New Orleans Republican.

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[For the Sunday Republican.]

WHAT I KNOW OF POLITICS.

BY ANTOINETTE M.

With politics, and politics,
The city's in a pretty fix!
The men they wrangle, puff and paut.
The streets they tramp, the clubs they haunt,
They scarcely sleep, they hardly eat,
They roar, they rant, they toast, they treat,
Till we, poor women, wish, provoked,
That Grant and Greeley both were choked.

'Tis "tariff" here, "convention" there,
And not one single word we hear
But all such silly trash as that;
In love with Greeley's old white hat,
Or with that other fellow, Grant;
No other name they'll toast or chant.
In vain we flirt, or smile, or bow,
'Tis Grant or Greeley rules them now.

Our very beaux they cease to smile
Except upon—a Greeley tile;
And Dolly Varden's out of tune
Beside the "Greeley pantaloon."
That Grant's a greedy, ignorant bear—
That Greeley would a scare-crow scare—
That we poor women fret and frown—
That all the town is upside down—
That all the men are lunatics—
Is what I know of politics!

New Orleans, June 15, 1872.

Texas Food Crops and Laborers.

The Houston *Union* says:

The present corn crop of Texas will be the largest ever known in the State. A good crop would have been made without the recent and general heavy rain; but this "latter rain," coming, as it did, at the moment when the young roasting ears were filling up, will make the corn crop of the present year simply immense. This will be a great blessing to the State. It will simply be an advertisement throughout the world that all immigrants will find cheap food in Texas during the coming fall, winter and spring. This will cause an immense immigration to the State between now and next spring. Not only will the immigrants find cheap food, but the influx of immigration will give the farmers and laborers of the State a remunerative home market for all that their labor has produced. Thus, both the present producing laborers and the immigrant laborers will be vastly benefited by the large food crops with which Providence has blessed the State.

The large corn crop always produces a large hog crop, so that meat will be plentiful and cheap, as well as bread, especially when we remember that our beef is abundant, fat and juicy, without the expense of feeding with corn or other provender. The whole result will be that the wealth of Texas will be vastly increased by this year's food crop, to say nothing of the large amounts of money brought into the State annually by our cotton, our wool and our hides. But the highest consolation of all this matter, to generous and philanthropic minds, is the fact that our State furnishes large reward to the toil and sweat of the laboring masses—which is one of the ultimate objects of Christian civilization.

Texas Border News.

We copy the following from the Brownsville *Ranchero* of the eighth instant:

The ship Peerless, from Cardiff, Wales, has arrived at Brazos de Santiago, having on board the iron for the Rio Grande railroad.

It will be lightered as fast as the weather will permit, and the first ten miles of the road will be completed as rapidly as possible. Everything is ready; the ties are laid and the rolling stock in working order. The officers of the company have proven that they know what they are about, and the road is not a myth. They deserve the thanks of the entire frontier for the energy and good judgment they have displayed in the management of this enterprise.

The Rio Grande Railroad Company have a force of between three and four hundred men grading the road across the salt marsh, about ten miles from this city. The grade for two miles is about six feet, and we have been credibly informed that it is being completed at the rate of three hundred yards per day. The base of the road for the entire two miles is thirty feet, sloping to about twelve at the top. If the present dry weather continues, this portion of the line will soon be finished, and the entire force moved to this end.

Two companies of cavalry left for the country yesterday. The command is well mounted, and moving in light marching order. We noticed that none but the officers carried the useless sabre, and the men were armed with nothing but the carbine.

A Syracuse druggist recently received the following prescription, with request to put it up:

Fir kramps—Tinct camfire, won ounce; tinct lodenum, a little; tinct hot drops, a few drops; tinct kyan pepar, five cents worth; klouform, a little, but not much, as it is dangerous medicine. Dose, half-teaspunefull when the kramps come on.

Of all companies an ungodly man least likes that of his own conscience.

No man is humble and sincere with God till he is willing to know the worst of himself.

The weekly circulation of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* (the Hon. E. G. Squier editor) has increased over 10,000 copies since it began its earnest support of the Reform movement by pen and pencil.

TO DESTROY ANTS.—Take of flour of brimestone half a pound, and potash four ounces. Set in an earthen pan over the fire till dissolved and united; then pulverize and make, with water, a strong solution, and sprinkle where the ants frequent.

Another victim, snatched away in the prime of a useful life, is to be charged to the abomination of tobacco using. He was a Virginian, and after smoking and chewing for 116 years, was finally fine-cut off at the tender age of 118.

Since the prohibition of ale and beer in Massachusetts a new tonic has been discovered, which is imported from the prolific land of Connecticut. It is called medicinal cider, and the prohibitionists regard it as a not very "weak invention of the enemy."

Mary Elkin, of New York, whose daughter, Sophie Meyers, has been committed to Sing Sing for shop-lifting, has a notable family. At one time she, her husband, two daughters and one son were boarding at the State's expense in Sing Sing. Her daughter Sophie has had two thieves for husbands at different times, and one is now serving a ten years' sentence for a bank robbery in the West.

At a recent woman suffrage meeting in London the hall was so crowded that when the speakers arrived they could not get in. Mrs. Professor Fawcett and others climbed in by a ladder at a window, back of the stage, and when she came to speak, said: "We are told that women have not so much energy as men. I deny it. A moment ago I was outside of this room in a thick crowd with Mr. Arthur Arnold. Mr. Arnold is still in the crowd. I am here." The little woman was roundly applauded.

Mormon missionaries do not receive much encouragement in Denmark. A decree has been issued by the Danish government to the effect that "a number of so-called Mormon emissaries having had the impudence of trying to entice virtuous men and women from this kingdom, any town or village magistrate is authorized to sentence such emissaries to corporeal punishment, in accordance with the law of 1869." Under the provisions of this decree, a Mormon missionary was recently flogged by order of a village magistrate of Randers, in Jutland.

From a city of 60,000 inhabitants Sebastopol has become a shattered, ruined, filthy place of 5000, and who can estimate the cost, not in treasure, but in blood and tears, by which the change was effected? It stands to-day but a relic of its former greatness, a battered, ruined, broken memorial of the most stubborn defense ever recorded, of the most destructive bombardment ever suffered—a testimony to the sublime mulishness of the Russian soldier, of whom Napoleon I. said: "It is not enough to kill him; you must besides knock him down."

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

The Great Labor Strikes—Grant and Wilson—Greeley the Favorite—A Millionaire Sentenced to the Penitentiary—The Yachting Season—Sioux Indians—Yellow Dog Loves a Coryphee—American Jockey Club—The Boston Jubilee—The "Long Strike" at Wallack's—Other Theatres—Central Park Garden—Our Varieties Favorites.

[Special Correspondence of the Republican.]

NEW YORK, June 12, 1872.

New York is at the present moment considerably excited over the great labor strikes. Over one hundred thousand workmen and skilled laborers, comprising nearly every trade in the city, have struck for the adoption of the "eight hour" law, and seemingly with success. The gas companies have compromised with their employes, and many other kinds of business will no doubt grant the demands of the strikers. A grand parade to-day of the men engaged in the strike took place, some fifty thousand men being in line of procession. It was feared that riotous proceedings would ensue, but everything appears to have passed off peaceably and quietly.

Politics are active. A great deal is being done preparatory to the coming election. The nomination of Grant and Wilson in Philadelphia does not appear at all popular here, and it is conceded, even by Republicans who favor Grant's election, that Wilson weakens the ticket considerably. Colfax would have been a stronger help, as the State of Indiana is now considered as lost to the nomination. Greeley is the favorite here with everybody, and will carry the city and State by an immense vote. Many thousands of Republicans of the most respectable class will indorse and vote for him.

Quite a singular affair has just happened in Jersey City, and is town talk to-day. It appears that one William H. Bumsted, who is a millionaire, and a very prominent man generally, lately held a high office in the affairs of that promising city, but having been using his position for personal gain, has just been tried, found guilty of appropriating $15,000 of the people's money to his own use, and sentenced to hard labor in the penitentiary for nine months. How is this for Jersey justice? A millionaire sent to prison for nine months! Such things happen very rarely, and the occurrence excites unusual comment.

The yachting season has fairly opened, and the bay is studded with the beautiful boats. Several grand regattas are shortly to take place, and will attract great attention. Mr. Lester Wallack, of Wallack's Theatre, is now the owner of the yacht "Columbia," one of the largest and most beautiful boats in the world. Mr. Wallack has offered a splendid silver cup to be raced for on the twenty-fourth instant. The finest yachts in the country will participate, and a grand time is expected.

A delegation of Indians of the Sioux Nation is at the Grand Central Hotel, on a visit to the city. They are exceedingly ugly and dirty, but seem to be enjoying themselves. They visited the Olympic Theatre during the week, and saw "Humpty Dumpty." During the performance one of the braves became desperately smitten with a coryphee, whose beautiful figure and smiling face made sad havoc with the heart of Mr. Yellow Dog, who made an immediate offer to the lady to become Mrs. Y. Dog. The proposition, however, was declined by the lady, and Mr. Yellow Dog has become pale and sad thereat, and looks as though a dose of "pizen" would be a welcome draught.

The American Jockey Club has inaugurated its spring meeting with great eclat. Immense crowds of the most fashionable people have attended the races, and the meeting premises to be unusually successful.

The great Boston jubilee is attracting all attention just now. Several thousand New Yorkers will go on next week to attend it. The band of the "Garde Republicaine," of Paris, arrived a few days since, and the English band, under the leadership of Dan Godfrey, is expected in a few days.

At Wallack's Theatre the "Long Strike" is being done, with Mr. J. H. Stoddart in his remarkable performance of *Moneypenny*. The cast is a very strong one, Mr. Charles Fisher playing *Noah Learoyd*, Miss Effie Germon *Jane*, and the balance is proportionably excellent. Mr. E. M. Holland, the talented young comedian, who has been at this theatre for several years, gives a remarkably accurate and artistic performance of the telegraph operator. The papers here compliment him in making what is generally thought an insignificant part one of the most noticeable characters in the piece.

At Booth's Theatre Mr. Edwin Adams is playing *Enoch Arden* to very fair business. The scenery, though very fine, does not equal the manner in which the piece was set in New Orleans last winter, nor is the cast as strong.

Mr. Edwin Booth travels next season, supported by a company who will be selected for their ability to play in the line of pieces suited to Mr. Booth. Mr. Owens proposes doing the same thing with a fine comedy company. Both of these gentlemen, with their support, will, no doubt, visit your city during next season.

At the Fifth Avenue Theatre "L'Article 47" is still running to fine houses, the present week being the last of the season. It is said the theatre will be greatly improved during the summer. Mr. Daly will also manage the Grand Opera House next season, and has engaged a great number of people, among whom is Mr. Stuart Robson.

The new orchestral music at the Central Park Garden deserves special notice. Apart from the mere gratification which the Central Park Garden concerts have given to thousands of lovers of music, these entertainments are serving the purpose of instructors in art, bringing before the musical public a great variety of new works by the best orchestral writers in Europe—works which, but for the efforts of Theodore Thomas, would be quite unknown here. The Thomas orchestra has given immense popularity to the Strauss waltzes, which are now to be heard in every theatre, are whistled on the streets, and played on innumerable piano-fortes at home. Mr. Thomas has indeed made novelty a very marked feature of his present season. Nowhere else, save at his concerts, can the musical amateur enjoy such a variety of selections, and listen to so much that is new. The cultured taste of the successful conductor is a safeguard against his presenting to the public anything which is not worth hearing, so that we may go to any one of the Central Park Garden concerts with a certainty of being well repaid for our time.

At Bryant's Opera House a season of English opera is being given, with Miss Emma Howson as prima donna, supported by Mr. Henri Drayton, Mr. and Mrs. Seguin, Brookhouse Bowler, and others. The business so far has been very good. Miss Howson is deservedly a great favorite. She is not only a remarkably pretty woman, but has a rich, clear, well trained voice, and is a musician of excellent cultivation. Her acting is far beyond the abilities of most good singers, and her *Zerlina* in "Fra Diavolo" is probably one of the best known to the stage.

Mr. Drayton and Mrs. Seguin are also very good, Mrs. Seguin in particular; but Mr. Brookhouse Bowler (should be Bawler) is very ordinary, being a poor actor and a worse singer. Mr. Bowler does very fairly in concert, but is out of his element on the lyric stage.

Mrs. James A. Oates and her excellent burlesque combination are doing finely at the Union Square Theatre, and will continue on indefinitely.

Mr. George Clarke and Mrs. Frank Murdock, Mr. George Holland, Angustus Pitou, John Howson, and T. J. Hind, lately of the Varieties, New Orleans, are all in the city. Mr. Howson, who is an excellent violinist, has been engaged to play at the Boston jubilee.

Mr. Lester Wallack has domiciled himself and family on board his yacht for the summer. John Gilbert, of Wallack's, has gone to his country place in Massachusetts. Charles Matthews returns to England in a few days. Parepa Rosa, Nillson and Miss Kellogg are all in Europe, but return, I believe, in the fall.

But little is doing here regarding preparations for next season. Managers have not yet arrived from the different cities, and therefore but little is known about what will be done. A few weeks will, however, make theatrical affairs more lively, and in my next letter I shall doubtless be able to give you some interesting news.

H. G.

Greeley and Grant.

At a recent Greeley and Brown ratification meeting in Harlem, New York, General George W. Palmer said:

Fellow-citizens and Neighbors—I did not come here to make a speech. I came, weary in body and sorely smitten in soul personally; but I consented in the interest of the greatest issues that have been discussed for many a year to sink my personal feelings in this absorbing campaign. This is no ordinary canvass. It is above and beyond all old party machinery. We are to sink the partisan, to cast aside old party names, and to fight the battle as American citizens. If by the ides of November the people shall not be educated up to this point, I shall have lost confidence in Americans. If we shall fail to prove to the people that a change in the administration is requisite to the stability of the government itself, I shall despair of my countrymen. I did not come to make a set speech, but merely to talk over affairs, and I respectfully solicit the asking of questions by any one present before me who may desire to be informed on any of the questions involved in the canvass. The old issues are dead beyond the possible hope of resurrection. The great issue which has divided the two great parties for the past sixteen years was the question of slavery. In 1856 old party lines were broken, an amalgamation of certain portions of the Whig and Democratic parties took place, and the new divisions were called, respectively, the Republican and Democratic parties. A new issue arose, and the parties divided on that. That issue has been settled by the arbitrament of the sword, amid booming cannon and glittering bayonets on fields of carnage and blood. Now, the question is, shall we not extend the hand of fellowship to those who honestly fought against us, and who acknowledge their error, and who ask us to regard them as American citizens, shall be permitted to "clasp hands across the bloody chasm." [Applause.]

This is the only issue which divides parties to-day. When Horace Greeley was nominated by his friends for United States Senator, he said to some of them: "The war is over; we should have peace; I believe there should be universal amnesty, with impartial suffrage." His friends advised him to keep such sentiments to himself, and added: "If you advocate these views you can not be elected." He replied: "I am right, and I shall announce my convictions, come what may." [Great applause.] President Grant, holding the whiplash over Congress for three years, has threatened Senators and Representatives with ostracism if they did not bow to his dictates. For nearly four years he has staved off general amnesty. Only since the Cincinnati convention has the President, hearing its echo, urged the passage of a bill which appears to extend amnesty without in reality doing it. It has been said that those opposed to the President were office-seekers and "sore-heads." If that is so, and you think Grant worthy of your suffrages, vote for him. General Grant has taken the best offices in his gift and bestowed them upon his relations. He has sent his Casey to New Orleans. He has given places to his relatives, who have used them to secure their own advancement. He has given offices to those who have given him money. What would you think of a register of this city who would accept presents from persons whom he subsequently appointed to positions of trust in his office? What do you think of the man who would appoint to the responsible position of collector of the port Thomas Murphy—a man who, when the investigating committee was in session in this city, was dining and wining at the executive mansion with General Porter, the chief of the military ring? What do you think of a President who sends his aid-de-camp, in violation of law, to negotiate with the government of Santo Domingo? and who breaks all the rules of international law in the case of General Baez? Do you think he has been a success in anything? [Cries of "No! no!"]

There is no longer a Republican party. That name expressed certain principles and views upon a question that is settled forever. The test of Grant Republicanism today is: "Do you favor the election of Grant?" The men who are permitted to retain office are those alone who influence primaries as directed; and so the Republicans of to-day are slaves kneeling at the foot of the throne. [Great applause.] We, as Americans, despise the system. We propose to break up the old machinery of the party. We propose to free American citizens, and refuse to kneel and kiss the hem of the garments of tyranny and oppression. [Tremendous applause.] This subject cannot be discussed in a night. It will take the next five months to develop all the facts. The late Grant convention passed a resolution about civil service reform, and yet the very man who is nominated for the highest place in the gift of the people appoints men to office simply on account of their zeal exercised in aid of his renomination. It is as anxious to adopt a system of reform which shall be satisfactory to the people, it is not insulting to their credulity to imagine that the false pretenses contained in the resolutions passed by the Grant convention are anything but honest utterances. The true civil service reform begins with the man who governs. It behooves them to vote for those candidates alone who will set an example of honesty and integrity, and who will make it the first step in civil service reform—the one-term principle. And citizens, vote for Horace Greeley, the synonym of honesty, earnestness, industry and ability. [Applause.]

The New Iberia *Sugar-Bowl* says:

During the last week Mr. John B. Marsh had two fatal cases of charbon on the Sampson plantation, Fausse Point. As soon as the disease broke out Mr. Garrett, the overseer, changed the water and scattered the mules, and it stopped after the death of the two mules.

This is the first case of charbon we have heard of this season, and we hope that it may not spread.

The Cincinnati Board of Trade has been presented with the window casings of the cabin in Indiana where President Lincoln lived, and which he made with his own hands.

CASSIUS M. CLAY.

His Great Speech to the Colored People of Lexington—Why They Can Easier Vote for Greeley than for Grant—His Own Position Explained.

[From the Lexington Press, June 12.]

Monday afternoon, immediately after the adjournment of the Democratic mass meeting at the courthouse, Cassius M. Clay addressed the people from the stand in the courthouse yard. Long before the Democratic meeting adjourned, a large crowd had collected outside the house, and manifested their impatience by repeated calls for Clay.

At length Mr. Clay ascended the stand, and after a minute, perhaps, during which he gazed round on the array of faces turned up toward him, he said:

Fellow-citizens of Fayette County—I am, as you all know, and have been for some years, no politician; and, notwithstanding all that has been said against me, I have never yet, even by my most bitter opponents, been accused of being untruthful. Whatever my opinions are now, whatever they have been, I have always spoken them freely, both to white and black. Knowing that I spoke the truth, I have never cared to conceal my utterances. When I spoke, not very long since, in St. Louis, by invitation of those who, like myself, were friends of the colored men, I told them, as I now tell you, that if there be in this country one who can truthfully and consistently be styled a friend of the colored race that man is Horace Greeley. He, like myself, was their friend when to be such was dangerous, when it was unpopular, and exposed one to the like risk of being mobbed whether he was in New York or Lexington. When he was nominated by the Cincinnati convention I declared for him at once. What, then, did the little Grant organ here say? I knew that it was no contest between the Democratic party and the Republican party, but a contest between all parties and the Grant party. I knew that Grant would be nominated at Philadelphia by a convention of office-holders, for there never were so many of these vultures before, nor were they ever so corrupt before. I knew that Grant's nomination was cut and dried, and that these men, who pretended to love the black man, when the hunt was up and the game cooked, and cared nothing for him when it was dangerous to do so, would work for Grant, and I stuck to honest old Horace Greeley, and the Grant party papers said that Cash Clay had turned because Grant had recalled him. The St. Louis *Democrat* called me a disappointed office-seeker. Grant never recalled me, and these assertions are false. My furniture was sent home eighteen months or two years before I came home, and why? Because Seward was my enemy, and he wished to have me recalled. I had resigned, but by law a foreign minister can only resign his position to the Senate, by and with whose advice he is appointed. I awaited the action of the Senate; but when I saw that Seward was trying to force me out, being like other men, a little proud, I would not go until I chose. And as much as I have been lied on, I stood by the only government which acknowledged the United States as a people. Did imperial France or commercial England ever come out boldly as our friend like Russia did? There may have been motives of policy influencing Russia. She desired us to prosper that the balance of power might be maintained, but yet she was for us; and if I was sent to her court for anything, it was to keep her true to us. I did keep her true to us, and she was the only legitimate government in all Europe that was. Yet Seward did not like me, just as the Kentucky *Statesman* didn't like me, because I tell the truth; and if there is anything on earth that such men don't like it is the truth. A Senator, and he was a Republican, too, told me that he was in the Republican caucus when they were discussing my case, and they passed a vote, saying that I should not be recalled. How, then, can I be called a sorehead? How can it be said that Grant recalled me, and that is the milk in the cocoanut? I did make one request of General Grant, and my friend of the *Statesman* is welcome to know all about that; if he wishes so I will tell him how it was, although I am not in the habit of troubling myself about the little minnows, for I strike at the big fish. Seward was against me, and I wrote to Grant under my own sign and seal, asking him to let me stay in my place a few more months, as I did not want to be misrepresented; that I had served my country well, had kept Russia faithful, and would come home as soon as I could do so without its being said that I was turned out. This was about nine months after Grant came in; and, when people say it, I am, it is simply a lie made out of whole cloth. When I did come home, I came home a Grant man. This I never concealed, and by this time the *Statesman* ought to know it, if it knows anything. The paper has never attacked my principles, not even when I was at the Cincinnati convention; they knew that I had been a life-long consistent friend of the colored man, and so they sneered at me, and called me a "sorehead," and said that I hated Grant because he would not give me an office. You all know that I am a truthful man, and I assure you upon my honor that there is no office in the gift of Ulysses S. Grant that I would have—no, not if he offered it to me ten hundred times over. [Cheers, and cries of "good."] Don't understand me that I feel above an honorable office; I simply feel that no honest man can accept an office under such a corrupt administration without forfeiting his self-respect. [Applause.]

The *Statesman* says that the colored people don't know Cash Clay. They ought to know me, and they do know me better than anybody else. Why when I was in Mexico I got into a little trouble out there, and went to this white man and that white man, and asked them to do a favor for me, but they wouldn't. Then I met a black man, and asked him if he would do me a favor. He replied, "Ain't you Massa Cassius Clay?" "Yes," said I, and he did what I wanted, and what even my own color refused to do for me. Does that look as if the colored men knew me? I want to read you a letter from a colored man way down here in Bloomfield—I'll find it in a minute; for if I ain't as swift on foot as I used to be, I can find you just as sure. [Mr. Clay here read a somewhat lengthy letter, very complimentary to him, pledging the colored vote for Greeley, and abusing Grant, etc., after which he proceeded.] Now you hear what a colored man writes to me, and he does it in spite of the lies that are told on me. Why, in my own neighborhood in Madison county, they made the colored people believe that I and Horace Greeley both had the smallpox. But I told them better, and now they are all for Horace Greeley—just as I am—and I have got his statue in my house, for when I was mobbed and everybody was against me, he alone defended me, and I loved him for it, so I got his statue, and keep it yet. Can any of their tricks make me forget him? If they do it's in spite of me, and I'll tell them if they go to playing off any on me I'll soon find it out and blow it up.

Now, this explanation is necessary in order that you might trust me, and if there is any man south of Mason and Dixon's line whom you can trust, I am that man. There are those who warn you not to trust me. Why, I was a man when I was spending the strength and the energy of my youth, when life is beautiful and desirable, where were they? What then were they doing to secure your freedom? Did any of them dare to take the stump for you? If so, who was it? They were old slave owners. Did any of them emancipate their slaves? No. They were silent then; they did not dare to speak for you. Are they? No; they are just where they were then, for your Bible tells you that the leopard can not change his spots, nor the Ethiopian his skin. The *Statesman* is exercised over me because I won't get mad at the Southern people. Now, there are two kinds of politicians. One kind makes self their god of politics—they love offices, and gifts, and fat jobs, and they lick the hand that feeds them. But there is another kind who have at heart the bread, just principles of government, who are to the interest of the community, and make a nation respected among the nations of the world. I am one of the other class, and I can prove it. How will I prove it? This way: In 1840 I was in the convention which nominated William Henry Harrison for President, and there I first met Horace Greeley. We nominated and elected Harrison thirty-two years ago, and then, according to the Grant theory of governing, I had a right to an office, but I neither asked nor accepted one. When General Taylor was elected it was the same way—I again represented this county in the convention and asked no office. Why? Because those men, the best we could elect, did not represent my ideas in politics; for, even then, I was an Abolitionist, and they were not. I believed all men ought to be equal before the law, and they did not; so I could accept no office, without sacrificing principle, and if I would not sacrifice a sacred principle then, in the strength of youth, when power could be enjoyed, how can I do it now, when age is coming on me and I soon will finish my course here, such as it is? I couldn't do it then, and I can't do it now; and if anybody tells you so, don't you believe it. I speak now to the black men, and I tell you that the Radicals don't love you any more than other men do. They merely want offices, and think to get them by your votes. Why, here was an intelligent and cultivated colored man—I allude to Mr. Davis—whose friends desired to announce him for sheriff, but, although the call on him—as I am informed—was sent to the *Statesman* office by a responsible party, yet they refused to publish it. There are but few white Radicals—I will not say Republicans, but from henceforth will call them Radicals or Grantites—there are but a few white Radicals in this county. The colored men hold the balance of power, and if these Radicals love you, why don't they give you a share in the offices. I am not for Dr. Davis, although I have no doubt that he has more manners than most of the white Radicals in this county. I simply say, if they love you, why don't they give you offices? I don't pretend to love you better than I love the white race, for I am no hypocrite; but if they love you, why don't they elect the man they love to the office of sheriff? But no! they even would not publish Dr. Davis' name. If I misrepresent them, let the *Statesman* men come right out and correct me. I know they are now sneaking round the outskirts of the crowd somewhere. I would be glad to hear from them now. And it might be as it was at Nicholasville. There they sent a colored man to answer me, and he came with his speech all written out but he never spoke it. I have since heard that I convinced him, and he intends to vote for Greeley; but, any how, he didn't answer me.

Now, you have been told that Greeley was a Democrat and Grant was your friend. Let us see how that is. When it was not safe to speak in your favor at the North, when men were mobbed for it in Boston, just as I was in Lexington, and were killed in the streets of New York because they were Abolitionists, then Lovejoy was put to death down there close to Grant's place, and others were mobbed and hung here and there; but did Grant say anything for you? Did he speak out for Lovejoy, or Garrison, or Tappan? Not a word; but old Horace Greeley was not afraid to speak, and he did speak. Let us look a little further on, and look closely, for this is a most important election; all the parties are disorganizing; a change is imminent, and you must make no mistakes in the new departure you are about to take. When the moment it was held that the States could hold slaves just as they could hold any other property; that when a slaveholder carried one of you to a free State he could own you still, just as he could own a horse; then Horace Greeley, as well as myself, held that the State laws were over that, and that, according to the constitution, all who were under the American flag were free so soon as they passed the border of a free State. But Grant never said a word for you then. And when Fremont was put up as a candidate for the Presidency in 1856, when I voted for him, and Horace Greeley voted for him, Grant voted for Buchanan. Grant was a Democrat then, just as he is now. Yet they will tell you to distrust me because I was a Democrat, and Horace Greeley was a Democrat; but you answer in the blunt, honest tones of old Horace, "You lie, you lie, you lie, you villain!"

In 1840 Greeley voted for Harrison, in 1844 for Henry Clay, in 1848 for General Taylor, in 1852 for General Scott, in 1856 for Fremont, in 1860 for Abraham Lincoln; and Grant did not vote for one of these, but voted the Democratic ticket all the time, when he was sober enough to vote at all. In Grant's own State, Illinois, I couldn't get into the State House to make an abolition speech. The Speaker had gone off and lost the key, and I had to get candles and speak, as best I could, outside. All this time Grant was voting against you and your liberties. Isn't that so, *Statesman*? If it is not, get your tongue out now, or forever after hold your peace. Grant never expressed an opinion in favor of a black man until he was elected President.

In 1862, when I came here by the secret appointment of President Lincoln, to negotiate and try to bring the men of Kentucky over to the Union cause, and to proclaim liberty to the slaves, I told them all that the slaves must be freed, that if they were not freed there was no justice in the war, and I did not dare to be in favor of it if it was not just. Then while Grant was robbing the Southern people, and sending fugitive slaves back into slavery, then Horace Greeley was with me in sentiment, although from motives of policy, as the editor of a great newspaper, he could not go as far as he wished to do. In Kansas, too, Grant was against you, and Greeley was for you, and Grant never was for you up to the civil war. He went in that, like many others, not because he thought you should be free, but because he wanted the Union preserved. There were then two issues, Union and slavery, and as for me, I didn't care a d—n for the Union with slavery.

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We must have now a general amnesty; the whites must have their freedom as well as the blacks. * * * It is true that Lincoln was elected in 1860, but yet the other three candidates had a majority of the popular vote; and there never was yet a time—at least we have no authentic proof of it—when a majority of the whites were in favor of the black man's liberty. Lincoln was not run as an Abolition candidate. Why didn't we run Horace Greeley, or Mr. Julian, or some other Abolitionist then? Because we knew we were in a minority, and had to get other men. I was and am an old-time Abolitionist, because, since we didn't have the power, we had to use policy to elect our nominee. Mr. Lincoln, it is true, was an honest man—something that can not be said of our office-holders now, for they hate the word—and after he was elected he did get to be a pretty good Abolitionist; so we elected him again in 1864. But was Grant for him then? What do you say, *Statesman*?

Mr. Clay here went on to show that Grant had never been a friend to the negro; that he was always a Democrat, and that the Democrats would have nominated him if the Republicans had not done so in 1868; that he was nominated simply because the party needed his "gunpowder popularity;" that after he came into office he selected Democrats to fill the responsible positions around him, taking the son of Stephen A. Douglas for private secretary and Fish for Secretary of State; surrounding himself with such men as Stewart, Borie, etc., and forming a "personal party who only cared for themselves and General Grant, and who could only exist in corruption and usurpation."

He then went into the policy of Grant toward Cuba, saying that he was on the side of Spain, and would not recognize the liberty of the Cuban negroes who had been freed by their masters; that Secretary Fish's son-in-law, Sidney Webster, was a paid attorney of the King of Spain, etc.

He then spoke of San Domingo, and was especially severe on Grant, because Fred Douglass, who, Mr. Clay said, was more of a gentleman, and had more talent than all the rest of the San Domingo commission, had not been honored with a better office than secretary of the commission, and had been slighted when the others were invited to dine with Grant, etc. He advised the negroes to conciliate the whites, to be friends with them, and he closed his address to the blacks by telling them that "the Grantites are pirates who have gotten possession of the old ship of Republicanism, and if they are not thrown overboard they will wreck you and me, and us all."

He then spoke to the Democrats present, beginning in a very conciliatory manner, and speaking very hopefully of the future of the country. He told them that the negroes as freemen were of more value than as slaves, and that with our soil, climate and productions, we only needed friendly feelings between blacks and whites in order to become the greatest people in the world. He thought that there were some very good white people in this country, and some very good black people, "and," said he, "they are not so bad when mixed a little."

Changing the burden of his song, he abused the "Bourbon Democracy" in about the same terms used by him in speaking of the "Grantites," and in place of the Radical Kentucky *Statesman*, he abused the daily *Press*. "If the old grannies of the Bourbon press over here," said he, "could open their purblind eyes and see into the future, they would cease to lament and groan over their imaginary wrongs, and would go to work along with the honest men of our country, to build up again its liberty and prosperity." He closed with the usual reference to the American eagle, after advising every one to vote for Horace Greeley if they wished to be saved, etc.

He spoke for three hours, and was listened to with patience and attention by a large crowd of about equal proportions of whites and blacks.

A SECOND LOLA MONTEZ.

A Fair Cincinnatian in Europe—Royalty Captivated by the Blandishments of Mrs. Fanny Jordan, Nee Miss Chumley, of Cincinnati.

[From the Times-Chronicle.]

All Munich is at the present time full of rumors about a strange love affair between the young King of Bavaria and an American confidence woman. The following particulars of this interesting affair, which has caused a great deal of merriment among the Bavarian democrats, but which has deeply disgusted the members of the royal family, to whom the eccentric young King has frequently given much offense, have been ascertained from trustworthy sources:

On the last days of January, 1872, there arrived at Munich an American lady of about twenty-eight or thirty, of very prepossessing appearance, elegant manners, and richly dressed. She registered her name at the Oberpollinger Hotel, where she stopped, as Mrs. Fannie Jordan, from Cincinnati, Ohio, United States.

Mrs. Jordan was accompanied by a *femme de chambre*, had plenty of baggage with her, and, to all appearances, was in easy circumstances. She had letters of introduction to the consul of the United States, and had little difficulty in gaining access to the best circles of society. Even her wish to be presented at court was gratified, and she was introduced to the Queen Dowager at a soiree given at the Palace.

It appears that Mrs. Jordan conceived, some time after her presentation at court, the idea of entrapping the young King, who rarely appeared in the capital, but most of the time leads the life of a hermit at his delightful country seat of Hoherschwangau. In the course of her conversations with newly-gained aristocratic acquaintances, she heard a great deal about the eccentricities of the young monarch; of his love of music and of the stage; of his warm, open heart, and unbounded liberality toward those to whom he had become attached; and, lastly, of his seemingly invincible repugnance to enter the holy state of matrimony.

Mrs. Jordan resolved to see the King, and on the twelfth of February set out for the village of Bergen, near Hohenschwangau, and engaged two rooms at the Golden Bear Hotel. She was not long in ascertaining the places where the King, who is fond of walking out alone for hours in the neighborhood of his country seat, might be met, and, on the first fine day, Mrs. Jordan walked out with her *femme de chambre* in order to meet King Louis, and, if possible, to make his acquaintance. On that day she was unsuccessful, and, after walking about for nearly four hours, had to return to the hotel without encountering the King. But two days afterward she had better luck. About two o'clock in the afternoon she saw a tall young man, dressed in a suit of iron gray, his head covered with a broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat, and jauntily carrying a small riding-whip in his hand, approaching by a by-path leading to the highway. Mrs. Jordan, who recognized the well-known features of the King at once, hastened to make preparations for attracting his attention. She took from the hands of her maid a telescope and a traveler's hand-book, and seemed lost in admiration of the truly beautiful scenery of the environs of Hohenschwangau. A few minutes afterward the King was close to her. The prepossessing appearance of the American lady, her evident admiration of the landscape, of which Louis II. is very proud, made at once an impression upon him, and he stood still, and, as it seemed, took a good look at her. Mrs. Jordan, with consummate skill and tact, Mrs. Jordan returned his salutation, and, approaching the King, asked him about the name of a village which was visible in the distance. The King, who is one of the most affable of men, politely gave the information she desired, and then entered into a conversation with her. They conversed in French, walking slowly along the highway toward the village, and, on separating, Mrs. Jordan, who expressed a great desire to visit Hohenschwangau, was overjoyed to receive from the King, who told her with unaffected frankness who he was, and who requested her not to call him "Majesty," an invitation to inspect his country seat and pass an hour or two in his delightful gardens, which are among the finest in Europe.

It may be imagined that she improved the opportunity thus presented to her, and on the following afternoon called on the King. He kindly escorted her through the palace, showed her the fine picture gallery, the theatre, the conservatory, with its superb tropical plants, and the fountains in the gardens. Her well calculated effort to make an impression on him, her skill as a conversationalist, her refined manners, her lively temperament, and yet lady-like reserve, did not remain without effect upon the King, who, even though seated on a throne, is little versed in worldly affairs, and by no means insensible to the blandishments of a pretty and accomplished woman. When Mrs. Jordon finally bade him adieu he shook her warmly by the hand, and asked her to visit him again, and even promised to return her call. He was as good as his word, and the next day he paid her a visit at the Golden Bear. The King had often seen the place in his interview with Mrs. Jordan, which took place in the parlor of the landlady, excited but little attention. Mrs. Jordan's road to success was now an easy one. She met the King frequently at Hohenschwangau, or in the environs. The two made long excursions on horseback, or walked for hours in the wooded hills of the neighborhood. The siren seemed to exercise an irresistible charm upon the Prince. His attendants noticed that he became thoughtful and melancholy, but knowing that remonstrances would be of no avail, did nothing to interfere with his intimacy with the American lady. Mrs. Jordon soon received substantial marks of the royal favor.

Being a very good horsewoman, she was presented with a few fine white mares by the King. Other valuable gifts followed in quick succession. A valuable diamond bracelet, a miniature portrait of the King, framed in solid gold, and set with emeralds, and other presents of value, were pressed upon her by her royal friend, or rather lover. Finally, she managed to obtain loans of quite large sums of money from him. Everything went on swimmingly, and Mrs. Jordan was in a fair way of becoming to Louis II. what Lola Montez had been to his grandfather, King Louis I., when an untoward event put an end to the whole intimacy, and compelled the American adventuress to leave her field of operations precipitately.

Prince Leopold, the King's uncle, heard of his royal nephew's *liaison*, and determined at once to break it up. For this purpose he engaged the services of two Munich detectives, who, in the first place, tried to discover who she really was. On application at the office of the United States consul, they were shown the letters of introduction which she had presented to that functionary, and which were from reputable people in Cincinnati and New York. At the Oberpollinger Hotel, where she had always conducted herself with the strictest propriety, and where she still had three large trunks at the hotel, and the detectives, with that disregard of personal rights so peculiar to the police of Germany, broke the trunks open. They found in them numerous letters, which threw a light on the real character of Mrs. Jordan.

It appeared from these letters that she had passed the last three years in several European capitals under various aliases. It was true that she was from Cincinnati, but her real name, as appeared from several letters written to her by her father, was Chumley. She had at least one hundred letters from lovers, not a few of which had contained valuable inclosures. She had last been at Berlin, where she had had a *liaison* with a Prussian colonel, who had committed forgery to gratify her incessant demand for money, and who in consequence had been cashiered. She herself had escaped arrest only by precipitate flight from Berlin. In short, the detectives discovered that she was a dangerous confidence woman of the worst sort, and they went thereupon to the village where she was stopping, and told her that they would arrest her unless she consented to leave Bavaria at once.

The baffled adventuress at first tried to put on a bold front, and showed a disposition to bid defiance to the officers; but when she saw that her true character was thoroughly known, she deemed discretion the better part of valor, and, after writing a tearful letter to the King, set out for Switzerland. It is believed that she took, in money and valuables, about $10,000 with her.

The Worst Case Yet.

This special dispatch is from the St. Louis *Republican*:

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 12.—An extremely bad case of Presidential nepotism has broken out in Kansas, and from the circumstances alleged, it is one of the worst that has been developed since the Grant family put on the robes of royalty. Some time ago Charles H. Hayden was indicted at Topeka, Kansas, for robbing the mails. The evidence against the criminal is said to have been ample, and the case was to have come on in the winter term of the United States court; but the tie of consanguinity was established to the President's satisfaction, when the latter ordered Attorney General Akerman to direct the District Attorney at Topeka to discontinue the case upon restitution of the amount stolen by the criminal. The following correspondence will further explain the character of this transaction:

DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE,
Washington, D. C., December 15, 1871.

Albert H. Horton, United States Attorney, Atchison, Kansas:

SIR—In pursuance of the request of the Postmaster General, a copy of whose letter is herewith transmitted, and of the direction of the President therein expressed, you will consent to the release of Charles H. Hayden, indicted in your district for robbing of the mails, upon the performance of the conditions expressed in said letter.

Very respectfully,
A. T. AKERMAN,
Attorney General.

POSTOFFICE DEPARTMENT,
Washington, D. C., December 12, 1871.

SIR—By direction of the President, a nolle prosequi is granted in the case of the United States vs. Charles H. Hayden, indicted at Topeka, Kansas, for robbing the mails, and you are hereby respectfully requested to issue the necessary order for his release on the conditions of his making full restitution of the money which it is charged he has improperly taken, upon satisfactory proofs of the same.

I have the honor to be, respectfully, your obedient servant,
JOHN. A. CRESWELL,
Postmaster General.

To Hon. A. T. Akerman, Attorney General.

A Flexible Pension Law.

Mrs. Collins, wife of Dr. W. T. Collins, late pension agent in Washington, called on the second controller to learn whether her husband is still entitled to a pension, he being a defaulter to the government. The second controller informed her that her husband's defalcation does not invalidate his claim to a pension, under a law of Congress passed in 1830, and she will continue to receive his pension the same as other pensioners.

The St. Louis *Republican* closes an editorial article about Louisiana in this manner:

The plain duty of the Democrats of Louisiana is a hard one, we must admit, but it is, after all, only similar to the one which the Democracy of the whole country are preparing to perform—overthrow the Radical party by the election of a Republican to the Presidency. It is not as easy to vote for Warmoth as it is to vote for Horace Greeley, we admit; but it may be the true and only solution of the problem in Louisiana, and to vote for Both of them. We trust that the Democrats of that State will not separate from their brethren in the other States by making themselves allies of the man whom their brethren in the other States are making every effort and sacrifice to defeat. We hope they will not do an act that will secure the vote of their State to Grant. Of one thing they may be sure—the election of Greeley and Warmoth will be immeasurably better for them than the election of Grant, a Democratic Governor and a negro legislature.

"If any justification of the wisdom of Democracy in going for Greeley, were needed," says the St. Louis *Republican*, "it is found in the strange agony of the Radical party caused by this very thing. It sweats drops of agony at every pore. It lurches like a crippled vessel before Sumner's crushing broadsides. It curses Cameron, it curses Tom Murphy, it curses Casey and Packard, it curses Leet and Stocking, it curses Babcock, it curses Clayton, it curses General Dent, and it has half a mind to curse Grant himself, for bringing it into all this trouble."

The method of sustaining points of order in vogue among Western legislators is more effectual than that in use in the older and less vigorous parts of the country. In the Wyoming legislature, a short time ago, when a man insisted that he was not out of order, his opponent jerked off his coat, shouting: "Mr. Speaker, if some reliable man will hold these duds, I'll teach him that he is out of order;" and the point was sustained without further controversy.

Five years ago the price of bromine, according to the Boston *Journal of Chemistry*, was about $8 a pound; now it is less than $1 50 a pound, and the consumption has increased a thousand fold. The supply formerly came from Germany, especially from the Stassfurt salt mines; now we are obtaining it from the strong salines in Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia produce all that we require. A manufacturer, who did not use twenty pounds a year before 1866, now uses as much as 5000 pounds at a time.

An editor relates how a colored barber made a dead-head of him. He offered him the usual dime for shaving, when the fellow drew himself up with considerable pomposity and said: "I understand that you is an editor!" "Well, what of it," said he. "We neber charge editors nuffin." "But, my woolly friend," he continued, "there are a good many editors traveling nowadays, and such liberality will prove a ruinous business." "Oh, neber mind," remarked the barber, "we make it up off the gemmen."

The gallant Captain Bunsby, who has found a berth in the editorship of the *State Journal*, in Springfield, should inclose this opinion: "In our country each man thinks for himself. He is self-reliant. He has an individuality that readily asserts itself. He has no strong convictions. When the sky is overcast, or the night is on, a gust or an undercurrent may turn his keel from the true channel to the shoal and the rock, but he looks to the guiding star, and finds at last his old anchorage at last."

Greeley has now about half of the daily newspapers of New York city on his side. He is supported by the Tribune, the Sun, the Star, the News, the Journal of Commerce, the Express. He is opposed by the Times, the World, the Evening Post, the Commercial Advertiser, the Standard, the Staats Zeitung. The Herald alternately exalts both Greeley and Grant. The Evening Mail is neutral. The Witness is afraid to take sides, but would rather take Grant's.

The Maryville *Republican* edited and published in Tennessee by colored men, repudiates Grant, and comes to the support of Greeley and Brown in this eminently sensible way: "After the most careful, mature deliberation, we have concluded to unfurl our standard, and to place at its masthead the name of the only candidate for President who represents the principles for which we have battled—Horace Greeley."