New Orleans Republican.

A. L. LEE, Editor and Proprietor.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE UNITED STATES,

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE CITY OF NEW ORLEANS

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

NEW ORLEANS, JULY 25, 1868.

THE DAILY REPUBLICAN

is published every day (Mondays excepted) at No. 81 St. Charles street. Terms: $16 a year; $8 for six months; $4 for three months—payable invariably in advance. Single copies ten cents.

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THE WEEKLY REPUBLICAN

is published every Saturday morning. Subscription $5 per annum, in advance; half-yearly and quarterly, same rates. Single copies ten cents.

FOR PRESIDENT,

ULYSSES S. GRANT

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,

SCHUYLER COLFAX.

FOR PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS.

State at Large.

B. F. JOUBERT,
M. A. SOUTHWORTH.

Congressional Districts.

FIRST DISTRICT—A. L. LEE.
SECOND DISTRICT—J. M. G. PARKER.
THIRD DISTRICT—D. H. REESE.
FOURTH DISTRICT—CORNELIUS DONATO.
FIFTH DISTRICT—H. R. STEELE.

Every mail and every traveler from Northern Louisiana brings a fresh tale of horror. The cheerful doctrines of Mr. Frank Blair's letter are bearing their legitimate fruit. The rich region above Red river, and the portion of Mississippi which lies opposite, are being "delivered from the domination of a barbarous people" with a vengeance.

But the subject is too sad for irony. The Republicans of that region are exposed each day and each night to assault, to arson, to death, and even toturture. Not for any fault of theirs. They harm no one. They are as a rule engaged in the quiet pursuits of agriculture, and now and then one who is a special mark for attack is teaching a school, or publishing a newspaper.

Their only offense is, that they believe in the equality of men before the law, and desire that justice may be done to all. Their Democratic opponents are of two classes—the first composed of desperadoes, who were guerrillas during the war, whose hands are red with countless murders, and who have always been and always will be, a curse to the community in which they live; the second composed of so-called respectable men, who are not themselves assassins, who by word of mouth oppose violent measures, yet who will not lift a hand to vindicate the law, and when they hear of an outrage on a Republican too often shrug their shoulders as if they rather on the whole enjoyed it. Under such a condition of things a peaceful Republican is like a lamb among wolves.

The destruction of Mr. Blackburn's press in Claiborne, the burning of Mr. Ray's store in Morehouse with its attendant murders, the recent butcheries in Carroll, the continued assassinations in Franklin parish, the horrible outrage in Natchez a few days since, where Mr. Steward was tarred and feathered, and would have been burned alive, but that he escaped in the confusion and darkness of the final struggle for life—these are a few of the deeds of diabolism; and the object of this sudden upheaving of rascality and barbarism is easily explained. It is simply to overawe the colored voters who are not able to leave, and to drive away such Republicans as are able to go, to prevent political meetings for the enlightenment of the masses, and to carry these parishes in November for Seymour and Blair.

The last number of the Tensas Parish *Gazette*, a Democratic paper, is a curious specimen of journalism, and unconsciously, perhaps, exposes the whole plan. It is a small paper, and contains but three or four editorials and local paragraphs. The leading article comments favorably upon plans to promote immigration to the South—to Franklin parish, for example. The next paragraph we will copy, with the comments of the *Gazette* in brackets, as follows:

The following account of the attack upon and killing four negroes, and wounding three others, on the Bayou Mason plantation, Franklin, we glean from one who made his escape:

"That he (King South, colored) was awakened on Sunday night last on the Brannin place by the report of fire-arms, and found that about twenty-five men had made an attack upon the negro quarters, and were killing some of the men. King, with four other men, fled and hid in the corn where he overheard one of them say "they intended killing all those who had voted the Radical ticket, white or black, and those who had served in the army." He knew some of their voices, and says they were white men with their faces blackened; that after killing four men, wounding two men and one woman, and burning some of the quarters, they moved off in the direction of the Johnson place, where the shooting commenced."

He also reports, corroborated by the others, that all those belonging to the courthouse in Winnsboro have been threatened, and have cut in a hurry, and that there have been so many killed lately on the Winnsboro road no one will travel that way. That three were killed the week before last that they know of, also Mr. Thompson one day last week while conveying his little daughter from school.

[We doubtless shall soon get the full particulars of this affair from a more reliable source. King seems an intelligent negro; has lived on the Brannin place twenty years, and is very doubtful whether he will ever be safe again. The whole party were terribly scared, and one wanted to know our opinion of the Ku-Klux Klans, and whether they were likely to visit our courthouse, for he had heard they were about all over the country, and wanted to keep clear of them if possible.]

The succeeding paragraph again speaks favorably of immigration. And to make the prospect for peaceful immigrants more enticing, in the local column we have the following remarks:

We have published elsewhere (not upon very good authority we admit) that there is in Franklin parish a most terrible state of affairs. Some say it is owing to one party, some to the other. We say we don't know to what it is chargeable, but this much we do know, that if the Southern people, both white and black, were left alone, and had no carpet-baggers to interfere, such scenes as have been lately enacted in Franklin, and which we predict under the present rule will be enacted here, would never have occurred, the New York *Tribune* to the contrary notwithstanding.

There is but one inference from a study of such a newspaper as the *Gazette*. The Democracy of that region have made up their minds to drive away every leading Republican, to overawe the freedmen by a system of terrorism as complete as that of slavery, and then to win a natural victory by force at the polls. This is what they mean by "letting the Southern people, white and black, alone," and there is no other real meaning in the cry.

DEATH OF A VETERAN EDITOR.

Moses Y. Beach, for many years proprietor of the New York *Sun*, died at his residence in Wallingford, Connecticut, on Sunday morning, July 19, in the sixty-ninth year of his age. It is said that Mr. Beach died in the very house in which he was born. When fourteen years of age he was apprenticed to a cabinetmaker in Hartford, and by diligence and economy was enabled to purchase his freedom before he had completed his eighteenth year. After working for a time as a journeyman, he went into business for himself at Northampton. He did not meet with success. Mr. Beach finally removed to Springfield, and there neglected all other interests in his efforts to manufacture a gunpowder engine for propelling engines, which, of course, proved a failure. In 1835 he went to New York, where soon after he purchased an interest in the *Sun*, then owned by his brother-in-law, Benjamin H. Day, and eventually became its sole proprietor.

While publishing the *Sun* he engaged in various banking schemes, and during the period of ten years was the proprietor of at least half a dozen banks—one of which was located at Plainfield, New Jersey; another at Saugerties, New York; another at Tallahassee, Florida; another at Salisbury, Maryland, and one or two more at points which we do not now recollect. The combined resources of paper and banking business enabled him to accumulate a large fortune in a few years, when he retired, leaving his business to his sons, who to some extent lacked the shrewdness of the father. The banking business went under, the *Sun* eventually lost caste and influence, and from a very profitable concern in the last years of its existence scarcely paid expenses. During the Mexican war Mr. Beach was sent to Mexico by President Polk to arrange a treaty of peace. The mission proved unsuccessful. He some years since retired to his native town of Wallingford.

INTERNAL REVENUE MATTERS.

The new tax bill, it is rumored, went into effect on the twentieth instant, and notification of the fact, we understand, has been received by the acting Collector of Internal Revenue in this city. This bill greatly simplifies the collection of the revenues; takes away the power from collectors and assessors of compromising the frauds and shortcomings of delinquent and knavish taxpayers, and lops off a large number of useless and not too scrupulously honest revenue agents and inspectors.

This latter feature is one of the best of the bill, for experience in this city has demonstrated that the dishonest local officials were compelled to steal twice as much as if no detectives had been sent out from Washington to watch them. The gaping maws to be crammed with public pap were doubled in number. It is pretty hard, however, upon the patriots who shouted for Andy Johnson so lustily at the New York Convention. The abolition of all these fat offices to fill, which did not require senatorial confirmation, greatly diminishes their chances of growing rich by public plunder. But when circumstances force this class of Democratic cormorants to earn bread by the sweat of their brows, (or into the quiet retiracy of a penitentiary,) taxpayers may well rejoice.

THE LATEST AND BEST.

If Alexander H. Stephens proved a failure as a political historian, he has certainly manifested a strong vein of humor lately which must give him high rank as a "joker!" A Delaware enthusiast evoked the applause of the New York convention by presenting a series of resolutions which emanated from the mammoth brain of the homely but able Georgian, one of which resolutions branches out in the following funny manner:

"*Resolved*, That the Democratic party, in sustaining the Federal administration in the late unhappy conflict of arms, did so in good faith."

Now, this appears to us a very neat stroke, worthy even of a Vice-President of the "late lamented" Confederacy. The Democratic party deliberately broke up the Charleston Convention, went into secession, stole the government forts and arsenals, and succeeded before getting well whipped in slaughtering a legion of loyal men; and to pronounce these acts, in solemn convention assembled, "sustaining the administration," strikes us as sufficiently humorous to cast Petroleum Nasby's political burlesques into impenetrable shade. The *Joker's Budget* should engage Mr. Stephens without delay.

A Copperhead's Parody on "Dr. Fell."

I do not like you; and I can't
Think well of you, Ulysses Grant:
The reason why I hate you Grant,
I could divulge; but then Talbot's

Terrible Outrage in Natchez

THE DEMOCRACY PUTTING THE BLAIR DOCTRINE INTO EFFECT.

A Citizen Tortured and Narrowly Escapes Being Burned Alive.

The following letter comes to us vouched by gentlemen of the highest respectability in Natchez. It speaks for itself:

NATCHEZ, July 22, 1868.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:

One of the most outrageous and barbarous acts ever committed in this country or in any civilized community was committed by the rebel Democrats of the Ku-Klux Klan on the person of an innocent and inoffensive man by the name of Steward, a white man, a Republican, and a member of the Union League. Mr. Steward is a man that would not harm even a child. He has for the last year been teaching a colored school in the neighborhood of Washington, in the county of Adams. This, in the eyes of the rebel Democracy, was another great offense.

I will give you the statement of Mr. Steward himself, and you and the public can judge of the enormity of the crime of those fiends in human shape:

I live near Washington, in Adams county, Mississippi, on the Ferguson place. Some time before daylight on Sunday morning, July 19, I heard voices on the front gallery, and heard my name mentioned several times. One of the voices I recognized as that of my neighbor. He was asking what is the matter. The reply was, "Is Steward up? We want to see him. We have got into trouble in Natchez, and want his advice and assistance. I am an old acquaintance of Steward's, of Tensas, in Louisiana." On hearing this I opened the door, and stepped out on the gallery. I had on no clothes but my night shirt and drawers; and as I stepped out I saw my neighbor standing in his door, one man standing near my door, the other on the gallery at the head of the steps. As I stepped out I asked, "What is the matter?" The man nearest me replied, "There has been a great row in Natchez to-night and four colored and two white men have been killed, and we were mixed up in the scrape and we want your advice and help to get away." I replied, "I know nothing about it, and can't give you any advice what to do; and I have no means to help you with." I thought at that time they were colored men; for it was dark—so dark that one could not, unless by close observation, distinguish between persons. The one nearest me then said, "Come down the steps, I want to say a word or two privately."

I replied, "Wait a moment until I put on my pants and shoes." He said, "Never mind your pants and shoes, we have no time to lose; it is near day and we must be off from here; come, I won't keep you an instant." I started down the steps with him, and when we were down at the bottom the other followed. I was drawn a little to one side, under a tree, when a third party stepped up to me and placed a pistol to my breast, and said, "One loud word and I'll blow your brains out." The other two took each one of my arms and placed pistols at the side of my head, and said, "Keep silent or you die on the spot." I discovered then they were white men in disguise and was satisfied they were Ku-Klux. They led me forward some distance to the road. On both sides of the road there is a hedge, in many places very heavy and thick. As we passed along the road others fell in and joined us until the number increased to fifteen or twenty. I was marched along the road some considerable distance, surrounded on all sides by men in disguise, and each man with a revolver in his hand. I was halted, and after some Ku-Klux cabalistic signs and motions, I was ordered to kneel down and say my prayers. The man that was with me from the start, when I was on my knees, stepped to the side of the road and brought a large can, and came up to me with it in his hand, and from a sign given another of the Klan pulled back my head, and the one with the can began pouring the contents over my head and face. Another was with a large wisp of hay rubbing the stuff over my face and through my hair. One of the Klan said: "Don't pour it all over his head and face; pour it all over the body of the d——d Radical son of a ——." I kept jerking my head about from one side to the other so rapidly that the man with the can became enraged and swore at me, and said he had me now, and he would give me a taste of hell on earth before he got through with me. He cursed me for a God d——d Radical son of a ——, and made use of words and language that had been spoken to me at a Democratic meeting a few days previous to the election. I recalled the words, and at once recognized the voice and the language to be that of the same person who had threatened me. The man that first spoke to me on my gallery, and the man who was pouring the contents of the can over me, and the man that cursed, abused, and threatened me at the Democratic meeting, are one and the same person.

The ingredients were poured all over my head, face and body, and my night shirt and drawers were completely saturated with the ingredients of the can, which I have found out since were coal tar mixed with turpentine and some other inflammable mixture. At this time the Klan held a consultation for a few moments, and then one of them said: "This place does not suit; let's go further up the road." They then took me further out on the road, and when they halted, the leader—I mean the one that had been with me from the first—told me to get down on my knees and say my prayers. One asked me if I had not said my prayers. I said "no." He said: "You had better say them d—d quick, for you will be too d—d busy in a few minutes to have time to say them." The ringleader then stepped up and ordered silence, and said to me: "You are a member of the Loyal League?" I told him I was. He then said: "Give me the signs and passwords." I told him I could not. He repeated the demand several times, but I kept silent. He became enraged, and cursed and d—d me. I again recognized that same familiar voice and the same words that had been made use of to me on a former occasion. After he cursed and swore at me, and repeatedly demanded of me the signs and passwords of the League, I said, "You have me in your power; I never harmed you nor any one else in my life. You have already tormented me almost beyond endurance, but if you are not satisfied do with me as you will. I am completely in your power, but spare my life; for God sake don't kill me." Some of the Klan said, "Set fire to the d——d Radical son of b——h, and let him go to hell in a blaze were all of his stripe will soon be!" At this I rose to my feet, and I begged, entreated, and prayed, and implored for them to spare my life. I was forced down on my knees, and was again asked for the signs and passwords of the League. I made no reply. I was then told to count ten and that would be as long as I had to live. Some said, "Let's shoot the d——d Radical son of a b——h," and others said, "Let's hang him and leave him to be seen by his thieving carpet-bag associates;" others still said, "That is too good for him. Set him on fire and let him loose, and he may run and show himself to others of his crew that they may see what is intended for all of them, for we will give all of them a small smell of hell before we get through with them."

At last one of them said, "If he won't count, I will count for him," and he commenced, "One, two, three, four," and as he said "four" I arose to my feet. "Kneel down, you d—d black-hearted villain," was said by several. I paid no attention to what was said to me, for I had concluded in my mind I would break and run, for I would much rather be shot to death than to be set on fire and turned loose to be devoured by the flames. I had not the least idea that I could escape, for I was completely surrounded on all sides by men holding in their hands revolvers pointed at my breast. I was repeatedly told to kneel down, but paid no attention to the command. The one that had been counting said, "God d—n him, he will soon be glad to get down. I will go on with the counting." He commenced where he left off—"Five, six, seven, eight," and as he pronounced "eight," I made one desperate spring backward, expecting to be shot to pieces. This brought me among those who were behind me. Two of them grabbed me by the shirt, which tore away. They then grasped me by the arm, but the coal tar and oil, and other ingredients had made my skin so slippery that they could not hold me. I broke from them and ran.

Several shots were fired after me, but fortunately none struck me. I ran about forty paces and then rushed into the hedge. The hedge was so compact that I could not get through it, but I crawled in as far as I possibly could get, and lay there as still as death; they searched for me for some time, but could make no discovery as to where I had got to. After consulting a while together, they mounted their horses and rode off. At the same time I heard the rumbling of carriage wheels, and the sound appeared to me as though there was two carriages, and convinced me that the party was mostly from Natchez. I lay with my ear close to the ground, listening to every sound, and long after every sound had ceased to vibrate on my ear I crawled from under the hedge, and more dead than alive, I made my way back to my home. It is impossible for me to tell what I have suffered, and what I am still suffering from the effects of the coal tar and turpentine. The hair has nearly all dropped out of my head; my eyebrows and eyelashes are all gone, and my eyes are nearly burnt out of my head; my body feels as though hot coals were covered all over it. How I escaped is a mystery, and it was only accomplished by the Providence of Almighty God.

The military has taken the matter in hand, and several arrests have been made, and the parties have been held in heavy bonds for their appearance on next Monday, July 27, 1868, when the whole affair will be thoroughly investigated. The hackman that drove one of the hacks—for it is believed there were two—has been arrested, and is closely confined within the fort, where no one is allowed access to him. General Dudley, commander of the post, is moving in the matter, and is using every means in his power to have the guilty parties ferreted out and punished, as they justly deserve.

On last Saturday, under the pretense of a ratification celebration and procession, the Democracy made another effort to get up a riot, but it was nipped in the bud, and I have not the least doubt but for the presence of General Dudley on the ground, we were saved from a bloody riot, and as it was the crowd could not be dispersed until the military were called out. The Democracy had made extensive preparations for a riot. They had provided themselves with revolvers ready loaded, and with large supplies of ammunition, and had them placed at convenient places easy of access, and when the row commenced a rush was made to their arsenals for theirs arms, but by the time they returned the troops were on the ground, and a number of them were relieved of their revolvers by the military, and their ardor somewhat cooled down.

NATCHEZ.

MORE LAND.

The United States has taken posession of two small, uninhabited islands in the Pacific Ocean about half way from the Sandwich Islands to Japan. This is the first acquisition of territory ever made by our Government in this manner. The islands are near together, and each is about a mile and a half long by three-quarters of a mile wide. They were occupied by Captain Wm. Reynolds, of the United States sloop of war Lackawanna, in obedience to an order from the Navy Department. He says he went ashore with six boat loads of men and several officers, fired a salute and raised the stars and stripes on the highest point, after which a seine was hauled, a large number of fish caught, and the day spent in picnicing. He named them Midway Islands and called the harbor, which is an excellent one for vessels drawing less than eighteen feet of water, Welles' Harbor. The islands are formed of coral reefs, give good water; are over fifty feet in elevation at the highest point, and partially covered with shrubs and coarse grass.

The Pendleton ring of the Democracy contend that all holders of war bonds should fare alike. This would place the holders of United States securities of that class upon the same footing with the holders of Confederate bonds emitted in the interest of the "lost cause." It occurs to us that this would scarcely be assented to. The holders of Confederate bonds are in the predicament of a creditor whose debtor dies without an executor and leaves no assets. Besides, Confederate bonds become due at the *Greek Calends*, and of course payment of them could not now be demanded. They are not exigible until "six months after the ratification of a treaty of peace between the United States and the Confederate States."

"Oh! that mine enemy would write a book." The Democracy affect to sneer at General Grant because he is but little given to speech making. Many of the party vehemently wish that their candidate for the Vice-Presidency, at the time he promulgated his own platform, had possessed a small modicum of the General's reticence.

There is a marked contrast between Seymour and Blair in this respect: The former, when occasion requires, can talk a great deal and say nothing. The latter can't talk at all without saying a great deal too much.

The future tax on whisky will be fifty cents a gallon, if the President signs the bill. This amount can be collected, as it is to be paid at the distillery.

FROM WASHINGTON.

Admission of Louisiana Congressmen—Rejoicing of Louisianians at the Capital—Collector of Internal Revenue for the Teche District, etc.

[Special Correspondence of the Republican.]

WASHINGTON, July 19, 1868.

Friday and Saturday were bright, red-letter days in the history of our dear adopted State of Louisiana—the State in which we have cast our lot after having "hewn our way to the gulf with our swords"—whose good fortune and good repute are ours, and whose misfortunes and errors will weigh as heavy on our hearts as though we were natives and "to the manor born." Far more than three years since the last gun was fired in the late suicidal rebellion, notwithstanding the fact that we had hung away our blue coats, and changed our swords for peaceful implements of labor, through the blunders of impolitic rebel politicians our State has been denied a status and a representation at the national capital.

At length the lately insurrectionary States, having given bonds for their future good behavior by adopting the measures held out to them by the loyal Congress of the nation, have been admitted to their former status in the sisterhood of States. The prodigals have returned asking forgiveness, and have been welcomed back into the dear old national family.

Arkansas came in first with her new constitution and loyal Senators and Representatives. Rice and McDonald came into the Senate, taking seats never before filled by their equals, either in ability or strength. Then came Florida, with Osborn and Welch, the former scarred with battle-marks of the late rebellion, and the other representing the life and energy of the great West, from whence he came; they taking the places of the mendacious Mallory and the trickster who called himself Yulee to avoid the penalties attached to him under his native name of Levy. And then after long and anxious waiting, finally appeared upon the floor of the Senate the members elect from Louisiana. On Friday last, interrupting the regular business of the Senate, arose the austere Illinoisan, Lyman Trumbull, who on a question of privilege presented the credentials of John S. Harris and William Pitt Kellogg as Senators elect from Louisiana. By vote of the body the gentlemen named immediately presented themselves, and took upon themselves the oath of office. The old veterans of the Senate crowded around them and congratulated them upon their admission. Bluff old Ben Wade came down from the President's chair, grasped Judge Kellogg warmly by the hand, and escorted him to his (Wade's) old seat on the extreme right of the Republican side, remarking jocosely that he would have no further use for it. This was the last vacant chair upon the Republican side of the chamber. Many had sought to obtain it before, but it was reserved for our own Kellogg to secure the honor. Poor Harris fared not so well. He was assigned a seat on the other side, and was sandwiched in between Saulsbury, of Delaware, and Patterson, of Tennessee. Render up your thanks, loyal men of North Louisiana, that you have sent hither a man who can not be demoralized or contaminated by such associations! In the House, on Friday, General Sypher presented the credentials of the Louisiana Congressmen elect, which were referred to Mr. Dawes' committee. Saturday morning, your humble servant, and a score of other Louisianians—including some of the fair sex who were there patriotically proclaiming that the proudest day of their lives was this which witnessed the readmission of Louisiana into the Union from which she had exiled herself eight years ago—were in the gallery watching the proceedings. Ela, of New Hampshire, an old typo of the New Hampshire *Statesman*, in the days of the Isaac Hill Democracy, but now one of the Republican leaders of the Granite State, and chairman of the House Printing committee, had made an elaborate report, censuring the head of one of the bureaus for lavish and unnecessary expense in his printing and stationery accounts. Jencks, of Rhode Island, father of the remarkably stupid civil service bill, rose to champion the censured official. After declaiming violently for half an hour, he was forced to yield the floor to Mr. Dawes, who presented to the House the fourteenth amendment as adopted by the Legislature of Louisiana, and moved its reference to the Committee on Reconstruction. He then presented the credentials of the members of Congress elect from Louisiana and South Carolina, and moved that they be immediately qualified. The motion was adopted without a dissenting vote. But one of the South Carolina delegation was present. He appeared, however, in the area at the left of the Speaker's desk, followed by General Sypher, Colonel Newsham, Messrs. Vidal and Blackburn, and Colonel Mann. Speaker Colfax administered to them the oath of office, as they stood there with their right hands raised to heaven. No sooner was this ceremony concluded than old Thad. Stevens hobbled down from his favorite resting-place beside the Clerk's desk, and congratulated warmly his young protege and former townsman, General Sypher, upon his admission and the admission of his colleagues, whose presence there made Louisiana whole again. Then flocked around Washburne, Banks, and a host of others to welcome the young Congressmen, while the Maine delegation, headed by John A. Peters, came down and tendered a cordial welcome to their old companion, Colonel James Mann—for he had borne a prominent part in the politics of the Pine Tree State in ante-bellum times. General Sypher took a seat upon the Republican side, beside a member from New Jersey, while the remainder of the delegation distributed themselves among the many vacant chairs on the opposition side of the house. Many Louisianians who had been in Washington for months thanked God and took courage. Theirs had been an embarrassing position, indeed, without a Senator, Congressman, or delegate to appeal or refer to, and poorer off even than the most insignificant foreigner who has his Minister or Consul to zealously guard his interests. For they felt that in this delegation their interests were safe, and that nothing to promote the welfare of Louisiana and Louisianians would escape their vigilance.

One of the first acts of Colonel Mann was to secure the nomination of Captain Richard W. Mallen as Collector of the Teche district, and the first official act of Senator Kellogg was to call up the nomination and have it confirmed, which was done in executive session yesterday. Captain Mallen was an officer of the Fourteenth Maine regiment, and lost the use of an arm in the battle of Baton Rouge in 1862. He has lived latterly in the parish of St. Mary, and his hosts of friends will rejoice at this recognition of his merit.

Judge Kellogg and General Sypher have both prepared several bills looking to the prosperity of our State, which they propose to present this session.

Ames's New Orleans circus has been for several days entertaining quite profitably the Washingtonians. Messrs. Ames, Breese, and others were very kind to the Louisianians they found at the national capital. Their latch-string was in the hands of Garry Oldis, and nothing seemed to give the company more pleasure than to escort their fellow-townsmen to seats under the canvas. The company have taught the people of the North that the Crescent City is not quite dead—that "there is life in the old land yet."

Quite a number of Louisianians are here. Colonel Darling and John A. Grow, Esq., are here, looking after the interests of their clients. Your confrere McCranie, of the Ouachita *Telegraph*, is here, but returns South in a day or two. He was present in the Louisiana Convention when the ordinance of secession was passed which took the State out of the Union, and was in the House yesterday when our delegates were admitted. He saw Louisiana go out of the Union in 1861, and saw her come in again in 1868. He says the last was the pleasantest spectacle by all odds.

Colonels Marston and Lynch, formerly of the army, stationed in New Orleans, are at the National. James Ready is also stopping there, having been called hither to explain certain doubtful transactions connected with his administration in New Orleans.

James E. McBeth, very well known in your city, is here negotiating the sale of the patent-right of a new breech-loading rifle—a very clever invention of his, which is destined to create a revolution in the matter of firearms.

It is expected Congress will adjourn on Monday week. ROB ROY.

THE REIGN OF TERROR IN THE COUNTRY.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:

The Democratic party of this State have a deeply arranged plan for the purpose of carrying this State in the fall election. They expect, by means of murder and assassination, to deprive the parishes of leading Republicans, and then take the freedmen in their own control. It matters not whether the leading men of the party be black or white, they are to be murdered. The Democracy have no hope of carrying the State in the usual way. They feel that they must resort to blood and murder.

Already the dreadful business has commenced. I have received letters by the mails of the past few days the contents of which are enough to bring down hailstones and coals of fire from heaven. The men who come from all the remote parishes bring confirmations of the truth of the statements forwarded by mail.

Can not the two Houses of the General Assembly suspend all other business for a week and at once provide suitable measures for the protection of peaceable citizens? It seems as if the Democrats of Louisiana are determined to bring on the terrible effort which they long have threatened, to exterminate the black man and those whites who take him by the hand.

JUSTICE AND PEACE.

Comparative Abilities of the Races.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:

Perhaps you will spare room in your very estimable paper for the following living refutation of the theory of our "white man's government" friends as regards the natural abilities and capabilities of the colored man. And I assert that we only ask equal advantages in the race. The following paragraph is taken from the columns of the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*:

PRIZES FOR DECLAMATION.—The first prize at Harvard College was taken by a colored youth, Richard Theodore Greener, of the Junior class, the son of a poor woman in Boston, who fitted for college at Oberlin and Andover, and who, like so many others of his race, is a natural orator. His gestures were as graceful as Edward Everett's, his voice musical and flexible, and his whole bearing admirable.

The second prize was taken by a Jew, Godfrey Morse, who also spoke admirably.

A Court Martial for Brownsville.

Paragraph four of special orders 163, Fifth Military District, is as follows:

A general court martial is hereby appointed to meet at Brownsville, Texas, on the third day of August, 1868, at ten o'clock A. M., or as soon thereafter as practicable, for the trial of such persons as may be properly brought before it.

DETAIL FOR THE COURT.—Captain E. J. Conway, Fourth Cavalry; First Lieutenant H. C. Peterson, Twenty-sixth Infantry; First Lieutenant E. K. Russell, First Artillery; Second Lieutenant John Gotshall, Twenty-sixth Infantry; Second Lieutenant Alured Larke, Twenty-sixth Infantry; Second Lieutenant G. P. Cotton, First Artillery.

First Lieutenant J. T. Kirkman, Twenty-sixth Infantry, Judge Advocate.

Personal.

We are pleased to learn that Judge E. H. Durell has appointed our old, well-tried, reliable fellow-citizen, Christian Rosellus, as acting United States District Attorney during his absence.

Such appointment of the "Nestor" of our bar can hardly fail to assure our people that the proper duties of the position will be discharged uninfluenced by fear or favor.

Correction.

In noticing the arrival in the city yesterday morning of Colonel James Dugan, we inadvertently connected his name with the Jackson *Pilot*, when we should have said he was the founder and proprietor of the Jackson (Miss.) *Journal*. The Colonel is the pioneer Republican editor of Mississippi, having founded the Vicksburg *Republican* in 1867.

Frank Blair's Letter.

The New Orleans *Times* virtually admits (what it would be useless to deny) that Frank Blair's letter is revolutionary, but attempts to justify it on the ground that somebody belonging to the Republican party has done wrong also. Two wrongs do not make a right.

In another column will be found an interesting letter from Washington, giving an account of the seating of our Senators and Representatives in Congress, and detailing other items of news.

We are under obligations to Hon. W. P. Kellogg, United States Senator from Louisiana, for the annual report of the Bureau of Statistics on the commerce and navigation of the United States.

We find this in the St. Louis *Democrat*:

The courteous and moderate bearing of Governor Warmoth, of Louisiana, seems to have made him many friends. A correspondent writing to the *Republican* speaks of him with considerable praise—for a wonder, that paper does not attempt to blackguard the "carpet-bagger" any longer. No doubt the editors, perceiving their error, will repair the omission very shortly. A Union man is honored by the abuse of that paper, and Warmoth should not be cheated of any of the honors to which victory entitles him.

AMUSEMENTS.

NATIONAL HALL.

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BETWEEN FRANKLIN AND LIBERTY

The undersigned respectfully informs the that he has leased this new, large, and comm Hall, and that a Colored

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jy23 1y

AUCTION SALES.

AUCTION SALE OF GOVERNM PROPERTY.

THE FOLLOWING ARTICLES OF QUA A master's Stores will be sold at Public Au the Vicksburg Cotton Press, foot of Gallique New Orleans, Louisiana, on MONDAY, the seventh of July, 1868, viz—

19 HORSES.
4 MULES.
3 ARMY WAGONS.
4 AMBULANCES.
1 WAGON FLOAT.
138 WATER BUCKETS.
13 sets WHEEL HARNESS.
18 sets LEAD HARNESS.
25 SADDLES.
133 yards MATTING.
31 IRON BEDSTEADS.
98 SHOVELS.
56 SPADES.
2950 pounds IRON.
3620 pounds Old IRON.
5 CROSS-CUT SAWS.
3 CIRCULAR SAWS.
60 feet SAGGER HOSE.
1 PORTABLE FORGE.
1 STEAM ENGINE BOILER.

And many other artic es too numerous to m Terms—Cash in United States currency. Sale to commence at ten o'clock A. M.

E. K. RATCHELDER,
Brevet Colonel and Quartermaster U. S. A.

jy16 22 23 24 25 26 Depot Quartermaster

LARGE AND PEREMPTORY SALE OF gant Match and Single Horses, Elegant Horses, Fine Work Mules, Fine Milch Cow gies, Elegant Brette, Harness, Wagons, a at auction.

BY MONTGOMERY BROS. & H. M. Montgomery, Auctioneer—Will be SATURDAY, July 25, 1868, at 11 o'clock, Liner's Stable on Gravier street—

Elegant MATCH HORSES.
Elegant SADDLE HORSES;
Fine WORK MULES;
Fine MILCH COWS;

—ALSO—

Top and Open Buggies, Elegant Brette, H Wagons, etc.

TERMS—Cash, in United States Treasury n and

FURNITURE—FURNITURE.

BY MONTGOMERY BROS. & H. M. Montgomery, Auctioneer—Will be SATURDAY, July 25, 1868, at 11 o'clock, Auction Mart, No. 97 Camp street—

A general assortment of HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, such as Rosewood, Mahogany, and Bedsteads, Bureaus, Armoire, Washstands, A ny and Walnut Tables, Sofas, Spring Seat Easy Chairs, Marble Top Center Tables, Ex Sideboards, Extension Tables, Wardrobes and Dressing Bureaus, Fine Mirrors, Mattresses, Paintings, Cooking Stoves and Utensils, being the contents of several well furnished

—ALSO—

A large invoice of Cottage Beds, Cane and Seat Chairs, etc.

TERMS—Cash.

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