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A Mother's Love.

LINES TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

Thy heart is young and light, maiden; Thy sunny brow is fair; For Love, and Joy, and Hope now weave Life's brightest sunbeams there. Brothers and sisters turn to bless Thy ever-welcome form, And a father's arm is near to shield Thee from life's lightest storm.

[From the Louisville Sunday Journal.]

Bill Arp's Last.

HIS LETTER TO ARTEMUS WARD.

Mr. Artemus Ward, Showman.—Sur: The reason I write to you in pertinax, are because you are about the only man I know in all "God's country" so-called: For sum several weeks I have been wantin tu say sumthin. For sum several years we rebs, so-called, but now late of said county deceased, have been tryin mity hard to do sumthin. We didn't quite do it, and now its very painful, I assure you, to dry up all of a sudden and make out like we wasn't thar.

My friend, I want to say sumthin. I suppose there is no law again thinkin, but think in dont help me. It dont let down my thermometer. I must explode myself generally so as to feel better. You see 'em trying to harmonize. I'm tryin to subjugate down my feelings. I'm endeavorin to soften myself to the level of surroundin circumstances, so-called. But I can't do it until I am allowed to say sumthin, I want to quarrel with somebody and then make friends. I aint no giant-killer; I aint no Norwegian bar. I aint no boar-constricker, but I'll be hornsawgled if the talkin and the writin and the slanderin has got to be all done on one side any longer. Some of your folks have got to dry up or turn our folks loose. Its a blamed outrage, so-called. Aint your editors got nuthin else to do but to peck at us, and squib at us, and crow over us? Is every man what kan write a paragraf to consider us as bars in a cage, and be always a jobbin at us to hear us growl? Now you see, my friend, that's what's disharmonious, and do you jest tell em, one and all. e pluribus unum, so-called, that if they dont stop it at once or turn us loose to say what we please, why we rebs, so-called, have unanimously and jointly and severally resolved to—to—to think very hard of it—if not harder.

That's the way to talk it. I aint a gwine to commit myself. I know when to put on the brakes. I aint agwine to say all I think like Mr. Etheridge, or Mr. Adderly, so-called. Nary time. No, sur. But I'll jest tell you Artemus, and you may tell it to your show: If we aint allowed to express our sentiments, we can take it out in hatin; and hatin runs heavy in my family, shure. I hated a man so hard once that all the hair came out of my head, and the man drowned himself in a hog-walder that night. I could do it agin, but you see I'm tryin to harmonize, to acquiesce, to bekum calm and serene.

Now I suppose that poetikally speakin, "In Dixie's fall, We sinned all."

But talkin the way I see it, a big feller and a little feller, so-called, got into a fite, and they foun and foun and foun a long time, and everybody all round kep lollerin hands off, but kep-hellin the big feller until finally the little feller caved in and hollered enuf. He made a bully fite I tell you, Selah. Well, what did the big feller do? Take him by the hand and help him up, and brush the dirt off his clothes? Nary time! No, sur! But he kicked him arter he was down and throwd mud on him, and drag him about and rubbed sand in his eyes, and now he's gwine about huntin up his poor little property. Wants to konfiskate it, so-called. Blame my jacket if it aint enuf to make your head swim.

But I'm a good Union man—so-called. I aint agwine to fite no more. I shan't vote for the next war. I aint no guerrilla. I've done tak the oath, and I'm gwine to keep it; but as for my bein subjugated, and humiliated, as Mr. Chase says, it aint so—nary time. I aint ashamed of myn, neither, aint repent-in, aint axin for no one horse, short winded pardon. Nobody needn't be playin prest around me. I aint got no twenty thousand dollars. Wish I had; I'd give it to these poor widers and orfins. I'd fatten my own numerous and interesting off-spring in about two minits and a half. They shouldnt eat roots and drink branch water no longer. Poor, unfortunate things! to cum into this subaboury world at sich a time. There's four or five of 'em that never saw a sirkus nor a monkey show—never had a pocket knife, nor a piece of cheese, nor a resin. There's Bull Run Arp, and Harper's Ferry Arp, and Chikabumny Arp, that never seed the pikters in a spellin book. I tell you, my

friend, we are the poorest people on the face of the earth—but we are poor and proud. We made a bully fite, Selah! and the whole American nation ought to feel proud of it. It shows what Amerikins can do when they think they are imposed on—"so-called." Didn't our four fathers fite, bleed and die about a little tax on tea, when not one in a thousand drank it? Bekaus they sukseeded wasent it glory? But if they hadent I suppose it would have been treason, and they would have been bowin and scrapin round King George for pardon. So it goes, Artemus, and to my mind, if the whole thing was stewed down it would make about half a pint of humbug. We had good men, great men, Christian men, who thought we was right, and many of 'em have gone to the undiscovered country, and have got a pardon as is a pardon. When I die, I'm mity willin to risk myself under the shadow of their wings, whether the climate be hot or cold. So mote it be. Selah!

Well, maybe I've said enuf! But I don't fell essy yit. I'm a good Union man, sertin and shure. I've had my breeches dyed blue, and I've bot a blue bucket, and I very often feel blue, and about twice in a while, I go to the doggerly and git blue, and then I look up at the blue serulean heavens and sing the melancholy chorays of the Blue-tailed Fly. I'm doing my darndest to harmonize, and think I could succeed if it wasent for sum things. When I see a blackguard going round the streets with a gun on his shoulder, why right then, for a few minits, I hate the whole Yanki nation. Jerusalem, how my blood biles. The institution what was handed down to us by the heavenly kingdom of Massachusetts now put over us with powder and ball! Harmonize the devil! Aint't we human beings? Aint't we got eyes and ears and feelin and thinkin? Why the whole of Afriky has come to town, women and children, and babies and baboons and all. A man can tell how fur it is to the city by the smell better than the mile post. They won't work for us, and they wont work for themselves, and they'll perish to death this winter as shore as the devil is a hog, so-called. They are now baskin in the summer's sun, livin on roastin ears and freedom, with nary idee that the winter will cum agin, or that castor oil and salts costs money. Some of 'em a hundred years old, are whinin around about goin to knowlege. The truth is, my friend, somebody's badly fooled about this bizness. Somebody has drawn the elephant in this lottery, and don't know what to do with him. He's jest throwin his snout about loose, and by-and-by he'll hurt somebody. These niggers will have to go back to the plantations and work. I aint agoin to support nary one of 'em, and when you hear anybody say so, you tell 'em "its a lie," so-called. I golly, I aint got nuthin to support myself on. We foun ourselves out of everything except childer and land, and I suppose the land are to be turned over to the negroes for graveyards.

Well, my friend, I don't want much. I aint ambitious as I used to was. You all have got your shows and monkey and sirkuses and brass bands and organs, and can play on the petryolun and the harp of a thousand strings and so on, but I've only got one favor to ax of you. I want enuf powder to kill a big yaller stump-tail dog that prowls round my premises at night. Pon honor, I want't shoot anything blue or black or mullatter. Will you send it? Are you and your foaks so skeered of me and my foaks, that you won't let us have any amyushun? Are the squirts and crows and black raccoons to eat up our poor little corn patches? Are the wild turkeys to gobble all round us with impunity? If a mad-dog takes the hiderfuby, is the whole community to run itself to death to get out of the way? I golly! it looks like your pepul had tuk the rebelfoby for good, and was never gwine to git yver it. See here, my friend, you must send me a little powder and a ticket to your show, and me and you will harmonize, sertin.

With these few remarks I think I feel better, and hope I haint made nobody fite mad, for I'm not on that line at this time. I am trooly your friend—all present or accounted for.

BILL ARP, so-called.

P. S.—Old man Harris wanted to buy my fiddle the other day with Confederik money. He said it would be good agin. He says that Jim Funderbuk told him that Warren's Jack had seed a man who had just cum from Virginny, and he sed a man told his cousin Man dy that Lee had whipped 'em agin. Old Harris says that a feller by the name of Mack O Million is coming over with a million of men. But nevertheless, notwithstanding, somehow or somehow else, I'm dubious about the money. If you was me, Artemus, would you make the fiddle trade? B. A.

Our cotemporary, the Courier, with commendable energy, made its appearance yesterday morning, much to the gratification of its numerous friends. A considerable quantity of type and other material was saved from burning by the fire on Wednesday morning which was moved down to the old Courier office, on the Bay. The paper, doubtless, for some time will be only half as large as it was, but it will be none the less welcome, we dare say, by the community, on that account, considering the circumstances under which it is reduced.—Charleston News, Oct. 20.

The Chickering's piano-forte trade is now worth two million dollars per annum. They are making fifty pianos per week.

A professional infant killer, a woman, in England, has been sentenced to be hanged. She strangled babies to order at \$25 per head.

Particulars of the Execution of Champ Ferguson.

On Wednesday night rumors were current on the street that a reprieve had arrived, and was in the hands of the military authorities. Though incorrect, many friends of the condemned man were looking for such a respite. The papers in the case had been dispatched to Washington by a trusty messenger, and strong hopes were entertained that a power higher than Gen. Stoneman would delay the execution. Criminal as the man was, he had adherents to his fortune, who were ready to spare neither effort nor expense to secure his release. Bets were made yesterday at various odds, some as high as four to one, that Champ Ferguson would not be hung.

On Wednesday his family were with him part of the day. A redeeming feature of the guerrilla's character was the intense affection he bore his wife and daughter. In his demeanor towards them all his ferocious instincts gave way to a tenderness that was almost womanly. During his trial, the greatest deprivation seemed to be the absence of his loved ones. Their comfort and their welfare appeared to be always uppermost in his mind. Separation from them was a source of constant pain. To bid them farewell was the greatest trial to his fortitude.

Yesterday morning, from eight o'clock until he was taken from his cell to the scaffold his family were again with him. His wife sat by his side, with her arms around his neck, spending with him the last hours on earth. But, as we saw him thus, he appeared calmer than most men would have been when parting from home to go on a distant journey. Beyond an unnatural flush on his face, and a trifling droop of the eyes, he looked as we used to see him in the court room in the days of his trial.

On reaching the penitentiary early yesterday morning, we found detachments from the 15th United States Colored Infantry on duty before the entrance, under command of Col. Ennis, with Capt. Levi Patchin as officer of the day, and Lieutenant W. Evans as officer of the guard. A large crowd of men and boys were on the ground, seeking entrance without passes. Colored sentries were pacing the walls which surrounded the yard where the execution was to take place.

Entering the gate we found the hearse, containing a stained poplar coffin, ordered by the Government from Mr. Cornelius, to receive the remains of Champ Ferguson. He had desired for himself a coffin made of cherry, and doubtless his wishes would have been complied with in so small a matter, but the other had been filled before his wishes were known. The burial case was not pretending, but gotten up in much better style than that usually awarded to criminals. It was removed from the hearse at twenty minutes past ten o'clock, and conveyed to the inner yard, where it was deposited in front of the gallows, and the lid removed.

The gallows was a rude structure, which had been previously used, and was the same as ever, except the introduction of a new cross beam. It was erected on Thursday, and is the common upright gallows, with a platform about eight feet square, containing a drop some four feet square. Up a frontage of six steps the condemned man was to mount to his doom. The rope for use on the occasion was a four-strand Manila hemp, the strength of which had been previously tested with a two hundred pound weight. At twenty five minutes to eleven o'clock, the rope was adjusted to the ring suspended from the center of the cross beam, allowing a fall of some two feet.

At twenty minutes past eleven o'clock the prisoner appeared under guard, and mounted the gallow, with elbows and hands pinioned, and accompanied by Captain Dykeman, Post Provost Marshal, Col. Shafter, Commandant of the Post, and his spiritual adviser, Rev. Mr. Bunting, of the First Presbyterian Church. He walked without assistance, apparently without fear, with erect body and steady walk. He did not seem to shrink back at sight of the scaffold or the coffin, which he passed with outward composure and ascended the steps fronting the gallows, to the platform, where he took his position upon the drop, of his own accord.

Ferguson is a powerfully framed man, six feet one and a quarter inches high, and weighing about one hundred and sixty pounds. His muscular organization is finely developed and rounded off like a prize fighter's. His physical build, with a large full chest, indicated great strength and endurance of body, with very unusual energy of character. He carried himself quite erect, and he was dressed with scrupulous neatness, in black cloth frock coat, with vest and pants of the same material, and black gloves and new gaiters. This neatness of the prisoner has always been one of his peculiarities, and was a noticeable feature of his character during his trial.

Col. Shafter then proceeded to read to the prisoner the charges and specifications upon which he was tried, and the sentence of the court as approved by Gen. Stoneman. This occupied about twenty-three minutes. During the reading Ferguson seemed quite impatient, as if he thought the proceeding entirely unnecessary. He looked among the spectators, nodding recognition to a man in his shirt sleeves, who was surveying the scene from a seat on the top of the penitentiary. He also nodded composedly to others in the crowd. As he grew impatient at the reading, he several times turned on his toes and heels, changed his position, held his head upwards the sky, and then fixed his eyes on the platform. Once in a while he nodded or shook his head at the conclusion of the reading of a specification. When the case of Eism Had-

leston was mentioned, he said in a firm voice: "I can tell it better than that." When Col. Shafter read as follows: "to all which the accused pleads not guilty," he replied, "But I don't now."

At the conclusion of the reading of the sentence, Col. Shafter remarked to the prisoner: "In accordance with this sentence, I am now going to have you executed." Ferguson bowed his head, and rejoined: "Very well." Rev. Mr. Bunting then made an appropriate prayer, at the conclusion of which Ferguson bowed profoundly towards the minister, as if intending to thank him, uttering some inaudible words.

He was then asked if he had anything to say before proceeding with the execution. He replied: "Nothing to say particularly at all. No, don't think I have." The noose was here placed around his neck, and then, for the first time, he displayed signs of emotion. His face flushed to a deep scarlet, the perspiration broke forth profusely from his face, and his lips closed with a convulsive quiver. The realization of his awful situation seemed to have flashed over his mind in all its fullness, overpowering his fortitude. Colonel Shafter wiped the sweat away, and the prisoner gradually recovered his equanimity. He expressed himself much opposed to having anything placed over his eyes when a handkerchief was called for. Then he volunteered the statement: "I don't know some things in those specifications, but I don't deny anything I ever done." For a moment or two he seemed to be repressing an impulse to make fuller remarks. After a brief pause he added, "I want to be sent to my family; I don't want to be buried on this soil." After another pause, he continued, in an excited tone: "Don't give me to the doctors; I don't want to be cut up here." Colonel Shafter answered: "You shan't, Mr. Ferguson." A short silence followed, when the prisoner again spoke: "I want to be put in that thing," pointing to his coffin, "and taken to White county, where I can have my family around me. If I had only had my way, I wouldn't have been here. Whenever you are ready, I am done. My last request is to be sent away with my wife."

The white cap was then drawn over his face. His last words were: "O Lord I have mercy on me, I pray thee!"

As he uttered the last word, at seventeen minutes to twelve o'clock, detective Bauville, at one blow of a hatchet, severed the rope which sustained the drop, and the body fell some two feet with a heavy thud. He died easy, there being no death struggle, as is often the case. Twice he slightly shrugged his shoulders, and soon the desperate guerrilla, whose crimes and cruelties had made his name a terror, hung a corpse, and the guilty spirit was ushered into that eternity at whose threshold the wicked shrink back aghast. Whether he entered that new life a repentant man is a question between his God alone and him. The grave has closed over his vices, let us forget the wrongs he was perpetrated; for the places that now him shall know him no more forever.

The neck was not broken by the fall, but the rope had completely imbedded itself in the front part of the neck, the knot having slipped to the rear. Considerable extravasation of blood occurred from the nostrils, as exhibited on the cap which covered the head.

At twenty-four and a half minutes past twelve the body was cut down. In accordance with the opinions of the attendant surgeons, the immediate cause of death was cerebral apoplexy, from strangulation, the fall not being sufficient to break the neck. It is probable that he suffered little or none, for, though life was not extinct for some time, yet sensation ceased the moment the body dropped. The remains were placed in the coffin, the lid was screwed down, and the spectators dispersed.

More Vandalism.

The following, addressed to a Mobile paper, is one of the incidents in the history of a bureau which is fast becoming one of the most notorious and corrupt institutions that ever afflicted a country: MESSRS. EDITORS: I have been receiving letters from medical students in the interior of this State and Mississippi inquiring whether the Medical College of Mobile would be opened this winter. I beg leave to say, through your columns, that it will not open. In explanation, I may state that this institution was taken charge of by the Freedmen's Bureau, and appropriated to the purpose of a negro school, after the town was taken possession of by the United States troops. Moreover, a great number of the most beautiful and costly models, anatomical preparations, &c., have been taken off by those now in possession, and the chemical department, which was unequalled in any school in our country, is occupied by a negro cobbler. It is hoped that this explanation will be perfectly satisfactory to those who feel any interest in a scientific institution which has cost the State more than \$100,000, and which, in completeness, is not surpassed by any one of the kind on the continent. J. C. NOTT, M. D.

This Freedmen's Bureau, apart from its character as a speculating, money-making concern, is not only an imposition upon the country, but a curse to the country. Its operations are making it painfully familiar to the people, and the day that witnesses its dissolution will be a day of general rejoicing. The President knows well that it was a grand Yankee scheme to further the designs of abolition speculators in Southern lands, houses, libraries, pianos, jewelry, silver-spoons, &c., and we have no doubt that it will ere long receive its quietus.—Metropolitan Record.

An Arkansas butternut advertises that "any gal what has got a coffee pot and skillet, and who knows how to take care of children," can hear of a situation by applying to the "undersigned."

Wendell Phillips down on President Johnson.

Wendell Phillips delivered a lecture before the Boston people on the 17th inst.

The lecture attracted a large and enthusiastic audience. Its title was "The South Victorious." Mr. Phillips declared that President Johnson, in his speech to the delegation that waited upon him from South Carolina, and who appealed to him for protection against Congress and the harsh spirit of the Northern States, had ranged himself with the half converted rebels and made himself three-quarters of a rebel in order that the rebels themselves might be one quarter Union. Major General Banks Mr. Phillips denounced as a vagrant mountebank, laden with the curses of every loyal man in Louisiana and Massachusetts, and yet Massachusetts men were going to send him to Congress. Mr. Phillips, in speaking of the endorsement of President Johnson by various republican State conventions, said:—"The republican party does not exist. There is a spectre walking over the country in its shroud, but there is no such party. It has not existed since the Baltimore Convention, when it was buried in the will of Abraham Lincoln. I deny the existence of any political force entitled the republican party."

Gov. Brownlow, while walking the streets of Nashville lately, was unceremoniously pushed into the gutter by a couple of negro soldiers. This act would seem to have effected a decided reformation in the Governor's political principles. In a late letter to his paper—the Knoxville Whig—he says:

"As one desiring the welfare of the colored people, they will permit me to say they can't drive the Legislature of Tennessee into conferring upon them the elective franchise. They can, by the demonstration they are making in this direction, deprive themselves of any such privileges, so far, as Tennessee is concerned. The Federal Government has no right to control the suffrage question in Tennessee. And the great Union party of the nation will have more sense than to attempt to control the question by Congressional legislation.

THE VIRGINIA UNIVERSITY.—A letter from Charlottesville to a contemporary says:

There have matriculated at the University up to date (the 12th) about one hundred and seventy students, ten of whom are from Maryland; three from North Carolina; two from South Carolina; five from Tennessee; four from Alabama; two from Missouri; one from the District of Columbia; and one from each of the States of Louisiana, Texas, Kentucky, Illinois and California, the remainder being from Virginia.

Forty-five students, an unusually large proportion, have matriculated in the school of law; twenty-five in the school of medicine. The Faculty remains as before the war, with the following exceptions: Professor C. S. Venable, vice Professor Bledsoe, school of mathematics; B. L. Gildersleeve (also Professor of Greek), vice Professor Coleman, chair of Latin.

The old Jefferson Society has been re-organized, and I understand that a meeting of the Washington Society has been called for the purpose of organizing.

Besides students who have already matriculated, quite a number are here who have not yet done so, and others arrive daily. It is thought by those best qualified to judge that a total of three hundred will be reached before the middle of the session.

KIDNAPPING FREEDMEN.—The darkies in these parts had better skin their eyes, for there are from time to time sundry long, lean, cannerous looking animals crossing the Bridge who would as soon snap up "coloured Brother" as not. See what they are doing in Baltimore.

Parties from Baltimore have recently been engaged in the nefarious business of enticing freedmen from Washington and the neighboring region on board a vessel bound to the newly discovered island, off the Russian coast, placing the men in close confinement and sailing with them. The names of these parties have been given to the proper authorities.

PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION.—We saw the other day a large dark daughter of Africa seated in a handsome phaeton, drawn by a pair of milk white horses. She lolled back with a junior darkie on her lap, whilst a large colored genuin was her Jehu. The horses were very white, and the people very dark, and there was an air of comfort, of downright rejoicing pleasure in it that was irresistible. The white horses did not seem to mind it, and the white people on foot rather liked it—it was refreshing and hilarious, if not grand, gloomy and peculiar.—Augusta Transcript.

The indisposition of the President to adopt the policy of negro privilege and preferment over the Caucasian race, is bringing upon him dire maledictions, and curses from the Radicals. Since his recent address to them on the occasion of the visit of the colored regiment, they are loud and increasing in denouncing the sentiments expressed. Just when he falls to meet the wishes of the Radicals does he also come short of the requisitions of the negroes.

Col. Kirby a prominent citizen of Texas states that General Kirby Smith was killed recently by his employees at Hamstead.

Mr. Lincoln's grandfater, also named Abraham Lincoln, was murdered by an Indian, in 1744, while at work on his farm, near the Kentucky river. He left three sons, the eldest of whom, Thomas, was the father of the late President.

A CHAPLAIN BROUGHT TO JUSTICE.—The New Orleans True Delta of Friday says:

Our citizens will learn with unalloyed satisfaction that through the exertions of Governor Wells the now notorious Chaplain Calaban has been brought to justice. The offense, or rather outrage, committed by this individual, was his unwarrantable interference with a civil officer in the discharge of duties, the circumstances of which, briefly stated, are as follows: A negro was arrested in Bossier parish for horse stealing, received a fair and impartial trial, and was convicted of the crime by a jury. Simply because the prisoner was a negro, Chaplain Calaban, who is connected with the Freedmen's Bureau, put the presiding Judge under arrest.

As soon as the matter came to the knowledge of Governor Wells, he made a demand upon General Canby for the arrest and trial of Calaban, and backed his request with arguments so powerful as to induce an immediate compliance on the part of the General. A special order had been issued by the latter, stating that Chaplain Thomas Calaban, 48th U. S. C. I., Assistant Superintendent of Freedmen, at Shreveport, Louisiana, is suspended from the exercise of his official functions until the charges made against him are investigated. It is true that this does not accomplish that most desirable result, the abolishing in toto of the Office of the Freedmen's Bureau, but it will probably have the effect of teaching Superintendents in future that their ipse dixit is not the law, and themselves the sole power, in the unfortunate district in which they may be located. Mr. Conway, the head of the Bureau in Louisiana, is ordered to appoint a substitute for Calaban.

The Medical College of Georgia.

A few days ago we referred briefly to the re-opening of this institution upon the first Monday in November next.

We feel it, however, to be a duty as well as pleasure, to allude to this valuable college again, to remind our readers of the fact, that for many years it has occupied a prominent position among the scientific establishments of the South, and that now, if ever, our people should show a proper appreciation of its merits. The members of the Faculty are all men of distinguished attainments.

It is only necessary to mention the names of Dr. Ford, Eve, and Dugas, to convince any one acquainted with the subject, that a Faculty thus supported, must be among the ablest in the country.

It must not be lost sight of in this connection, that the city of Augusta is most conveniently located as regards the various counties of the State, and that undoubtedly it is one of the healthiest places in America.

We trust that the young men of Georgia and the adjoining States, who design making medicine their profession, will duly consider the claims of this institution upon their patronage.—Constitutionalist.

A correspondence has transpired between Mr. Adams, the American Minister, and Earl Russell, relative to the responsibility of England for the ravages committed on American commerce by vessels fitted out in England. Earl Russell repudiates all liability, and refuses to submit the matter to arbitration.

A Charleston lady, (Miss Ramsey,) aged eighty-four years, grand daughter of Henry Laurens, still retains the table on which the Declaration of Independence was signed.

Her Majesty, the Empress Eugenie, seems to be ambitious, like her illustrious husband, of literary distinction. The French journals confidently report that she has prepared, and is about to publish a book of poems, written in the Spanish language. For the copyright of the first volume of his life of Cesar, Napoleon has received, it is said, the enormous sum of \$128,400!

CHOLERA IN TENNESSEE.—The Nashville Press says: "It is stated that this disease amongst cattle, which generally precedes the cholera amongst the human race, is prevailing throughout the State. Cattle and hogs are dying off at a fearful rate, and we are informed that a few cases closely resembling cholera, have made their appearance in this city." A private letter says several cases of cholera have occurred in Memphis.

A gentleman from the Greenville District, South Carolina, is now making arrangements for the removal of fifty white families to Middle Tennessee. This is but the beginning of a great tide of migration from the Gulf States to this region of our country.

The Atlanta New Era of the 17th inst. says: Among the distinguished gentlemen who were in New Orleans, on Wednesday last, as we learn from the True Delta and Picayune, were Gen. Hood, Gen. P. O. Herbert, Gen. Humphrey Marshall, of Kentucky, and Hon. Robert W. Johnson, late Confederate States Senator. The True Delta understands that it is the intention of Gen. Marshall to settle in New Orleans, and engage in the practice of the law, and that Gen. Hood is on his way to Washington in order to request permission of the President to have an interview with Mr. Jefferson Davis.

The wife of Christian Wildt, of Schuylkill county, Pa., gave him \$50 the other day to go away and not trouble her again. He returned, however, and asked for some clothes, but she refused him. He therefore hung himself in her bare.

The following appears in Blake's Bulletin (Galveston, Texas) of September 29: "We learn that John H. Regan, late Postmaster General of the so-called Confederate States, has written a letter which will, no doubt, astonish some of his associates. Among other things he favors negro suffrage."