The Louisiana Democrat.

E. R. BIOSSAT] THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH [EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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The Democrat.

TERMS:

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MISCELLANEOUS.

IMPORTANT
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Inviting attention to the annexed references, I remain, very respectfully, your servant,
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June 17, 1868—1m.

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GET THE MOST RELIABLE.
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H. ST. JOHN'S.
jan 2 tf

The Drunkard's Wife—A Voice to the Many.

[From the New Orleans Times.

"How beautiful the bride is. I wish very much she had married one of our village boys. She could have had any one of them; then we would not have to part with her. But she has chosen this city merchant, whose private life she knows nothing of, and we must give up the birdling of our village. A gayer, brighter, gentler bird never caroled its spring gladness from shrub or bough, than Mary Thornton. There is scarcely a dumb animal in our village but will miss her, and as for our people they know not how to do without her. The tears filled the sightless eyes of even old Bartimus as we all spoke of it this morning, and he said. 'Though I cannot see her, her light, quick step, her bright, joyous laugh, her kind words, have become like music to my old life, and I shall miss her all the short days I have to live.'

"I do not feel satisfied with her choice: there is a rumor that he is too fond of gay companions, but after all, this, and the fact that we are to lose her, may influence my opinion. But look at our Mary—the beautiful creature is so natural that she has neither blushes nor sighs for her wedding night, but is one radiant smile of happiness. Mr. Sherwood looks delighted and proud, but I would rather see far down in the depths of a bridgroom's eyes the gentle tenderness of a great love, which is too full, too entirely a part of himself to dance and glitter forth from his eyes in that style.

"The former may flow from a gratified pride in her beauty and many fascinations; while the latter can only spring from a full appreciation of the nobility and virtue of the woman. I do not like to be a prophet of ill-omen, particularly to our joyous birdling, but I greatly fear that William Sherwood is only capable of the former feeling, which is far too often mistaken by woman for love, and even by the man himself." Thus did the village minister comment to his young wife upon the two whom he had just united by God's holy sacrament of marriage.

Three years after this wedding night, let us look into a home of luxury and ease in this our Crescent City. The icy breath of an unusual winter night has glazed over the banquettes and stone steps with a thin sheeting of ice, the embers have burned low in the grate and seem to be fitfully sobbing out their glowing life in the cold winter blasts; the solemn, monitory tones of the great old city clock had slowly pealed out the hour of twelve; yet, by that street window, slightly raised that she may distinguish every foot step, sits a woman, not more than twenty, pressing her delicate cheek against the cold glass vainly trying to peer out into the street, while every nerve is alive to each passing foot-tread; until weary, disappointed and half sick, she sinks back in her chair, presses her cold, numb hands over the lava tide flowing deep in her struggling heart, and pours forth its agony unto the only friend to whom a wretched wife may speak.

"O, my God! he comes not; I cannot bear this long; oh! was it for nights of neglect and loneliness; for the great pain of a slighted love, that I left my beautiful village home, mother, father, sisters and brothers, all fondly loving me, to wed my life to his; is this the return for all the devotion of my young life so fully lavished upon him? O, God, Thou knowest the longing, aching agony of an unloved wife's heart; Thou knowest the dark desolation of a life like mine; oh! have mercy, have mercy."

Did this cry of anguish go up from a heart naturally sad and despoiding? Her husband often told her that it was her nature, and that she could not be happy in Heaven; but was this so? Oh! no; for three short years ago she was the spirit of light and joy—she was the village birdling; never had the loved ones in that dear home heard a sigh from her lips—but she is now the neglected wife of a drunkard. God have mercy upon her; for earth holds not a single balm for a woe like hers. Apart from her husband she knows that his degradation is hers; she is too proud to seek sympathy and comfort from the loved ones at home; so hides her woe from every eye save God's, and in silence and loneliness broods over her wrongs. Her infant daughter, so winning, so beautiful, feels the hot tears drop upon her baby face even while she smiles down upon her, and presses her closer to her aching heart; for what future is there for a drunkard's daughter?

Ten years from that night in that home of wealth, and the luxurious abode is gone, and a group of three are huddled in the corner, the babe is between them, the better to protect the emaciated little one from the keen winter blast which whistles through the crevices of the shattered house. The mother, who looks to be fifty, but is only thirty, is bowed over the wash-tub; the girl of twelve bends over the needle, when a little fretful cry escapes the group:

"Mother, we are so hungry; give us bread, only a little piece, mother."

"Be patient a while longer my children; I have two dimes in my pocket, and when these clothes are out you shall have food."

A heavy, staggering step and the door flies open, when William Sherwood reels in. The group of three instinctively huddle closer, and hush their very breaths in trembling fear; the fretful cry of the babe is stilled as it tucks its half famished looking face down in its sister's arms; the girl of twelve bends lower over the needle, while her pale face becomes a deadlier white.

"Mol, old girl, I want money; don't say no; I know that you have got it, and I mean to have it."

A look at her half famished children strengthened her purpose.

"William, you cannot have it; your children must have food."

See! he strikes the feeble woman to the floor, rifles her pockets of the dimes which were to buy food for his starving children, and staggers out to buy liquor—that damning curse of body and soul. God hath long borne with the sinning man; long watched over the suffering innocents; but He will not always strive with him, nor withhold His mercy from them. As that dastardly blow of the madman was struck, another saw the deed; a man of noble men crossed the street, kicked the wretch from the door, entered and raised the fallen woman, procured wine and food, and, when she had sufficiently recovered to speak, drew from her a brief history of her life.

No wonder that the strong man trembled while great tears coursed down his cheeks: for almost from the first he recognized in that wretched, broken down women, a twin sister whom he had been looking for since he lost sight of her six years before. Mary had altered in all save her proud spirit of independence, and the deep capacity for loving which yet lay hushed in her soul. This pride had made her seek concealment in her fallen degradation (the poor and wretched find it easy to conceal themselves,) to determine to make known herself to her family only in the hour of death; but now as Harry Thornton revealed himself to her, and she looked into his fine manly face, glowing with love for her, love triumphed and the feeble, tried woman sank sobbing within that brother's arms.

"Mary, my sister, I have never married. I believe this is owing to the unrest I felt about you. There has ever been a feeling within my heart that you would need me more than all others, which has keep me aloof from your sex, and I thank God that I have formed no closer tie, for now my care and my means shall be yours and your children's. Not another hour shall you remain in this hovel. We will first visit a ready-made clothing establishment, and then we will take rooms at the hotel until I am ready to leave the city."

"Brother, what of their father? I cannot abandon him to a drunkard's grave."

Harry Thornton's face flushed scarlet, and flashes of indignation sparkled from his eyes: but as he looked up into the tear-dimmed, pleading eyes of that wan face, he took her hand gently.

"Mary, I cannot understand this feeling for such a debased, besotted wretch; but woman feel differently in such matters.—You may leave a note telling him where you are, and that when he feels like accepting the quiet of a country life, he can come to us."

"Most of all, my dear brother, do I feel the magnanimity of this; and from the depths of my soul I thank you."

It may be said that this is an extreme case, but there are many, very many equal to it, which the world scarcely notices because woman in her pride conceals just as long as it is possible to do so; but as for that drunkenness which cloudes the mind and unfits it for sound judgment, slowly undermines the constitution of man, and renders him a curse to his family, it is to be found everywhere; in the hovel and in the place; in the shop and in the mercantile house; in the medical board and at the bar in city offices in State Legislatures, and in National councils its baneful influence is felt. Oh, why does man, born after the express image of God, so debase himself and hasten himself into eternity unprepared to meet his Creator? Surely there is a madness in it. There are few men who would not pause and sober themselves if they knew that they were about to enter the visible presence of God. Would that they could realize that they are visible to Him every moment of their lives! Then, me thinks, thousand upon thousands would be saved, and millons of women and children spared lifetimes of torture. Oh! will the day never come when virtue will triumph over sin, sobriety over dissipation? God grant it speedily, to our Southland at least.

BEVERLEY.

☞ We copy as follows from the special Washington dispatch to the Louisville Journal:

Grant's runaway trip to the Rocky Mountains excites general comment in every circle. It has been even hinted that his "habits" had something to do with the move, and that it was made in obedience to the orders of his medical director.—Others consider it a prudential step to get out of reach of speech-making and visitors. Others again thought it a cowardly retreat before the invective of Wendell Phillips. It turns out, however that a different motive lay at the bottom of it. The President has ordered the Secretary of War to refer the Georgia military arrests to Grant for adjudication, in accordance with the laws of Congress. In doing this Mr. Johnson reserved to himself the right to set aside Grant's ruling, if it should be unjust. Grant has, therefore, got out of the way to shrik the responsibility.

A Forcible Protest.

We publish to-day the full text of the protest of the Democratic members of the House of Representatives against the admission of the pretended members from the Africanized State of Arkansas. It is worthy of attentive perusal. If the Northern people are not dead to the promptings of self-respect and honor, they must be influenced by this document to ponder seriously the condition of the country.

In this document the Democrats of Congress declare their purpose not to sit down quietly, under all the outrages which Radicalism may perpetrate, but to "right this wrong." There is hope for the South, and for the whole country, in this manly declaration. That there is no wrong without a remedy in law is the teaching of our English constitutional or common-law lawyers. Surely we have not so improved upon the institutions as that we must submit for all time to come to whatever wrongs an infuriated band of unprincipled partizans shall attempt to fasten upon us. Thus speaks the Richmond Dispatch:

PROTEST AGAINST THE ADMISSION OF THE ARKANSAS REPRESENTATIVES.

In the House of Representatives on Monday, Mr. Brooks, on behalf of the Democratic members, offered the following protest; which was ordered to be printed in the official journal of Congressional debates:

The recognized presence of three persons on the floor of this House from the State of Arkansas, sent here by military force, acting under a Brigadier General of the army, but nevertheless claiming to be members of this Congress, and to share with us, the representatives from free States, in the imposition of taxes and customs and other laws upon our people, makes it our imperative duty in this, the first case, to remonstrate most solemnly, and to protest as solemnly, against this perilous and destructive innovation upon the principles and practices of our hitherto constitutional self-government. The so-called Reconstruction acts which created the military government in Arkansas, and like governments in other Southern States, to share with us in the legislative power of the Northern and Western free people, we have every reason to believe have been held to be unconstitutional by the Supreme Court of the United States, the public declaration of which fact was avoided only by the extraordinary and strange device of this Congress in snatching jurisdiction from the Court in the McCardle case when such a public decision was about to be made. Of the three great branches of the Government it seems, then, that after the Executive vetoed these acts as unconstitutional, the Judiciary adjudicated them to be so, while a Congress—the creation of but twenty-seven of the thirty-seven States of the Union—override these equal and coordinate branches of that Government, first, by voting down the vetoes; next, by nullifying the judgment of the court. In an era of profound peace, when not an armed man rises against the government from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, there, in ten States, our American historical way of creating the organic law has been utterly subverted by the bayonet.—Ever since the Declaration of Independence, with scarcely an exception, and even amid the battles of the revolution, conventions have been convoked through and constitutions created by the electors of the States, the only authorized depositories of the sovereign power of every State, without exterior dictation, as under the existing Federal Constitution, the hardest and harshest test-oath required from 1776 to the peace of 1783 was an abjuration oath of allegiance to George the Third; while some of the now so-called bayonet-made Constitutions from the South propose absurd and cruel tests—absurd, as in Arkansas, where is interwoven in the organic law a mere party test between the Radical reconstructionists and the Democratic Conservatiues, such as would exclude from voting, if living there, the thousands and tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands of Democrats in the free States (articles eight, section 4;) or cruel, as in Alabama, where no white man can vote who will not forever forswear his own race and color, and perjure himself by swearing, in defiance of the law of God, that the negro is his equal, and forever to be his equal, at the ballot-box, in the jury box, with the cartouche-box, in the school, in the college, in house and home, and by the fireside; in short, in every way, everywhere. (Article 7, section 4.) Now in these and the other Southern States, in the midst of war, President Lincoln, in his proclamation December 8, 1863, offered amnesty and pardon to rebels then in arms if they would lay down their arms and take an oath of fidelity; while now not a Union man in Arkansas or Alabama can vote unless, in the first place, he swears allegiance to the majesty of this Congress, and, in the next, swears off his Americanism and Africanizes himself. Hitherto constitutions with us have been the outgrowth of popular life, springing from the exuberance of our enterprise and energy in the settlement of the forests or prairies of our country; but here before us now we have nine constitutions, with one, if not three, more yet to come from Texas, which have all been imposed upon the people by five military satraps, or pentarchs, in a manner never before known under our law, but borrowed, at best, from imperial Roman colonization, or from the worst precedents of the French Revolution. France is then recorded to have had five constitutions in three years, so frequently made and so frequently changed that they were ironically classed by the French people with the periodical literature of the day. Louisiana, a colony of that France, has had four constitutions in four years, and a constitution there has now become periodical literature, as in France in the agonies and throes of the great revolution. Laws, mere statute laws, which can never be created by constitutions, are appended, more or less, to all these constitutions; and these bayonet-created, one-branch governments, with no Executive, no Senate, no House of Representatives, no judiciary, have ordained irrepealable, irreversible laws in the very organism of the State, such as cannot thus be created by the Executive, the Senate, and House of Representatives of legitimate governments, when acting in unison, and all combined. All this has been done without regard to preceding constitutions or precedents, or to the common law of the States, or the law of nations. The military, which under legitimate institutions can only be used in times of peace to conserve or preserve the State, have here been used to destroy States. The General of the army, who represents the sword, and only the sword, of the Republic, has been exalted by acts of Congress above the constitutional Commander-in-chief of the army and navy, in order to execute those military decrees, and as the surer way to root out every vestige of constitutional law or liberty. The same General of the army, in order to prolong and perpetuate this military domination of North and West, as well as South, has been selected in party convention at Chicago to head the electoral vote for the Presidency in ten of our States, which are as much under his feet as Turkey is under the Sultan or Poland under the Czar of Russia. But, as if only to add insult to the injury of this military outrage upon the popular government in these ten States, either by act of Congress or by these Congress soldier-made State Constitutions, at least 250,000 whites have been disfranchised, while 750,000 negroes, inexperienced in all law-making, and more ignorant than our children, have been enfranchised in their stead, and have thus been created absolute masters and sovereigns over the whole white population of the South.

Because of all this, and in opposition to all this, we, representatives of the people from the free States, in behalf of our constituents and of thousands and tens of thousands of others who would be represented if the popular power without could now constitutionally act here within, earnestly and solemnly protest against this violence upon our Constitution and upon our people, and do hereby counsel and advise all friends of popular government to submit to this force only until at the ballott-box, operating through the elections, this great wrong can be put right. There is no law in the land over the constitution al law. There is no government but constitutional government; and hence all bayonet-made, all Congress-imposed constitutions are of no weight, authority, or sanction, save that enforced by arms—an element of power unknown to Americans in peace, and never required but as it acts in and under the supreme civil law, the Constitution, and the statues enacted in pursuance thereof. We protest, then, in behalf of the free people of the North and the West, against the right of this military oligarchy, established in Arkansas or elsewhere in the now re-enslayed States of the South, to impose upon us, through Congress, taxes or customs, or other laws to maintain this oligarchy, or its Freedmen's Bureau. We protest against going into the now proposed copartnership of military dictators and negroes in the administration of this Government. We demand, in the name of the fathers of the Constitution and for the sake of posterity, not its reconstruction, but the restoration of that sacred instrument which has been to us a pillar of fire from 1787 on to its present overthrow; and in all solemnity, before God and man, under a full sense of the responsibility of all we utter, we do hereby affix our names to this protest against the admission of these three persons, claiming to be members of Congress from Arkansas.

James Brooks, James B. Beck, P. Van Tramp, Charles A. Eldrige, Samuel J. Randall, A. J. Glossnrenner, Stevenson Archer, John A. Nicholson, John Morrissey, Thomas Laurens Jones, W. E. Niblack, Julius Hotchkiss, Wm. H. Barnum, John W. Chanler, S. B. Axtell, S. S. Marshall, W. S. Holman, C. W. P. Haight, Chas. Sitgreaves, Lewis M. Ross, H. McCullough, J. Procktor Knot, W. Mungen, Stephen Taber, Asa P. Grover. L. S. Trimble, F. M. Adams, J. S. Golladay. J. W. Humphrey, Firnando Wood, J. Lawrence Getz, T. Stone, M. C. Kerr, John Fox, Jas. A. Johnson, John V. L. Pruyn, W. E. Robison, B. M. Boyer, George W. Woodward, C. E. Phelps, A. G. Burr, D. M. Van Auken, J. R. McCormick, Demas Barnes, Jas. M. Kavanaugh.

☞ A grandson of Isaac Hill, the noted politician, and thirty years ago editor of the New Hampshire Patriot, has succeeded to the position of his grandfather, having recently purchased that newspaper.

General Forrest and Joe. Brown.

Gen. N. B. Forrest, the great cavalry officer of the Confederacy, is a delegate to the National Democratic Convention. It is said that he is quite popular with the Federal officers at Memphis, who know how to appreciate a gallant soldier, though a late enemy, and how to admire an honest gentlemen, though a late "Rebel". When Forrest was announced as a delegate to the Convention, quite a breeze of opposition, sprang up in Tennessee, but it was lulled to rest. Already, several Radical journals elsewhere have commenced harping on Fort Pillow and the curious spectacle to be presented on the fourth of July when the hero of that fight shall be in a solemn conclave of Democrats. It has been quite forcibly shown that Forrest at New York will be a more presentable figure than Joe Brown at Chicago. The General has made the comparison himself, after a homely but incisive fashion, and we will let him speak for himself. A correspondent of the Louisville Courier thus reports.

HIS POSITION.

"I didn't want to go to the National Democratic Convention," said Forrest. "In fact, it did not cross my mind until it was urged on me by some of the most prominent citizens and politicians in Tennessee. I thought at the start that it would be imprudent to send me, but they argued differently, and when I at last gave my consent I did not feel at liberty to retire and leave my friends to hold the bag. Two or three times in the State Convention while they were debating the question I had half a mind to draw out, and failed to do so because I consider that when a man has put himself in the hands of others he has no right to be run off by false delicacy."

"You mean to go of course?"

"To be sure I do. It won't be more curious, I reckon, to see me in a Democratic convention than it was to see Joe Brown in a Radical convention."

"But he's recanted all his sins, and you have'nt; in other words, he goes with the ruling power, and you don't."

"There is a good deal of mistake about that," he answered. "The Radicals like Joe Brown because he is a Radical. I suppose the same rule would apply to me with the Democrats. Why, sir, the warmest reception I've had since the war was from General Sherman. I'm not afraid of the Democratic soldiers or the Republican soldiers, I like General Hancock, and I don't believe there is a brave or reasonable Union soldier who dislikes or doubts me as a man. I went into the war because my vote had been unable to preserve the peace. I took a through ticket of course, and I fought and lost as much asny one a else certainly as much as I could. Now the war's over, and I'm under oath to keep my parole. Suppose I consider myself an outlaw and refuse to take part in what's going on, does that help me keep my oath? Won't folks that are disposed to be ill-natured say I'm sullen and dangerous, and only waiting a chance to break out in a fresh place? That's what they have said. Now I give the country a sort of hostage in addition to my parole when I join an active, organized body of Union men in the North, and I proclaim when I go to New York that I am least as well reconstructed as Joe Brown who was an original secessionist.

"Are you committed to any candidate?

"None whatever, except as the Nashville Convention committed me. I guess the delegation will have no trouble deciding who it will go for. What we do want is the best man. It ain't because we hate Grant that we are anxious to beat his ticket. It's because the Radicals won't give us a chance if they keep in power. Look at Tennessee. That's Radicalism, and that's why I'm a Democrat.

☞ What the Louisville Journal of the 22d ult. says of the veto:

THE VETO.—The President's message vetoing the Arkansas bill is short and sharp, though he might easily have made it longer without making it less sharp; and we incline to regret that he did not, for the President's message, no matter how long is always read by everybody and we should like to have everybody at this time read an exhaustive discussion of the great question of the time. The occasion for such a discussion was invitingly presented in the Arkansas bill, and is again presented, perhaps still more invitingly, in the Omnibus bill now before the President. As he has forborne to make the most of the former occasion, it may be that he will prove less forbearing with respect to the present one, and thoroughly sift the whole question for the benefit of the whole people, who can be reached so well in no other way. We hope that he will. In this mighty contest President Johnson's services to the public cause, vast and priceless as they have been, have consisted above all in the masterly and luminous dissenssions of his veto messages; and, if the sun of our liberties shall indeed presently set, those messages will shine like stars in the night that follows. Let him by all means add one more star to the peerless galaxy. Let him veto the Omnibus bill in a message that shall illuminate and electrify the entire land. He can do it. And it alone may save the republic. What more sublime and exquisite vengeance could he take upon its enemies and his own?

The Latest Outrage.

[From the Hartford Times.

The outrages of the Radical majority in Congress, in turning out Democratic members who were legally and clearly elected, and putting in their places Radicals who have been rejected by the people in their respective districts, will recoil with damaging effect upon the party guilty of such injustice. There was never a grosser act of political wickedness, or more wanton exercise of arbitrary power, than the unseating of Mr. Voorhees. So shameless was the proceeding that when the vote was taken, Mr. Deming, of Connecticut, rose and left the House, saying he would not be a party to such injustice. No more excusable was the expulsion of Mr. Brooks, of New York, Mr. Baldwin, of Michigan, and Senator Stockton, of New Jersey. It was done in accordance with the order of Thaddeus Stevens, who told his party friends that it would be necessary to reduce the Democratic strength in order to make sure of a two-thirds vote for impeachment and other extreme party measures. None of these extreme party measures were then deemed probable by a majority of the Republican members; but Stevens assured them that they would be brought up, and the crime of unseating Democratic members without just cause was duly perpetrated. Now it is followed by the expulsion of Gen. Morgan, the popular Democratic member from the 13th district of Ohio, who was elected by a clear majority of three or four hundred over Delano, his Radical competitor. As in the case of Voorhees, so in that of Morgan; in order to make out a case, the committee were obliged to throw out the entire Democratic vote of whole precincts, and count the Republican vote!

The latest (it may not be the last) of these wanton exercises of party power is the decision of the committee to let in McKee, from the 9th district of Kentucky. He only received 7,563 votes against 9,004. There was no question of Mr. Young's election and the only excuse the Radicals could invent for turning him out was the assertion that he was elected by "rebel" votes. Kentucky had never seceded, and they might with as much propriety have unseated Mr. Hubbard, the representative of the First District of Connecticut, on the plea that "rebel" votes had elected him. But they were obliged to add that while Mr. Young must be expelled, his Radical competitor, not having been elected, could not be admitted. So said their committee. Now, it seems they have changed their minds: they report that McKee must be admitted!

One thing is certain. The manifold crimes of this Radical party—their organized spy system and their subornation of perjury, to hang innocent people; their wicked impeachment schemes; their forcing of negro government on the helpless States of the South, while they reject it at home; their shameless gerrymandering of States and cities, to overcome the people's will; their unseating of Democratic Congressmen regardless of Right and Justice, in order to retain a two-thirds power—these, and other crimes of the Radical party have sealed their doom! Death awaits them as a party: and it is a death which has no resurrection!

A BUREAU CASE.—I send you a humorous case that appeared before the Freedmen's Bureau—an actual fact, and one that your readers will enjoy if there be any humor in them; Abram had his complaint in writing. Here it is:

COMPLAINT IN FREEDMEN'S BUREAU BALDWIN COUNTY.

Abram vs his wife Lizer:

I was reformed that you was de Captain of de Bureau for de purpose of tendin to us, and I come to *esplain* my case and will try to sense you about it, in regard of my wife which was a lawful marriage 'fore freedom come out.

The quotation of de marrying was in a Hyme Book, by a white man as was our overseer: To "Lizer so long as you both shall live for washin and patchin, 'till deth do you part in Holy *binds* of matrimony and likewise the same also to Abram."—After the "mystery of freedom" come out I uperoended a detachment she prohibited for a colored man of de name of Bob Corusher used to 'long to Mr. Jonston and ever sense my mind has been very much convulsed in peace and consolation in quenseconse of her fractious debility. She is constant cussing and billicatin me and called me a d—d ash cat, kinkey-head nigger, and resumed dat I was not exceptable to a deficient degree for the qualification of her fambly in de regard of man and wife.

I tole her dat my har was as straight as hern, and dat it was my retention to come to you to see if de quotation of de Bureau would ractify de affibility of her indisposition in de regard of a wife billatin her husband, and she told me I mought go she didn't care a d—n for you nor de Bureau too. Her mammy tole her she ought to be shame of her herself, and 'merely chastised her for her talk. De nex day I was very much distrusted in de agrivation of my feelins, and I went and axed her bountiful Providence, and she 'lowed she'd grant it if I would stop encounterfeitin her character.

I went to her old farmerly owners and dey said dat de marryin was out of de Hyme Book and was according to de compliments of de law, and dat me and Lizer was jined in de quotations of a connectible marriage and dat there was no escuse for her to fabricate de injunction of de marriage for the enjurance of her life, and if she did, you would ractify it in de quotation of de Bureau, and put Bob in de Penitentiary for the enjurance of his life. And I come to ax if this is de law."

Decision by the Bureau in favor of plaintiff.—[Hartford Times.