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SAMBO'S TAX RECEIPT.—A negro living in a neighboring county, having been fortunate enough to accumulate considerable of this world's goods desired, as all loyal subjects should, to pay tax on the same. It being a new business to him, he did not know where was a proper office for recording in the tax, and after making inquiry it was necessary for him to find a man with a white skin.

Consequently he hailed the first man he met, saying, "Say, here I want to pay my old man's libit to you!" On being told it would be received by the corresponding white gentlemen, the negro gave him \$25, and asked if that was enough. "Suppose it is," said the white gent. "Hose, give me now!" In answer he said the negro. Against the wind of the white man were at anchor his ship and wife, the latter crying, "As Massa Bled this servant of the wilderness, therefor have I lifted \$\$\$ out of this nigger's pocket."

Not long after this the negro met the tax collector's paper. "Done paid, I hear, and here's a whip," at the same time handing the pair of paper to the black man. The word, "As Massa Bled this servant of the wilderness, therefor have I lifted \$\$\$ out of this nigger's pocket." "Hiled on, boy! done right wrong," replied the white gent. "You was to catch the star of the night, K to another man's pocket, and A to Massa Bled's pocket."

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The great northwest, with her granaries overflowing with wheat and corn—her pastures swarming with fat cattle, and her broad plains alive with countless swarms, flocks with long-winged swyn across the plains and mountains to the great southeast, fearfully anxious to escape the heat of the sun—will not produce the wheat which her northern clime will not produce. The southeast meets this question with eyes equally anxious, and long to escape the extreme heat of the section which she has no more interests in common. To accomplish this, we must have better and cheaper means of transportation. No doubt this reform will be found. But what will reach the root of the evil? Will that make all the rough places smooth, and bring near the industrial millennium?

If we will look candidly and carefully at the fundamental question, we will discover that at best it is a fearfully expensive operation. After we have diminished fraud, destroyed monopoly, and brought down the price of transportation to the limit of fair remuneration, we shall still find that carriage of bulky and heavy material in our country of magnificent distances, is fundamentally expensive. The cost in railroads and oceans must have a fair compensation. The wild dummy, rolls will come, trucks will collide and smash, rolling stock will be wrecked, and the cost of the hope will be lost on a score of employees sent to jail. The amount always be paid by the goods transported.

When we have gained the certainty and security of the law, we will still find that the cost of the goods transported will be a large share of the cost of the goods themselves. The cost of the goods themselves will be a large share of the cost of the goods themselves.

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the wealth of nutritious foodstuffs and towns teeming with human beings—the noble array of soldiers and statesmen whose names shook their brilliant tenure on American history and the glorious triumph of progress. But however much has been already accomplished, the present citizens need not like Alexander, weep that there is no more to be done. The future is as late as the past to which you look back, the future to which you are looking forward is full of opportunities far more brilliant.

They will turn these forests into plantations are comparatively untouched. The many mountain streams that now go babbling, laughing and singing in blossom towards the sea, will be dammed up and made to flow and hiding their beauty in solitude, are to be harnessed to the water-wheel and taught to tirelessly and patiently toil for the artisan. They will turn these forests into plantations and throw thousands of skulking, changing the raw cotton from your plantations to the unnumberable, useful, beautiful and costly articles. Every bush, the stems of the waterwheel, and still steadily to the value of the raw material, until finally it comes forth from the mills a fully finished product; they will turn these forests into plantations, private orchards and leascs at prices which will bring dollars to the country where the raw cotton now only brings pennies.

These boundless forests are a mine of undeveloped wealth. On mountains and plain they should succeed with the means of the present, turning the country into a vast garden, and the victor of the world's harvest of the farm, all the wood of the forest, all the products of the mine and the sea, and the products of the land that could be profitably put into them, and get forth from your forests harnessed and ready to supply the wants of the world's markets. They will turn these forests into plantations and the victor of the world's harvest of the farm, all the wood of the forest, all the products of the mine and the sea, and the products of the land that could be profitably put into them, and get forth from your forests harnessed and ready to supply the wants of the world's markets.

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the redemption and restoration of Alabama! No injury is intended to you, but good for all. It is, however, as plain as the noon-day sun that while the African people can enjoy all the advantages of liberty and law under the white man's government, they, whether represented by white or black men, are quite incapable of approaching anything like a prosperous rule. Our contemporary says:

Long ago, the *Register* pointed out the path to Southern redemption. It was by accepting an issue, not made or offered by the white people of the South but forced upon them—the issue of RACE. The question has been tentatively from the beginning, shall the white citizens of the South, or their emancipated blacks, rule these States? The moment that the *Register* saw this fact, after repeated and abortive efforts to bring the people from making that issue by a blind and benighted commitment of their votes and their souls and bodies to the control of the Radical party, in the South, the *Register* raised the only battle cry that left the only banner under which it could say to the whole country, in *hominis vires*—that cry was the *White Man's Party*. Let us not be misunderstood for a moment—it was not in hostility to the negro, but in mercy to him. It was to save his country as well as his, from the ruin which would be wrought by his blind instrumentalism. It has proven himself dead to kindness and persuasion, incapable of being reasoned with,—a Nav, so deeply seated was his superstition.

attititons slavery to his new masters that he could not even be bought to break his chains. Ho had no objection to money. He would pocket it and promise, but return to the Radical mire. And so to break the magical power that held him in bonds he became at last a necessity to be reckoned with him and across the conflict he had been made to offer it—WURR AGAINST BLACK.

Georgia with all her characteristic courage and statesmanlike forethought made this issue and Georgia is redeemed. Virginia, noble old State, exhausted all her powers of kindness and persuasion to conciliate the negro and turn him from his destructive allegiance to the enemies of her people—Finally, Virginia gave up the task as hopeless, and she said to the Virginians, "You shall be ruled by the white or the black race. In her last battle she took the only issue left, threw out the banner and called upon her every white man to determine whether they or the negroes should rule Virginia. The triumph was overwhelming, and to-day Virginia is free. And now comes gallant Texas to proclaim a splendid and sweeping victory by a 10,000 majority on the same issue, and Texas is delivered.

There is still freedom in bondage; and there is still the freedom to redeem. We hold up to her the example of Georgia, Virginia and Texas. They have shown the path for her with a distinct and courage worthy of their race. They have made public opinion so strong that no native white man has

"I am not a black man," says the traveling singer, "I have drawn the lines so broad and deep that there was no room left for a drop of blood, no reason to doubt the truthfulness here. Are you for your race or the black type in this world?"

"I am not white, my dear man, my people are under a heavy cross, but I am not a black man," says the singer, "I have drawn the lines so broad and deep that there was no room left for a drop of blood, no reason to doubt the truthfulness here. Are you for your race or the black type in this world?"

...the South, in Alabama, I cannot disguise the fact that the situation is exceedingly disconcerting. From every quarter comes up a wall

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the enrichment of those in power—
previous have been theills to which
we have been subjected, and they
have done much to paralyze our ener-
gies and retard our prosperity. But
and government is not the only nor
the main cause of our present unfor-
tune. The main cause is the high price
of land, much has been done to break South-
ern land speculation. Cities that have
been laid in ashes, have been rebuilt,
manufactories established and in an-
cient operation, and decided ad-
vancement has been made in the de-
velopment of our vast mineral re-
sources. Commercial progress is
manifest in all our varied industries,
except alone (and I regret to say it)
the agricultural. In this most im-
portant of all industries, it is but too
true that comparatively, no progress
has been made.

It is now over eight years since the
whole labor system of the South was
madecrudely and violently overthrown,
never to be restored. But the plim-
mers of the South with here and there
and honorable exception could not
even now seem not get to realize the
importance and incontrovertible
fact that the overthrow of the slave
labor system necessarily carried with
it the destruction of everything that
was the admiration, and the basis
of an entirely new and different
system, adapted to free labor. In-
stead of "undoing the situation,"
saying the new depraved world
was demanded, they have
been tracking their brains, taxing
energies, and spending their money

...rais attempts to perpetrate
the new form, the protection
of the defunct old system.
...plantation, some have
...to suppress and all action
...Cuba, the United States,
...the United States.
...with the object that others
...the present-day American
...to large plantations and all
...is still continuing in the tragedy
...of negroes in Cuba.
...for the sake of freedom.
...the United States.
...the United States.

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- 1st. Cease renting land to black laborers, and pay only stipulated wages for labor.
- 2nd. In hiring laborers, give no preference to our own Southern negroes of good character, and avoid all forced or bribed importations from abroad.
- 3rd. An entire change in our system of agriculture, so as to increase at least fourfold, the productive capacity of our soil, without additional labor, and which no man hand would make less productive.
- 4th. Diversify the products of the South, so as to make at home, no matter practicable, everything we need to eat, drink, wear, and use; and thus make all the cotton we grow, our exclusive cash crop.
- 5th. Sell off our surplus lands on long terms, first, to our own respectable citizens, who have capital and willing to work; or, secondly, to substantial, voluntary immigrants, till settle upon and cultivate them.
- 6th. Encourage the introduction of foreign capital and skilled labor, to engage in mining and manufacturing.
- 7th. Compel the legislature to vote to declare null and void all fraudulent bonds issued by servants of a bankrupt and corrupt legislature.
- 8th. More roading, ~~and~~ political, more general internal improvements, and more circumspection in the making of loans destined to pay, and secure interest for the poorer, good cause, material interests of the community.

9th. Get out of debt, and then
exp. out.
10th. Work ourselves, and educate
our sons and daughters to work.
6.

Words of Wisdom.

Commenting on late editorials of
the Southern Argus and Mississippi
Advertiser, on the subject of the coming
elections and the apparent good
of office manifested in certain
quarters in the State, the Haynesville
Advertiser issues the following, arguing
its accustomed forcible and logical
style:

There is but one thing that can
prevent the State from being ruined
in a year from the corrupt and
wrecking way of the Mississippi
the greed of office seekers.
This temporary point out clearly
the ill this greed may do to
the State and people, and all it
is true in every particular.

The thousands of people who will
be called to proper persons who
convention, but the masses
candidates for the local offices
of the country is dangerous.

It may be useless to argue against
it, for only the few who are
and therefore better part of the
candidates would be
thereby; but we hope, for the
of the State, that some
by which the voters
hold in their hands
in its

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Mr. Gregg



BIRMINGHAM IRON AGE.

February 12th, 1874.

Dot Schumall Little Baby.

Dot Schumall, most lovely day,
I longed to see you, my dear,
My little baby, my dear,
My little baby, my dear.

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OUT OF HER PLACE.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITS.

The lights flashed from the broad windows of the hotel, between the rich lace curtains which fluttered in the sea breeze, the music of a merry waltz floated out on the air, and light figures, like shadows in a dream, glided back and forth before the casement, for it was a "hop night" at the Ocean House.

Within, all was warmth, light, beauty and melody; without, where Bruce Tuning walked up and down the lonely beach, was only the night, the stars, and the sad sigh of the sea—a fit company for a gloomy, reckless man, with scarce a human tie to bind him to earth.

Alone and lonely, Bruce Tuning walked up and down the silent beach, glancing now and then toward the gay hotel. One of these glances showed him a light form which came down the steps of the hotel, and walked straight in the direction of the beach. Bruce's curiosity was roused to know who she was who thus ventured out alone at night. He stopped, and watched her interestedly.

"Miss Trevlyn, by all the powers! she is beautiful, as she crossed a broad stream of light in her path. Miss Trevlyn, and coming here! Who does she take me for? I wonder? It isn't she she expects to meet. Wonder what bit of romance I've stumbled on now? I won't disappoint her till the last minute, anyhow, just to see what comes of my fine lady!" He whirled round, and paced the sands with his back to Miss Trevlyn, nor, though he heard her footsteps distinctly, would he turn, until her soft, clear voice addressed him:

"Miss Trevlyn!"

Without the least apology for her presence, Kitty Trevlyn said gravely:

"I hear you are going away to-morrow."

Bruce bowed silently, gazing at her in the rising moonlight, as she stood before him, her slender shawl dropping like a mantle of flame over her white robes, her beautiful face and clear dark eyes upraised to meet his, calmly, womanly and peaceful.

"What did you want with him here?"

"I want to speak a word or two before you go," she said, gently, "and, having no other opportunity, I sought this one, when I saw you walking here. Will you listen?"

"Will?" And as Bruce spoke a thought came to him. If she had seen him, others could see them, and the moon was growing brighter every moment. He would not leave her at the mercy of hotel gossip when he went away.

"Will you walk a few steps down the beach with me?" he asked, offering her arm. "There is a rock down here where I can offer you a seat."

Kitty Trevlyn, who had been walking beside a prince, now found herself walking beside a pauper. She laid her hand upon Bruce Tuning's arm, and, without a word, she seated herself beside him, and stood with folded arms awaiting what she had to say.

"Mr. Tuning, will you tell me why you leave to-morrow?" she began, simply.

Bruce picked up a pebble and gave it a scornful toss into the waves before answering:

"Why, Miss Trevlyn? I thought you had been here long enough to guess why. Do you know what Madame Ramon says for me?"

"Some things."

"Pray tell me what. Don't spare me."

"She says you drink too much wine, for one thing."

"Exactly. Now, what next?"

"Oh, no. You omitted the most important item, Miss Trevlyn. So important, that Bruce Tuning had plenty of money, these little things were mere peccadilloes—wild oats, you know, and all that sort of thing to be spoken of with an indulgent smile. But in the last few days Madame Ramon has lost his fortune. Then, all at once, he is a terrible fellow—dreadfully dissipated—won't do for good society—any lady out of her place who notices him. Bah! Miss Trevlyn, don't you see there is no place for me here?"

"Mr. Tuning, am I a lady?" asked Kitty, quietly ignoring his question.

"I should think you are," said Bruce, "and, in proportion to the ratio of increase, additional hands are being employed. Work is slowly progressing in all departments of the road, and it will not be long before there will be a general resumption. The partial suspension of work last fall, whereby thirty-three and a third per cent. of the men employed in the mechanical, transportation, and road departments were discharged, was caused by the panic and epidemics in the South. The yellow fever and cholera at Nashville, also the cholera at Memphis cut off all travel to and from these cities, and when disease had disappeared the whole South was completely prostrated by it. Close following this came the panic in the North, which had the effect to curtail shipments. The movements of the railroad company were characterized with great prudence throughout the suspension. Married men were always given the preference, when of equal ability, to others. Previous to the time the men were discharged less work was given them, working hours shortened, and all possible experiments resorted to in order to keep the men employed as long as possible."

"What was it to you?" asked Bruce, abruptly.

Even in the moonlight he saw the intense scarlet which flooded her face and white throat.

"We are human, both of us," she said softly.

"Was that all?" he asked, as abruptly as before.

Kitty rose, and gave him a glance of rebuke. "You are not kind. I will not stay here," and she moved a step away.

Bruce put out one hand to detain her. "One moment more," said he, "and once more forgive me, and for God's sake, tell me one thing!"

Kitty Trevlyn, paused, and, in an agitated voice he went on: "Miss Trevlyn, if I thought there was a creature on all God's footstool who could be anything for me, I would try to be a better man for that creature's sake."

"Why not for your own?" asked Kitty, gently.

"I don't care much for myself. If there were such an one, I should care for myself for that one's sake, as I said before. Miss Trevlyn, if you know of such a creature, tell me, in Heaven's name!"

"But you care for no one."

Bruce waited a moment, then spoke: "An hour ago, except to admire, I did not care especially for any one. A few moments it seems to me I have had a glance at a true woman's heart, and I say that no longer. Miss Trevlyn, I have taken that woman into my heart to love her forever and ever!" He spoke solemnly, and bending looked into Kitty Trevlyn's eyes.

And he saw that she, the courted and caressed queen of society, whom he had hardly dared admire at a distance, trembled like a child beneath his gaze.

"Can love be born in a moment?" she said, unsteadily.

"Yes! I know it now! Love, that will last forever. Oh, Miss Trevlyn, tell me, is there that one on earth who could love me? Tell me, and it will save me indeed!"

"There is!" Miss Trevlyn trembled like an autumn leaf. Bruce bent and spoke in a low, intense tone. "Where is she?"

"Here!" Bruce reached forward and took her hand close in both his own. He held it in silence one moment, he raised it to his lips. "It is all I am worthy of now," he said, "but I fear, I will go away, and I will go away to-morrow, and come to meet you a man whose name you need not fear to own, whose name you shall not blush to wear. Can you trust me?"

"Yes," she replied, "it was because I saw how much true nobility was in you, spite of your faults, that I could not help wanting to save you."

"You have saved me! I shall not fail you, for I have something to live for. Miss Trevlyn, I ask nothing now, but when my name and fame have been nobly retrieved, may I come back to you?"

"Yes."

"God bless you, then! It may be years, but if we live it shall not be forever. Miss Trevlyn, when I come, I will have kept faith with you, my hand, as I said, shall give me yours, otherwise what is a man's name worth? Shall it be so?"

"If you wish," said Kitty. "We have dared gossip long enough already; we had better go back to the hotel now."

AN ACT.

To secure a more thorough assessment of real property of the State.

Section 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Alabama, That the court of county commissioners of each county, shall, at their first session after the passage of this act, provide for a plan of the county, unless one has been heretofore applied, showing by section, township and range, all the lands in their county; and the lands in the United States survey, and such sections as belong to the United States shall be designated.

Sec. 2. Be it further enacted, That in making out a list of lands as required by section 38 of an act entitled an act to establish revenue laws for the State of Alabama, and approved December 31, 1863, and in addition to the duties therein imposed, the assessor shall perform the following: to-wit: first, the number of acres in each section of land, and the number of acres in each township, and the number of acres in each county, and the number of acres in each State, and the number of acres in each Union.

Sec. 3. Be it further enacted, That the assessor in performing the duties under the preceding section shall not report any lands belonging to the United States, unless they are so designated by the plat of the county; nor shall any lands be reported otherwise except from taxation, without the assessor shall show some law justifying the exemption.

Sec. 4. Be it further enacted, That the court of county commissioners of the several counties in this State, shall at their first session in each year, after all other business shall have been finished, proceed with the assistance of the assessor, to carefully examine the lists of land provided for in section 2 of this act, and see that all the sections of lands in the county, together with the whole number of acres in each of such sections, are accounted for by said list, and that no lands are reported as exempt from taxation, without the same is authorized by section three of this act. If any error in the list should be discovered, the commissioners shall immediately notify the assessor of the same, who, thereupon, shall forthwith make all needful corrections.

Sec. 5. Be it further enacted, If, in the performance of the duties demanded by the preceding section, should require more than one day, the probate judge and one commissioner aided by the assessor shall be competent to continue such examination and revision.

Sec. 6. Be it further enacted, That all laws and parts of laws in conflict with the provision of this bill, be and the same are hereby repealed.

Approved Dec. 17, 1873.

N. H. RICE,
Sec'y of State.

VERY SINGULAR COINCIDENCES.

—It is a singular and no less remarkable coincidence that Jefferson was born just eight years after his predecessor Adams; Madison just eight years after Jefferson; Monroe just eight years after Madison; and John Quincy Adams just eight years after Monroe. And Adams was just sixty-six years old when he retired; Jefferson was sixty-six; and John Quincy Adams had been elected to a second term, when he died.

"The last new arrival," said a chatty little matron, coming up to Miss Trevlyn and her mother, the day after they came down.

"Indeed! who is it?" asked Mrs. Trevlyn.

"Judge Tuning, from Tennessee," said the little lady.

"Tuning? Tuning? The name sounds familiar," observed Mrs. Trevlyn.

"Oh, yes, you know him when you were here before, said Mr. Mansfield, the chatty lady's husband. He was pretty fast then, everybody said he was gone to the dogs. He lost his money, went down South, and set up a law office, did nobly for himself, and got back most of his estate. And now he is a judge in very high standing. Oh, he is a 'made' man, I tell you."

"Married?" inquired Mrs. Trevlyn.

"Oh, no, not at all attentive to the ladies. People say there was a disappointment, or something of sort, years ago. Many think that the cause of his reform, but nobody knows who she was. He is coming in now. Shall I introduce him?"

"If you like; I dare say he has forgotten us."

Kitty said nothing, but as she met the glance of Judge Tuning's eye, a moment later, and saw his face light up, she knew he had not forgotten her.

He made his way instantly through the crowd, and waiting for no introduction, greeted Mrs. Trevlyn, and turning extended his hand to Kitty.

WEARY, LONELY, RESTLESS, HOMELESS.

By KATHERINE EARLE.

Weary hearted weary hearted by cares of life oppressed,
You are wandering in the shadows—ye are sighing forrest;
There is darkness in the heavens, and the earth is black below,
And the joys we trust today may to-morrow turn to woe.

Weary hearted, God is rest,
Lonely hearted, God is rest,
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