New Orleans Republican.

FFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE UNITED STATES

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF NEW ORLEANS

THE DAILY REPUBLICAN

is published every day (Mondays excepted) at No 94 Camp 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 FATAL DUEL.

Old Dr. Tatham was sitting cosily with his daughter, one morning, when the servant came in and announced Mr. Irving and his son.

"Leave us, Amy, darling, for a short time, will you?" said the doctor to his daughter. "I will send Walter to you directly, but I wish to speak a few words to him first."

Amy Tatham was a charming girl, in the fresh bloom of youth and beauty. I don't think she quite liked being sent away just at that moment, and it is quite certain that she raised her head very suddenly when she heard the name "Walter Irving" mentioned. Walter Irving was certainly a very lucky fellow, and I think, if the truth be told, when old Dr. Tatham kissed his daughter, preparatory to her fulfilling his sentence of exile, I think he thought so, too.

"Bother business, dear papa," said willful Amy; "but remember you have promised not to keep me away long, and if you don't keep your word I shall come in and surprise you. Goodby, you old dear."

When Amy Tatham had left the room the doctor turned toward the servant, who still stood at the door.

"Ask Mr. Irving and his son to walk in, please, and don't let me be disturbed unless there is something very important to be done."

Mr. Irving was a fine looking old gentleman; his son not so tall or of such commanding presence, but intelligent looking.

After commenting on a few ordinary topics of conversation, Mr. Irving was about to come to the point, and explain more particularly the object of his visit on this occasion, when he was stopped by the doctor.

"I beg pardon," said he, "but may I be allowed to interrupt you for a moment. It would be absurd of me to affect ignorance of the object of your visit. Before, however, I can listen to what either you or your son have got to say, I have something very important to divulge. I must take you into my confidence, and relate something which is necessary that you should know—a secret which I fearlessly entrust to you."

Walter Irving rose.

The doctor appreciated the modest diffidence of the young man, as he showed by the smile which played over his features. He motioned him, however, to his seat again.

"My dear boy," said the doctor, "I beg that you will remain. What I have to say affects you more particularly than anyone else here. You have been a good son, and I feel confident that you will make an excellent husband. Your love for my daughter is warm and generous; but promise now—promise me, the father of the girl you love and desire to marry—promise me as a gentleman that you are, that you will religiously keep my secret. Keep it—yes, even from my daughter!"

The doctor said these words in a strangely excited manner.

Mr. Irving and his son were evidently not prepared for so serious an interview. However, they promised to faithfully obey the doctor's earnest request, and waited patiently for him to continue.

The doctor looked round in his chair, to assure himself that they were alone, and then, clearing his throat and addressing himself more particularly to young Walter Irving, spoke as follows:

"Eight and twenty years ago I was studying medicine at a German university. It was at Heidelberg. I did not take up this study until late in life; in fact, considerably after I had taken my degree at Oxford. I was intended originally, as you may know, for the church; but, on conscientious scruples, I shirked orders and devoted myself, among other things, to the study of medicine in a small way.

"When I first took up my residence in Heidelberg, the somewhat absurd custom of duelling between the students was in vogue. Of course, I need not tell you that these duels are not necessarily such serious matters as would seem natural to us from the term. At that time, however, they were more serious than they are now, the custom of swathing the combattants, with the exception of a small portion of the face, being then almost unheard of.

"The students were mad on the subject of dueling, and the slightest disturbance resulted in a formal and hostile encounter. Hardly a day passed that some duel or other did not take place. The students fought occasionally with the officers, with the townspeople, and, I need hardly add, perpetually among themselves.

"I was a strong, muscular fellow when I went to Heidelberg, and the love for adventure and sports of all kinds, which I had inherited at school and fostered at college, was not easily to be got rid of.

"A little way from my lodging lived a young student, who was as unlike me, or any in my set, as black is from white. He was the kind of a fellow we should have called a 'milksop' at school; and yet, somehow or other, I felt I could not dislike the fellow.

"I will candidly own, however, that I was heartily ashamed of my secret preference for my neighbor, and I took every available opportunity of stifling it.

"Max Oppenheim—for that was my neighbor's name—was a pale-faced, studious looking young man, and a perfect model of a student. He was always being held up as a pattern to us. He was never known to miss a lecture; was never seen at the gasthaus; didn't smoke, drink beer—did nothing wicked, in fact. Max Oppenheim was our exact opposite.

"Outside the university he never joined his fellow students, and was never known to invite them home.

"One morning, as I was smoking a cigarette on the balcony outside my sittingroom, I saw, to my surprise, over the way, a pretty fair head peeping out of Oppenheim's window. The head popped back immediately I was detected.

"I laughed to myself, and thought what a good story I would make out of it for the benefit of my friends.

"That evening, before I had an opportunity of doing this, I happened to meet Max and began joking him about the fair apparition I had seen.

"He stopped me in an instant.

"'I am married,' said he, rather proudly, 'That was Madame Oppenheim that you saw.'

"I am afraid I must have perpetrated an incredulous whistle.

"'It was Madame Oppenheim, I tell you, sir,' said the pale-faced Max, getting irritated; 'and I beg that her name may be treated with respect.'

"I was half inclined to treat the matter as a joke, and I fully believe I should not have been inclined to let the conversation drop so suddenly with anyone else, but, as I told you just now, in my heart I esteemed Max thoroughly and knew him to be by no means a bad fellow. Between you and me, I really liked him, only I did not like to own it. We are all desperately weak, sometimes.

"This little altercation of ours was trivial enough, but it had its ill effects, notwithstanding.

"Before it happened we were in the habit of shaking hands and exchanging a few friendly words when we met. This was all knocked on the head after it. We bowed coldly to one another when we met, and in time even the bows became few and far between.

"And then the months slipped away, and the winter came, and with it—at least, not very long afterward—the carnival.

"Of course I went to the carnival ball, and in costume. I remember it well; it was a Pierrot dress. I danced all night, and got back to my lodgings at some unearthly hour in the morning.

"I threw myself on the bed, dead tired as I was; too sleepy, in fact, to take off a scrap of my costume.

"I had fallen asleep outside the bed, but was awakened by a loud knocking at my door. I had heard the knocking for some minutes, and it mixed itself fantastically enough with my dreams.

"Still the knocking went on; but when I heard my name repeated two or three times I started up suddenly.

"'Come in—come in!' I cried, still confused, and very sleepy.

"The door opened, and a man walked into my room.

"It was Max Oppenheim.

"He seemed very much agitated, and was as pale as death.

"Why, Oppenheim, what on earth can you want with me at this hour of the morning?" said I, rubbing my eyes, and looking comical enough, I should think, in my tumbled Pierriot dress.

"Mr. Tatham," said he, hesitating a little; and with a broken voice, "you have shown me kindness before now; I have come to ask you to do me a great favor."

"By all means; what can I do?"

"Max Oppenheim took two or three turns up and down my room, hesitated once or twice, but at last commanded himself and said, in a nervous, anxious manner, 'You can not conceive how sorry I am to put you to any trouble or annoyance, Mr. Tatham; but, to deal honestly with you, let me say you are the only man I know how to appeal to in my present unhappy condition. I have heard, and I believe I am correct in believing, that in affairs of honor, as they are called here, you are somewhat expert.'

"'My dear fellow,' replied I, now thoroughly surprised, 'you don't mean to tell me that a duel is on the cards?'

"'Yes.'

"'And you intend to fight?'

"He looked me steadily in the face. There was a flash of something like pride in his eyes, and a tone of dignity in his voice, as he gave me the following explanation:

"'Last night my wife was very anxious to see the masqueraders go to the ball. I didn't see much harm in this simple wish, and said that I had no objection to take her. We took up our position under the trees, away from the crowd, where I imagined we should be able to see everything without being in any way disturbed. It may appear strange, but I fancied somehow that all would not go well. One has these odd presentiments at times, you know; and, although it is perfectly impossible to account for them, it is no use denying that they do occur.'

"'Not a doubt of it,' said I.

"'A party of students, as ill luck would have it, passed by the very spot where we were standing, and recognized me. They surrounded us. I suppose they had been drinking freely. At any rate, they insulted me grossly; but this I could have endured. They heaped their insults upon her who was with me. I will do them the justice to believe that they were ignorant that she was my wife.'

"'I am sure they must have been,' said I, consoling him; for there was a wild look about his eyes when he alluded to his wife which rather frightened me.

"'Well, I informed them of the relationship in which we stood to one another. I told you the same, Mr. Tatham, you may remember, and, like a gentleman, you believed me. These young ruffians simply laughed in my face. I had to defend my poor wife against their coarse and cowardly attacks, and to compel their silence as best I could. By degrees they left me one by one. One solitary individual remained. He was the ringleader, the most offensive, the most unpardonable. Snapping his fingers in my face, he said, 'I consider I have been grossly insulted by you, Mr. Max Oppenheim; I shall expect satisfaction to-morrow, if there is an atom of pluck in your composition.'

"'Well, what then?'

"'I have told you all, Mr. Tatham. The thought struck me once or twice during the night that such a foolish and trivial affair would be allowed to drop as hastily as it began. I thought, perhaps, the morning would bring with it sober reflections, and that happily an apology might be offered me for the gratuitous insults I received at the hands of my fellow students. However, this morning, almost at daybreak, I received a visit from two of them, still in their fancy dresses. They came to ask me if I had made any preparations. They assured me that my adversary—Heaven knows I bear him no malice—was determined not to rest until he had obtained satisfaction for the injuries inflicted on him. He never liked me, this man, and bears me some strange malice. He is a clever fellow, but idle; and I think he is a little bit jealous of my success in the university.'

"Poor Max. I think I see him now, as he stood talking to me in the cold, gray morning light, so frankly, so earnestly, and with such charming modesty. But I was a young fool then, and never allowed my heart to break. How this young, promising fellow stood at my bedside, confiding to my ear his happy, brilliant life and prospects, and all his pretty wife's hope and heart. Like a fool, that I was, I understood nothing of this. I thought like a fool, and like a fool I answered.

"'If you knew the fellows as well as I do, Oppenheim, and understood their mad enthusiasm for dueling, and strange notions of honor, you would believe that this man spoke the truth. He will not rest until he has had satisfaction.'

"'Do you know who it is I mean?' said Max, nervously.

"'I know them all. What is his name?'

"'Ferdinand Kohler.'

"'A most experienced swordsman. What practice have you had?'

"'I—I am ashamed to say that I have hardly ever had a sword in my hand.'

"'You don't mean to say so?'

"At this time of which I am speaking I don't believe that there could have existed two students at that, or, indeed, in any university, who would have made such a confession. Poor Max's confession of incompetency seemed to me not only incredible, but almost to amount to a crime of some magnitude. I was obliged to act upon first thoughts, for there was no time for reflection.

"'If you think, Mr. Tatham, that it is a point of honor for me to fight this man, I am prepared to meet him, come what may.'

"To this courageous and plucky speech, without thinking of its consequences, I said, 'Bravo, Oppenheim! That's spoken like a man.'

"He didn't quite look all the courage of his words, so I tried to encourage him.

"'Why, this will be a splendid opening for you,' I said. 'You will never become a swordsman without practice; and to be ignorant of the weapon is to own yourself no student, or, indeed, gentleman, according to the present idea. They will despise you no more after this; and if you do shed a little blood, why, it will be well worth the pain. Your antagonist is no mean rival, I can assure you; and the mere fact of your standing up against him will raise you up a thousand degrees in the estimation of your fellow students. You have won my heart already. Give me your hand.'

"I shook the poor fellow warmly by the hand, and tried to inspire him with confidence.

"The whole thing was excitement and pleasure to me, and I enjoyed my position amazingly.

"Max Oppenheim's heart could have told a very different story. However, it was all a point of honor with him. And though I believe now he would have given anything in the world to be comfortably out of the scrape, like a true hearted gentleman, he stifled his feelings.

"There was another knock at my door.

"'Here are the gentlemen, most probably,' said he. 'Hoping—indeed, knowing that you would not refuse your assistance, I begged them to await us in the street. Shall I open the door?'

"'Certainly. Let them in.'

"There they stood, flushed with wine, careless and excited—German students to the life. We all went out together.

"There is a picture of Gerome's, which I saw once in Paris, and of which I see photographs in the shop windows in London, which makes me shudder again. It is called 'Le Duel de Pierrot.' On just such a spot Max Oppenheim and Ferdinand Kohler met.

"It was just such a winter's morning, just such a bleak, dreary landscape, just the same snow thickly strewed on the ground.

"I never look at the picture, or imagine the scene, without seeing Max Oppenheim's blood.

"For Max Oppenheim fell that morning, mortally wounded, on the snow.

"We saw at once he was utterly ignorant of the sword, and unanimously begged Ferdinand to be gentle with him. 'Just give him a scratch,' we said, 'and that will do.' I had no doubt in my own mind that Ferdinand had no intention of acting otherwise. Poor Max brought about his own death. He fought like a young lion, wildly, and without an atom of head. Ferdinand gave a lunge to defend his own life, and it was a fatal thrust for Max Oppenheim.

"There he died, where he had fought so desperately. It was an awful thing for all of us; and we would, one and all, cut off our right hand sooner than it should have happened. I shall never forget the awful stillness of the morning, as we stood round the dead body of our fellow student, or the bitter sorrow with which we bore his remains away from the dreadful scene.

"The last sad and painful duties connected with Max's unfortunate death devolved upon myself. The worst part was to come; for, before he breathed his last, he entrusted a letter to my care, and whispered only one word, 'Marie!'

"I had to meet the young widow face to face.

"How I blamed myself for my folly, as I proceeded on my sad mission. How far was I not accountable for the young man's death! How easy it would have been for me to take his part, and patch the matter up. But no! because a few headstrong fools, excited with wine, had insulted the woman he loved better than any one else in the world—his wife, whom he was bound to protect to the last—because he had resented these insults and an absurd quarrel ensued, I had lent myself to a meeting between the principal offender, an old and experienced swordsman, and poor Max, who hardly knew one end of the sword from the other. And now he was dead, and I saw everything clearly, which I could not or would not see before, and repentance, as it but too frequently does, came too late.

"At last I arrived at the house, but went up the stairs very slowly, and after much hesitation knocked.

"Marie herself came to the door.

"She was pale as death. I guessed at once that she understood for what purpose Max had left her so suddenly, and at such an early hour.

"Directly she saw me she shrunk back. For some time she stood there immovable and trembling like an aspen leaf. She dared not ask me on what account I had come there. There she stood, with her long, fair hair floating down her shoulders. So young and so very beautiful. A few hours ago, and she owned everything she desired most in the world, and now of all women she was most miserable.

"And there I stood before her, gazing into her sweet, pale, terribly staring face, and did not dare to move or speak a word. The words stuck in my throat and nearly choked me.

"And then she fixed me with her eyes, and that look of fear bust into me like melting lead.

"So terrible was that look that I was compelled to take my eyes off her and look upon the ground. When I ventured to allow them to stray back again, it was easy to see that Marie Oppenheim, guessed—nay, knew all.

"'Max is dead!' she shrieked, putting her hand to her heart, as if that one effort had made it case to beat.

"I said nothing. There was a wild, hysterical sob, and then, falling upon her knees she moaned out a prayer. After that she fell apparently lifeless to the ground.

"I shall never forget that scene to the day of my death. Nothing I have ever seen on the stage—nothing I have ever read in books—nothing I have seen in pictures—has ever come near it in depth and intensity.

"I don't know exactly how long I remained there. I was more than half stupefied with grief myself.

"'You are very kind,' she said, 'but don't understand me. Max is dead, and that is all I care to hear or know: It was I who sent him to you. I believed—hoped—that happily you would save his life; but God willed it otherwise. He loved him so much that He robbed me of my husband, and has taken him to Himself. There is one thing I want now—my husband's body. It belongs to me—it is mine! I alone will watch over it—I alone will lay it in its coffin—and I alone will follow it to the grave! Bid them bring my husband and promise me faithfully that no one shall disturb the last few hours that I, Maria Oppenheim, have to spend with my darling boy. Sir, I beg—I implore you—to allow this!'

"What could I say?

"I gave her his last letter, and left her, as she bid me.

"Night after night I watched the house from my balcody opposite. It was bitterly cold, but there I stood and watched, and scalding were the tears I shed for her who sat desolated in the room in which a light burned on through the long night into the morning again.

"My house was terribly close to her, and I heard everything. I heard her awful shriek when they led her away and she had seen his face for the last time, and I heard the dull thud of the hammer and the click of the cruel nails.

"We followed, all of us, but afar off and away from her, for she had begged to be alone with him at the grave.

"The next day, hearing and knowing that Max's widow was desperately poor, I wrote to her, notifying what we had arranged to do among ourselves for her.

"She wrote back, declining all assistance, and within a few days had left Heidelberg, no one knew where. I tried in vain to discover her whereabouts, but not long afterward I myself had completed my university life there and came to England."

"For five years I was attached to one of the London hospitals, and at the end of that period, before I brought the practice down here," continued Dr. Tatham, "I went for a short continental trip, and revisited Heidelberg for the first time since I had left it at the termination of the old student days.

"There is little wonder, after what I have related to you, that the place had a strange attraction for me.

"I lost no time in making my way to the pretty churchyard where, five years ago, I had seen Max Oppenheim sadly placed, and from whence I had conducted his poor heart broken wife.

"I found the grave. It was surmounted by a simple cross. There were two names carved on the arms of the cross. On one arm was the word 'Max,' and on the other, freshly cut, 'Marie.'

"An old woman was standing by the grave, and on its bosom was a little fair-haired girl, dressed in deep mourning, and busily employed in planting on the grave some snowdrops and violets.

"From the old woman I learned how that Marie Oppenheim had returned to Heidelberg some few months after I had left for England, bringing with her a little baby, whom she idolized. The sweet mother had died but a few months back, and here was the little one on the grave of its mother and father, as yet hardly old enough to know the real bitterness of its loss.

"The child took to me in a wonderful manner. I stayed at Heidelberg for some weeks, and the little one would not allow herself to be for a moment out of my sight. The consequence was that when I returned to England I brought her with me, and it was given out when I came down here that I was a widower with an only child. This, my dear friend, was not, as you well know, the truth. I was never married, and my darling Amy is the daughter of Max and Marie Oppenheim."

A little tender sob was heard at the other end of the room when Dr. Tatham finished his story, and in another moment Amy was in his arms, circling round the good man, and crying passionately.

She had overheard a greater part of the story, and what appeared to have been a mystery was now as clear as daylight to everybody.

Amy soon changed her surname for the third time, and became Mrs. Irving, and the young people lived on with old Dr. Tatham, who often said that now the secret was off his mind, he was twice as happy a man as he was before.

NASBY.

Mr. Nasby and his Friends Meet in Convention to Enunciate the True Democratic Doctrine—They Resolve to Cut Loose from Dead Issues and Become Progressive.

CONFEDRIT X ROADS, (Wich is in the State uv Kentucky), January 29, 1872.

We hed a consultashen at the Corners last week, at wich wuz discussed the past, present and future uv the Dimocrisy. Bascom remarked that it wood take a long time to go over the past uv the party, but from present appearances he wuz uv the opinion that its fucher cood be fully discussed in a minit or two. I rebookt him for his attemptid levity.

The meetin wuzn't eggsackly a lovefeast, nor yit a revival, but it partook largely uv the general appearance and feel uv a funeral. There woz on the faces uv all present a sort uv subdued sadnis, a kind uv despairin hopelisnis and forced resignation, ez it were, wich I hev observed on the faces uv gentlemen who hed bin convicted uv murder in the first degree, and wuz, in consekence, standin on a trap door, in company with a sheriff, a clergyman, a doctor or two, and the committee wich hed bin appointed to see that he wuz properly hung.

It wuz decided that what ailed the Dimocrisy wuz its close adherence to dead ishoos, its general clingin to the dead past, and its stubborn refoosal to accept the inevitable. I made that last remark, and it struck a responsive chord in all their bosoms. Deekin Pogram didn't hev the faintest idea wat the inevitable wuz, but he sed he wuz ready to accept it, and Bascom, who sposed that it wuz ruther opposed to the credit system, sed it wuz wat he hed bin clamoring for for years, we agreed that the time had come when the Dimocrisy shood cut loose from the dead past, accept the inevitable, and gird up her loins for a grapple with the live present and the kickin fucher. We determined that we wood bury in a deep grave all the lumber that hed impeded our onward movements, and throwin ourselves into the ranks uv progress, keep close up—ef not tetch ahead—uv the progressivest. And we appointed a meetin at wich to enunciate these new views, and appointed committees to draft resolooshens expressive uv em. That meetin wuz held last nite, and the following whereases and resolooshens, wich wuz adopted, shows the feeling wich animated it:

Wareas, The necessities uv the times demand the continuance in life uv the Dimokratic party; and

Wareas, It can't be expectid that a party kin live forever on wat it hez bin: and

Wareas, The times demand progress and the very livest uv our live idees; and

Wareas, The Dimokratic party *is* a party uv progress, it bein only necessary for her to cut from her shoulders the load wich hez borne her down, that she may be free and unembarrassed to run a new race uv rejuvenatid life; and

Wareas, We desire to cut loose from the dead past, and accept the inevitable, that we may be abreast uv the most progressive, we, therefore, adopt the followin ez the platform uv principles uv the progressive Dimokratic party uv Kentucky:

Resolved, That the Dimocrisy of Kentucky bein a party uv progress and reform, refooses to turn its face backward—refooses to consider the dead past, or to deal with any but live ishoos, does hereby declare that the last war with Great Britain, that uv 1812, was not only justifiable but highly rite, and that while we denounce with inexpressible loathing the federalists who opposed it, we declare the rite uv American vessels to sail the high seas without bein subjectid to the annoyance uv search, and put proudly onto our banners, "Down with bloo lite federalism—free trade and sailors' rites!"

Resolved, That the removal uv deposits by Andrew Jackson wuz not only constitutooshnal but wuz commendable.

Resolved, That the charges agin the administrashen uv Martin Van Buren were falsehoods of the most audashus character, and that the progressive Dimocrisy of Kentucky do hereby denounce the falsifyin scoundrels who not only published, but proved them outrageous statements.

Resolved, That the annexashun of Texas and the consequent war with Mexico wuz justifiable, and we hereby thank the soljers uv that war for their gallantry.

Resolved, That the conduct of Stephen A. Douglas in dividin the Dimokratic party, and thereby electin A. Linkin to the Presidency, was not only reprehensible, but damnable.

Resolved, That we desire to bury dead ishoos, but we do assert that the war agin the Southern States, inoggerated by A. Linkin and carried on by the Ablishnists, was heenyus and damnable, and the progressive Dimocrisy of Kentucky hereby pledge themselves to urge an undyin war agin all concerned in it forever, and to bequeath this undyin hate to their children and children's children to the latest generashun.

Resolved, That, turnin our faces to the fucher, we do assert African slavery was not only Biblikle, but wuz reely for the best interests uv both the African and the Caucashun, and that in emancipatin the slaves A. Linkin and his Ablishin coadjutors not only struck a blow at reveeled religion, but a staggerin one at the material interests uv our beloved country.

Resolved, That while we accept the inevitable we declare the Afrikin to be the inferior uv the white man, and must from Biblikle and ethnologikle reasons alluz be inferior, and that the given uv him the ballot after makin uv him free is an outrage to wich no Dimokrat can possibly submit.

Resolved, That the proposishen to not only permit the nigger to vote, but to make eligible to joory dooty, and to offis, is one wich no progressive Dimokrat kin entertain for a minit.

Resolved, That the progressive Dimocrisy do hereby enter their solemn protest agin the payment uv the debt incurred in the prosekooshen uv an unholy war, and do hereby denounce all the bonds ishood ez evidences uv that debt ez uv no more bindin force than waste paper.

Resolved, That a progressive Dimocrisy look with alarm upon the efforts bein made in Delaware to abolish the whippin post in that State.

Resolved, That the opprest whites uv the Southern States wich are compelled to live under the rool uv niggers and demoralizin Northern whites, hev the liveliest sympathy uv the progressive Dimocrisy uv Kentucky, and while we do not approve uv violence ez a rod, we will say Godspeed to the Ku-Klux and kindred associashens, and denounce President Grant for his unwarrantable interference with them.

Resolved, That the civil rites bill now bein urged by that most hidjus uv all ablishnists, Charles Sumner, is an outrage to wich we will never submit.

These resolutions wuz passed yoonanimously, and wuz ordered to be published.

They passed and I am happy. I feel that the Dimocrisy uv the Cross Roads, now that it is in some measure in sympathy with the present, may possibly get their hands onto a fucher.

I am anxious to see the effect these resolooshens will produce on the country.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
(Wich wuz Postmaster.)

The Ohio Republican State Convention meets on the 27th of March.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

Marvels of Burglars' Ingenuity—A New Plan to Circumvent Them—The Telegraph in the Household.

[From the New York Times.]

With all the machinery, more or less complex, employed for the preservation of our lives and property, notwithstanding bars and bolts and scores of policemen, supposed to guard our doors, burglaries and even assassinations are unfortunately of too frequent occurrence. If notable attention has been paid of late to the construction of houses in order that they should be made as secure as possible, the thieves in the meanwhile have not been idle. Rascality has indeed been almost as progressive as anything else.

Let any one examine a burglar's kit of tools at a police station, coming from some recent capture, and he will be amazed at the skill they evince in their manufacture. No jeweler's outfit can exceed them in finish. As to material, you will find they are made of only the most approved qualities of steel; as to mechanism, they are masterpieces of ingiuuity. Firstly, they are constructed so as to accomplish the greatest amount of work with the smallest outlay of power; and, secondly, to do their business in the most noiseless way. A very pretty tool we saw some time ago. It was a triple auger. One turn of the handle set three bits revolving, cutting three holes, one-half an inch in diameter each, and about a quarter of an inch apart.

In five minutes you could cut out an oak-panel two inches thick with it. Then there was a clever arrangement about it, which held the panel toward the operator, so that it could not fall outward and make a clatter. Another pretty thing was a double spring saw for cutting through iron. To each end was attached a rubber pad containing oil, which not only deadened the sound, but at every movement acted as a self-lubricator. Once a hole drilled through an iron shutter, and the saw in, it would cut like a hot knife through butter, and as to an inch bolt, it would have been like a parsnip.

If the best protection against counterfeiting is to produce bank plates of such a high order of merit as to design and execution that no rascals can be found clever enough to imitate them, obviously the best way to thwart the ingenuity enlisted on the side of the burglars is to prevent the opportunity of its exercise. The telegraph, as an instrument used for the capture of thieves, is well known. Your bond robber has his swag all safe, and steps on the English steamer. He is just in sight of Liverpool when his theft is discovered. Click goes the quick-tongued messenger, fathoms deep under, perhaps, the very keel of the vessel in which he sails. Before he has reached the shore his crime is known and the handcuffs await him. How to use this method for the better protection of our houses, has occupied for some years the attention of some gentlemen well known as telegraphers, and has resulted in the formation of the American District Telegraph Company.

All the streets of New York and Brooklyn are to be united by a network of wires, communicating with an infinity of branch offices called district offices. In each of these district offices, night and day, a certain number of policemen and messengers, in the pay of the company, are to be on duty. A connecting wire is carried into your house, an instrument placed there, and you are *en rapport* with an office. Suppose you are a lady, all alone in your house. Your husband has suddenly been called away, in fact, for the nonce, you are an unprotected female. It is night. What is that you hear? A very suspicious sound. Not quite a gnawing nor a scratching. It stops for a moment—then goes on again. Now it is a distinct sawing and filing you hear, at a shutter. You are too paralyzed to scream. There are robbers in the house.

You very quietly stretch your arm out to the machine at the head of your bed, just apply one finger to it, and instantly an alarm is sounded at the office, and in three minutes a policeman is thundering at your door and inquires "What is the matter?" Say it turns out only to be a strange cat; well, it makes no difference; it is some satistaction to know it was even that, and your fears are appeased. Suppose a smell of smoke pervades your house, and you are afraid there is fire. You go to the instrument, tick it, and in a few minutes comes help.

Not only will the company give their assistance for those graver accidents of the household, but they propose to attend to any of those sudden emergencies which arise, classed under the general category of accidents happening in the best regulated families. Some one may be taken suddenly ill, requiring immediate medical care. The instrument is again brought into service. This time a different knob of the machine is touched. This brings a swift-footed messenger, who runs post haste at your command for the doctor. Even an auspicious event, anxiously looked for, requiring the physician and the nurse, can be attended to by this easy method.

Your minor details of domestic economy may find here too their solution. Biddy may be very much the worse for liquor, and openly defying the united efforts of the house to turn her out, a single finger on the telegraph brings help, and tranquility is once more restored. Your waterpipes burst, your house and furniture stand the chance of being ruined, you send your signal, and in a twinkling the plumber is on hand. Your mother-in-law comes *a l'improviste*, and you want a sumptuous repast, served with fairy-like promptitude, you call a messenger, and for thirty cents he is willing to run one full hour all over town in your service, to the butcher's, the restaurant, or the confectioner.

A great deal of very beautiful machinery has been especially invented for the use of the company. One very important point is, that the instrument in the house requires no battery. There is no danger of upsetting chemicals on your carpets. The machine can stand on the mantelpiece, if you like, as you would a bedroom clock. The instant the signal is made it is reported automatically at the nearest district office, and the precise number and locality of your house indicated—like a hotel register. If the burglar should attempt to cut the wires, prior to a robbery, the thief stands no chance. Instantly the fact records itself at the office, the alarm is sounded, and somebody hurries to the spot to see what has happened. The difference between the burglar-alarm and that of the District Telegraph Company is that, while the former only puts you on our guard, the latter calls some one instantly to your side. Perhaps over-timed people might employ both methods, and thus be absolutely burglar proof.

Silk Making in Connecticut.

[From the New York Tribune.]

About four years ago, at one of Alice Cary's charming little reunions in New York city, a tiny scrap of striped silk, black and purple in hue, passed about from hand to hand among the guests, who examined it with interest and curiosity. The oddity of it was altogether in the fact that it was a bit of "American silk;" otherwise there was nothing in the material or its appearance which would have attracted any notice, or given it any interest in the eyes of the men and women who scanned it so curiously. There was not, probably, a single person in the little assembly to whom the idea of silk-weaving in America was not a novelty, nor a single woman present who would not have been surprised to learn that the factory in whose looms that bit of silk was made had been established about forty years ago, and that she herself had worn silks and poplins, and carried silk parasols, and sewed with spools of sewing silk, every thread of which had been spun and woven in Manchester, Connecticut.

It is so much the custom with us Americans to talk quite eloquently about our country and her manufactures, and then refuse to wear clothing of which the material does not come, or parport to come, from Europe, that it is quite well known to the trade that American shop-keepers often slip goods of home manufacture into foreign wrappers or stamp them with foreign trade marks, and then sell them at foreign prices, in order to persude the facile purchasers that they are getting something a good deal better than we can make in this country. Just on the same princle we, who are such rampant democrats, go stark mad over some prince of foreign birth from some civilized or semi-civilized country who likely enough, has a principality to rule over half as large as the State of Rhode Island, and whose princely revenue is not equal to half that of the cotton factories of one of our United States Senators, or the income derived from the great iron founderies of another. In these days, when a European Queen must sit dolefully at home while her daughter's nuptials are celebrating elsewhere, because she is too poor to go to the royal wedding and wear a gown good enough for the occasion; when every European country lays by its richest and most expensive goods for the American market; when the wife of an American gentleman buys in Europe a set of laces which every queen of fashion on the continent, from Eugenie in her palmy days down to a score of petty duchesses and princesses, had looked at with longing eyes, and could not buy because it was beyond her royal means; in such times as these, it is perhaps just as well to consider whether we cannot spend more of our money at home, or at any rate be sure that we do not go to our shops and buy American goods under the impression that they come from Europe.

These things were brought more fully under the writer's consideration a week or two ago, when spending a few days in Connecticut, near the silk manufactory of Cheney Brothers, in Hartford, who carry on the manufacture of silk goods more largely than any other firm in this country. The factories are in South Manchester and in Hartford, Connecticut, and make all kinds of dress silks, silk poplins, lining silk, ribbons, etc., in quantities and with a perfection which is surprising to one who for the first time sees the extent to which the work is carried on. The raw material of which our American silks are made is brought from foreign ports. Cocoon culture, or the raising of silkworms, has never flourished in this country, notwithstanding some vigorous efforts made to introduce it. Everybody has heard—if he does not remember—of the *morus multicaulis* fever which possessed a part of this country thirty or forty years ago, and how many hundreds of persons undertook the culture of mulberry trees. Later, an attempt to raise silkworms in California has been attended with better success. There are now large nurseries on the Pacific coast for this petted and much prized worm, but as yet the silk produced there is not sufficient in quantity to keep the looms in Manchester running one week in the year. Therefore we go to China, Japan, France and Italy for our raw material, and bring it here reeled off the cocoons in gossamer skeins, which look as if they might be the product of the spinning jennies of Moth, and Cobweb, and the rest of Titania's aerial attendants. The Italian silk is the best and most costly, not because the cocoons are any better (I fancy the silk-worm does his work the same the world over), but because the Italians have the happiest knack of reeling off the slender thread into smooth and even knots. These fibers of cocoon silk are subjected to very much the same processes of spinning and weaving as those used in our cotton factories, except that the machines are much more complicated, and must handle more delicately the silk fibers, so much more precious than the cotton threads, which are spun and woven by similar methods. When, at last, the perfect product of the loom comes forth, the goods are of various degrees of glossiness, according to the method of finishing and the character of the raw material used. The theory advanced by some, that in the cheaper American silks there is a mixture of linen or cotton fiber with the silk, is entirely groundless. Every thread of all the silk and ribbon in the manufacture visited is of pure, unadulterated silk, as it comes from the cocoon. The black silks for ladies' dresses are sold at retail at prices varying from $2 to $4 per yard, according to quality. Marceline silks of every hue, and with a purity and brilliancy of color which it is generally supposed can not be attained by any but French or German dyers, are made in this factory, and are not to be distinguished from the French goods of similar texture.

The American manufacturer is understood not to claim that he makes any goods yet as elegant and glossy as the very best, and alas! very expensive goods which Bonnet and two or three other Lyons manufacturers send here. What is claimed, and with justice, is that the American factories make dress goods for women which combine elegance with cheapness and durability in a greater degree than any foreign fabric. For, do not women know that an elegant black Lyons silk, which often costs from $300 to $500 when it leaves the hands of the New York, Boston or Chicago modiste, will begin, after half a dozen times careful wearing, to crack on the sleeves, and waist-seams, and skirt-plaits, and that a new black silk now-a-days (there are traditions that they lasted longer in our grandmothers' time) is a very unsubstantial pageant indeed. For half of what the foreign silk would cost, an American silk could be had, which would defy all weathers, and outwear two or three of the former. It is not only possible, but an absolute fact, that we shall be able shortly to make silks which will rival the very best in France and Italy. There is only one problem to solve: We must make machine labor as perfect as hand labor. The American principle of manufacture, as the *Tribune* has maintained, is the application of machinery to all things made abroad by patient hand toil. In India, the hand-made shawl has the life-blood of generations woven into its costly tissues; the laces of Brussels are knitted by fingers whose owners go blind over their toil, and learn to accept blindness as destiny; the looms of Lyons are the dull hand-looms, no whit improved for a dozen generations. In America, we have changed all this. We have, to a great degree, automatonized all forms of human industry. We make machines, and the best machines, for all kinds of work. We have recently succeeded in making dumb wheels and bands that rival the educated fingers of Swiss artisans, and make watches as well as the slow hand processes of Geneva. In silk-weaving and embroidery, our swift machinery can not do as well as the slow hand-looms or the slower fingers of the patient toilers in Europe. But we shall yet do it! It is our destiny to emancipate human beings, so far as possible, from the slavery of labor which oppresses the Old World, and make mechanism do the work of men.

Just now, when the agitation between capital and labor has become so noisy as to excite the interest, and perhaps even the alarm, of the philosophic student of human nature, this visit to the little village of Manchester was peculiarly interesting. The village is, for the most part, made up of the employers and employes in this business.

The site is one of those lovely little valleys so common in rural New England. The houses of the owners, and those of the laborers employed by them, are all built in a circuit of a mile about the factory. There were none of the hideous blocks of dwellings which generally mark a factory town, but, instead, beautiful cottages, with porticoes and piazzas, and with lawns and gardens, blending into each other without the dividing line of fences. In the centre of the little community stands a handsome, substantial building, which serves as a place of worship, with a hall of all kinds of wholesome public entertainment, and a public reading room. Over all was an atmosphere of peace and good will, as if the highest breeding of pure democracy prevailed, and in this spot capital had joined hands with labor, and was lifting it up to higher levels, instead of merely climbing to selfish gain. Such was the impression brought away after a short stay in this village in the heart of Connecticut—an impression which helped to hopefulness of our country's future progress in humanity, as well as of her future material prosperity.

Major N. C. Kouns, editor of the Fulton *Fair Play*, speaks thus of the Democratic party: "Now, if the Democratic party, seeking to outlive its natural duration, defeated in every point on which it ever took a stand, outlawed in every principle that gave it a distinctive character—if this old dotard of a party, by refusing to submit to decent burial in the grave which has been yawning for it ever since the war closed, still keeps our friends in the South from their true places in the Union, and under the military authority of the government, don't you think it would be better, and manlier, and honester for us rebels to give our aid in the good work of turning the old corpse over on its back into the grave, and covering it up head and heels out of sight until the day of judgment.

Should Senator Wilson be nominated with President Grant, it will be seen that there is nothing like leather. We shall have the tanner of Galena for President, and the cobbler of Natick for Vice.—*Chicago Post.*

INSURANCE.

GUARDIAN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

Established n 1859.

ALL POLICIES NON-FORFEITABLE.

CASH OR THIRD NOTE PREMIUMS.

NO NOTES REQUIRED.

Last Cash Dividend Fifty Per Cent.

Cash assets over	$2,000,000
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Annual income	1,000,000
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DELTA INSURANCE COMPANY.

OFFICE CORNER CARONDELET AND COMMON STREETS, NEW ORLEANS.

CAPITAL STOCK DEPARTMENT.

Shares $100 each. Annual interest dividends ten per cent.

PREMIUM DEPARTMENT.

All dividends to Stockholders payable in Cash. FIRE, MARINE and RIVER policies issued by this Company at Current Rates of Premiums.

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LAFAYETTE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, OF NEW ORLEANS,

Capital..............................$300,000.

Office corner of St. Andrew and Magazine streets, up stairs; entrance on St. Andrew street.

INSURES AGAINST LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE AT LOWEST RATES.

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August Bernard.	

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NEW ORLEANS MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

Office, corner of Camp and Canal streets.

Capital, $500,000.

Assets, December 31, 1871, $694,579 90.

Insures fire, marine and river risks, dividing the profits on each department separately to the insured.

For the accommodation of its customers, the company will make marine losses payable in London.

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HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW ORLEANS.

TWENTIETH YEAR.

Premiums received during the year ending December 30, 1871, including unterminated risks of 1870............ $360,325 23

The company have the following

ASSETS:

Cash	$54,338 15	
Bills receivable, loans on pledge	45,860 00	
Bills receivable for premiums	9,753 36	
Outstanding accounts in course of collection	33,457 51	$146,444 02
Real estate, No. 78 Camp street		50,000 0
Bonds of the city of New Orleans		316,796 25
Bonds of the State of Louisiana		49,950 00
Bonds of the St. Charles Hotel Company		63,000 00
Bonds of the Grand Lodge F. A. M.		5,000 00
Bonds of the Odd Fellows' Hall Association		5,000 00
Bonds of the Mechanics' and Agricultural Fair Association		5,000 00
Bank stocks		65,050 00
Vallette Dry Dock Company stock		7,400 00
Harbor Protection Company stock		1,900 00
Scrips of New Orleans insurance companies		3,997 00
Suspended stock and bond account		53,460 47
Total		$992,997 74

The Board of Trustees, at a meeting held this nineteenth day of January, 1872, unanimously adopted the following resolution:

Resolved, That six per cent interest on all outstanding certificates of profits be paid to the legal holders of the same on and after the twelfth day of February next.

ALFRED MOULTON, President.
WILLIAM M. PERKINS, Vice President.
A. W. HUNTER, Secretary.

Trustees—1872.

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JOHN C. ROGERS,	M. C. RANDALL,
JOHN T. MOORE,	WILLIAM F. TUTT,
	ADOLPH MEYER.

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