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ADAMS ON GRANT.

Speech of Charles Francis Adams, Jr.

We copy from the New York *Times* the following speech:

QUINCY, Mass., September 30.—A large meeting was held in this place to-night, which was addressed by Charles Francis Adams, Jr., (brother of John Quincy Adams, the straight out Democratic candidate for Vice President). I send you the main points of his remarks, which were well received.

MR. ADAMS' ADDRESS.

The great Dr. Samuel Johnson, in approaching some matter of discussion, once advised his faithful Boswell to "clear his mind of cant." This, my fellow-citizens of Quincy, I propose, with your kind indulgence, to do for myself on the present occasion. And in one respect, at least, the canvass now going on affords matter for sincere congratulation. Much of it as there is, there is yet far less discreditable electioneering cant about it than at one time there seemed cause to apprehend. A few weeks ago I accidentally came across an old volume of political pamphlets relating to the election of 1840—the famous "log cabin and hard cider" campaign of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too"—that ideal year for the believers in "tidal waves" and "prairie fires," in which, through the grace of God, John Tyler was chosen to preside over the destinies of this people for the space of three years and eleven months. It was singular reading, though somewhat melancholy withal, and I closed the volume with, to state it mildly, small admiration for tidal waves and prairie fires when viewed through a perspective of thirty years. Early in the present summer another hard cider dispensation seemed impending over us in the shape of a white-hat and wood-chopper campaign; and it was only as the season advanced that it became evident that the professionals in charge of that novelty had dreadfully underestimated the intelligence of those "masses," of whom they thought so much; and the feeble nutriment which sufficed for 1840 was a pronounced failure in 1872. We may not, as a people, even yet have reached the full height of calm political debate, but we are out of our swaddling clothes, and the childish appeals which once excited an odd enthusiasm have this year been distinctly productive only of laughter and disgust. As you well know, I am not a politician; but it is not unknown to some of you that, in my own way, I was concerned in the movement which resulted in the Cincinnati convention of May last, and, having been actively engaged in that movement from its first inception, I have been most anxious for some suitable public occasion on which I might put on record my reasons for refusing to abide by its result and for giving my vote against the candidate of that convention, Mr. Greeley, and in favor of the opposing candidate, General Grant.

I was not then, nor am I now, a believer in an irredeemable paper currency, and I regarded a nation, as rich and prosperous as this, and which, nevertheless, does not pay its notes, much as I regard a business man who can pay and don't. I was, and am, also, a firm believer in the necessity of an immediate and thorough reform and purification of our whole civil service system. I detest and despise the theory that the offices of government are the legitimate booty of each political victory, and I felt, and still feel, that the recognition of such a rule is wholly inconsistent with a continued political purity. Certain men met together at Washington and subsequently in New York—editors, economists, politicians and men of business—few in number, being not more than fifteen or twenty in all, but wielding an enormous power through the press. We were all of one mind. Political managers and aspirants for office were very civil and profuse in expressions of sympathy with us in private, but very shy of us in public. Nearly two years ago I drew up with my own hand the original draft of a resolution calling a convention of those sympathizing in our views to meet at Cincinnati. This was not, however, the nominating convention of May last—that subsequently grew out of it.

So far as President Grant himself was concerned, I personally entertained but one sentiment—that of intense and bitter disappointment at what I still consider his great failure as a civil administrator. He was my old General; and as such I felt toward him not as you feel, but as those only feel who have passed through long days and nights of battle agony, looking to one man in firm reliance that he carried with him ultimate victory, and in the end have found that faith justified. And let me further say that I, in common with a vast multitude of others, have had my admiration and sympathy deeply excited by the grand silence with which the President has undergone the vile torrent of contradictory calumny which has so persistently been poured forth against him. General Grant can not at once be both the wretched imbecile and the cunning usurper he is so commonly described by the same lips, and I can assure those now so indiscreetly assailing him that they are guilty of a grave error of judgment if they fondly believe that the men who stood by him while lead was in the air will be driven from his side by the hurtling of hard words. Whichever party is successful this year the vile scandal known as "carpet-bagism" is doomed, and the States lately in rebellion are sure at last of being left to themselves. The only contingency, so far as I can forecast the future, which can endanger this much to be-desired result, would be the election of Mr. Greeley. That might possibly, by inviting new disturbances, reopen the whole question. In such an event Mr. Greeley is, judging by his own utterances in the past in relation to the justice and propriety of secession and force bills, scarcely the man I should care to see intrusted with the delicate duty of readjustment. I was one of those who met our Southern brethren on a number of hard fought fields. Seven years ago, when Grant paroled Lee's army, I "clasped hands across the bloody chasm," and from that day to this have entertained only the kindest feelings toward my old enemies. I really can't, at this late day, see the necessity for any more tears or hysterics. The question of reconstruction is now practically decided, and its gross abuses, which in my place I have never hesitated to denounce, are at last repudiated of all men. The Southern States now need above all things to be carefully let alone, but Mr. Greeley and his supporters insist on more agitation. In this miserable work I, for one, will not abet them. I am, indeed, opposed to them upon this issue more than upon any other, and as a friend and well-wisher of the South, earnestly hoping to see it work out its own salvation quietly and peaceably, I feel I could not too strongly deprecate the substitution at this time of Mr. Greeley for General Grant in the presidential chair. It would be chaos come again, which heaven forbid!

In regard to the new questions, however, the questions of the future, I long ago found myself at variance with the ruling powers in the Republican organization. In place of an intelligent appreciation of the great principles of local self-government, we had a code of force bills, and civil rights bills and legislative meddling in general, a policy of which Mr. Senator Sumner and the New York *Tribune* were two of the most earnest advocates, and which was redeemed from utter badness only by the marked good sense and judgment with which the President exercised the dangerous powers intrusted to him.

I thus found myself in opposition to all my previous political affiliations, and in hearty accord with the Cincinnati movement. At the last moment, and, at the time, to my own great regret, I felt compelled to withdraw my name from the call to which I had already signed it, and to notify my friends that I could not be at Cincinnati. The unexpected prominence which was so suddenly given to Mr. C. F. Adams as a candidate before that convention forced me to the conclusion that I could not go to it without placing both him and myself in a false position. Accordingly I stayed at home, and very glad I now am that I did stay at home.

As you all know, the Cincinnati convention—the convention which originated in the movement for free-trade, civil service reform, and the protest against all centralizing legislation, nominated Mr. Horace Greeley as its candidate for the presidency. In due time the Democratic party, in convention duly assembled, ratified this nomination. I have nothing to say against Mr. Greeley, personally. He has achieved marked success in his special calling; he has done a great work in life; he has exercised a prodigious influence. I have, however, rarely had the satisfaction of agreeing with him, and have ever entertained a peculiar and, perhaps, exaggerated lack of confidence in his practical judgment and administrative ability. To use a vulgar but expressive phrase, he "slops over" too frequently—a peculiarity which he has not succeeded in holding in check during the course of the present canvass. Mr. Greeley's views upon every single question in which the Cincinnati movement originated are, and always have been, diametrically opposed to that movement. To force him upon us as our candidate was, therefore, an absolute insult, redeemed only by its harmonious features, which, however keenly we might appreciate them, we could hardly be expected to enjoy. We went to Cincinnati in open revolt against the party manipulations of Messrs. Conkling and Cameron and Morton and Chandler. When we got there we were met by Messrs. Fenton, and Cochrane, and McClure, and Wentworth, and Tilton, and Warmoth, and they, with the aid of Mr. Frank Blair, kindly proceeded to "manage" these things for us in the good old way, and, in the first place, to provide us with a candidate. I do not see how we gained greatly by this change of masters; for myself, I prefer the old set. We went protesting against "carpet-bagism," and they "carpet-bagged" our convention with an ingenuity which excited even our rueful admiration. We went calling for free trade, and they gave us the most notorious and consistent protectionist in all America. We went crying out against centralization, and saying "the world is governed too much," and we came back with the great apostle of unlimited legislation on all conceivable subjects for our chosen candidate. They not only insisted on our accepting an empty change in lieu of the improvement to which we had aspired, but they actually carried their undisguised contempt for us as reformers to the extent of openly asking us to go into contortions of supposed ecstasy over their ridiculous campaign "Josh," made up, like a scarecrow, of a dilapidated hat and shabby coat.

We believe in our principles as free-traders, as civil service reformers, as friends of local self-government; we propose also to continue to believe, and, if we can, we further propose to make the belief that it is in us respected of others. We feel very much now, under the candidacy of Mr. Greeley, as we should have felt in 1860, had the "unterrified" assumed control of the Chicago convention, referred the question of slavery to the several congressional districts, nominated for us Jefferson Davis, and then rolled up their eyes in a spirit of sanctity and assured us that some garment of our candidates covered physical conformations of surprising beauty and excellence.

There is but one thing we can not suffer and live under; that is dishonor, made more unendurable because ridiculous. With what hope or even face could we, during the rest of our lives, go "reforming" again when once we had allowed ourselves to be made such very stool-pigeons of with impunity, and even actually assisted those who cozened us in the successful prosecution of their game. We may not be successful politicians, but we can at least try to be honest men.

Meanwhile, for a long time past, and especially during the present campaign, I have acted in close sympathy with the class whose feelings now find vigorous expressions through the columns of the New York *Evening Post* and the *Nation*—a class insignificant in numbers only, and one not safely to be disregarded. We and our principles have in this matter been brutally and grievously insulted, and we propose to show that we are not disposed to be accessories to our own dishonor. We at least never invited Mr. Greeley and his singular following into any party affiliations—we always protested against it, and, from their first introduction, looked upon our uninviting associates with undisguised apprehension. Those who brought about the alliance are, perhaps, bound by the principles of what is called political honor not to repudiate the consequence of their own act; they made the game and they lost the stakes; we, however, are not disposed to allow ourselves to be transferred as a portion of the contents of that "pool."

The defeat of Mr. Greeley has, therefore, become from our point of view the one good thing which can result from this campaign. His success would be our complete discomfiture. It would go far to demonstrate what we have most persistently denied, and the denial of which was at the basis of the original Cincinnati movement. We then insisted, as we still do insist, that the people of this country were a body of which we ourselves were part; that the mass of our fellow-citizens disliked to be humbugged, and liked to be treated as rational beings, just as we did ourselves—no more and no less.

The thing seems altogether too ridiculous to be gravely stated, and yet it is absolutely true. Mr. Greeley's nomination was wholly and avowedly urged and justified on the "white hat," "tidal wave" and "prairie fire" hypothesis. The "bloody chasm" melodrama was a somewhat flimsy after-piece, introduced to cover up the awful failure of the great original "wood chopper" farce. The defeat of Mr. Greeley will go far to convince the "men inside politics" that things utterly incongruous can not as yet be successfully lumped together; that the rise of "tidal waves" and "prairie fires" has some connection with a real underlying cause; that the people, of whom they prate so much and think so little, are not mere children, to be pleased with a rattle and tickled with a straw; and, finally, that the cast-off garments of an eminent editor are, after all, but a poor substitute for cardinal principles.

At one time I freely confess I hoped for more than this—far more—as the result of the present canvass. I did hope that great principles might be gravely discussed, and that much progress might be made, no matter what party achieved success in the grand work of educating a nation. In common with many others, I was disappointed; but if I can not have the issue I wanted, I must needs accept that which is forced upon us. It is for this canvass simply to show that we are neither children nor fools. For one, therefore, I shall this year again cast my vote for President Grant, not, alas! this time with the glad confidence in which, four years ago, I cast it for General Grant; but as the most direct and indeed only way left open of rebuking that species of political cant and chicanery of which the history of the Cincinnati movement was, in its last stage, an unequaled example.

A Star Actor.

Some excellent acting was recently brought into the monotony of a Russian camp maneuvre. A sham fight was arranged, and to drill the ambulance corps certain ones who were ticketed were ordered to fall as if wounded with greater or less severity. The combat was carried out according to programme. The ambulance men advanced and began to pick up the sufferers. The wounds of each one, as indicated by the ticket attached to the body, were carefully examined, and the proper remedies were promptly administered. One of the soldiers, however, received instructions which justified him as he thought, in giving up the ghost. Those who were taking care of the wounded were surprised at finding that he gave no signs of life, and immediately called an officer for consultation. The officer asked the man what ailed him, but received no reply. A physician was then called, under whose direction water was thrown in the wounded man's face, but without the desired result. Finally the signal sounded for the close of the exercises, whereupon the dead man jumped up as well as ever. In reply to the questions which were put to him, he said that he had done nothing but what it seemed to him the severity of his wounds required him to do.

There is evidence that some of the maidens of the South are made of genuine stuff. The Charleston *News* tells of a young lady, nineteen years old, in Bamberg, South Carolina, who, with the assistance of one negro girl, has raised twenty-two acres of cotton, besides "abundance of corn, peas and potatoes, and enough sugar and syrup to last her for three years." It would be a pity to spoil such women by giving them the right to vote and hold office. They can do better.

BLOODY BURTON.

A Horrible Reminiscence of the War of the Rebellion in Missouri—The Butcher of 180 Men.

[From the St. Louis Democrat.]

During the war hundreds of scoundrels took advantage of the situation to plunder the defenseless in the districts overrun and laid waste by armies. They robbed and murdered without hesitation or regard to sentiment. Their hands were against every man, and every man's hand was against them. One of the most ferocious and horrible creatures of this class was known to live in the Ozark mountains, near the Arkansas and Missouri State line, and in a very short time he was spoken of and feared in that region, both by citizens and soldiery. The name of the ruffian, robber and red-handed murderer was Frank Burton, and he was originally a horse thief in Arkansas, but was so closely pursued into Texas by a crowd bent on lynching him, that he concluded to seek pastures new, and found them in the Ozark mountains. Forsyth, Missouri, and Carrollton, Arkansas, are about forty miles apart, and at the side of the road between them Burton selected his place of abode. He built a half hut at the mouth of a natural cave in the side of the mountain, about 400 feet above the road, and there lived alone.

Few people saw him and lived to relate it afterward. He always carried a long rifle and heavy side arms, and would shoot down and rob any one unfortunate enough to come within range of his gun. After his deeds began to be known a detachment of federal soldiers was sent after him at half a dozen different times, but always returned one, two or half a dozen men short. Burton wore an old butternut suit, much the color of the trees and rocks on the mountain side, and was an adept at hiding himself and slipping from bush to bush without being seen. On one occasion a company of twenty or thirty men hunted him for a week, and at last got him on a mountain, which they surrounded. They then started up the slope, but had proceeded but a few paces when a puff of smoke issued from behind a rock a couple of hundred yards away, and the foremost man fell with a bullet hole through his chest. Before the others had recovered from their surprise another puff of smoke was seen, and another man fell. The survivors made a rush for the rock, firing as they ran, but ere they reached it another shot from the deadly rifle of the robber brought down a third man. The party at last reached the rock only to find that the assassin had disappeared without leaving a trace. While looking for his track they again heard the crack of his rifle, and another of their number dropped dead. This was continued until terror took possession of the party, and they beat a hasty retreat, nearly one-half of those remaining being convinced that the object of their search was something more than mortal. The General in command of that district at last offered a large reward for the head of the scoundrel, and the reward was increased when it was found that he continued to rob and kill unmolested. Five thousand dollars was at last offered for him dead or alive, and a description of him was printed and circulated among the troops.

He was described as short and heavy-set, with immense and muscular hands and arms. His hair and rough unkempt beard were black as the plumage of a crow, and he was utterly filthy and disgusting in appearance, as he sometimes did not wash his face or hands for weeks. The neighbors living too near him he killed or drove away, and it is said, and probably with truth, that he murdered no less than 180 persons while in that region. One family, living within a couple of miles of his cave, he spared for his own convenience. The family consisted of the father, a half-witted puny creature, the wife and one child, a boy ten or twelve years old. Burton, when in the neighborhood, occasionally visited the house and forced them to furnish him with provisions. He threatened them with death if they ever admitted that they knew him, or that he came to the house, and as they knew that he would keep his word, they answered all inquiries by denying that they knew or had ever seen him. The hut in which the family lived was at the base of the mountain, and stood in the centre of a cleared slope, about 300 yards across. Burton, when coming to to the house, would stop at the edge of the clearing and carefully inspect the premises to satisfy himself that no enemies were concealed there. Finding that all was secure, he would then hail the family, and order the man and boy to leave, which they never failed to do. With his rifle on his arm he would then advance to the cabin, and direct the woman to prepare his dinner or breakfast, as the case might be. The woman feared and loathed him, but was afraid to refuse, knowing that he would shoot her down at the first word of remonstrance.

Two federal soldiers in a camp seven miles from the spot, concluded to attempt his capture, and obtaining leave of absence, started for the house. Before leaving camp they dressed themselves in dirty, tattered linen clothing, although the month was November, and the weather was bitterly cold. One of them was Zachariah Thomas, of company A, First Iowa cavalry, and the other was a member of the Tenth Illinois cavalry, whose name is forgotten. On approaching the house, they concealed their pistols in the woods, and without arms of any kind entered the clearing and hailed the woman. It was then about twilight, and both men were shivering with cold and fear, and Thomas afterward said he would have given anything he possessed to have been out of the scrape. The woman answered the call, and they told her they wanted to see Burton. She said he was not there, but they insisted that they must see him, and would remain until he came. The woman finding they were obstinate, at last consented to let them remain over night, and promised to send her son for Burton in the morning.

They passed a miserable and anxious night, and rose long before daylight. About eight o'clock the boy returned and reported that he had found Burton and informed him that two men were waiting to see him. Burton had answered that he would come over, and in a few minutes afterward he appeared at the edge of the clearing. Thomas and his companion walked out to the gate and they surveyed each other for a moment or two in silence. Burton did not seem pleased at their appearance, and once or twice drew up his gun as if to fire. They shouted to him not to shoot, and throwing up their arms, declared that they had no weapons. Burton took another survey of them, and finally slowly approached, informing them that he would fire on them on the least appearance of treachery, and that he only waived his usual custom of firing on any one within pistol shot of him out of curiosity to hear what they had to say. The trio at last entered the house, and Burton, after ordering the men in front of him, sat down to breakfast with his gun resting against the bed and in easy reach.

Thomas, who was thin and very pale, acted as spokesman, and informed him that they had a few days before escaped from a federal prison at Springfield, and that they were on their way South. They had heard of him, and knowing that he was well provided with such things, came to him for horses, clothing and arms. They professed to be able and willing to pay when they reached home, and promised to send him the money. Burton replied that he had no more sympathy for a Southerner than for a Northern man, and that he had no friends. He murdered and robbed both sides, and did not propose to assist any one. The men urged that they were perishing with the clothing they had on, and would either freeze or starve to death if he did not assist them. Burton said he could furnish them with an easier death, and though he had better kill them and put them out of their trouble. Looking at Thomas' emaciated figure and white face, he added, with horrible humor, that the skeleton could not live long, any way, and might as well be hustled out of the world at once. The two men, whose teeth were chattering with fear and cold, but who dared not approach the fire without permission, stood in silence while he munched his breakfast and uttered his ghastly jokes. He at last finished his meal, and, picking up his rifle, placed it across his knees as he seated himself in front of the fire, and gave them permission to approach. They drew up their chairs and seated themselves on each side of him, and again urged him to gave them horses and arms, saying that it could afford him no gratification to kill two miserable devils like them, and that they would be forever grateful to him for assistance. Burton told them to stop their talk and he would let them know what he would do with them after he had smoked a pipe. Drawing his pipe from his pocket, he slowly whittled some tobacco from a hard twist and filled the bowl.

Thomas, who was at his right hand, reached out and, raising the heavy iron poker in his hand, poked an ember out of the fire for him to light his pipe with. Burton stooped down to put it in the bowl, when Thomas, with the spring of a panther, gained his feet and dealt the ruffian a fearful blow across the back of his head with the poker. His companion at the same instant grasped the muzzle of the rifle and snatched it from his lap. Burton pitched forward on the hearth, but, although stunned, still endeavored to clutch at his rifle stock. Thomas had no intention of allowing his advantage to slip from him, and, while Burton was still on his hands and knees, sprung on his back, and using both hands showered blow after blow upon his head, crushing his skull in at almost every stroke. When satisfied at last that the wretch was dead, Thomas dropped the poker, and the two men, completely unnerved with the terrible struggle, laughed hysterically. The woman, who was a terrified spectator of the scene, and who had, after the first blow, wrung her hands and cried, "For God's sake don't let him get up or we are all lost," fell to the floor in a dead faint. The soldiers dashed a part of the contents of the water bucket over her, and soon restored her to consciousness. They then took Burton's rifle and sidearms and started for the camp, leaving the body on the hearth. They had proceeded but about a quarter of a mile when they heard a woman scream, and, turning, saw her beckoning them to return. Not knowing what she wanted, they ran back and saw the most horrible sight they had ever witnessed. Burton, whom they had supposed dead, still had a spark of life in his ugly body, and after they left had gained his hands and knees and endeavored to crawl away.

His eyes were pounded from the sockets, and, as his head was beaton to a jelly, he of course knew nothing, although he had groped around until he had found the door, and on his hands and knees was crawling away over the dead grass.

Thomas and his companion gazed on the blood-curdling spectacle a moment, and then seizing the ax at the wood pile hewed the head from the trunk, and, anxious to get away from the spot, dropped the weapons, and still bearing the gory head ran toward their camp. They reached it in about two hours' time, and, exhibiting the head, related the story to their Colonel. Several of the soldiers recognized the head as that of Burton, and the two men had no difficulty in obtaining the reward. Their exploit made them heroes in the eyes of the people in that portion of the country, and it was principally owing to his reputation and the start in life obtained through the reward that Thomas afterward married the daughter of the Colonel of his regiment. He is now living in the southern part of this State, and, with a modest competence and a charming family, is as happy as he could desire to be. Even at this day he is disinclined to speak of his adventure, and shudders involuntarily when the subject is alluded to. What became of his companion our informant was unable to state.

Thomas, accompanied by some soldiers from his company, and under the guidance of the boy who had summoned Burton for them, visited the robber's cave a day or two after the adventure, and there found a large pile of arms of all descriptions, a number of watches, quite a large sum of money, and over fifty suits of clothes the monster had stripped from the bodies of his victims.

In the breast of almost every coat was found a bullet hole; and in the heaps of garments the Southern gray and Northern blue were indiscriminately piled. What became of the plunder is not clear, but it probably fell to Thomas and his friend. Both men afterward regretted that they left the rifle of the assassin in the cabin, as it was not to be found when they returned and looked for it. They solemnly declared that the stock contained a row of notches, reaching from the breech to the muzzle, and that Burton told them that every notch represented a life he had taken, and that two more would be added for their own, unless be felt an unusual generosity and allowed them to live.

With the exception of a brief mention made of the affair at the time by an army correspondent, this almost incredible story was never published. That the details given above are true in every particular, the surviving members of the Fifth Iowa or Tenth Illinois Cavalry will readily attest.

The Galveston *Bulletin* says:

The prominent topic of discussion yesterday, was the probability of the Governor's ordering quarantine against New Orleans. On a [illegible] so suicidal but one opinion could [illegible]l, and any such action on the part of the executive will be met with the most unqualified condemnation. It is not believed by anybody that there is the slightest excuse for inflicting on the trade and prospects of Galveston such incalculable damage as a quarantine would necessarily entail. The papers and dispatches from New Orleans do not show any increase of fever, and no one will be so insane as to demand isolation from a city when the deaths from the disease to be guarded against do not average one a day out of a population of over two hundred thousand. If Governor Davis directs quarantine to be established, it will be difficult to make people believe that he did it out of spite to this city rather than from any desire to preserve the public health. We will not be so uncharitable as to allude to influences we have heard urged in favor of the measure to which we have referred.

The Galveston *Bulletin* has this railroad information:

We learn from Captain Jack E. Labatt, just down from the northern portion of the State, that a collision had occurred between the employes of the Houston and Texas Central railroad and the employes of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas road, on the disputed ground between Red river and Red River City, the junction; that each road, as we have stated heretofore in our Texas items, was grading the same route and contending for the occupation of the ground.

The intention to make Red River City the junction will be frustrated, as one of these roads has laid out a rival city.

An injunction had been issued which stopped the work of 600 hands, but which company was enjoined we did not learn. This litigation and conflict is unfortunate in one respect, as it will delay the connection and good feeling between these roads, but if it exasperates the Missouri, Kansas and Texas so that they will build a rival road to Galveston, why, we will not regret the result, much as we deprecate the unpleasantness existing.

In a late number of the *Contemporary Review*, Herbert Spencer combats the idea that inebriety is on the increase. He describes the time when men took drugs to increase their desire for wine; when glasses were so shaped that they had to be held until emptied; when a man was reckoned as a "two-bottle man," a "three-bottle man," etc., and when, Mr. Spencer might have added, one of the first Scottish nobles employed a domestic whose sole duty it was to sit under the table and loosen the neck-cloths of the guests as they fell from their chairs, in order that they might not suffocate in their drunken sleep. Intoxication used to be a mark of honor. It is now a disgrace. Education has driven the evil from one class after another. It is now almost exclusively confined to the lowest. As Mr. Spencer says, the remedy for it in England is not a Maine law, but the introduction of the education that has banned it elsewhere.

Don Piatt, writing from the White Sulphur Springs to the Washington *Capital*, says:

The paternal author of the belle here, it is said, the other day, shortly after his return to the springs, was approached by a youth who requested a few minutes conversation in private, and began: "I was requested to see you, sir, by your lovely daughter. Our attachment—" "Young man," interrupted the parent briskly, "I don't know what that girl of mine is about. You are the fourth gentleman who has approached me this morning on that subject. I have given my consent to the others, and I give it to you. God bless you."

The October Campaign—Advices from the West.

We reproduce the following from a letter to the Baltimore *American:*

NEW YORK, September 27, 1872.

From the victory won in Maine, all attention is now turned to the victory to be won in Pensylvania, Ohio and Indiana. The battle in those States is one, and not a series of attacks, and interest here centres on the whole line, and on no particular spot. The headquarters of the opposition have assumed their former activity and hopefulness, and the faces that were long-drawn and the spirits that were heavy on the receipt of the news from Maine are now enlivened with smiles. Time has helped them to forget their New England defeats, and the news of the defections of Hasaurek and the *Volksbladt* in Ohio, and of Curtin in Pennsylvania, have been great aids in building up their shattered calculations.

In enumerating the stimulants which have helped to revive them I would be unjust to some were I to forget their daily diet of *Press* editorials. That paper is in very great demand among the Liberals and Democrats at their headquarters, and from their unqualified admiration of its editor I would judge he was the only honest man left in the Republican party. The predictions of prominent Liberals and Democrats are sweeping—almost relieving us from figuring at all. They are certain of winning all the October elections, which, of course, settles the question as to who will be our next President; as to the Southern States and New York, they will, of course, join in the chorus, and they say, "then where'll you be?"

But they have proven wonderfully inaccurate in their calculations, and many Republicans who occasionally call in on the Liberals at their headquarters find relief in proportion to the size of their predicted majorities.

The campaign in Pennsylvania, viewed from this distance, bears strong resemblance to the Ohio and Indiana fights. The result in the latter States will be of no less weight than the result in Pennsylvania, but the fight in Pennsylvania, from its traditional importance and the peculiar divisions in the Republican ranks, awakens the liveliest interest. The accounts received at the Republican national headquarters from all parts of the State (both from letters and statements based on personal observations of parties calling at the headquarters) are, on the whole, gratifying and encouraging. That the letter of the ex-minister to Russia has had no particular weight in the canvass is their uniform statement, and one prominent individual writes, "he might as well have fired off his indignation in Russia as here; it is coldly received, in fact spurned," and from what I have heard I judge his statements are correct. The letter was long in coming, and many knew the influence which several prominent Liberals in Pennsylvania had over him, who have hazarded their all in this movement, and who are determined to involve in it the fortunes of all their friends. Besides, the letter came out at a time when the State was still ringing with the enthusiasm of the Soldiers' convention at Pittsburg, and when Republicans were just being wakened by its echoes to a full appreciation of the slanders and vituperations uttered against their chief candidate. The convention at Pittsburg was a magnificent success, and from my personal observations I think it compared favorably in size, in respectability and in intense enthusiasm with that Philadelphia convention in June, which far surpassed in all these respects the Democratic National Convention at Baltimore. The convention has been a great aid in the Pennsylvania canvass, and the enthusiasm awakened there has been felt all over the State, as well as in Ohio and Indiana. Between the meagre reports of the Associated Press and the libelous statements of Mr. Greeley, its importance and influence have been misjudged by many, but the results of the election will prove the accuracy of my statements.

The canvass in Ohio has brightened up wonderfully within the past week. The Pittsburg convention helped to waken up the Republicans in that State, and a letter received at the national committee headquarters from the chairman of the State committee at Columbus, dated the twenty-sixth, says the "prospects in the State are completely in our favor, and we are gaining every day." The defection of Hasaurek and his bringing out his German paper, (which had remained neutral) for Greeley was a less serious blow than was anticipated. Many prominent Germans have become exasperated at his perfidious conduct, and when the facts in relation to his open proposals in the political markets here and in Washington become known (as they surely will), more light will be thrown on this endeavor to sell the German vote *in toto* to the highest bidder. The calculations of Mr. Hasaurek and his purchasers promise to prove a failure, for many Germans have openly announced their determination to vote the Republican ticket, and prove to the country that the German vote can not be manipulated by any man or set of men.

The fight in Indiana promises to be the closest of the year. Every inch of ground has been contested and no stone left unturned by either party. The two chief political leaders in Indiana have given personal attention to every detail, and Senator Morton has not found in Mr. Hendricks an impotent opponent. The State is thoroughly organized, and the enthusiasm on both sides is great. Both parties are confident of victory, and both have strong reasons to be so. The Democrats commence with a majority last year of 2700, which, added to the Liberal defection, make up a number not easily overcome; but, on the other hand, the Republicans have a superior organization, a colored vote of about 1000 which was not counted in the last election, and a large latent Republican vote, which is only brought out on occasions like the present one. From advices received here from all parts of the State the Liberal element is slowly decreasing, and I feel sure that the State is certainly safe, with perhaps a margin of several thousand.

William Prescott Smith.

The New York *Times* of Wednesday says:

A brief telegram from Baltimore states that William Prescott Smith, master of transportation of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, died in that city at a late hour last evening. In the death of this gentleman the railroad interests of the country have sustained a severe loss, for few men have done more for American railroads than Mr. Smith. He was born in humble circumstances in Baltimore, and was about fifty years of age. In 1850 he became a clerk in the Baltimore and Ohio railroad office, and step by step rose to the position of master of transportation, the actual manager of the vast working interests of the road. During the war he was notable for directing the transportation of many thousands of troops over the road, which carried more than any other in the United States. In this connection he won the friendship of Mr. Lincoln and Secretary Stanton, which continued warm and unbroken until the death of both of those distinguished men. A disagreement with President Garrett led to his retirement from the road for a short time, and he was appointed collector of internal revenue in in Baltimore, but resigned it to become manager of the New York and Washington through line, which he organized into its present efficiency. Politically he was a Republican, and as far back as 1843 sympathized with the free soil movement. Socially he was one of the most pleasant and witty of men, and his gentleness of disposition had much to do with his great success during life.

The Reese Defalcation.

A special to the Chicago *Tribune* reads thus:

WASHINGTON, October 2.—The amount of money lost by the defalcation of Major Reese, the nephew of Senator Sherman, is stated to be $4000. The latter, who is now in California, was telegraphed to-day that his relative was in trouble, and asked what should be done with him. The Senator responded that the government should prosecute him. The departments here are taking unto themselves great satisfaction in the early discovery of this defalcation, and before it had reached any larger figures. It is explained that this is the result of the adoption of the system of checks and balances, which was put in motion during the war, but which was subsequently discarded, and readopted when the Hodge defalcation with others of like character, made too apparent the defects of the old system.

The New Orleans Railroad.

We copy the following from the Houston *Union:*

It is time that the people of Houston, and, indeed, of all Texas, should turn their attention earnestly to the subject of railway connection with New Orleans. The delay in the completion of railway connection of Houston and New Orleans is a shame to the enterprise of the two cities, and of the whole Southwest. It was begun sooner than any other railroad in Texas, except the Central. Long before the war eighty miles of the line were finished and running from New Orleans to Brashear City. During the war 100 miles were finished and running from Houston to Orange, on the Sabine. Thus, considerably more than half of the road was finished and running ten years ago.

And yet, notwithstanding the trade and travel of this vast State was seeking an outlet by rail in that direction; notwithstanding the great city of New Orleans absolutely needed that trade to maintain her commercial importance, and notwithstanding Texas was losing yearly hundreds of thousands of immigrants in consequence of the absence of this railway connection with the rest of the Union, ten years have elapsed without its completion, and we are no nearer the desired consummation than we were at the beginning of that time. For, although the road is now being built from Brashear City to Lake Charles, on the eastern end, the one hundred miles of road on the western end, once in running order, have been allowed to fall into decay.

It is time for the uncertainty in relation to this road to be removed, and for the suspense to be relieved. All our other great lines of railroad are in process of rapid construction. They are now certainties, and we have time to turn our attention to the completion of the New Orleans railroad. The work on the ship canal is going forward, and does not call for special attention or exertion. The completion of the New Orleans railroad is now the great desideratum to both New Orleans and Texas. Houston is especially interested in it. It would cause the whole tide of trade and travel from the east to strike Houston first, instead of Galveston, as at present. The travel, the immigration, all light goods, and the mails, instead of reaching us tri-weekly, and being thirty-six hours on the route, would reach us daily, and in twelve hours. The mails would leave New Orleans in the morning and reach Houston in the evening, and the Texas mails would leave Houston in the morning and reach New Orleans in the evening. Men on business, and pressed for time, could eat supper in Houston, take a sleeping car, sleep all night and take breakfast in New Orleans, fresh and ready for business next day. The next night they could return to Houston, if necessary, having lost but one day, and not having lost any sleep at all. The completion of this road would be the signal for the beginning of an immense tide of immigration from the East and for an immense travel both to and from Texas. It would also be the beginning of a large new trade, and Houston would be the point of arrival and departure. It would make the fortune of our Houston hotels, our journals, our draymen and our retail merchants and traders.

What are the prospects for the early completion of this important road?

It seems that an additional million is necessary, and that New Orleans is likely to give it. The Texas end of the road has been completed, but it will cost considerably to refit it and put it in running order. We learn that the directors of the road in New York have sent to Texas for an estimate of the expense of this refitting. We trust, therefore, that the New Orleans railroad will be pushed to a speedy completion.

The Houston *Telegraph* says on the same subject:

There seems to be no end of the phases which this enterprise has assumed since its commencement. It was among the first of the railroads which was years ago projected, and it was thought the earliest to be completed. It was finished from New Orleans to Brashear on the one side, and for a hundred miles on the Texas side. Since when it has been in abeyance, and for six years we heard, as each year transpired, of at least as many projects for its completion. Large inducements have been offered by the Louisiana Legislature, amounting to four millions of dollars for the completion of the road and the securing of the trade of Texas to the Crescent City; but a power almost omnipotent has controlled its destinies and prevented the progress of the road beyond Brashear on the one side, while not a foot of earth has been stirred on this side, and the old road has for years been in disuse. Every now and then the subject is newly agitated, but in whose interest it is impossible to determine. The apathy of New Orleans to her own interests had made us cease to hope for any aid from that quarter. Seated upon her delta crescent the business men of New Orleans seemed so confident in her natural advantages, that she thought it unnecessary to secure the Texas trade or to take any steps toward it. Recently a new start in this direction seems to have been taken, and one million of dollars is asked from her capitalists to assist in the work. But we have been so often deceived by this sort of promise "held to the ear" that we are chary of putting trust in them. It is said this million will be subscribed, but we are inclined to doubt the completion of the road so long as there are millions of money and adverse interests to oppose it.

The New York *Tribune* of Wednesday says:

The indications of a squeeze in the money market are increasing. While good mercantile paper is selling at twelve to eighteen per cent per annum, call loans were yesterday pushed up to one-fourth per cent per day, and as high as one per cent per day was demanded and paid for the use of gold. During the month of May, when money was easy, most of the time from four to seven per cent, and cash gold was easy at two to seven per cent for carrying, the Secretary sold ten millions of gold and bought an equal amount of bonds; and during the month of June, when money was at but two to six per cent, and gold at four per cent and less, he sold eight millions of gold, and bought the same amount of bonds. Now, when the conspirators are compelling the payment of such ruinous rates, the Secretary announces that he will dole out one million of gold per week, and will purchase one million of bonds. As he has authority to increase indefinitely his sales and purchases, will he come to the rescue of the market, or will he leave the public to infer that he is in league with the panic makers?

Shakespeare a Printer.

Shakespeare has successively had to sustain the character of a schoolmaster, lawyer, soldier, sailor, farmer, surgeon and a dozen other trades and professions, and has been proved satisfactorily to the minds of several writers to have been well versed in alchemy, botany, music and all the ologies. But it has remained for Mr. Blades, the eminent Caxtonian, to prove that Shakespeare was one of his own craft—a printer. In the volume just issued by Messrs. Trubner it is clearly shown that Shakespeare, when he first arrived in London, called upon his fellow-townsman, Field, who had married the daughter of Vantrollier, a printer, and had succeeded him in his business. Here, then, Shakespeare, as press reader or as shopman, or as both, remained four years, and became master of the terms "reprints," "title-pages," "preface," "typo," "nonpareil," "broadside," "locking-up," "register" and "printer's devil," all of which are to be found in his works.

Ihlang-ihlang is a perfume obtained from the *Unona Odoratissima*, a large tree found in Malacca and Singapore. The flowers are flosculent and drooping. The color is a greenish yellow, and they possess a delightful odor resembling a mixture of jasmine and lilac, yet having a peculiarity that can not be likened to the fragrance of any other flower. This odor is said to be so powerful that it scents the air for miles around the trees. The name means flower of flowers.

A man who employed a spy to get evidence against the virtue of his wife got nicely come up with in London not long ago. The woman met the petition of her husband with the plea that she had been led into evil solely through the plots of an agent employed by him to watch her movements, and the court decided that the husband was responsible for the acts of his agent.

THE STATE ELECTION.

PROCLAMATION OF THE GOVERNOR.

STATE OF LOUISIANA,
Executive Department,
New Orleans, August 31, 1872.

WHEREAS, By law it is made the duty of the Governor of the State to issue his proclamation at least six weeks before any general election for officers of the State, members of Congress, Presidential Electors, Senators and Representatives in the Legislature, parish officers, etc.;

Therefore, I, H. C. Warmoth, Governor of the State of Louisiana, do issue this, my proclamation, ordering elections to take place on the FIRST MONDAY in November next for persons to fill the offices of Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Auditor of Public Accounts, Attorney General, Secretary of State, Superintendent of Public Education.

For one Congressman from the State at large, one Congressman from the First Congressional District, constituted by the parishes of Livingston, Plaquemines, St. Bernard, St. Helena, St. Tammany, Tangipahoa, Washington, and of the fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth and fifteenth wards of the city of New Orleans.

One Congressman from the Second Congressional District, constituted by the parishes of Jefferson, Lafourche, St. Charles, St. James, St. John the Baptist, Terrebonne, and of the first, second, third, tenth, eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth wards of the city of New Orleans;

One Congressman from the Third Congressional District, constituted by the parishes of Ascension, Assumption; East Baton Rouge, West Baton Rouge, Calcasieu, Cameron, East Feliciana, Iberia, Iberville, Lafayette, St. Landry, St. Martin, St. Mary and Vermilion.

One Congressman from the Fourth Congressional District, constituted by the parishes of Avoyelles, Bossier, Caddo, DeSoto, West Feliciana, Grant, Natchitoches, Pointe Coupee, Rapides, Sabine, Webster and Winn.

One Congressman from the Fifth Congressional District, constituted by the parishes of Bienville, Caldwell, Carroll, Catahoula, Claiborne, Concordia, Franklin, Jackson, Madison, Morehouse, Ouachita, Richland, Tensas and Union; and

For one Congressman to fill the vacancy in the fourth congressional district occasioned by the death of the Hon. James McCleery; and,

For all District Judges;

For all District Attorneys;

For all Parish officers.

For one Senator from the district composed of the parish of St. Bernard and the seventh, eighth and ninth wards of the city of New Orleans.

One Senator from the district composed of the first, second and third wards of the city of New Orleans, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of the Hon. S. S. Fish.

One Senator from the district composed of the fourth, fifth and sixth wards of the city of New Orleans.

One Senator from the Tenth Representative District, composed of the tenth and eleventh wards of the city of New Orleans, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of the Hon. E. W. Pierce.

One Senator from the district composed of the parishes of Jefferson, St. Charles, St. John the Baptist, and the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth wards of the city of New Orleans.

One Senator from the district composed of the parishes of Terrebonne, Lafourche and Assumption.

One Senator from the district composed of the parishes of St Mary and Vermilion.

One Senator from the District composed of the parishes of Calcasieu, Lafayette, St. Landry and Cameron.

One Senator from the district composed of the parishes of Livingston, St. Helena, Washington, St. Tammany and Tangipahoa.

One Senator from the district composed of the parishes of Point Coupee, East Feliciana and West Feliciana.

One Senator from the district composed of the parish of East Baton Rouge, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of the Hon. George W. Reagan.

One Senator from the district composed of the parishes of West Baton Rouge, Iberia, Iberville and St. Martin.

One Senator from the district composed of the parishes of Tensas and Franklin.

One Senator from the district composed of the parishes of Carroll, Madison, Richland and Morehouse.

One Senator from the district composed of the parishes of Ouachita and Caldwell.

One Senator from the district composed of the parishes of Union and Jackson.

One Senator from the district composed of the parishes of Claiborne, Bossier and Bienville.

One Senator from the district composed of the parish of Caddo.

One Senator from the district composed of the parishes of De Soto, Natchitoches, Sabine and Red River.

One Senator from the district composed of the parishes of Rapides and Vernon.

One Senator from the district composed of the parishes of Grant, Catahoula and Winn,

And also for Representatives throughout the State to serve in the Legislature for two years; and

Whereas, It is provided by law that on the same day a Parish Judge shall be elected for each parish, except the parish of Orleans; and

Whereas, It is also provided that a Sheriff and Coroner shall be elected for each parish, except in the parish of Orleans, where two Sheriffs and two Coroners are to be elected; and whereas, it is also provided by law that Justices of the Peace and Constables are to be elected in the several parishes in this State, I have seen fit to issue this my proclamation, notifying all the qualified voters throughout the State of the election aforesaid, and commanding all Supervisors of Registration, Commissioners of Election, and other officers concerned therein, to hold said election for Presidential Electors, for Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Auditor of Public Accounts, Secretary of State, Attorney General, Superintendent of Public Education, Representatives to Congress Senators, Representatives to General Assembly, and all district and parish officers, on MONDAY, the fourth day of November next.

Said election to be conducted, and the returns thereof made, in all respects, according to the provisions of the constitution and of the law.

Given under my hand and the seal of the State this thirty-first day of August, A. D. 1872, and of the independence of the United States the ninety-seventh.

H. C. WARMOTH.

By the Governor:

Y. A. WOODWARD,
Assistant Secretary of State.

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QUARANTINE.

PROCLAMATION BY THE GOVERNOR.

STATE OF LOUISIANA,
Executive Department,
New Orleans, June 18, 1872.

WHEREAS, An act of the Legislature, approved March 15, 1855, entitled "An act to establish quarantine for the protection of the State," provides that the Governor of the State shall issue his proclamation, upon the advice of the Board of Health, declaring any place where there shall be reason to believe a pestilent, contagious or infectious disease exists, to be an infected place, and stating the number of days of quarantine to be performed by the vessels, their passengers, officers and crews, coming from such place or places—

Now, therefore, in pursuance of the provisions of the act aforesaid, I issue this my proclamation, and declare the places hereafter named to be infected places, and that all vessels, together with officers, crews, passengers and cargoes, arriving from such places, or having touched or stopped at any of them, shall be subject to a quarantine of not less than ten days, or for a longer period, as may be considered necessary by the Board of Health, to take effect from and after the FIRST DAY OF JULY, 1872. Any violation of the quarantine laws as here proclaimed will be severely punished.

The places which are hereby declared infected as aforesaid are the following, to wit: Havana, Matanzas, Trinidad, Cardenas, St. Jago, all on the Island of Cuba; Port Royal and Mintego Bay, on the Island of Jamaica; Jacmel and Port-au-Prince, on the Island of San Domingo; the islands of St. Thomas, Martinique and Guadaloupe; Campeachy, in Yucatan; Belize, in Honduras; Vera Cruz, Alvarado, Tampico, Matamoras and Tuxpan, in Mexico; San Juan, in Nicaragua; Chagres, Aspinwall and Porto Bello, in Central America; Maracaibo, in Venezuela; Laguayra, Island of Trinidad; Rio Janeiro, Para, Cayenne, Buenos Ayres, Pernambuco, in South America, and Nassau, New Providence.

Given under my hand and the seal of the State, this eighteenth day of June, A. D. 1872, and of the independence of the United States the ninety-sixth.

By the Governor:

H. C. WARMOTH.

F. J. HERRON, Secretary of State.