New Orleans Republican.

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THE DAILY REPUBLICAN

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THE WEEKLY REPUBLICAN

Is published every Saturday morning, and contains the news by telegraph, miscellaneous reading, editorials, local matters of general public interest, commercial and monetary reports, and everything that appears in the Daily, except such items as are of little or no public moment. The WEEKLY REPUBLICAN is an excellent family paper, valuable as well for instruction and amusement as information on the current topics of the day.

Advertisements.

Transient advertisements same terms as in the Daily. Monthly advertisements inserted for one-fourth of the daily rates.

A liberal commission allowed to those who send us clubs of five or more.

TOGETHER.

[From the Providence Herald.]

Such glorious days!
Let us be glad, my darling,
Forgetting Winter's snow;
The gold Autumn lies between its coming,
And God is good we know.

We will be glad:
If great storms break, my darling,
We know the stars will beam
Across the amber west with brighter glory,
The purple sunset gleam.

After the frost
The golden grain will ripen,
Flowers bloom where snow-drifts lay;
The hush of Summer fold the world, my darling,
Let us be glad to-day.

Such happy days!
Why must we die, my darling?
Life parted, cold and low;
In your dear arms the grave would not be fearful,
But God is good we know.

WAR TOPICS.

Some Light Thrown Upon the Question of the Hour.

[From the New York Tribune, July 18.]

France will find a very different adversary in Prussia than she found in her last great war (1859), when she crossed swords with Austria.

Prussia will find a very different adversary in France than she found in her last great war (1866), when she crossed swords with Austria.

People have been saying for years past that Napoleon wouldn't dare to risk the chances of his throne and dynasty by entering upon a war. Suddenly he turns up as the most implacable belligerent in Europe.

It was said in 1859 that the French army was victorious over the Austrians because the French had rifled cannon. It was said in 1866 that the Prussian army was victorious over the Austrians because the Prussians were armed with needle guns. It is now understood that the artillery and rifles of the French army and those of the Prussian army are about equally destructive; and there seems but little advantage on either side as regards arms.

Our German-American fellow-citizens who may now be sojourning in Prussia have occasion to rejoice at the establishment of the treaty, which was recently negotiated between the American and Prussian governments, in regard to the rights of Germans naturalized in this country. But for the negotiation of this treaty, all Prusso-Americans found in Prussia at this time would have been liable for service in the Prussian army. Now, no German, naturalized as an American, can be compelled to enter the army of any of the States of North or South Germany. German Americans have precisely the same rights, franchises, and privileges in Germany as native born Americans. The treaty was negotiated at a most opportune time, and it will save our government from a great deal of trouble.

The smaller States contiguous to Prussia will be cautious about taking part against her in the present war. Prussia made short work with the smaller States which took part against her in the war of 1866. She "absorbed" them, regardless of their feelings.

Before the appearance of the war cloud in Europe, our five-twenty bonds were quoted in London at a fraction over 90. The fall of orice was but slight and gradual, and shortly after noon of the eleventh they were a fraction above 86. From this they recovered two per cent, on the prospect of a settlement of the Franco-Prussian difficulty; but again they gave way on Saturday last, when they were quoted between 85 and 86. These fluctuations are slight, compared with what the gold bulls and bond bears of this market expected in the event of the outbreak of a European war.

The adoption of the dogma of infallibility by the Ecumenical Council was almost simultaneous with the adoption of a belligerent attitude by France and Prussia. If his Holiness were infallible in regard to political as well as ecclesiastical matters, he might settle the present troubles by his fiat. Would it be a good thing if there were a political Pope in Europe.

We are told that one of the reason why the French Emperor desires war, is, that it would consolidate all parties in France in favor of his government. At the same time we are told that Bismarck looks favorably on war as a means of consolidating the strength of the North German Confederation, and especially of welding to Prussia the States which were forcibly annexed after the war of 1866. It is quite possible that such ideas float through the minds of Napoleon and Bismarck.

Nearly two millions of Germans have emigrated to America during the last twenty years, more than three-fourths of whom had landed at the port of New York. If these emigrants had been retained at home, Germany would have had a quarter of a million more fighting men than she now has.

Gideon Hawley, of Albany, a prominent politician of New York sixty years ago, died on Friday last. He was the first State Superintendent of Schools, having been appointed in 1812. The salary of the office was $300. The common school system was organized under his auspices. The Legislature of 1820, however abolished the office. In 1814 he was appointed Secretary of the Board of Regents of the University, holding the office twenty-seven years. He was succeeded by Dr. Beck. For many years he has been one of the regents of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington. At the time of his death he was about eighty-five years of age.

The New York *Standard* says:

A lady who refers to Erastus Brooks, and a farm for sale as far away as the Red river district of Louisiana, says that the people in the vicinity are peaceable and loyal, and the range for cattle and hogs unsurpassed in America. The only trouble about this is that Erastus Brooks is not the best authority on the question of loyalty.

In Paris there is a current saying that where a Frenchman spends five francs, an Englishman will spend twenty and an American fifty.

[For the Sunday Republican.]

HUNG IN THE WRONG.

A STORY OF IRELAND.

BY AN IRISHMAN.

"May God forgive you this night, Frank Attwood, wherever you may be, for the wrong you have brought upon this house. May God forgive you!"

And the mother nestled her little one closer to her bosom, and repeated the prayer over and over again.

"Hush, mother; there is no wrong done in this house, whatever Father Flynn may say. We are both satisfied with our lot. There, do not weep, dear mother; you know you were willing that it should be as it is."

"Oh! no! no!"

"Oh! mother!" And the speaker looked in her mother's face, with a beautiful and sad expression.

It was in one of these rude, thatched cabins which are scattered over the rich district of country, comprising the county Meath, where the scene of our story opens. The country round afforded abundant advantages in agricultural pursuits, and but for the relations of lord and tenant, and the various conditions under which land is maintained and titles granted, would have raised up a prosperous and contented people. The Earl of Meath, who owned this enormous plateau of country, knew little of the system under which his revenues poured in, and cared less. The property itself was divided into large sections, under stewardship, and parcelled off again into small tracts to suit the capital or resources of the tenants. Beyond this, he had no existence in the county, and might as well have resided in Japan. The sympathy of these landlords, also, or their interest in the prospects of these working people, need no comment from us. There is a dark history spread upon the criminal calendars of Ireland, which explains with better precision the aggressions of the one, and the suffering and crime of the other. No wonder that there is eternal hatred mutually fostered between them; that the tenant in his native right challenges the importation of their masters or stewards from England or any other country; or that when a cruel blow is struck, or a reproachful act committed, there should be shelter and concealment given to the criminal in defiance of law and religion. People who live upon a piece of land, worked and improved by their ancesters for generations before, become at last so identified with the very soil itself, that they can not fully realize the fact, that they are but "tenants at will," and may be ejected by force, and without remedy, by those who have both the power and the will. Indeed it is oftly when some neighbor less fortunate, whose whole substance fails to make up the enormous rents, and is obliged to quit the dwelling where he, and his father before him were born, with his little ones and his wife to beg or to die, that even the most prosperous feel the painful truth.

The little house we referred to, stood about midway between Trim and Navin and a few miles eastward of Kells. During the races in these little towns the county along was the scene of many a gay entertainment, and many a frolic. The county magistrate and schoolmaster presided over meetings and social gatherings, settling all manner of debates and adjusting questions in agriculture, racing or stock raising, and it was often known that the gauger attended and praised the potheen, although he invariably brought the hospitable host to grief and much expense.

Old John Keogh, who lived here, was a warm friend to his country, and was descended from a good stock. A belief is current that diseases can be cured by the application of their blood, and often have we witnessed a person of this favored name coolly insert a knife into his hand or arm, and, without disturbing a muscle in his face, catch the drops of blood in a vessel, bind up the wound again, and give the blood to the afflicted, under certain restrictions, and enjoining certain devotions to be made during the application. This fact, remarkable in itself, made Keogh an influential man. Once he was the pride of the country at throwing a stone or turning out at a funeral—and many a prize he carried off during the annual plowing matches, for his straight furrow, much to the discomfiture of the young men. But all these things were past for John: his only solicitude now was his daughter Ellen, the same who now sat with her mother in the little cabin.

While they sat thus, pondering upon the event, which ere to-morrow's sun would set would separate them perhaps forever. The dog rose from before the smouldering turf fire, with a growl, and proceeded toward the door. Ellen rose, drew her faded shawl about her head, and proceeded into the garden.

"Oh, mother, mother!"

Her father entered, gazed upon his wife and child, and brushed away a tear with the cuff of his rough frieze coat.

"Ellen, not gone yet? My child must wait till she sees her father's gray hairs and old age held up to mockery; Ellen will then go."

His thin locks were dusty and damp from traveling. He had departed early that morning, and had not returned until now.

"God forgive you, Frank Attwood, wherever you may be! God forgive you!"

"If his reverence thinks," muttered the old man, as he paced up and down, "that he can send away my child—if he thinks"—and here his face grew paler, and his brows darkened.

"Ellen," he resumed aloud, "you are to appear before the congregation to-morrow, with shame on your face, to be driven out from here in company with the vagabond who wronged you. You are to be denounced from the alter as a guilty thing, with Cain's mark upon your forehead. Are you prepared for that my child?"

"My dear, dear father, have mercy!"

"John Keogh," exclaimed her mother; "are you to resist the church by your horrid words, and ruin your child? If Father Flynn sends her away, what power of yours can save her? Oh, its my own heart that's broken!"

"Will you go, my child?"

"I will die, father."

And the old man piously crossed himself and vowed something, and he took his daughter in his arms and while he grew faint with the dire thoughts that oppressed him, he pressed her fair face to his bosom and sighed heavily.

"You shall not go my child," he added. "No, no; not if all the world were come to take you. I will shield you while I have breath, but you must remain here. There now, kiss me, my child."

"Oh, father, how kind and good you are!"

"You must stay," he repeated, "and comfort your mother. Do you hear, my child?"

"Yes, father." And his child smoothed back his stray white hairs and again kissed him with childish affection.

"Father, won't you be good and kind to Frank, because I love him so well? If you knew how good he is I know you would."

"Your enemy, my child."

"Oh no, father, my husband. He honors you very much, indeed he does."

"But to-morrow, my child, to-morrow."

"No matter, father, about to-morrow. I will go with Frank."

"I will kill him, kill him cold, for he has taken away my child and broken my heart."

"Oh, do not father! Say you will not—there."

And that night, although the hour was late, many people congregated about the market house in Kells, discussing the murder of Frank Attwood and the arrest of old John Keogh.

Chapter II.

The town of Kells is composed of one street, with a few by-ways or lanes, a few hundred yards long. The market house stands on the west side of the street, a tall brick structure, the resort of farmers at all times, but more especially on market days; but there are always people gathered there of an evening, discussing the various items of interest about town. About a stone's throw from this spot stands a neat, white-washed cottage, with a pretty garden in front, surrounded by green palings. Father Flynn, the village pastor, resided here. A great man in that little world, and all powerful in fair time, when disturbance and shillelahism were most likely to occur. Many a time did Father Flynn effect what peelers could not. Many a time was he called upon to disperse a mob, or separate two stalwart pugilists, and as he sallied from his cottage, whip in hand, one might notice a commotion in the multitude and cries of "the priest, the priest," and soon his whip lay around on all sides, and order restored. Anything he failed to accomplish among his people was impossible for any man to do. He was endeared and respected, and of course loved. For where is the clergyman in Ireland who is not regarded with the utmost consideration.

But on that Saturday evening there was no commotion; a sadder subject occupied the people's thoughts. Many were congregated in little knots before the market house, discussing the sad spectacle of the morrow, and the appearance of young Attwood and Ellen before the congregation for loving unwisely and too well. No person, not even their parents, dare disregard the sentence; they dare not shelter them for a single night; the penalty of such a transgression was too severe. They must depart immediately; the town must not hold them for an hour.

Young Attwood, who had been in large cities and enlarged his experience by reading and study, did not fully recognize the authority which assumed such great proportions. He had married Ellen clandestinely but legally, and in accordance with the usages of civilized countries, but the intelligence of the people among whom he lived, and, indeed, that of one-half of the entire country, even at the present day, were and are at variance with such liberalism in opposition to the church, and hence, while he submitted to the custom and its consequences, his anxiety alone was for Ellen.

And now it was eight o'clock. Many old people who knew the young couple since infancy, felt a vital interest in them, and spoke warmly of the virtues and amiability of Ellen, and bore testimony to the manly and heroic character of young Attwood. He was the son of "my lord's," steward, a sullen and ill-tempered man, and unlike his son in liberality and experience, as any two men could be. The youth had often assisted the farmers in their work; tossed hay, or gathered the harvest, and on that account few could raise their voices against him; he was a promising boy, Ellen's senior by two years, and was a good companion, as well as a good neighbor.

Father Flynn was sitting in his cottage, when the report reached him that young Attwood had been murdered, within a few hundred yards of Keogh's house, and that the latter had been arrested as the perpetrator of the deed. That the money and other valuables, on the person of the deceased had not been disturbed, and that death resulted from a blow of some heavy weapon, thrown from a distance, as no visible sign of an encounter could be found. That Keogh resisted the officers, when they attempted to arrest him, until he should confer with his daughter, and also that they were obliged to conduct both to prison.

These tidings had a marked effect upon the good pastor. He immediately rose to accompany the officer. Word had already gone aboard, and repeated the circumstances of the deed: and, while no voice was raised against the alleged murderer, many expressed sorrow for the victim. Several persons, either through curiosity or commisseration, followed close behind until they arrived at the prison, but were debarred admittance, on account of the commotion inside. He found the accused sitting by himself on a low truck bedstead by the window, and gazing out with a sad, vacant expression, into the moonlight. Ellen had been forced away to another portion of the building. The good man could not find it in his heart to ask a question. So we leave them, as the door closes and is fastened on the outside, the prisoner with rugged, manly face, guiltless as an infant's; and the good pastor, while taking his seat on the cot beside him, squeezes the rough hand extended to him.

"It is well, father, very well." And they looked, both confessor and penitent, out upon the cold moonlight, struggling through the strong iron-work of the cell window.

Chapter III.

The little town had relapsed into its usual quietness on the following day. It was Sunday, and many felt thankful that the scene which was to take place in the little chapel would soon be forgotten. Father Flynn appeared, as he ever did, fully mindful of the troubles of his flock, and many, indeed, wept as they heard his clear voice, broken down with emotion, when he alluded to the incidents of the day previous.

"My children," he repeated, "let us all open our hearts this day in devotion, and thank Him who ever searches the spirit, whether it be good or evil, and brings His children through the narrow way that leadeth unto life."

The sad feeling that had settled upon the people's minds did not abate until the trial. There was but one opinion prevalent, and that was the guilt of the accused. A thousand circumstances pointed him out as a murderer. The fact that he was naturally a proud, haughty man, and was bitterly opposed to any connection between his daughter and young Attwood; considering also how that illicit connection had been brought about, and the consequences that were assuredly to follow, in the expulsion of Ellen from the town, and in company with a man he avowedly despised; his own name given over to public calumny, his house made desolate, and his wife's heart broken, who could say that they themselves would not, under the same circumstance, have committed the same deed. He had been seen prowling about the premises of the deceased on the same day; had failed to appear at his work as usual, and was heard to say that "no foreign vagabond should ever bring disgrace into his house, and afterward live to tell it." One witness, Gill Fagan by name, avowed that he threatened violence to the boy should his daughter be sent away; that he was aware of his intentions for some days previous, but hoped that his mind would become more relieved as time wore on. No wonder that his doom was made certain long before the special commission had been issued for his trial.

* * * * * *

"It is very cruel, Frank, very cruel."

"Very."

"Very, very cruel."

"Yes, Ellen."

"You are sad, Frank, do tell me what bitter thought is at your heart now?"

"It is nothing. I only thought that——"

"Tell me, dear!"

"That—that"—and the shrubbery among which they stood crackled loud enough to startle them, and in a moment a huge stone hurled with giant force, laid the boy prostrate on the ground.

One wild cry from Ellen, answered the dying words of her lover, and calling loudly for help ran along the narrow lane toward the house.

In a moment the assassin hurried into the open field adjoining, following with his eyes the retreating figure, and then quietly returned, looked upon his victim and departed.

Ellen had reached the cottage continuing her loud, piercing cries, and fell helplessly upon her mother's neck; it was now evident that her father had executed his cruel threat.

"Oh! cruel, cruel father!" were the words that jingled harshly into the mother's ears, as in terror she tried to soothe the bitter crying of her forsaken child. "Cruel, cruel, to murder him so cold and brutal. I saw him do it."

"Who?"

"Father murdered my husband. I saw him. I know him."

Wild were the cries that rang through the desolate house, but no answer came; no husband, no father was near. The dog had disappeared with his master, and in the loneliness of their despair did the mother and her little ones go forth into the night, the echoes answering back their plaintive calls.

And now footsteps were heard hurrying along the hard road, and Ellen's father gathered his children in his arms, and entered the house. His face was pale in the solitary glare of the rushlight, and worn in its expression, as if preyed upon by some mysterious trial; and while his hands trembled, and his heart expressed the bitterness that oppressed it, he lavished unutterable caresses upon his unconscious child.

"She must not suffer by the thoughtlessness of others," he said abruptly; "let others take the consequences of their rashness and folly, and they have."

He repeated this last several times, while he kissed the sleeper and the younger children, and added, turning to his wife:

"That infamy which was to come upon us is over. Tell her of it when she wakes, and that her own father saved her; be sure you say the exact words, 'her own father saved her.'"

The mother sobbed.

His dog now rose as if to warm him of the approaching footsteps, and as he signified the brute to desist, the officers entered and arrested him.

Chapter IV.

It was two months later, and now the old man was spending his last night upon earth. His trial once entered upon, was summarily gone through with and resulted in his condemnation. He sat in his small room, with his hands clasped and his head bent, but no murmur escaped his lips for hours. Father Flynn had visited him, and departed long ago, and his weary thoughts alone kept him company. Ellen had been set free, to carry her own heavy burden of sorrow through the world. She had traveled, faint and spirit broken, to Dublin, and had thrown herself at the feet of the great nobles, but no word of mercy was given her. She was told that her application should come from certain parties, to pass through certain hands, to be decided upon by certain authorities, be backed up with a thousand influences, and, finally, be presented to his Excellency by certain judges, under certain formalities, and that in the event of a pardon from the gallows, her father would be transported for life. It was a big, heart-breaking story, but those who uttered it felt not the venom, or took comfort in its recital. Ellen knew as little about the intricacies of English law in Ireland as most of her class do; besides it was at a time when one of these periodical risings, which harrass and enslave Ireland was in process of agitation, and her poor prayer was loaded with technicalities and labor, which was to be disposed of before any hope could be entertained. So time wore on. The distressed mother waited anxiously for tidings of her child, and hoped against hope; but the day came bringing its realities and suffering; that her children were orphans, and herself a widow and an outcast, and Ellen's bitter spirit decrying the humanity of the world with insane epithets. Father Flynn did all in his power to mitigate the sentence, but the times were against him; the high tone of political discord rendered any clemency impossible; and, besides, the condemned was known to be a turbulent spirit, and connected with the organization that distressed Ireland in 1848. It need not be said that his fidelity wavered. Indeed, he could have regained his life and liberty if the movements of his countrymen were to be betrayed by him. He was a man whom the government, at any time, would have been willing to make use of or get out of the way, and now that the pretence was not wanting, his chances of escape were very small.

It was late at night, and he sat alone, when the cell once more opened, and the worty pastor entered, followed by Ellen. It was a long conference, saddened by many an outburst of sorrow and many a scene of affection; but we can not paint them, for the grandeur is too dazzling, and the purple that surrounds the picture needs a brighter light than ours to relieve it. He addresses the pastor:

"Father, you would have taken my child from me and put shame upon her; if she is released a very high price has been paid for her—a dear, high price, and one which will shortly prove to have been gratuitous—you know now. You know that John Keogh could not kill the boy in cold blood. Have I not children? I would not give much to live now; not even point out the man who did the deed. Sir, I never killed the boy."

There follows close behind a sad history—a history whose sequel discloses the curse of secret and unlawful organizations, which have enslaved Ireland through centuries—a history in the intercourse of a people who have been sacrificed by mercenary and corrupt leaders, always ready to administer the black oath, and to hold the people in a system of tutelege and dependence, which inevitably cost them their lives. To one of these societies John Keogh had long before identified himself, and paid the bitter penalty. Years after, when his crime was nearly forgotten, and his family scattered abroad to beg their bread, and treacherous men were again distressing the country with ideas of liberty, and making heartbreaking attempts to rescue themselves from the yoke of England, the real perpetrator of the crime laid bare his conscience to the same pastor who attended the last hours of old John Keogh. A personal animosity of several years' growth had existed between the family of the Attwoods and this man—the same old difference respecting tenancy and titles. He belonged to the same secret organization as Keogh, whose oath was inviolable.

Ellen had witnessed the blow, under which her husband died, but too well tutored in the wrongs of her country, and the system of secrecy, under which her father lay—besides a thousand and one necessities which imposed silence—the stigma of being looked upon as an informer, being the worst—she involuntarily submitted to her lot. Indeed, if she acted otherwise, it would be fruitless, her evidence would have been suspected, as her own father was the principal in the matter. The price paid by the old man was gratuitous in every respect, and the sentence of the church warded off by a fearful blow. Ireland was, is, and will be, the same country, to-day and forever; and any effort to release herself, must begin in the moral and social enlightenment of her children; and while education and liberality may, in a great measure, relieve her, under the many wrongs, with which she is afflicted, her condition through centuries past proves that nothing can be gained by assassination or private vengeance.

NASBY.

Mr. Nasby Gives a Description of the Democracy of Delaware with Whom He is Associated—The Beginning of the Organization of the "White Man's Party" of that State.

[From the Toledo Blade.]

MASTEN'S CORNER, MISPILION HUNDRED,
In the State uv Delaware,
June 16, 1870.

The people uv the State uv Delaware, or rather the Democrisy uv Delaware, come nearer to my idea uv what Dimocrats ought to be than any I hev ever come across yit. The Kentuckian is good, but I hev seen Kentuckians who was restless and discontentid. I hev knowd up Kentuckians who did take stock in railways, who did now and then nail up the clap-board on their houses when they hed become loose, and who did wear shoes in summer.

But no Dimocrat uv Delaware wuz ever knowed to do anything of the kind. They are intensely religious people, with a faith in Providence which I never saw surpassed. They bleeve that the same Providence wich brot em into this world will take care uv em, and they let him do it with an easinis and abandon wich to me is deliteful. The most satisfyin spectacle my eye ever restid onto is the front porch uv Sapp's grocery at this present time. There they set, leanin' back on them unwhittled chairs, (no Delaware Democrat ever whittles,) with their feet onto the rail in front of em, each with his head lying flatwise on the wall, and fast asleep.

All is still! They buzz peacefully about their noses, wich ornaments tempts them by their joocyness, but repel 'em by their red hot brilliancy. Like everything else about this section, the flies is an undecided lot. But ever and anon one fly more hungry than his fellows, lites on the nose of some slumbering patriarch; he bites; the Saint makes an exertion to brush him off and awakes. Awakin, he takes a drink, which awakes all the rest, who also take a drink, after which they go to sleep agin. Sapp loves flies and sez he's making experiments on a more lively breed, a more daring and enterprisin' fly which'll keep 'em awake more uv the time.

Uv coarse we hevn't got no railroads. There was one projected thro' this section, but the citizens wuz horrified at the idea.

"What!" said they, "shell we hev a schreechin Ingin to keep us from hevin our regular afternoon and forenoon nap? Never!"

"But," said the projectors, "it'll increase the valoo uv yoor real estate."

"Reel wat?" asked these innocents.

"Reel estate—land."

"Wat good wood that do us," replied the sturdy yoemanry, "when nobody wants to sell?" and they would hev stoned the railroad party, hed it been a cool day, so that the exertion uv gettin the stones woodent hev worrid em.

Bill Sapp wuz so well pleased with the sperit they showed that all that day he kept flies off uv em hisself while they slept, wich they did ez soon ez the railroad party wuz out uv site.

I notist one uv em a layin on the broad uv his back, the other day, a swallering oysters wich a nigger boy wuz openin.

"Sammy," sez this youth's parent to him, the ole man a lyin on his back the while, "Sammy, it's a merciful arrangement that oysters ain't got no legs, ain't it, Sammy?"

"I don't see that," sed Sammy, "ef they had legs ther'd be more meat into em."

"Yes, but my son," returned this ancient, "ef they had legs and shood yoose em ever so little, we'd never git an oyster."

We are ez bizzy ez we kin be arrangin for the campane this fall. We hed a meetin at the county seet yesterday, reorganizin the party on broader basis, so that Conservative Republikins who feel outraged, that a naterally inferior race hez bin put onto a level with em, kin co-operate with em. The meetin held till late in the evenin, but it was intensely interestin throughout—indeed I may say that it was trooly a refreshin season. We adopted a platform embracin the follerin idees:

1. The emancipashun uv the nigger wuz an outrage agin wich we protest, and wich we demand be reversed before it is everlastingly too late.

2. The nigger is an inferior bein, and does not possess the intelligence rekesit to a proper yoose uv the ballot.

3. The attempts uv the distubin Radikels of Delaware to abolish the whippin post fills us with intense alarm, it bein a landmark.

4. The clamer uv the disturbin Radikels uv Delaware for free skools is a blow at Democrisy, and iz jest ez alarmin ez their demand to do away with the whippinpost.

In the ensooin campane the "White Man's Party" will bear onto their banners the follerin inskripshuns, "No nigger votin—The ballot in the hands uv the intelligent race—No free skools—The whippin-post forever—The constitooshen ez it wuz, Delaware ez it iz, forever.

I made the reglar skriptooral argyment, interdoosin Canaan, Hager and Onesymus, wich, however, didn't hev much effect, ez none uv em hed ever heerd uv these individooals. I wuz disconcerted somewhat when one uv em askt me ef Canaan wusn't one uv them cussed Radikels in Wilmington. Bill Sapp, however, got their attenshun when he mentioned the fact, to show their entire worthlessness ez citizens, that the entire nigger trade at his bar didn't amount to a hundred a year, wich was less than any one uv the proud Caucashen race expended with him. Mordeky Bender bore testimony to the alarmin ignorance pervadin among em, wich totally onfits em for the ballot, after wich I was rekested by the meetin to put the resooloshens passed onto paper, ez the Sekretary coodent write. I sejested that perhaps some older citizen shood do the work, but ez none uv em cood write, I did it, after wich we adjourned.

We returned home thro a village in wich the niggers hev a majority, wich wuz forchunit, for ther a site met our vision wich not only enthused the veterans of the party, but strengthened the doubters and confirmed the waverin. Rite there in that village, facin the whippin post, that time-honored instooshin wich Radikalism seeks to destroy, these degraded beins erected a skool house, wich we wuz informed wuz bein run by nigger preachers uv the Methodist persuasion. It was brite moonlite, and thro the winders we cood see the accussid spellin-books, damnable slates, and another innovashen, a wash-bowl and towel, the latter on a roller!

In our richus indignation we would hev burnt it to the ground, but unforchinitly none uv us hed a match, and ez the nearest house where we cood get one was perhaps forty rods out uv the way, the exershen wuz considered too severe for the good to be attained. But the site uv it hed a good effeck. The White Man's Party uv Masten's Corner may be sed to be now a perfect struckter without a weak spot in it. We hev employed a lawyer to see how that noosance, the nigger-skool house, may be legally abatid. We hed rather do it legally ef possible.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
(Which wuz Postmaster.)

"The Man Who Dared."

He lives in Cincinnati, Ohio proudly points to him as "her jewel." Yes, the Matrimonial Coolie has asserted himself. He has defined his position, and the platform upon which he proposes to stand or fall is this, that he "will not be bankrupted by any woman." Camel's-hair shawls bought without the M. C.'s permission will not be paid for, for he "will not be bankrupted by any woman." Expensive furniture and frescoing will not be allowed, for he "will not be bankrupted by any woman." Extravagant, unnecessary trips to the watering-places and abroad, with all the attendant evils of dressing to out-dress and out-display Mrs. Jones, her neighbor, will not be permitted, for he "will not be bankrupted by any woman." Noble Matrimonial Coolie! Lion-hearted M. C.! "Fight it out on that line, if it takes you all summer." Abolish domestic bankruptcy. Reduce your establishment to a peace footing. Take the reins, hold them tight, and give that prancing, high-mettled, young conjugal Flora Temple the lash when she tries to kick through the dash-board, or get the bit in her mouth and mischief in her mind. Moral: The worm when trodden upon may turn, and extravagance can be crushed out if the toiling, sweating Matrimonial Coolie will put his foot down and keep it there, his mother-in-law to the contrary notwithstanding.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

The reasons for the removal of our Minister to England, Mr. Motley, are thus stated by Mr. Crounse, the Washington correspondent of the New York *Times*:

As it has been freely stated, both publicly and privately, that the President removed Mr. Motley in order to revenge himself on Mr. Sumner for the latter's opposition to the San Domingo treaty, it is proper, though hardly necessary, to state some facts in connection with the matter, which will show how absurd such statements are. When Mr. Motley left here for England he received instructions on the principal question at issue between the two governments, which instructions were not in consonance with certain views expressed by Mr. Motley prior to his departure, and which views had been disapproved when they were first made known.

On his arrival in England Mr. Motley submitted to Lord Clarendon the views which had been disapproved here, and omitted to submit the views which had been impressed upon him by his government. This produced a feeling of dissatisfaction here, and from that moment the question of his recall has simply been a question of time. He has been allowed to remain from considerations of a personal character, among which the permanent nature of his domestic arrangements has been one. Some time since he was informed that his resignation would be accepted, and he was requested to answer by cable. To this Mr. Motley made no answer whatever. Subsequently an answer was again asked for, when he declined finally to resign. The original request for his resignation was made long enough before Mr. Frelinghuysen's appointment to have enabled Mr. Motley to have offered it, had he so desired.

A writer in the Chicago *Advance* puts this together about the Dickens scandal: "The ugliest feature in his life is his treatment of his wife. Mr. Wells, his business partner and most intimate friend, told me last year that it was the one unpardonable act that could neither be explained nor forgiven. The causes of the separation are perfectly well known. Miss Hogarth, own sister of Mrs. Dickens, who had always lived in the family from the time of the marriage, was too much the favorite of the head. For years this was the subject of discord until it ended in separation, Mrs. Dickens removing to Gloucester Crescent, London, while Miss Hogarth remained at Gad's Hill to the last. No charge of a criminal aspect was ever made. Dickens paid his wife £600 a year. The children, of whom eight are living, went at their option from one house to the other, the sons mostly residing at their mother's house, the daughters with their father. A correspondence was kept up between husband and wife, and Miss Hogarth frequently saw her sister at her own (Mrs. Dickens') house. It was the refusal of Bradbury & Evans to publich Dickens' "statement" in the columns of *Punch* that caused the quarrel ending by his withdrawal from *Household Words* and commencing *All the Year Round.* Although Charles Dickens, Jr., married Miss Evans, the seniors never after the outbreak spoke to each other.

OFFICIAL.

LAWS OF THE UNITED STATES.

Passed at the Second Session of the Forty-First Congress.

[PUBLIC—No. 120.]

AN ACT to prevent the extermination of fur-bearing animals in Alaska.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That it shall be unlawful to kill any fur-seal upon the islands of Saint Paul and Saint George, or in the waters adjacent thereto, except during the months of June, July, September and October in each year, and it shall be unlawful to kill such seals at any time by the use of fire-arms, or use other means tending to drive the seals away from said islands: Provided, That the natives of said islands shall have the privilege of killing such young seals as may be necessary for their own food and clothing during other months, and also such old seals as may be required for their own clothing and for the manufacture of boats for their own use, which killing shall be limited and controlled by such regulations as shall be prescribed by the Secretary of the Treasury.

SEC. 2. And be it further enacted, That it shall be unlawful to kill any female seal, or any seal less than one year old, at any season of the year, except as above provided; and it shall also be unlawful to kill any seal in the waters adjacent to said islands, or on the beaches, cliffs or rocks where they haul up from the sea to remain; and any person who shall violate either the provisions of this or the first section of this act shall be punished, on conviction thereof, for each offense by a fine of not less than two hundred dollars nor more than one thousand dollars, or by imprisonment not exceeding six months, or by such fine and imprisonment both, at the discretion of the court having jurisdiction and taking cognizance of the offense; and all vessels, their tackle, apparel, and furniture, whose crew shall be found engaged in the violation of any of the provisions of this act shall be forfeited to the United States.

SEC. 3. And be it further enacted, That for the period of twenty years from and after the passage of this act, the number of fur-seals which may be killed for their skins upon the island of Saint Paul is hereby limited and restricted to seventy-five thousand per annum; and the number of fur-seals which may be killed for their skins upon the island of Saint George, is hereby limited and restricted to twenty-five thousand per annum: Provided, That the Secretary of the Treasury may restrict and limit the right of killing if it shall become necessary for the preservation of such seals, with such proportionate reduction of the rents reserved to the government as shall be right and proper; and if any person shall knowingly violate either of the provisions of this section, he shall, upon due conviction thereof, be punished in the same way as provided herein for a violation of the provisions of the first and second sections of this act.

SEC. 4. And be it further enacted, That immediately after the passage of this act the Secretary of the Treasury shall lease, for rental mentioned in section six of this act, to proper and responsible parties, to the best advantage of the United States, having due regard to the interests of the government, the native inhabitants, the parties heretofore engaged in trade, and the protection of the seal fisheries, for a term of twenty years from the first day of May, eighteen hundred and seventy, the right to engage the in business of taking fur-seals on the islands of Saint Paul and Saint George, and to send a vessel or vessels to said islands for the skins of such seals, giving to the lessee or lessees of said islands a lease, duly executed, in duplicate, not transferable, and taking from the lessee or lessees of said islands a bond, with sufficient sureties, in a sum not less than five hundred thousand dollars, conditional for the faithful observance of all the laws and requirements of Congress and of the regulations of the Secretary of the Treasury, touching the subject-matter of taking fur-seals, and disposing of the same, and for the payment of all taxes and dues accruing to the United States connected therewith. And in making said lease, the Secretary of the Treasury shall have due regard to the preservation of the seal-fur trade of said islands, and the comfort, maintenance and education of the natives thereof. The said lessees shall furnish to the several masters of vessels employed by them certified copies of the lease held by them, respectively, which shall be presented to the government revenue officer for the time being who may be in charge at the said islands as the authority of the party for landing and taking skins.

SEC. 5. And be it further enacted, That at the expiration of said term of twenty years, or on surrender or forfeiture of any lease, other leases may be made in manner as aforesaid, for other terms of twenty years; but no persons other than American citizens shall be permitted, by lease, or otherwise, to occupy said islands, or either of them, for the purpose of taking the skins or fur-seals therefrom, nor shall any foreign vessel be engaged in taking such skins; and the Secretary of the Treasury shall vacate and declare any lease forfeited if the same be held or operated for the use, benefit or advantage, directly or indirectly, of any person or persons other than American citizens. Every lease shall contain a covenant on the part of the lessee that he will not keep, sell, furnish, give, or dispose of any distilled spirits or spirituous liquors on either of said islands to any of the natives thereof, such person not being a physician and furnishing the same for use as medicine; and any person who shall kill any fur-seal on either of said islands, or in the waters adjacent thereto, without authority of the lessees thereof, and any person who shall molest, disturb, or interfere with said lessees, or either of them or their agents or employees, in the lawful prosecution of their business, under the provisions of this act, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall for each offense, on conviction thereof, be punished in the same way and by like penalties as prescribed in the second section of this act; and all vessels, their tackle, apparel, appurtenances and cargo, whose crews shall be found engaged in any violation of either the provisions of this section, shall be forfeited to the United States; and if any person or company, under any lease herein authorized, shall knowingly kill, or permit to be killed, any number of seals exceeding the number for each island in this act prescribed, such person or company shall, in addition to the penalties and forfeitures aforesaid, also forfeit the whole number of the skins of seals killed in that year, or, in case the same have been disposed of, then said person or company shall forfeit the value of the same. And it shall be the duty of any revenue officer, officially acting as such on either of said islands, to seize and destroy any distilled spirits or spirituous liquors found thereon; Provided, That such offic