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## Choice Poetry.

### MY MOTHER.

NAPOLEON AND THE BRITISH SOLDIER.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

I love contemplating apart
From all his homicidal story,
The traits that soften to our heart
Napoleon's glory.

'Twas when his banners at Boulogne
Arm'd in our island every freeman,
His navy chanced to capture one
Poor British seaman.

They suffered him, I know not how,
Unprisoned on the shore to roam;
And aye was bent his youthful brow
On England's home.

His eye, methinks, pursued the flight
Of birds to Britain half way over,
With envy; they could reach the white,
Dear cliffs of Dover!

A stormy midnight watch, he thought,
Than this sojourn would have been dearer,
If but the storm the vessel brought
To England nearer!

At last, when care had banished sleep,
He saw, one morning, dreaming, dozing,
An empty hogshead, on the deep,
Come shoreward floating!

He hid it in a cave, and wrought
The livelong day, laborious, lurking,
Until he launched a tiny boat
By mighty working!

Heaven help us! 'twas a thing beyond
Description; such a wretched wherry,
Perhaps, ne're ventured on a pond,
Or crossed a ferry.

For, ploughing in the salt sea field,
'Twould make the very boldest shudder;
Untarr'd, uncompass'd, and unkeel'd,
No sail, no rudder.

From neighboring woods, he interlaced
His sorry skiff with wattled willows;
And thus equipped, he would have passed
The foaming billows.

The French guard caught him on a beach,
His little argus sorely jeering,
Till tidings of him came to reach
Napoleon's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood,
Serene alike in peace or danger,
And in his wonted attitude,
Addressed the stranger:

"Rash youth, that wouldst you channel pass,
With twigs and staves so finely fashioned;
Thy heart with some sweet English lass
Must be impassioned."

"I have no sweetheart," said the lad;
"But, absent years from one another,
Great was the longing that I had
To see my mother."

"And so thou shalt!" Napoleon said;
"You've both my favor justly won;
A noble mother must have bred
No brave a son."

He gave the tar a piece of gold;
And with a flag of truce, commanded
He should be shipped to England Old,
And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scantily shift,
To find a sinner plain and hearty;
But never changed the coin and gift
Of Bonaparte.

## Select Story.

### WHY I AM A BACHELOR.

BY ONE OF THE SMITH FAMILY.

My name is Smith—John Smith. I am sixty years of age next birth-day, and unmarried. I have been in love, however—hopelessly in love—and yet I am a bachelor. Why I am so, I have now to tell.

During my young days, I had no time to think of the other sex. I determined I would make my fortune first, and see about a wife afterwards. I worked and strove—accumulated and denied myself the harmless pleasures that costs money, yet I did not get rich as fast as I expected, and I had reached forty years of age before I thought I was justified in looking about for a wife.

When that time came, I set about my task earnestly. I am a business man, and always go to work systematically. In the first place, I looked all through my acquaintances and friends. They were not numerous, and I soon found there were no young ladies amongst them who would suit me.

Then I tried the boarding house scheme, by which, I mean, I advertised for board—and answered all the replies in person. Whenever I saw any young girl in a house, there I took board—but none of them would suit me. At last I received an answer to my advertisement, from a widow lady with one daughter. I called at the house and was ushered into an elegantly furnished parlor, where a young lady was seated playing a piano. In spite of Shakspeare's denunciation of a man who has no music in his soul, I never had any music in mine. I don't know Yankee Doodle from Old Hundred—and yet, strange to say, the music sounded pretty as it trickled from her fingers. She did not hear me enter, so she continued to play. I listened for some minutes, and then coughed gently. She turned her head, and with a blush rose from her seat. I think I had never seen so beautiful a girl before. She was not more than eighteen years of age—tall and graceful—her form beautifully rounded—dark auburn hair hung in natural ringlets on a swan-like neck. In short, the moment I saw her I performed the imaginary pantomime of slapping my trowsers' pocket, and exclaiming mentally, "Here's a girl for my money."

"Did you want to see my mother?" asked the lovely creature in her musical voice.

"Have I the pleasure of speaking to Miss Clarkson?" I asked.

"Yes, sir."

"I have called, madam, in reference to a note I received—I believe from your mother—stating that you wished to take a single gentleman to board with you."

"Yes, sir; I will call my mother."

And the fairy bounded out of the room.

In a minute or two afterwards, the mother entered the room. If the daughter was pretty, the widow was decidedly ugly. She was past forty, thin, scraggy, wore false teeth and false hair. When I looked at her I almost felt tempted to leave the house—but then I gazed at the daughter, and determined to remain. The preliminaries were soon arranged, and the next day I took up my abode under the roof of Widow Clarkson.

I soon felt quite at home, and determined to make myself as agreeable as possible. I was polite to the mother, tender to the daughter, and evidently pleased the old woman, for I ate but little. Our evenings were very pleasant—a young friend of the family used to drop in occasionally, and we played whist. The young man was a cousin of the family—a rather pleasant young fellow, and the time passed very agreeably away.

In the meantime I prosecuted my suit earnestly. I have always held it an axiom, that if you want to succeed with the young branches of a family, you pay attention to the head; there is nothing like procuring a "friend at court." This plan I followed. I was very polite to Mrs. Clarkson; I waited on her at the table; I escorted her to the theatre and opera; and read to her Cobb's last. I got on finely. I soon saw that she was very partial to me. In the meantime I did not neglect my suit with the object of my affections. I gazed on her tenderly; I pressed her hand whenever I had an opportunity, and believed that I had made considerable impression on her young heart.

Things went on in this way for more than two months, when I thought it high time that I should bring matters to a crisis.

One evening I entered the sitting room, and found the charming girl alone. The cousin had not yet come, although he now visited the house every night. This was too good an opportunity to be lost.

"Miss Clarkson," said I, approaching her, "I wish to have a little conversation with you."

"I think I can guess what it is about," said she, smiling archly.

"You encourage me," I replied, glad to find that my attentions had not been thrown away, and arguing the best results of this cordial reception. "You think you know my errand, then?"

"Yes, indeed; your attentions are too pointed to be mistaken."

"I am gratified to find you so discerning"—and I took her hand—"and now, dear Charlotte, allow me to call you so, since you have penetrated my secret, I only want your consent, to make me a happy man?"

"Set your mind at rest, then, sir—I have no objection whatever."

I was rather surprised that she consented so readily. I think I should have taken it better if she had been a little more coy in the matter.

"Dear girl!" I exclaimed, and claiming a lover's privilege, kissed her cheek. She did not make the slightest opposition.

"You consent, then," I exclaimed. "that I should be your protector through life?"

"You are very kind sir," returned the fair girl; "as I said before, I have no objection."

I thought she was very cold in her language, but I put it down to maidenly modesty.

"Charlotte, your consent has made me the happiest of men; when shall the ceremony take place?"

"Don't you think mamma had better answer the question? You had better consult her upon that matter."

"True, my dear child; I admire your delicacy—I run to her on wings of love. Oh, what a happy man you have made me!"

"I am sure sir, I am very glad it was in my power to give you pleasure. I do not think you had any reason to doubt my concurrence in your wishes."

"There is no reading the human heart I know—I thought perhaps the difference in ages—"

"What do two or three years signify?" replied my darling, smiling.

"Dear girl; how kind of you to say that," I returned, charmed with her delicacy in considering twenty-two years only as two or three years. "But I will go to your mamma at once; adieu, darling for a few minutes."

So saying, I hurried from the room. I sent up a message to Mrs. Clarkson, that I wished to see her on important business, and would wait for her in the dining-room. In about a quarter of an hour she came down stairs dressed in a most gorgeous manner, but in spite of her toilet, I could not help remarking that she looked thinner and scraggier than ever.

"Mrs. Clarkson," I commenced, making a most profound bow. "I wish to talk with you on a very important matter—one which nearly concernes my happiness."

"I shall be pleased to hear what you have to say, sir," replied the widow, taking her seat on the sofa by my side.

"Dear Mrs. Clarkson," I began, for I thought it best to smooth her down, "I have now been an inmate of your house for two months. I need not dwell upon the happiness I have enjoyed in your charming society. Your charming daughter and yourself have conspired to make me the happiest man of mortals. Your own natural acuteness must have long ago detected that my heart is involved. Yes, my dear madam, I could not gaze on that lovely form without being sensible that this house contains a prize of the most peerless worth. I have even dared to hope that I may claim that prize as my own, and now only await your consent."

"Really, sir," stammered the widow, glancing on the carpet, "this confession has taken me by unawares; I do not know if my daughter would like—"

"Make your mind easy on that score, my dear Mrs. Clarkson; I have seen your daughter, and have gained her consent to our marriage."

"Thoughtful man!" exclaimed the widow.

"I thought this was a strange reply to make, but I knew the mother was a little eccentric, and put it down to that score.

"Now, my dear madam," I exclaimed, "I only wait for your answer. Will you consent to make me the happiest man in the United States?"

"Really, sir," this is so unexpected. You take me so much by surprise, I scarcely know what reply to make. I am a poor, lone widow, Mr. Smith. My dear, departed husband was a kind husband to me. Respect for his memory—"

"My dear madam," I interrupted, "I am sure if the late Mr. Clarkson is looking down from heaven this moment, he gives his consent. I am rich, madam; you shall have a house worthy of your kind heart."

"My dear John, I can resist no longer," and the widow deposited her head of false hair on my heart.

I did not expect this demonstration, and gently removed her head. Nor did I at first understand her calling me John—but then I thought as I was soon to become her son-in-law, she was addressing me filially.

"John," she exclaimed, "dear John, I will confess the truth, I do love you."

"You love me?"

"Yes, dear John, your entreaties have prevailed. I consent to be your wife," and I felt her scraggy arm pass around my neck, while she hugged my face against her hard cheek bones.

"Madam," I exclaimed, "release me—I hear a step."

"No, dear John, I cannot release you. Are you not soon to become my own dear husband?"

And she hugged me again, harder than before.

At that moment the door opened, and the cousin and Miss Clarkson entered the room. When they saw our loving attitude, they retired laughing.

"Madam, there's a mistake," I exclaimed. "I do not want to marry you, but your daughter."

"What, sir!" exclaimed the ogress, releasing her hold. "What do you tell me, you bold man? Is this the way you trifle with a lone widow's feelings? You know my daughter is to be married to her cousin next week. And you dare to insult me in this manner—if there's any justice in the land, sir, I will have it."

So saying she bounded out of the room.

I received notice to quit that day—and three days afterward an action for breach of promise of marriage was commenced against me. It was in vain my counsel tried to explain the mistake. The evidence was too strong against me, and I was compelled to pay five thousand dollars and damages.

Since that day I have become a misanthropist. I hate both men and women—but especially the latter.

The reader now knows why I am a bachelor.

### Death of a Friend of Carl Schurz—A Political Recipe.

The romantic flight of the agitator Kinkle from the prison at Spandau excited much interest at the time. One of the men who aided his escape, says the Pall Mall *Gazette*, has just died at Strehlen, near Dresden. He was a landed proprietor, Adolpe Hensel by name, and his share in Kinkel's flight was never discovered till his death. The *Volks Zeitung* relates the story as follows:

"On the night of the 8th of November, 1850, Hensel, disguised as a coachman, sat waiting on the box of a carriage close by the House of Correction at Spandau, ready to drive at a moment's notice. He was accompanied by Carl Schurz and Dr. Friedenthal, and with them saw Kinkle let himself down with a rope from the giddy hight of an opening in the prison roof. He drove off at a tearing gallop with Schurz and Kinkle soon after midnight. He had chosen his strongest and swiftest horses. They pressed on without a moment's rest to Gransee, a village eight German miles from Spandau. Here the hungry and exhausted horses were baited, and at eight o'clock on the morning of the 9th of November the fugitives reached the frontier of Strelitz, and arrived at Alstrelitz at one o'clock in the day. The horses had done thirteen German miles at a stretch. Hensel drove back to his estate from Alstrelitz, and the fugitives went on to Rostock, from which place, as is well known, they embarked for England. The police never succeeded in identifying the coachman without whose assistance the escape could scarcely have been effected, and Hensel never experienced any molestation from the authorities."

SOME time since ice was broken on a duck-pond in Wade's Valley, Alpine County, for the purpose of getting to water to baptize a Mormon convert. Subsequently, and during the coldest weather, the pond failed to freeze over again. The proprietor thought a little strange of this, but looked upon the phenomenon with that skepticism peculiar to unbelievers, until his ducks began to die off, when he commenced swearing. Every duck on the ranch, twenty-five in number, died, when the ranchman turned the water out of the pond upon some grass land, and now the land here is as bare as a marble floor, and the rancher is in despair.—*Carson State Register.*

## Miscellany.

### SINCE YOU AND I WERE YOUNG.

I'm standing by the window still,
Where we have stood of yore;
The buttonwood is waving still,
Its branches near the door;
And near me creeps the wild rose vine,
On which our wreath were hung;
Still 'round the porch its tendrils twine,
As when we both were young.

The little path that used to lead
Down by the river shore,
Is overgrown with briar and weed—
Not level as before—
But there's no change upon the hill
From whence our voices rung;
The violets deck its summit still,
As when we both were young.

And yonder is the old oak tree,
Beneath whose spreading shade,
When our young hearts were light and free,
In innocence we played;
And everywhere, the meadow gate,
On which our playmates swung,
Still standing in its rustic state,
As when we both were young.

I see the moss-grown spot,
Beneath the yew tree's shade,
Where early friends—perchance forgot—
In earth's embrace are laid;
The early friends of hope and trust,
'Round whom our being clung,
All slumber in the silent dust,
Since you and I were young.

But, on! there is a pleasing sense,
That hovers o'er the scene;
No matter where our wanderings hence,
Or distant for between;
Fond memory brings us back to rove
These pleasant haunts among—
The faded scenes of early love,
When you and I were young.

### PHILLIPS ON GREELEY.

**His Advice to the Colored Citizens of Boston—In Answer to a Letter Asking Him "To Address the Citizens of Boston on the Political Issue of the Day."**

SWAMPSCOTT, August 9, 1872.

GENTLEMEN—You ask me to address you on the question involved in the canvass between President Grant and Mr. Greeley. I thank you for the confidence implied in your request. Among you I see many who have been workers with me in the anti-slavery cause for years.

My residence here makes it inconvenient for me to attend a public meeting in Boston; and, indeed, I think I can state my views more satisfactorily in a letter than in a public address. If you please, therefore, I will communicate with you in this way, rather than in the one you suggest.

Of course the first thought that occurs to you and me just now is, that one of your best, ablest and most watchful friends, Mr. Senator Sumner, advises you to vote for Horace Greeley, and believes that your rights will be safe only in his keeping. I touch with reverend hand everything from Mr. Sumner. I can never forget his measureless services to the anti-slavery cause, and to your race. Whenever I read his words, I read them overshadowed by the memory of his early entire consecration to the service of impartial liberty—of that zeal which has never flagged—that watchfulness which has seldom been deceived—of that devotion which has so rarely shrunk from any sacrifice—which no opposition could tire and no danger appal. From such a counselor I venture to differ with great reluctance, and only after mature deliberation. I should hesitate to publish my dissent if I were not sure that I was right, and that he was wrong—that the occasion was very important, and his mistake one which leads to fatal results.

My judgment is the exact opposite of Mr. Sumner's. I think every loyal man, and especially every colored man, should vote for Gen. Grant, and that the nation and your race are safe only in the hands of the old, regular Republican party.

Some may ask how I come to think thus, when I was one of the few loyal men who protested in 1868, against Grant's nomination, and seeing that I have so often affirmed that the Republican party had outlived its usefulness.

Gentlemen, the reasons which lead me to my present opinion, in spite of my former views, ought to give my judgment more weight with you, I am forced by late developments to my present position.

You remember that in 1868, I emphatically denied General Grant's fitness for the Presidency. Derided by the Republican press, I went from city to city, protesting against his election. In private, with Mr. Sumner and others, I argued long and earnestly against the risk of putting such a man into such an office. At that time they saw only his great merits and supported him heartily. The defects of his administration are no surprise to me. I may say, without boasting, that I prophesied those effects. I do not wish to hide them to-day. I entirely agree with Mr. Sumner as to the grave fault and intolerable insolence of the administration in the San Domingo matter. I think the frequent putting of relatives into office highly objectionable, and the sad career of Webster is warning enough against any man in public life venturing to accepts gifts from living men. These and other defects are no surprise to me. The eminent merits of General Grant's administration are, I confess, a surprise to me.

His truly original, statesmanlike and christain policy toward the Indians is admirable, and, standing alone, is enough to make him a statesman. His patience amid innumerable difficulties in our foreign relations is wonderful in one bred a soldier. The aid the administration has given to the industrial and financial prosperity of the country is a great merit. General Grant's prompt interference for justice to the workingmen in defiance of those about him, relative to the execution of the eight-hour law, I shall always remember. The crime of the Republican party in tolerating the Ku Klux is flagrant. But the President and his immediate friends deserve our gratitude for their efforts and success in that matter. His services to the Fifteenth Amendment I shall never forget. When some, even of the foremost Abolitionists, doubted and were lukewarm, I wrote to Senator Wilson asking him to urge General Grant to put three lines into his first message, commending that measure to Congress and to the country. The answer came back: "You are too late. General Grant's message was finished before your note arrived, and the recommendation you wish *is in it.*" It still remains lamentably true that the colored man has no full recognition at the North, and no adequate protection in the South—shame to the administration and to the Republican party! But their friends may fairly claim that during the last three years the negro has steadily gained in the safe exercise and quiet enjoyment of his rights.

I know the defects of Gen. Grant's Administration as well as any man. I think, distrustful as I was of him, I am able to see the good service he has unexpectedly rendered the nation.

But no matter for those defects. At the most they are not fatal; and events have lifted President Grant into being to-day, the symbol and representative of loyality. The conspiracy between Southern secessionists and Nothern Copperheads, of which very naturally, Mr. Greeley is the tool, and, unfortunately, Mr. Sumner is the indorser, and I think, the dupe—leaves room but for two parties—those who are for the nation, and those who are against it. I hate no jot of my brotherly regard and sincere esteem for Mr. Sumner in thus holding him deceived. The entire faith I have in his honesty of purpose obliges me to think him duped. The only wonder is how this is possible when the South is so insolent and shameless in proclaiming her intentions. The South has long seen her mistake, and often confessed it. The *Tribune* itself makes this statement as late as June, 1871. That mistake was to contend for her ideas with *muskets*, and *outside the Union*—leaving us the government and taking herself the part of a rebel. She has often announced—in the last instance by the lips of Jefferson Davis—that the cause was not lost, and must be won by getting possession of the government and leaving us in the opposition. Such is the present plot. That Mr. Greeley sees it, would never prevent his aiding it. That Mr. Sumner does not see it, is to me a matter of astonishment. At such a moment, the regular Republican party becomes again the accepted and only instrument of resistance, and Grant represents loyalty as Lincoln did in 1861. I do not care for his defects, were they ten times greater. Chatham and Junius rightfully forgot even the infamy of Wilkes when he stood the representative and symbol of the rights of a British subject. Even if I accepted Mr. Sumner's portrait of President Grant—which in some sense is true, but in no case is the whole truth—I should still vote for him against a rebellion at the ballot box, to which disloyality gives all the strength, and childish credulity all the character.

To stop now for criticism of such faults as those of Gen. Grant, is like blaming a man's awkwardness when he is defending you against an assassin.

In proof that the conspiracy I charge is real and no fiction, I need not cite Jefferson Davis' late speech, or the confession of Mr. Greeley's adherents. Every impartial man who comes to us from the South bears witness that the mass of Southern whites are wholly unchanged in opinion and ready for another revolt whenever the war opens. The wide-spread organization of the Ku-Klux shows the same thing. That organization existed only because public opinion there cheered it on, and in suppressing it our government had no title of help from the former rebels. All this was to be expected. It would be contrary to history and experience were it otherwise. To put the slightest faith in the protestations of Copperheads and secessionists, made only to get office, is building on a quicksand. With the exception of Mr. Sumner, no leading Liberal Republican does really put any faith in those protestations. Theirs is not a case of delusion. They are hypocrites, not dupes. They know well the plot, and for the sake of office are willing to help it, and risk the consequences. They know that Mr. Greeley's election means the negro surrendered to the hate of the Southern States, with no interference from the nation in his behalf; that it means the constitutional amendments neutralized by a Copperhead Congress, our debt tampered with and our bonds falling twenty per cent. in every market. The Democratic millionaire, who is willing to risk this, has already "hedged." He holds millions of Confederate bonds, and is plotting to make on them more than enough to pay four times over all he loses on the national securities, and then safely laugh at the small bondholders he has duped.

Observe that I count as Mr. Greeley's allies only the Copperheads of the Democratic party. It is loose to say he has joined the Democrats. Such a statement is an insult to the Democracy. The exact truth is, he has joined the Copperhead wing of the Democracy—its worst element.

I know some honest war Democrats wish to change their base and accept heartily the result of the war. All honor to them. But their place is not with Greeley, but with Grant. They fought at his side; there they should stand today, I know it is hard to confess mistakes, but I practice what I preach.

If General Grant is set aside, who is offered us in his place? Horace Greeley. I need not tell you, my friends, what Horace Greeley is. We Abolitionists knew him only too well in the weary years of our struggle. He had enough of clear moral vision to see the justice of our cause but he never had courage enough to confess his faith. If events had ever given him the courage, he never would have had principle enough to risk anything for an idea. A trimmer by nature and purpose, he has abused even an American politician's privilege of trading principles for success. But for lack of ability he would have been the chief time-server of his age. I never knew till now any of his eulogists so heedless and indiscriminating as even to claim that he has become a sincere man. As for his honesty—for twenty years it has been a by word with us, that it would be safe to leave your open purse in the same room with him; but as for any other honesty, no one was ever witless enough to connect the idea with his name.

Mr. Sumner trusts him as a "Abolitionist." This is certainly news to you and me. You and I know well, when *Abolitionist* was a term of reproach, how timidly he held up his skirts about him, careful to put a wide distance between himself and us. You will find few working Abolitionists who stood in the trenches from 1840 to 1860, willing to trust the negro race to Horace Greeley. I can remember the day when he and his fellow-Republicans quoted our criticisms upon them as certificates that they were no Abolitionists. We can give him just such a certificate now with a clear conscience. Judged by the files of the *Tribune* itself, there never was an hour when Horace Greeley could have been trusted with the care of a black man's rights.

No man has known better than he how to manufacture political pecuniary success out of the convictions of other men. For himself he never had a conviction. Men contrast his former praise of General Grant with his fault-finding now. Neither his praise nor his blame is of any account. Neither comes from the heart. Both are measured and weighed out with shrewd calculation for effect. Examine the files of the *Tribune* and you will see that whenever man's convictions on any subject got a keen edge, Mr. Greeley was always played. Men laugh when some stirring and loyal sentence is quoted from the *Tribune* of 1862 or 1864, and Horace Greeley immediately proves that he did not write it. But you and I always knew that three-quarters of the loyality of the *Tribune* was smuggled into it in his absence, or in spite of him. If his letters and communications to Lincoln, during the dark years of 1862 and 1863, are ever published, the world will see what you and I have always known, that he could hardly have aided the Confederacy more unless he had enlisted in its ranks, or taken a seat in the Cabinet.

If, as Mr. Sumner says, Mr. Greeley is a "lifetime Abolitionist," how comes it that, till within three years, Mr. Sumner hardly ever got a kind word and never had any hearty support from the *Tribune*? How often have Mr. Sumner's friends heard him expatiate at length on this point? On the floor of Congress he has stood for many a year—the incarnation of the anti-slavery movement. But he has again and again complained that, instead of giving him any support, the *Tribune* has constantly belittled his efforts and put obstacles in his way—cheering his opponents and carping at his measures, or, at best, damning them with faint praise. My recollectiong of those well-grounded complaints is so fresh that I look at Mr. Sumner's picture of Mr. Greeley with unfeigned astonishment. Even the supposed conversion of the Southern rebels is not so wonderful as that of the *Tribune* into a support of Charles Sumner.

Doubtless we could find a man who would, even if elected by rebels, still use them for his own purposes. And it is possible that, in rare moments of exceptional courage or virtue, Mr. Greeley may dream of doing so. But in cool and sane moments he knows he is their tool, and is contented to be so. Every man of common sense sees that, of course, if Copperheads and Secessionists lift Mr. Greeley into the White House they will claim—and it is now understood that they shall have—their full share in shaping the policy and filling the offices of the administration. They are no bunglers, but shrewd at a bargain, and sure to get good security for a promise. The corner-stone of their policy is to repudiate our debt our assume their own. We shall surely hear that advocated. We shall probably see Jefferson Davis in the Senate, and certainly have his agents in the Cabinet. No doubt he will be consulted in the construction of the Cabinet. This is to put in peril all the war has gained. I am not ready for such an experiment. An old friend now residing in Georgia, who stood rifle in hand, in Kansas, all through that fight, told me, just after the Cincinnati Convention:

"Sir, before Grant arrested those twenty Ku-Klux in North Carolina, I never slept without a loaded musket at my bed head, and never ventured into the village unless fully armed. Since that stern interference in North Carolina I, even afar off in Georgia, sleep and walk about as safe, careless and free as you do here."

"If Greeley is elected I suppose," said I, "you'll load those revolvers again."

"Never—I know by Southern boast what that election means. I'll never risk living in Georgia under Greeley—I'll sell out and come North."

Such is the testimoney of a loyal man in the South! That is how it looks in Georgia!

Gentlemen, I have another interest in Grant's election. The anti-slavery cause was only a portion of the great struggle between capital and labor. Capital undertook to own the laborer. We have broken that up. If Grant is elected, that dispute and all questions connected with it, sinks out of sight. All the issues of the war are put beyond debate, and a clear field is left for the discussion of the labor movement. I do not count much on the recognition of that movement by the Republican Convention, though I gratefully appreciate it. But I see in the bare success itself of General Grant the retiring of old issues and the securing of a place for new ones.

If Greeley is elected, we shall spend the next four years in fighting over the war quarrels, Constitutional amendments, negroes' rights, State rights, repudiation and Southern debts. And we shall have, besides, a contemptuous ignoring of the labor question. Its friends were at Cincinnati. The convention secured their appeals, and Mr. Schurz himself affirmed that labor was "not a live issue." President Grant means peace and opportunity to agitate the great industrial questions of the day. President Greeley means the scandal and wrangle of Andy Johnson's years over again, with secession encamped in Washington.

The saddest line to me of Mr. Sumner's letter was where he warns you colored men not "to band together in a hostile camp, and keep alive the separation of races!" The negro, robbed, tortured, murdered, trodden under foot, defenseless in unresisting submission—who has the heart to charge him with an iota of the guilt of "keeping alive the separation of races?" Surely this lamb has never shown any hate, or any undue prejudice against the wolf. The Senator need to think all the fault was on the other side.

We put aside with the scorn it deserves the insult implied in preaching to us forgiveness and conciliation. Andersonville and Libby prisons are still living horrors. Beside the thousands who were starved there, hundreds still drag out weary lives in our streets, poisoned all through by that dread cruelty. The graves of seven white native Georgian loyal men, ruthlessly shot down in the streets, are hardly yet covered. The first-born of a hundred thousand households are still freshly mourned. Till within a year, throughout half the South the negro was robbed, tortured and murdered with impunity, the Southern press glorifying in the atrocities. Meanwhile—thanks to the unparalleled mercy, the unutterable generosity of the nation—ninety-nine out of every hundred Confederate soldiers enjoy to-day all the rights they had before the war. Jefferson Davis and his fellow-assassins—the *real jailers* of Andersonville and Libby—

"Shame on those cruel eyes
That bore to look on torture
And dared not look on war"—

still live—unharmed, in perfect posession of every right the law can give, except that of lifting their hands against the government which has spared them. I dare not affix the epithet I think fitting to that mood of mind which deems it necessary and becoming to preach to such a community the duty of forgiveness!

We do forgive. We have forgiven. But duty to the dead and to the negro forbids us to *trust* power to any hands without undoubted, indubitable certainty that such hands are *trust-worthy.*

If we fail in the caution we shall only have decoyed the negro into danger and left him doubly defenseless. I wish my voice could be heard by every colored man down to the Gulf; not because they need my advice. No; they understand and see the danger. But I should like to rally them to help us a second time to save the nation. I should say to them: "Vote, every one of you, for Grant, as you value property, life, wife, or children. If Greeley is elected, arm, concentrate, conceal your property—but organize for defense. You will need it soon and sadly."

Workingmen, rally now, to save your great question from being crowded out and postponed another four years.

Soldiers, at the roll-call in November let no one fail to answer to his name. We decorate our loyal graves with worse than empty ceremonies if over them we clasp hands with still revengeful enemies. When parties and politicians betray us, do you rally as you did before, and under the same great captain, to save the State.

If Grant is defeated, I am not sure we shall see traitors in the capitol parting the nation's raiment and casting lots for its flag. But we are sure to see Congress full of traitors, and in the White House their tool. Let every man who would avert that danger vote for Grant.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

### CAPTAIN KIDD.

**The Scenes of His Plundering Exploits—The Resort of The Bold Buccaneer.**

GUILFORD, July 30.

There is hardly a bay, inlet, or harbor where safe anchorage is to be found between Hell Gate and Fisher's Island Sound that has not a marvellous legend or tradition about the plundering exploits of the famous Captain Kidd. Gardner's Island, off the east end of Long Island, and the bay of the same name, are known to have been frequently visited by the old buccaneer. The two proprietors of Gardiner's Island have still in their possession indisputable evidence of his descent upon their territory; but so far as I have been able to ascertain, no authentic or creditable proof has ever been presented that his marauding expeditions extended to the north shore of Long Island Sound. A beautiful cluster of rocky islets lying off the Beauford shore, some ten miles east of New Haven, known as the Thimble Islands, is popularly believed to have been a favorite resort of Kidd, and a narrow, land-locked inlet in one of the largest of these islands is known as Kidd's harbor. Another patch of earth and rock is called Money Island, the general opinion being that Kidd buried a portion of his treasure there.

On Pot Island, so called from the tradition that a pot of coin and other valuables was found in a secluded nook thereon, is still to be seen a handsomely cut vessel of some thirty gallons capacity known as Kidd's punch bowl. It is made of granite, of which the islands are mostly composed, and it was fashioned and wrought by the hand of a workman. Tales are told, and generally credited, that considerable sums of money have been dug up on several of the islands at different times, but after some attempts to verify these stories, the conviction has been forced upon me that they have no substantial foundation. A great deal of time and labor have been expended in searching for treasure in this vicinity, and traces of excavations still exist in different localities. In fact, if all the money of which Kidd is supposed to have plundered the commerce of the world and buried along the coast had rewarded the explorer's, it is more than doubtful whether they would have obtained enough to indemnify them for their outlays. The history of all such enterprises shows that digging for buried treasure is not a remunerative business; and this is especially true in regard to Kidd's mythical deposits.

In this age of image-breaking, it is a wonder that the very existence of Kidd should not have long ago been disproved. When it has been demonstrated that the famous Indian Princess Pocahontas, from whom several of the first families of Virginia trace their descent, was nothing more than a half naked, dirty little Arab, who kicked up her heels and turned somersaults for the amusement of the settlers at a penny a jump, and William Tell never lived except in the imagination of some romancer, it needed no very effective inconoclast to have settled the question adversely to the existence of Kidd. His history was uncertain and obscure at the best. The generally accepted story is that he was a brave and skillful navigator, sent by the British government with a sufficient command to suppress piracy in the Indian seas; that he discharged his duty faithfully and effectively, but becoming enamored of the life of a rover, he turned pirate himself. Coming to this side of the Atlantic on the same business, he turned buccaneer, and securing the countenance of the Earl of Bellamont, then royal Governor of New York, who is supposed to have shared in the fruits of his marauding expeditions, he was enabled to continue his nefarious pursuits with impunity for a long time. His depredations finally became so extensive that the English government sent out a force adequate to his capture, and he was subsequently convicted and hanged in Execution Dock.

MR. CROCKER, of the Literary *World*, says that not long ago one of our wisest publishers printed a thousand copies of a book, for which he had every reason to believe there would be but a small demand. Within two weeks five thousand copies had been ordered, and the furor had just begun. The commercial virtues tell in book publishing, as in other branches of trade; prudence and foresight and sagacity are not less essential in the publisher than in the dry goods dealer; but it really seems as if their reward is less sure in one case than in the other.

AN English lady is willing to make affidavit to the fact of finding a frog in the centre of a boiled potato.

### BEYOND THE MEADOW.

In the wood, beyond the meadow,
Where bright streamlets flow,
Purling clear in sun and shadow,
Fairest flowers blow;
Once so lovely and enchanting,
In the "long ago."

Even now its fragrant bowers,
Laden with perfume,
Blend the odor of their flowers
With a stagnant gloom,
And within their darkest shadows
Is a lonely tomb.

On the hillside stands a cabin,
Ivy mantled o'er,
And the woodbine sweetly clusters
'Round the olden door,
As if dreaming—ever dreaming—
Of the forms no more.

Joys are frail, and fraught with sadness,
Sorrowed o'er and o'er,
When we wake the echoes of gladness
We can ne'er restore,
And recall the fondling treasures,
Gone forevermore.

### FRED DOUGLASS ON GRANT.

**Frank and Eloquent words—Where is Sumner?**

Mr. Frederic Douglas publishes in his paper, the New National *Era*, a long and cogent appeal to the colored people for the election of President Grant.

Mr. Douglass shows that General Grant, while in command of the Thirteenth Army Corps, in the Department of the Tennessee, anticipated the proclamation of emancipation by an order, dated November 11, 1862, organizing a system for receiving all fugitives from slavery, feeding, clothing, sheltering, and, as far as possible, giving them employment. Mr. Douglass traces the wide and excellent operation of this system, and shows the encouragement it gave to President Lincoln to carry forward the policy of emancipation. He then shows by General Grant's letters and orders his early and firm conviction that no peace could be permanent, and none was desirable, that did not forever set at rest the question of slavery, by conferring universal emancipation. Mr. Douglass then shows the active co-operation of General Grant in securing the constitutional declaration of equal rights of the colored race, enumerates his appointment of colored men to places of honor and importance, and proceeds:

PROTECTION AGAINST THE KU-KLUX.

"And what shall I say of his enforcement of the law for the preservation of life and property in the South, whereby the savage outrages of organizations, known as Ku-Klux-Klans, upon an innocent and suffering people have been so generally suppressed? What a change has come! These outrages, the burning of school-houses, and churches, the whipping and shooting of teachers, the midnight murder of men and women, without cause, by masked villains, were so contrary to the ideas of the country that they hardly seem possible in a civilized land. But by the quiet yet firm course of General Grant in enforcing the law, thousands have openly acknowledged the crimes charged, the organizations stand confessed to the amazement of all good men North and South, and peace has come to many places as never before. The scourging and slaughter of our people have so far ceased.

"History will not mistake the first and yet humane part General Grant has performed in this work. Have not all violence and injustice to us ceased, it is not because he has failed to do his duty, but because of the prejudices and opposition of those who now claim to be the special friends of the colored man. And should not the good work of peace and good-will go on till every American citizen is known in the law, and treated, the same, without regard to his color, it will be by the fatal success of those who assail General Grant and would defeat his election, and thus prevent the successful accomplishment of his benign purpose of perpetual union for the country and oft assured liberty and protection of every person in it.

"Indeed, I close the inquiry thoroughly satisfied, and believe that any man of my race would be, with the same facts before him, that with General Grant at the head of the Administration of the country we are assured in due time not only of our right, but of our privileges.

"Let me now come to my own personal relations with General Grant, as well as my own personal knowledge of him; for I have the honor to know him well. Very much that you have heard concerning him is true, and very much is false. He, like most public men, has been severely criticised, not only as an officer, but as a man. Here, then, is my testimony concerning him: During my varied public career of more than thirty years, I have, perhaps, more than any other colored man of my times, been brought into direct contact with our nation's great men, and, taking my whole experience into account, I affirm that, after our martyred President, Abraham Lincoln, and Senator Charles Sumner, no man in high position has manifested in his intercourse with me, upon all occasions and in all places, a more entire freedom from vulgar prejudice of race and color than Ulysses S. Grant. I have called upon him often (never, however, to solicit office for myself or for others), and have always found him to be easily accessible, gentlemanly and cordial. Like most of you, when meeting with distinguished white persons, I was on the lookout, when meeting with General Grant, for some indication of the presence, in his manners and words, of slavery-born aversion to my race. I found nothing of the kind in him. You have heard that General Grant is a man of but few words, and the inference has been drawn by his enemies that he is a man of few ideas. Never was an inference more unjust. It often requires more talent to be silent than to speak. It is the merit of this man that he knows just when to speak, and when to be silent. I have heard him converse, and converse freely, and to those who have seen him only in his silent moods my statement will hardly be credited that few men, in public life or otherwise, can state facts with greater clearness and fluency than Gen. Grant.

After alluding to the allegation that Gen. Grant did not invite him to dine with the San Domingo Commissioners, and explained why he had no reason to complain of the omission, Mr. Douglass continues:

"My devotion to Gen. Grant rests upon higher and broad public grounds, and not upon personal favor. I see in him the vigilant, firm, impartial and wise protector of my race from all the malign, reactionary, social and political elements that would overwhelm them in destruction. He is the rock-bound coast against the angry and gnawing waves of a storm-tossed ocean, saying, thus far only shalt thou come.

"Wherever else there may be room for doubt and uncertainty, there is nothing of the kind with Ulysses S. Grant as our candidate. In the midst of political changes he is now as ever—unswerving and inflexible. Nominated regularly by the time-honored Republican party, he is clothed with all the sublime triumphs of humanity which makes its record. The party stands today free from alloy, pure and simple. There is neither ambiguity in its platform nor incongruity in its candidates. U. S. Grant and Henry Wilson—the one from the West and the other from the East—the soldier and the Senator—are men in whom we can confide. No two names can better embody the precious and priceless results of the suppression of rebellion and the abolition of slavery. We can no more array ourselves against these candidates and this party than we can resume our chains or insult our mothers. We are allied to the Republican party by every honorable sentiment of the human soul. While affection and gratitude bind us to the party, the well-known character of the Democratic party and the long line of antecedents of that party repel us, and make it impossible for us to cast in our lots with it. To v