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WHEN MY OLD HAT WAS NEW.

BY JOHN H. YATES.

Don't laugh at my old hat, dear wife; 'tis much like you and I;
Although I've got a better one, I'm loath to lay it by.
While sitting by a cheerful fire its signs of wear I view,
And think how swift have flown the days since my old hat was new.

While sitting by my cheerful fire some other thoughts arise,
Suggested by the poor old hat that hangs before my eyes:
I think how many friends I had that time has proved untrue;
What loud professions they did make—when my old hat was new.

I read of fraud on every hand—where thieves high office hold;
I read how, on election day, men's votes are bought and sold:
This land will go to ruin soon, if ruled by such a crew;
An honest man was king of men when my old hat was new.

Now, when man slays his fellow-man they raise this flimsy plea—
"Done in the act of self-defense," or "in insanity;"
Then to a parlor cell he goes to stay a day or two;
They hang such men, and did it well, when my old hat was new.

In many of our churches now the rich alone bow down;
The poor are in the byways and hovels of the town.
I think—if I remember right—the poor, the wealthy, too,
Met, brother like, to worship God when my old hat was new.

As the nation groweth richer, men of pomp and pride increase;
As the nation groweth stronger, shouts for war disturb the peace;
Better to go a little slower—for the slow way is the true—
Then we'll grow as we've been growin' since my poor old hat was new.

—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

A Memorial Tablet to Farragut.

The Church of the Incarnation was well filled last evening at the unveiling of a mural tablet in memory of Admiral Farragut. The tablet was offered by the members of the the New York Commandery of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, of which Admiral Farragut was once commander. The Rev. Dr. Montgomery conducted the ceremony. The exercises were opened by the singing of Keller's "Hymn of Peace." Prayer was then offered by the Rev. Dr. Montgomery. The flag that floated from the masthead of the Hartford when she passed the forts in Mobile Bay was removed from the work of art, and General William E. Franklin, in behalf of the order, presented the tablet to the church.

The Rev. Dr. Montgomery replied for the church, pronouncing a eulogy upon the character and services of Admiral Faragut. The features depicted in the medallion, the Rev. Dr. Montgomery said, were true to life, and the whole design was fitting to honor the memory of the man. The tablet was designed and executed by Launt Thompson. The tablet is one of the most pleasing works of this distinguished sculptor. The medallion head of the Admiral is a striking likeness, full of the energy and dignity which made Faragut one of the most manly and sympathetic figures in the navy. The accessories are worthy of the portrait, being of a grave and severe simplicity, in harmony with the subject and with each other.

The quadrennial convention of the military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States was held yesterday at the St. James Hotel. This is an association of the officers of the army and navy marine corps who served in the war, and their eldest sons as members of the second class. General George Cadwallader, of Philadelphia, was president of the convention, and Colonel Samuel B. Wylie Mitchell, secretary. Delegates were present from Pennsylvania, New York, Maine, Tennessee, Massachusetts, Arkansas and California. After the dedication of the tablet in the evening a banquet was given to the members of the order at the St. James Hotel.—*New York Tribune.*

The Automatic Telegraph Tested.

Postmaster General Creswell, having been taken to task for the complimentary expression in his report concerning the automatic telegraph, last evening resolved to make good all he had said, and arranged with the company for the transmission of the President's message from Washington to this city. Accordingly, accompanied by Messrs. Ramsdell and Garfield, he took his station in the company's office in Washington, while Postmaster James represented him at this terminus. Some preliminary messages of greeting and arrangements were first sent; then at precisely 9:56 o'clock the President's message was announced to be coming, and a loud whiz filled the office as a wheel began to revolve, turning off "take" after "take" of the document. The whiz continued, broken only by short intermissions to supply new tape, until eighteen minutes and thirty seconds beyond the hour, when it stopped as suddenly as it had begun, and the President's message of 12,000 words was in the office in the form of twenty-three bundles of narrow paper, hung up on as many books. The time occupied in transmission was twenty-two minutes and a half, and this with a single wire. The number of words sent a minute [illegible] 500. The message was then re[illegible] to Washington in about the [illegible] had taken to come, and then the Postmaster [illegible] bade "good night" to [illegible] General, and Puck's promise to girdle the [illegible] been put to shame [illegible] in forty minutes had [illegible] telegraphing has [illegible] the automatic system [illegible] in these columns [illegible] this been discussed [illegible] description is unnecessary so that further [illegible] of the company claim [illegible] The superin[illegible] that its one wire [illegible] do the work of twenty-five ordinary wires and telegraphing be [illegible] proportionately cheaper.—*World.*

[For the Sunday Republican.]

ROMANCE OF POLITICS IN THE BACKWOODS

Life in North Louisiana Since the War

BY W. JASPER BLACKBURN, EDITOR OF THE HOMER ILIAD.

1. Description of the Country and the Type and Character of its People.

In a series of chapters or numbers I design giving an account of life in North Louisiana, political and social, since the war; and I will devote this introductory article to a brief description of the country and the type and character of its people.

Geographically, the portion of country known as North Louisiana proper lies between the Ouachita and Red rivers, from the Arkansas line down to near the mouth of Red river. This scope is composed of the parishes of Claiborne, Union, Bossier, Webster, Bienville, Jackson, Lincoln, Caldwell, Catahoula, Red River, Grant, Winn, and a portion of Ouachita.

The Ouachita river bounds the eastern border of this territory, and Red river the western.

What is more properly known as Northeastern Louisiana lies between the Mississippi and the Ouachita rivers, and comprises the parishes of Tensas, Franklin, Concordia, Madison, Richland, Morehouse, Carroll and a portion of Ouachita.

And what is properly known as Northwestern Louisiana lies between Red river and the Texas line, and is composed of the parishes of Caddo, DeSoto, Sabine, Natchitoches, Rapides, Avoyelles and a portion of Red river.

In the articles which I propose to write on this subject, I may allude to some political events, and especially to some of the fruits of political persecution and proscription since the war, throughout the entire portion of country named; but shall confine my remarks mainly to that portion lying between the Ouachita and Red rivers.

The entire scope of North Louisiana proper is in the main an upland, pine hill country, and consequently in the main very healthy. The exception is found along the Ouachita and Red rivers, and immediately on some of the larger of the many small bayous—for none of them are very large; all abounding in the best quality of fish, but hardly any of them being sufficient to float a steamboat. The Dorchete is about the only exception worth naming, and that is navigable only to Minden; and within six or seven miles below Minden this bayou changes into what is known and celebrated as Lake Bisteneau, the largest lake in North Louisiana, and where abundance of the best quality of salt was made from wells during the war. And this Lake Bisteneau changes or runs into Loggy Bayou before reaching Red river.

North Louisiana, in its natural advantages and inducements, is not surpassed by many localities of equal length and breadth. Its climate is of course not altogether as warm as Lower Louisiana, but it is not at all rigid at the coldest seasons. During some winters there are frequent snows, mostly very light, and none remain on the ground but a short time. Some winters there is scarcely a "spit" of snow. Frost generally comes about the last of October or early in November; sometimes much later. The principal productions are cotton, corn and sweet potatoes—early Irish potatoes doing very well—and almost every species of fruit and garden vegetable growing to most luxuriant perfection. The soil, except along the Ouachita and Red rivers, and immediately on the bayous and lakes, is light, but of good average upland type, producing remarkably well for a few years; and then may be easily kept invigorated by a proper and judicious application of cotton seed and other fertilizers. The seasons are generally propitious, a destructive drouth hardly ever occurring—never throughout the land—so that a good average crop is always produced. The facilities of navigation are not good in the main—exceedingly inconvenient to many localities. This is the main drawback. With the completion of a railroad from Monroe to Shreveport, North Louisiana would at once be a most desirable country to live in. It would indeed soon "blossom as the rose," in every material sense of prosperity. In a rural and natural sense it is already so, for never had land more poetical and romantic scenery. The rivulets in the main are as clear as crystal, and sparkle and whisper in the midst of beauty and song. The forests are truly "musical with birds" for at least eight months of the year. They have no ice there during the hot months, and need none, for the clear, cold water of the wells, and the cool, sparkling springs—all pure as crystal drops—answer every purpose—quench the thirst and bring natural health and vigor.

North Louisiana is inhabited by a type of people which may be called mixed, whose character is diversified—in pursuit, qualification and taste. I allude especially to the white race. They came mostly from Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi, and comprise—as perhaps all other given localities of like scope—some of the noblest and some of the basest of the human character, with the usual variety of intermediate intermixture. The black race is more of a sameness. The type is that of almost uniform ignorance, in point of educational or acquired information, and the general character that of industry and obedience—quite a servile and almost a slavish obedience—with a general observance of law, when informed what the law is, and a universal religious instinct.

It might or might not be thought strange that with this type and character of people, any locality should have been visited and afflicted with human wrong and outrage as has North Louisiana since the war. But so it is, and the story may be told.

City Hotel, December 27, 1873.

Our Father.

A good woman, searching out the children of want one cold day last winter, tried to open a door in the third story of a wretched house, when she heard a little voice say, "Pull the string up high!" She looked up and saw a string, which, on being pulled, lifted a latch, and she opened the door upon two little, half-naked children, all alone. Very cold and pitiful they looked.

"Do you take care of yourselves, little ones?" asked the good woman.

"God takes care of us," said the oldest.

"And are you not very cold? No fire on a day like this!"

"Oh! when we are very cold, we creep under the quilt, and I put my arms around Tommy, and Tommy puts his round me, and then we say, 'Now I lay me;' then we get warm," said the little girl.

"And what have you to eat, pray?"

"When granny comes home she fetches us something. Granny says God has got enough. Granny calls us God's sparrows; and we say 'Our Father' and 'daily bread' every day. God is our Father."

Tears came into the good woman's eyes. She had a mistrusting spirit herself; but these two little "sparrows," perched in that cold upper chamber, taught her a sweet lesson of faith and trust she will never forget.

THE HAUNTING FACE.

I said: "I will not know thee whence thou art,
And, though thou livest, thou art dead to me;
I seal thee in thy coffin, far apart
From all my life, from all my memory,
I weight thee down with firm resolve and scorn,
Within thy outcast's grave to lie forlorn."
And yet thou hauntest me!

I said: "O face, I bring thee all my gold,
With jewels, sandal wood and spices rare;
I bring the dearest years my life doth hold,
With hoarded memories, and dreamings fair,
To build a royal tomb where thou in state
Shalt lie, with guard of honor at the gate."
And yet thou hauntest me!

I said: "Thou art not beautiful, O, face!
Thy cheeks are wan thy far off eyes are dim.
But here is one with budding, youthful grace,
Who proffers me a cup filled to the brim
With life's elixir. See, I quaff its wine,
While love's enchantment, to the full, is mine."
And yet thou hauntest me!

I said: "The wonders of the world are vast;
Mine eyes shall see them." Forth I go, in quest
Of the red-belted lightning, coming fast
From out the east and shining toward the west;
I hunt the northern lights o'er iceberga high;
I seek the star cross in the southern sky.
And yet thou hauntest me!

I said: "My heart is failing me for fear;
My schemes are shadows, and my hopes a dream;
I grasp them, and behold! they disappear—
Nor loves, nor friends, nor joys, are what they seem.
I will begin anew; I will subject
Myself, and live the straitest of my sect."
And yet, thou hauntest me!

I said: "Art here again, O haunting face!
Speak, then, and take my curse!" The pale lips part—
"Thy life's one love thou can'st not thus efface—
I but reflect the image in thine heart;
Thine own heart knows me, though thy lips may lie;
O false to thine own self! it can not die,
This love that haunteth thee!"

BENJAMIN F. WADE.

A late number of the *Republic* contains an interesting biographical sketch of the Hon. Benjamin F. Wade, formerly Senator from Ohio, from which we make the following extracts:

The code of honor was prevalent in the South, while at the North it had been for many years frowned upon as a dark, bloody and guilty custom. No man in the North could yield to it without incurring both social and political ostracism, and only in the rarest cases had the Northern man of that generation made it a matter of resort. But the dictation and arrogance of Southern men had made it absolutely necessary that something should be done to teach them a lesson to be remembered.

A few master spirits agreed together that they would fight on the first challenge which a Southern man should give. These were Messrs. Wade, Chandler, Cameron, and Broderick, of the Senate; and Burlingame, Potter, and one or two others of the House.

For a long time these men practiced to fit themselves for the encounter when it should come. Senator Wade chose the rifle, and had a cane made containing this weapon, which he daily wore about him for a period of several years. And there were not probably ten men in Congress who were not heavily armed with various kinds of deadly instruments. The Capitol and lodging rooms of Congressmen, at this time, were literally turned into arsenals.

The position assumed by the gentlemen above named was, that they would not knowingly either give or take an insult. It assailed by words they would resent in words, and then if challenged they would fight.

In the session of 1856, Mr. Sumner, of Massachusetts, made his great speech on the "Barbarism of Slavery." He was the next day assaulted, while sitting at his desk in the Senate Chamber, by Mr. Preston S. Brooks, a member of the House from South Carolina, and beaten about the head till he fell to the floor insensible.

The next day allusions were made in the Senate to this unhappy occurrence. Mr. Douglas made an explanation, confessing that he witnessed the assault, which was just after the adjournment of that day, and when many of the members had left the chamber, but concluded by saying "that he did not interfere lest his motives might be misconstrued!"

Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, one of the most violent and physically powerful of the Southern men, whose seat in the Senate was next to that of Mr. Wade, arose and said, in effect, "that he witnessed it all, and that he then and there, in the face of the Senate and the country, wished to express his entire and cordial approbation of the deed. It was nothing more than the member from Massachusetts richly deserved. He had played the part of a dog, and he merited the treatment of a dog!"

The words were no more than uttered when Mr. Wade jumped to his feet, and in a voice loud, plain and emphatic, cried out, "The man who utters such a sentiment is at heart a coward and an assassin," and immediately resumed his seat.

It was near the time of adjournment, and the excitement of feeling was so intense that little more was said or done that day. A motion to adjourn prevailed, and some of Mr. Wade's friends immediately gathered about him. They were not in the secret and expressed a real alarm. They said, "You have certainly got a duel on your hands; how can you accept it?" Some said, "If you are not ready you should not have provoked it." Mr. Seward said, "Wade, you are too reckless; this matter, however it ends, will be certain to destroy you!" But Wade's response was quaint and memorable: "If I should kill Toombs in a duel urged on him, there is not a Presbyterian deacon in all Ohio but will throw up his cap higher than ever!"

The rule is, that for an insult given, a challenge must pass at the earliest practicable moment. Mr. Wade returned to his boarding house fully expecting to receive it before the next morning, and such was the general expectation.

Colonel James Watson Webb, of New York, who had been some years before wounded in a duel with Tom Marshall, and who was therefore supposed to understand the forms of procedure, called at once on the Senator and invited him to supper. Colonel Webb was certain the challenge would arrive that evening, and stood ready to act as the friend of Mr. Wade in arranging the details of the meeting. "Do as you like," said the imperturbable Ohioan, "only let it be with rifles, at sixty paces."

The night passed over and no challenge came. The Southern men held a council. The excitement was intense. Toombs was kept out of sight. Wade went to his seat, looking black as a thunder cloud. His desk was immediately between that of Benjamin and Toombs. He said nothing, but wore upon his face a sullen frown. That day passed over, but there was no challenge. The next day and the next expired with the same result. On the fourth morning Toombs, who was naturally demonstrative, and very much inclined to talk, made his appearance in the Senate chamber just before the opening of the session. He approached Wade with a smiling face, and remarked "Oh, well, Wade, what is the use of a man making a damn fool of himself?"

"There isn't much use," replied Wade, "but some men can't help it!" Thus ended the grand duel that was to be. It was a bitter thing for the Southern Senators, but they found a man who was not afraid, and they were obliged to respect him.

A day or two afterward there was a renewed excitement in the chamber. The Democrats resorted to all manner of dilatory movements, when Toombs arose and launched into a general and most violent denunciation of the North and Northern men, and Northern members of Congress. He was just in the height of his declamation when Wade arose and demanded to know if he was included in the invective? Mr. Toombs was suddenly brought to his senses and immediately went off in a glowing panegyric on the Senator from Ohio.

Another instance of Mr. Wade's sense of justice and bold, decided character comes out of a passage which occurred between the Hon. John M. Clayton, of Delaware, and himself during the existence of the American, or Know-Nothing, party, the purposes of which Mr. Clayton reviewed in an elaborate speech in the Senate.

Senator Wade was deeply interested in the passage of a bill then pending, known as the "homestead bill," and upon this bill he stood side by side with Mr. Dodge, a Democratic Senator from Iowa. He brought all his influence to bear upon the success of the measure, and had delivered a plain, powerful argument in favor of the bill; setting forth in a masterly way its advantages to the country, to the pioneer and the emigrant.

Mr. Clayton followed, commenting upon his speech in a frank, but friendly spirit, to which Mr. Wade took no exception. The speeches were supposed to be printed in the *Congressional Globe*, as they had been delivered in the Senate. They were so for anything that Mr. Wade knew, as he never took any pains to prepare his speeches for publication, or even to revise them when published. That work he intrusted entirely to the fidelity of the reporter.

A few days afterward, however, Mr. Dodge came to him and said, "Have you seen Clayton's reply to your speech on the homestead bill, as printed in the *Globe*? You ought to take notice of it, as he has ascribed sentiments to you which I am sure you never had, and he has put into your mouth language you never uttered."

On looking at the *Globe*, this representation was found to be true, and Mr. Wade lost no time in calling to it the attention of the Senate and the public. He was willing to suppose that the Senator from Delaware had, through mistake or inadvertance attributed to him opinions and expressions which would be offensive to his constituents and the country. He had satisfied himself that the reporter of the Senate had faithfully transcribed his language, and he could not account for the course which the Senator from Delaware had pursued.

Mr. Clayton interrupted with the remark, accompanied by a malicious glance: "When the Senator is through I will give my version of the matter." Mr. Wade concluded by saying: "It is, therefore, a mistake, or something worse!" Mr. Clayton immediately followed in a lofty and justifying strain, in which he bore down severely on Mr. Wade, and took his seat, leaving the decided impression on every mind that he had made no mistake, and that his review of the speech of the Senator from Ohio was exactly right. Then the indignant Ohioan, rising to his full height, with a manner of deliberate and tremendous force, looking Clayton steadily in the face, declared, "You, sir, sneaked into your office and wrote what you knew to be false!"

This was the signal for the intervention of the presiding officer, and the matter was at once dropped in the Chamber.

But, of course, it was anticipated that Mr. Clayton, as a Southern man, would not let the matter rest. That evening Senator Pratt, of Maryland, acting as the friend of Mr. Clayton, called on Mr. Wade at his lodgings to inquire on behalf of the Senator from Delaware if Mr. Wade "was a fighting man—if he recognized the code."

Free from the restraint of parliamentary rules, and from the decorum of the Senate, Mr. Wade replied: "Go tell the damned scoundrel that if he is tired of life, and wants to know my views of dueling, he can find out by sending the communication in the usual form!"

Senator Pratt remonstrated upon the severity of this reply, and tried to have him soften it. "I do not ask you to act in the matter," said Mr. Wade, "but if you tell him anything you will give him my answer unmodified!"

The following morning they met and Mr Wade was the first to speak. "Well, Senator, what next?" "Nothing, nothing at all," said Senator Pratt, "he's a damned old coward!"

There was no further intercourse between Messrs. Clayton and Wade for the remainder of the Senatorial term. When within a few days of its close, and Mr. Clayton was to retire to private life, he one day came to Senator Wade, his eyes filled with tears, and his voice trembling with emotion, and said, "Senator, that affair which has so long interrupted our friendship, has cost me more trouble of mind than almost any other of my whole life. I feel that I have done you injustice, and that I ought to rectify it here in the Senate before I leave it forever. I will do so in any way that you may suggest." And the brave heart, so quick to vindicate his wounded honor, immediately melted with kindness. "No," said he, "Mr. Clayton; it would have gratified me in the day of it, but it has long gone by; the circumstance is forgotten. To revive it now will only open to the public an old wound which they think nothing of. It will be uphill business to do it now. Let it rest in oblivion, where we have consigned it!" They grasped hands, and tears fell down. Such was the magnanimity which covered the fault of a fellow-man.

These qualities of mind and heart made him respected even by his most violent political opponents in the Senate far more than many a Northern doughface, whose subserviency they both employed and despised. After these things they were really better friends than if he had truckled to their dictation, or failed to show that he would brook no isolence and would hold no malice. In truth it became quite customary for gentleman from the South to pay him public compliments, and the matter went so far that one day when Senator Mason had been saying some very nice things of him, he, with some pleasantry, repelled the praise, responding to the Senator from Virginia: "Sir, if you do not stop saying these things of me it will injure me at home."

It became quite the habit with some Southern members of Congress, about those days, to show their independence of Northern markets and manufactures by wearing what they called home-made clothing. In this matter Senator Mason was quite conspicuous. He appeared one day in the Senate chamber clad from top to toe in a genuine suit of Virginia gray. Wade accosted him, "Well, Senator you are well dressed to-day," at the same time inspecting the costume somewhat closely. "Yes," said Mason, "I mean to do justice by the South, and by my own State in particular. We will show that we are not dependent upon the North for a shred of anything!" Wade, looking full of mischief, stepped up closer, and, taking hold of a button of Mason's coat, cried out: "Oh yes, of course you will do that; in what part of the South did you obtain these buttons." They were, in fact, Connecticut buttons, and Mason's face fell at once, as he growled out, "Well, I swear, nobody but a Yankee would have found that out."

Senator Evans, a bigoted Episcopalian, of South Carolina, once came it to the Senate chamber, and taking his seat, lifted up a copy of the *Anti Slavery Standard*, which some one had placed there in his absence, and then turning to Mr. Wade, who was standing by, observed, "Who could have put this vile thing on my desk?" "Why," said Mr. Wade, "it is a most excellent family paper, Mr. Evans." "Ugh," cried Evans, "I would no sooner touch it than I would touch a toad!" At this Wade laughed heartily, and left the old gentlemen in his tribulation.

On another occasion, at the very close of the session, Mr. Evans was in great trouble about some bill, of no general importance, but in which quite a number of his constituents were particularly interested. He had been trying all winter to get it passed; but a few hours remained, and his anxiety was intensified. It was late at night; Senator Foot, of Vermont, was nodding in the chair. The Senate had been in continuous session for two days and nights. Probably not a quorum would have been found present if there had been a call of the house. Some were absent, some sleeping, some in the ante-rooms eating, some drinking, some smoking; only a few who could get the floor were attending to business. In his distress he chanced to see Senator Wade in his seat across the chamber. He rose, and going over to the Radical side of the hall (a thing he very seldom did), said to Wade: "Here, sir, I have been all winter trying to get a bill through in which some 500 old neighbors of mine are concerned, and the time is fast passing; what can I do?" "Why, my friend," said the Senator, "jump right up now, interrupt the proceedings; call up your bill. Now is the very best time to pass it. Go quick; I will help you." Evans went back to his seat, and was fumbling about for a copy of his bill, somewhat dazed at the sudden manner and suggestion of his counselor, when Wade was on his feet, and called out: "Mr. President, the Senator from South Carolina, Mr. Evans, has a bill of a private nature which has been pending a long time; he is anxious it should pass. I move the rules be suspended for this purpose; it will take but a moment." No one objected. Mr. Evans was recognized almost before he was aware of it. His bill was put through, much to his delight. "Who would have gone to work in that way?" said he; "I do declare, nobody but a Yankee would have thought of it." This was the Southern fashion in those days. They spoke of all outside their own section as "Yankees."

Political Corruption in Great Britain.

[From a late lecture by Charles Bradlaugh.]

And our politics take a different ground from of old. Of old it was Whig and Tory. Now we owe nothing to Whigs and Tories in the past, and we owe nothing to them in our day. It was to the Whigs we owed long Parliaments and the vile stamp act, which brought on the misery and the shame of the long struggle with America, which the Tories afterward carried on. They tell me you have corruption here. But have we none at home? I will quote to you the language of Mr. William Ewart Gladstone. The editors of your papers here who correspond with the London *Times* send full details of your political scandals post haste to England. But Mr. Gladstone said:

"There are a number of men, a class of men in this country, who subsist only by increasing the national expenditure, a class of men who are so powerful that government is powerless to resist or control them, unless aided by the vigilant supervision of the people."

Refer to our pension list of twelve months ago, and it contains the names of Mr. Bidwell and Mr. Murray. They were clerks in the foreign office. One had £900 a year, and the other £1300. Each of them spent many thousands a year, and one saved over half a million, and the other nearly two millions sterling. These two gentlemen were foreign office agents, and in defiance of law they took commissions from every foreign office employe. Of course that was not sent to the American papers. If it had been a matter of the same kind in connection with your government, we should have seen it in the front columns of the *Times* Then one other fact I discovered. We have a prince of royal blood—the Duke of Edinburgh. He paid a visit to the colonies, and we allowed him £3400 to pay for the presents he made there. We did not ask him for the presents he received, because that would not have been nice, and if we had we should not have got them. We did expect, however, that he paid the money he claimed for presents. Well, the colonial journals said that he left the colonists and their committees to pay no small proportion of them. And in a blue book I found, among overdue balances of absconding and dead paymasters, the sum of £450 borrowed by the Duke of Edinburgh, as paymaster of the Galatea, from the pay chest, which he had forgotton to return. If that had been President Grant, would not the papers have rung with it? I do not mean that you are all virtuous here, but I do mean that virtue or vice is not necessarily an attribute of a monarchy or a republic. You may have a vicious republic if the people do not do their duty, but under a monarchy, even if the people do their duty, they may still have to grumble and bear a great deal.

There are only one or two words more I would like to say. I do not pretend that the masses of the people in England, for whom I speak to-night, have yet arrived at the republican views I hold myself. There are many who have, and all unite together for the reforms of which I now show the need. We will not let our dream of a republic stand in the way of achieving what we can get most easily. And the men in England asked me to say to you in America that you should judge them as they wish to judge you—as striving to do their best for the land in which they live, to make it endurable and more useful for happiness for both them and for you. I wish I had the power to speak to you all I feel. My only training has been the rough buffeting of the world, but I represent the men who mean to wrest the government of the country from the few families who now hold it. We preach no mock equality, no sham brotherhood, no delusive liberty; but we mean to make our land a land where a man, though born on the lowest round of the ladder, may climb to the highest, if he have courage enough and virtue and endurance enough to do so. [Loud and prolonged applause.]

The Devil Fish.

[Correspondence of the Toronto Globe.]

A piece of rare good fortune has fallen in my way, in connection with this extraordinary fish. In my last letter I gave your readers an account of an interview which two of our fishermen had with a monstrous specimen of the race, in Conception bay, and of the amputation of two of its arms. Yesterday a fisherman from Logic bay called on me and informed me that he had captured a devil fish in a net. On examination I found that his statement was correct, and that though the dimensions of this specimen are small, compared with the monster of Conception bay, it is by no means "to be sneezed at," and is much larger than Victor Hugo's celebrated devil fish. I am now the possessor of a complete specimen of this remarkable cuttle fish; and, judging from the articles which have recently appeared on the subject in the *Scientific American* there is no other specimen on this side of the Atlantic. It took four stout fishermen to kill it. and they were at length compelled to cut off its head in order to accomplish their object. Had it not been entangled in a herring net, so that its huge arms were not available, as it could get no hold by its suckers, the men would have had no chance of capturing it. I have just been examining and measuring my prize, and certainly it is one of the most extraordinary and horrible creatures ever drawn from the great deep. The entire length of the body was about nine feet and about five feet in girth at the thickest part. The beak is small—not much bigger than a man's fist—and shaped exactly like that of a parrot. Round the head eight arms extend, two of them being long tentacles, twenty-two feet in length, ribbon-like strips, not more than two inches in circumference, and armed at the extremities with rows of suckers having teethed edges. The remaining six are powerful arms, each six feet in length, and at the junction with the body almost as thick as a man's thigh. They taper to a fine point, and are entirely covered with large suckers, having denticulated edges, diminishing in size toward the extremities, where they are not larger than a split pea. Clasped in those six clammy arms, with some 300 suckers acting at one moment, and their sharp edges sinking into the flesh, and seeming to drink the blood, how powerless and helpless a victim would at once become! The suckers stand out prominently from the surface of the arm, to which each is attached by a stout ligature. How the creature can work these long tentacles, which are but a strip of cartilage, darting them with almost lightning speed, is inconceivable. It seems to me that they must be used as cables to anchor itself to the rocks, or to the bottom of the sea, where the water is shallow, and thus give it "purchase" in grasping its prey. Possibly, too, they may be used as organs of locomotion in moving forward along the bottom of the sea, or for the purpose of grasping more distant objects, and drawing them within the reach of the shorter and stouter arms. The long arms of this specimen are very much thinner, and not within ten feet of being as long as the arm brought in by the fishermen of Portugal Cove, which must have belonged to a very much larger cuttle. Altogether, my specimen is a wonderful sight—a huge cartilaginous tube surmounted with a beak and eyes, but no face, around which the immense arms radiate like the spokes of a wheel. The glutinous mass has a livid corpse like appearance. If Barnum had it in his show-room, what a rush there would be to see it! At present it occupies an ignoble position on the floor of an out house, but I am taking measures to have it preserved.

Womanly Modesty.

Man loves the mysterious. A cloudless sky, the full-blown rose, leaves him unmoved; but the violet which hides its blushing beauty behind a clod is to him sources of inspiration and pleasure. Modesty is to merit what shade is to figure in painting; it gives it boldness and prominence. Nothing adds more to female beauty than modesty; it sheds around the countenance a halo of light which is borrowed from virtue. Botanists have given the rosy hue which tinges the cup of the rose the name of "maiden blush." This pure and delicate hue is the only paint that Christian virtue should use; it is the richest ornament. A woman without modesty is like a faded flower, which diffuses an unwholesome odor, and which the prudent gardener will throw away from him. Her destiny is melancholy, for it ends in shame and repentance. Beauty passes like the flower of the aloe, which blooms and dies in a few hours, but modesty gives the female character charms which supply the place of the transitory freshness of youth.

The Blessings of Cremation.

"What becomes of all the bodies buried in churchyards?" asks *Galignani's Messenger*. "A few," it continues, "a very small number, lie under rich mausoleums or elegant tombstones, the property of the family of the deceased, and can never be disturbed, except under very rare and peculiar circumstances. A much larger number lie in temporary graves, called in France *concessions temporaires*, which are allowed to remain untouched for five years, at the end of which time the authorities have the grounds dug up and the temporary slabs removed, together with all the garlands and other emblems of mourning periodically renewed by the piety of the relatives of the deceased." To this revolting operation Dr. Caffe refers in a stringent article published in the *Journal des Connaissance Medicales*, once more calling upon the municipality of Paris to try to introduce the custom of burning bodies. It was advocated by him some thirty years ago in a series of articles, which were, he adds, unscrupulously cut out and reproduced by a variety of journals, not only without mentioning the author, but signed with other names. In short, he again repeats that the methods of incineration we now possess enable us to reduce a body to a very small compass without any emission of nauseous smells. If, he adds, the administration refuses to make this system compulsory, let it at least set up one place where those who do not object to the process may get it performed on their dead relatives. We believe that the advantages of cremation have been recognized over and over again, but that it has always been rejected from religious motives, because the practice is undoubtedly a pagan one, and superceded by inhumation on the introduction of Christianity.

Roughing It.

A few evenings since a Detroit chap was sparking a West-side girl, who wore an Elizabethan ruff. Expecting his coming, she had dressed for the occasion, and her ruff, stiff as an unrestricted use of satin-starch gloss could make it, was of the most stunning character. The lover came at the orthodox time, and was ushered into the parlor, where the enchanting maiden and her father and mother were seated. He was cordially received, and the evening passed pleasantly, although the old folks sat up a good deal longer than the youngsters thought necessary. Finally they went to bed, and the twain were left alone. After a certain amount of preliminary bashfulness the maiden assented to her lover's request for a kiss. He essayed to take it, but was met at every point by a bristling wall of tarlatan and starch. He came up to her in front, and was gouged in each eye. He sidled up to her, and the right hand prong cut of his ears half off. He attempted to reach the prize over her shoulder, and a chevaux de frise of lace tickled his nose till he was obliged to take a seat and sneeze. Then the maiden came to the rescue, and held down one side of the provoking ruff, and again the lover advanced. Just as he had all but reached her blooming cheek the damsel lost her grip, and the razor-like decoration flew up with a force that took an "under bit out of his right ear." Then he got mad. Then she got mad. Then they both got mad, and an anticipated wedding has come to a premature end.

Mark Twain on the Sandwich Islands.

Mark Twain writes as follows to the editor of the London *Standard*:

SIR—In view of the frenzy concerning the Sandwich Islands, and the inflamed desire of the public to acquire information concerning them, I have thought it well to tarry another week in England and deliver a lecture upon this absorbing subject. And lest it be thought unbecoming in me, a stranger, to come to the rescue at such a time, instead of leaving to abler hands a matter of so much moment, I desire to explain that I do it with the best of motives and the most honorable intentions. I do it because I am convinced that no one can allay this unwholesome excitement as effectually as I can; and to allay it, and allay it as quickly as possible, is surely the one thing that is absolutely necessary at this juncture. I feel and know that I am equal to this task, for I can allay any kind of an excitement by lecturing upon it. I have saved many communities in this way. I have always been able to paralyze the public interest in any topic that I chose to take hold of and elucidate with all my strength.

Hoping that this explanation will show that if I am seeming to intrude I am at least doing it from a high impulse, I am, sir, your obedient servant,

MARK TWAIN.

London, October 7, 1873.

The following is the last thing written by the late Artemus Ward: "Until quite recent I've bin a healthy individooal. I'm nearly sixty, and yit I've got a muskle into my arms which don't make my fists resemble the tread of a canary bird when they fly out and hit a man. Only a few weeks ago I was exhibitin' in East Skowhegan, in a bildin' which had form'ly bin ockepied by a pugylist, one of them fellers which hits from the shoulder and teaches the manly art of self-defense. And he cum and said he was goin' in free, in consekence of previ'sly ockepying sed b'ldin', with a large yeller dog! He sed, 'Oh, yes.' I sed, 'Oh, no.' He sed, 'Do you want to be ground to powder?' I sed, 'Yes, I do, if there is a powder grindist handy!' Whereupon he struck me a disgusting blow in my left eye, which caused that concern to at once close for repairs; but he didn't hurt me any more. I went for him energet'cally. His parents lived near by, and I will simply state that fifteen minutes after I'd gone for him, his mother seein' the prostrate form of her son approachin' the house onto a shutter carried by four men, run out doors, keerfully looked him over, and sed, 'My son, you've been foolin' round a thrashin' masheen. You went in at the end where they put the grain in, come out with the straw, and then got up in the thingumajig and let the hosses tred on you, didn't you, my son?' You can judge by this what a disagreeable person I am when I'm angry."

Wedded Life Only the Beginning.

"According to the love idyl of the period," writes T. B. Aldrich, "when Laura and Charles Henry, after unheard of obstacles, are finally united, all cares and tribulations and responsibilities slip from their sleek backs like Christian's burden. The idea is a pretty one, theoretically, but, like some of those models in the patent office at Washington, it doesn't work. Charles Henry does not go on sitting at Laura's feet and reading Timothy Titcomb to her forever; the rent of the cottage by the sea falls due with prosaic regularity; there are bakers and butchers and babies and tax collectors and undertakers, and sometimes gentlemen of the jury, to be attended to. Wedded life is not one long, amatory poem, with recurrent rhymes of love and dove, and kiss and bliss. Yet when the average sentimental novelist has supplied his hero and heroine with their bridal outfit, and attended to that little matter of the marriage certificate, he usually turns off the gas, put up his shutters, and saunters off with his hands in his pockets, as if the day's business were over. But we, who are honest dealers in real life and disdain to give short weight, know better. The business is by no means over—it is just begun. It is not Christian throwing off his pack for good and all, but Christian taking up a load heavier and more difficult than any he has carried."

Mr. Bandmann Pinches an Actress.

[From the London Daily News.]

Herr Bandmann, tragedian, was summoned before the Plymouth magistrates on Saturday, December 6, for assaulting Mrs. Margaret Mott, who plays under the name of Miss Montaigne, the first lady of the Plymouth Theatre Company. Herr Bandmann, who fulfilled a starring engagement at that theatre last week, played *Narcisse*, and Miss Montaigne complained that when in the third act, as the *Marquise de Pompadour*, she did not sit down quickly enough, the tragedian pushed her violently on to the seat, and that afterward, when she died in his arms, he pinched her badly in the side. The defense was that Herr Bandmann had not used more force than was necessary to the proper playing of his part. Medical evidence of slight bruises was given. Mr. Otway, low comedian, gave it as his opinion that too much violence was used, while Mr. Honeysett, another actor, said that Herr Bandmann's action was necessary to hide Miss Montaigne's bad acting. This case, which lasted nearly three hours, was ultimately dismissed.

How the Emperor of Russia has to Work for a Living.

When the yellow flag with the double-headed eagle of Russia in the center flies from the flagstaff of the Kremlin palace it announced to Moscow that Alexander, the emancipator, is in the ancient capital of his vast dominions. Constitutional sovereigns lie on a bed of roses, compared to the autocrat of Russia. From him everything hinges in the country, that contains eight millions of square miles; with him moves the entire machinery of state, and always on the move his majesty is obliged to be. Trained in the severe school of the Emperor Nicholas, Alexander II. never allowed himself a moment's relaxation. It is known what a passionate soldier the Emperor of Germany is, how he will even attend the drills of a single company. The Emperor of Russia, though, goes from review to review, from field days of 5000 men to field days of special arms, from the target practice of a few non-commissioned officers to maneuver of the fleet. Now in Poland, now in Tsarskoe Selo, now at Cronstadt, now in the Caucasus, and all at once in the Crimea. Always soldiers, soldiers, soldiers! He himself is never out of uniform, and none of the ministers ever discard their epaulets. The imperial suite is, of course, enormous. But to-day, his majesty is at Moscow; to-night he proceeds to the Crimea. In the train the minister of the interior will probably see him with innumerable papers for signature; the minister of finance, of justice, or of foreign affairs will disturb the imperial rest. Such is it to be an emperor; and how many there are who would give a whole life-time for five minutes in such a position! For five minutes it may be pleasant, but it is questionable whether a longer experience would not bring about a change of feeling.—*Army and Navy Gazette.*

National Songs.

The composer of "Wacht am Rhein," who has just died, was happy enough to enjoy the full success and celebrity of his composition. No such early tribute of national recognition gladdened the ears of the composer of that far grander piece of war music, the "Marseillaise." The "Wacht am Rhein" was not an inspiration of high artistic genius, but it was an inspiration of its kind, and it hit a long prevailing mood and came to be the expression of the national sentiment on the very eve of battle. From the earliest days of the war in France it superceded all the older and great hymns of German nationality. Long after events had definitively settled that there was no need of protecting the Rhine, and long after the "Watch" had left her to take care of herself and gone to pursue the French into Paris, the strains of the popular anthem still proclaimed in every city in the world the resolve of Germany to stand by her river. Carlyle calls the "'Marseillaise' the luckiest musical composition ever promulgated, the sounds of which will make the blood tingle in men's veins, and whole armies and assemblages will sing it with eyes weeping and burning, with hearts defiant of death, despot and devil." There is none of this passionate and stormy grandeur about the "Wacht am Rhein," which is only at best a song of encouragement and defense, without passion or despair, and not by any means up to the level of the unparalleled national triumph which was awaiting Germany at the time it began to be popular. Still there can be little doubt it will pass into public memory in association with the events of 1870, as Arndt's song of the German fatherland is remembered in connection of those of 1813; as "Partant pour la Syrie" is enshrined with Napoleonism, and "Lillibullero" brings with it recallections of the fall of divine light in England.—*London Daily News.*

A Suggestion for Adoption in the Public Schools.

General John Eaton, Commissioner of Education, has received a letter from Mrs. Matilda Fletcher, inquiring his opinion of a plan suggested by her to encourage "industrial exhibitions" in connection with our public schools. She would induce the pupils to bring to the school once a week, or once in two weeks, some article of use made by themselves, to be explained and exhibited under the supervision of the teacher in the presence of the parents and friends. The commissioner, in response to this letter, writes that he heartily approves of her plan, which he considers to be a practical development and application of the underlying idea of the kindergarten system, which has shown that to be allowed to make something themselves is a delight to the youngest children, and that by a wise direction of this instinct they can be taught many useful lessons. He also commends the plan as a means of increasing the interest of parents and friends in schools and of receiving their visits at stated intervals; while it would, furthermore, arouse in the children such an interest in the daily work of the household, the shop and the farm as will teach them the value and dignity of labor and fit them for usefulness.

The Nomination of General Crook.

An unexpected legal question has been raised in the Committee on Military Affairs of the Senate in acting upon the nomination of General Crook, of the department of Arizona, to the rank of Brigadier General.

It seems that by an act of July 15, 1870, no appointment to the grade of Brigadier General shall be made until the number of officers of that grade is reduced below six after which the number shall not exceed six. The question is now raised whether the intent of this act is to include staff officers of that grade or officers of the line. There are now five Brigadier Generals of the line and seven as staff officers, and the appointment of General Crook was made to fill up the complement of six, on the theory that there was a vacancy under the law, but some of the Committee on Military Affairs hold to the strict letter of the law, that the total number must be reduced below six, and for this reason the confirmation of the appointment has been delayed. The Secretary of War has asked for [illegible] opinion of the Judge Advocate General [illegible] which has been given in the most elab[illegible] manner, and is said to sustain the [illegible] that there is a vacancy to fill. It has [illegible] sent to Senator Logan, chairman [illegible] military committee, and has not yet [illegible] made public.

"I Want to Find My Papa."

[From the Poughkeepsie Eagle.]

Yesterday a lady was walking along the street when she met a little girl, between two and three years old, evidently lost, and crying bitterly. Taking her by the hand the lady asked her where she was going. "I'm going down town to find my papa," was the reply, between sobs, of the child. "What's your papa's name?" asked the [illegible] "His name is papa," replied the innocent little thing. "But what is his other name?" queried the lady; "what does your mama call him?" "She calls him papa," persisted the baby. The lady then took the little one by the hand and led her along saying, "You had better come with me; I guess you came from this way." "Yes, but I don't want to go back; I want to find my papa," replied the little girl, crying afresh as if her heart would break. "What do you want of your papa?" asked the lady. "I want to [illegible] him." Just then a sister of the child [illegible] along looking for her and led her [illegible] From subsequent inquiries it appeared the little one's papa, whom she was earnestly in search of, had recently [illegible] In her lonesomeness and love for him tired of waiting for him to come home had gone to find him and greet him with the accustomed kiss.

General Schenck's Little Joke and its Fate.

The English of to-day are most severely prosaically practical and commonplace. General Schenck, our minister to England, having had as a fellow-passenger on the outward steamer a son of Ben Holliday, of overland stage fame, thought to make a joke on a gentleman named Christmas, whom he met soon after landing in England. Said the General: "I think I met a relative of yours on the steamer, judging from the name—a Mr. Holliday." "Ah!" said Christmas, meditatingly, "I think not. I never heard of a relative by that name." Afterward Mr. Schenck told the story at a dinner table, and the guests each glared at his neighbor, and no one saw the joke. At last, out of very civility, the host, a noble Lord, feebly laughed and said: "Ah! very good, General. Ah, were they related, you know?"

Garthwaite, Lewis & Miller are still selling clothing at cost, for cash, at [illegible] Common street.