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At Home in the Prairies

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Beacon[?]

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At Home in the Prairies.

MONDAY, Dec. 3d., 1865.

Dear Beacon:—Several weeks have elapsed since my last visit to your column, yet you should not think that I have altogether forgotten you. Like most of careless correspondents, I have many reasons for my apparent neglect. All things beneath the sun are liable to mutation. A great change, perhaps one of the greatest conceivable, has recently affected the current of my secluded life, turning its channel from the wretched and frosty clime of celibacy towards the felicitous and genial shores of matrimony. Besides, the serious illness of my companion for the last ten days has so constantly demanded my attention (apart from the mental anxiety) as to utterly incapacitate me from writing, and, indeed, for any employment. Other causes of delay might be enumerated, but those already given will suffice.

The prospect of inducing freed-negroes to labor as they did prior to their emancipation, grows more gloomy every day. As the termination of the existing contract approaches, their degree of indolence augments. It seems impossible for them to be actuated by a sense of duty or motives of interest. What is to become of the poor, simple, creatures! But few are disposed to enter into contracts for the ensuing year. Not one of the fifty on this place has ever mentioned the subject of hiring for the next year. They appear still to cherish the sweet, though fatal delusion that lands and mules will be apportioned to them during the holidays of Christmas. It is impossible to undeceive them. They are determined to give credence to nothing, whether emanating from Northerner or Southerner, whether written or spoken, that tends to the overthrow of their favorite hallucination. Perhaps an angel from Heaven might convince them of their serious mistake. Certain it is nothing less will do so. But as there is no probability of a seraph or cherub condescending to such a mission, they must learn the lessons of industry from the bitter school of experience. A few months of idleness, want and imprisonment, may teach them the necessity of learning "to labor and to wait."

The thieving propensities of many people of *both colors* are still dominant. Only on Saturday night last more than fifty wagons passed our home, on the Brooksville highway, for the purpose of hauling off the Government cotton at the depot. Fortunately for the country, however, the prompt action of Capt. Dixon and his vigilant scouts, deterred the vandals from executing their nefarious project. The thanks of the whole country are due this gallant company of Dixon. Unless the bands of thieves and robbers, now infesting so large a portion of Mississippi, be dispersed and their organization destroyed, we cannot expect the withdrawal of the Federal garrisons from the State. If all good citizens will aid in accomplishing this result, then the military will no longer be required and may be removed.

The dire tragedy enacted at Mr. T. K. Thompson's residence at daylight on Sunday morning, excels in horror the most damnable acts recorded in the annals of history. The heart sickens at the contemplation of such a *black, diabolical, hell born crime*. Let us turn from it.

We were glad to see in your last issue, the first of a series of articles from "Timon of Wahalah." If we may judge from this, we may reasonably anticipate many a rich feast in the perusal of those yet to come. A double health to "Timon of Wahalak!" May he not, like his great predecessor, and, perhaps, progenitor, Timon of Athens, the misanthrope, be precipitated from the limb of his solitary fig-tree, and die simply because he would not have the attention and the assistance of any of the *hated* race of man! Rather may he live a thousand years, and may you, Mr. Editor, be a witness that he receives a decent christian burial! May the *Beacon* publish the obituary.

Truly Your Friend,

HANS.

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