE.

The Party Candidates-Short Time-Great Success-A Look Ahead.

GREENVILLE, S. C., May 7, 1870. To the Editor of the Republican:

8 for School Trustees, two sets of candidates were put in motion : James P. Moore, Esq., Colonel E. S. Irvine, James Birnie, Esq., by the "Citizens' Reform Party," (if I may set them down with that party, that is Moore and Birnie; but, as the churchman said to the preacher, when he asked Taunton, Mass. him if he belonged to the church, he said no, but said he, I rather lean that way. I think they rather lean the other way.) Charles T. Hopkins, Esq., M. K. Robertson, and Richmond Williams, of the Republican party. The election of the Republican ticket by a majority of 102 is the result of

And I may further state that up to the night of the 4th the Republicans had made no pretensions to an election. On that night a meeting was called to consider the subject of putting in motion nominees for election. Speeches were made pro and con. Some thought it best to nominate; others, that perhaps at that late hour, and only having about thirty hours to canvass the township, thought it best not to make any effort. But, said a very large majority, we will give them a fight any how, and so the nomination was made, and thus I am glad to say that success crowned our efforts, and that victory, on this occasion, has given vitality and energy to the Republican party in the mountains of the old Palmetto State; and I hope that the Republican party will continue to grow and increase, and result in the final triumph of justice, equal civil and political rights.

The cry is let us have Scott for Governor the next two years.

TIMOTHY TITUS. Fifteenth Amendment Celebration in Winnsboro'-Old Fairfield Alive.

WINNSBORO' S. C., May 9, 1870.

To the Editor of the Republican :

Sin: At an early hour this morning the sweet strains of the Columbia brass band were heard, and groups of persons were seen coming in from all parts of the country to participate in the celebration. At about half past 9 o'clock the procession was formed in front of the A. M. E. church. The officers of the day were Messrs. Joseph Phillips, Aaron R. Boyd and Joseph Thompson. The proession marched to Mr. Cathcart's woods, where a nice stand had been erected. As the procession six men who were known to have been opposed to reached the woods, it was loudly cheered by a large crowd of persons who had collected at the grove. The procession then broke up, and the persons composing it mingled in the crowd around the speakers' stand. The stand was draped with the national banner. On the platform we noticed the following persons: Hon. H. Johnson, Hon. G. W. Barber, Rev. H. Young, Mr. James Batteas, Mr. W. J. McDowell, Mr. M. S. Miller, Mr. Joseph Copes, Mr. Richardson, superintendent of colored school; John H. Rowe, Mr. M. E. Edwards, school commissioner from Columbia; and others. At 10 o'clock the assemblage was called to order

> by Hon. H. Johnson. Rev. H. Young offered up a very eloquent and appropriate prayer, invoking the blessing of God upon the Government and upon the people.

Mr. H. Johnson then introduced to the audience Mr. M. S. Miller, a young native white Republican, who read the proclamation of the Fifteenth Amendment, and spoke for a short time.

Hon. S. B. Thompson, from Columbia, was then | Comstock made the first assault.

called upon, made an excellent address, and at its

close was loudly cheered. The next speaker was Mr. C. D. Loundes, from Columbia, who made several good points, and was

Mr. Hampton Mims, from Columbia, spoke next,

Mr. M. E. Edwards, School Commissioner, from Columbia, was then introduced, and made a short address, urging the people to educate their children. The next speaker was John H. Rowe, heretofore known as a colored Democrat. He made a good

Republican speech, and was loudly applauded. Mr. Joseph Copes spoke for a short while, with good effect, and was loudly cheered.

Mr. Aaron Boyd then made the closing speech. The utmost enthusiasm prevailed.

We are all wide awake in this section of the country, and we know that when old Fairfield tells her tale this fall, it shall be "glad tidings of great joy" unto all the people. As to the Citizens' party, we all say to it, "Shoo, fly, don't bodder me!" H.

CURRENT ITEMS.

-The woman question-Is he married?

-Terre Haute, Indiana, claims to have the big-

est mosquitoes in the country. -Rev. W. H. Milburn, the blind preacher, is

ecturing in San Francisco. -Ex-Confederate General Wigfall is at Central City, Colorado, representing an English mining

-Mr. Fane, one of the secretaries of the British legation at Washington, has made a match to walk 32 miles on the road in 8 hours.

-Governor Warmouth has appointed General James Longstreet Adjutant-General of the Louistana State militia, vice Sheridan, resigned.

-A man registered his name at a Detroit hotel,

and added: "The man who is the word and spirit of Christ." The landlord made him pay in ad--The Young Men's Christian Association of In-

dianapolis are making extensive preparations for the international convention to be held there in -Washington society is agog on the approaching

marriage of Miss Downing, colored, and a French-

man, white. The invitations include Senstors,

Judges and Congressmen. -A would-be suicide at Cincinnati was pulled off the track before a coming train by a railroad man, who warned him against trying to "muss up the engine any such way as that."

-The Board for revising the artillery tactics of

the United States army, composed of General Barry, General Seymour, and Colonel Dupont, is in session at Fortress Monroe. -The anniversary celebration of the Union League at Philadelphia, on Thursday evening, was

the most brilliant social entertainment ever en--Captain J. H. Johnson, formerly connected with the Louisville Courier, and a writer over the signature of "Yubs Dam," died in Lexington, Ky.,

on Thursday. -Mrs. Marsh, who recently murdered her four little children in Baltimore, at last realizes that she is in jail, and not in a hospital. She, however,

continues to inquire after her children who red, naving no idea that they are dead. -Mr. Edward Paddleford, of Savannah, who recently gave \$10,000 " to be used to aid in the construction of a suitable building or buildings for accommodation of the sick poor, and the aged and infirm colored people," was formerly a resident of

-At the session of the National Encampment. G. A. R., on Thursday, resolutions were adopted deploring the death of General Thomas, recommending the observance of Decoration Day, the establishment of State Homes for soldiers' orphans, and an asylum for colored veterans at the South; also, the donation of land to volunteers, etc.

-The volcano of Ceboruco (stone mountain), Mexico, continues in full eruption. Red hot stones are thrown up from the crater to an immense height, and at night the sight is grand. The air is filled with ashes for a distance of fifteen leagues. The inhabitants in the neighborhood of the mountain have been terror-stricken, and have abandoned

-The Colony of Victoria, Australia, is about the same area as England, and has a population of 696,161, of which .391,146 are males and 305,015 females. On December 31st, 1868, there were 639 postoffices open in Victoria, of which 59 were also telegraph offices. The population of Australia, including Tasmania and New Zealand, is estimated at 1,600,000.

-A Scranton, Pa., editor, who "has seen the costly splendors of the Eastern world, the Mosque of Omar, and the Golden Palace of Nena Sahib at Calcutta, as well as the regal dwellings of the Queen of England," is of the opinion that the house of an American citizen, just erected in Scranton, "far exceeds them in the wonderful combination of utility with elegance."

-The latest dispatch from Captain Selfridge says: "We have finished surveying the Daries route and found it impracticable for a ship canal. I am now at work upon the line from the Gulf of San Blas, about eighty miles east from Aspinwall, with better prospects of success. I expect to get through so that the expedition can return to the United States about the middle of June." The health of those with the expedition continues good.

-On taking the chair at the Women's Suffrage Association, held at Steinway Hall, New York, on Thursday last, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher said the world had been fed fat with error. They had had to grope their way to civilization, and even to the elements of religion. However, there was nothing that could be trusted with more certainty than human nature, for it was human government that keeps governments up, and gives to laws their vitality. He was in favor of giving women the ballot, because it would make them purer and

-A dispatch, via St. Louis, from Allenville, on the Iron Mountain railway, gives an account of a bloody affray there on the 11th, between two men named Johnson, father and son, on one side, and two men named Cummings and Comstock on the other side. Young Johnson received a mortal wound, whereupon he shot and killed Cummings. The elder Johnson then beat Comstock with a club until he was senseless, and he will probably die. The affray grew out of a disagreement in the settlement of a business matter. Cummings and