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[For the Republican.]

MINISTERING ANGELS.

A wanderer, foot sore and weary,
Stops beneath some friendly shade,
He has traveled far, and cold and dreary
Has been the waste through which he strayed.
Darkly o'er the past he finds
His hopes, like dead leaves, strewed,
And now he only feels the winds
That howl around him, fierce and rude.

To him it seems that life is sour,
He fears, yet longs for death,
And prays that here, within the hour,
Unconsciously, he may resign his breath.
His languid form on the ground he throws,
And sadly craves eternal rest.
In vain his closed eyes feign repose,
His heart still aches—alone, unblessed.

Alone! unblessed! And is there a heart so lone
That in the dark hour of distress
It calls, and hears no answering tone,
And pines, and dies for one caress?
Aye, there are times when man's untrue
To all that he should prize,
His selfish aims he will pursue,
Though misery to ruin flies.

But, though from human friends debarred,
The forsaken pilgrim need not weep.
Ministering spirits, a faithful guard,
Will love's untiring vigil keep.
E'en now there's one whose soft approach
His dull ear fails to note;
Her sweet lips breathe a mild reproach—
She sighs: "Why live from me remote?"

He hears her voice—his own grows strong—
"Oh, Hope, away!" he sternly cries,
Too oft I've heard your siren's song.
Your promises are lies! are lies!"
And Hope, abashed, hangs down her head,
Nor ventures more to speak.
Some bitter tears she fain must shed—
They steal in silence down her cheek.

Is Hope in tears? Oh, saddest day
That e'er to the wanderer came!
His anger then must fade away,
And ashes lie beneath the flame.
He looks on Hope with streaming eyes—
His heart is in the dust.
Now there is nothing left to prize,
His lifelong friend he fears to trust!

But Conscience now lifts up her voice,
And speaks in Justice's name.
She speaks, regardless of his choice,
And burning words her bold lips frame.
Ingrate!" she cries, "and do you dare,
Your woes on Hope's fair breast to lay?
Your days were given to Folly's share,
With Pleasure danced your nights away.

"If you had heard Hope's voice aright,
And valued her sweet strain,
Your days had passed in pure delight,
That knew no shade of after pain.
Now, then, take up your pilgrim's load,
Call Courage to your side:
Let Reason point the surest road,
And Hope your steps will guide."

We all are pilgrims here below,
And oft our wanderings have no aim.
We cross some vale of frost and snow,
And then, for cold, say Fate's to blame!
Charmed by the bright, deceitful glow,
That shines in Pleasure's face,
We dream of her where'er we go,
And seek her smile in every place.

Oh, softly lies the weary head,
When in Reason's lap it finds a rest!
The heart to happiness is wed
That leans on Virtue's breast!
Then do noble thoughts arise
And chase all shadows of distress;
Ministering angels, from the skies
They're sent, the exile's lot to bless.

THAT GIRL.

And What Happened to Her in a Boarding School.

Of course it was a mistake from the very first. Our excuse was that it was done for the best. Conscious, therefore, that we intended to do rightly, we all of us feel that peculiar comfort which good actions, no matter how they are requited, alone can confer. In all the troubles of this world, if we are only sure that our motives have been guided by the pole-star of self-sacrifice, and a few other minor constellations, then some time or other the haven of consolation must be reached.

I feel no end of relief in expressing myself in this way, for if the object of all our kindness and self-sacrificing had been present now, and I had read my first paragraph to her, that girl would have laughed over the sentence. She always had a peculiar way of laughing, which was distressing to a degree. My respected mother and myself, the former the principal, the latter the first assistant in our school, never could exactly understand that girl. Of course, anything beyond a titter never was allowed within the precincts of our establishment. When that girl was little we did try so hard to quench vulgarity in her, but there was a way Winnifred had of laughing with her eyes which would not be put down. That girl's eyes were like wells, deep and sombre at times; but then, though she would purse up her mouth, her eyes would smile and laugh, even in a boisterous manner.

Mother and I, to employ the expression, used to throw stones on stones into those figurative eye-wells, to see if we could entirely fill up and choke the ripples we saw there. Sometimes, it is true, we made her cry, but that girl, I think, was quite callous and underhand, and would not come to the surface, and when we thought a cure was effected, when we least expected it, that girl's eyes would beam and look unutterable things. I do not mean to say that there was anything inherently bad about Winnifred. I am proud to say that any girl, no matter what might have been her social position, whether she paid our highest rates for instruction or had certain deductions made quarterly, no girl, I repeat, could have existed under mother's influences without having the highest moral and mental excellence instilled into her. Winnifred never paid for what she received in the way of tuition after the first eighteen months or so, and even then it was taken out in beef. I am forced to declare that Winnifred's father was a butcher. When mother first opened our school it was a modest establishment, and, although I was so young then as to have almost forgotten it, I think we had to scrape along in a most economical way. Meat being an object, and the butcher being right round the corner, mother, in sheer goodness of heart, agreed to barter Winnifred's tuition against chops, steaks, and surloins. There was a careful agreement drawn up that Gertrude must always be dressed in a certain way, and there were some minor stipulations entered into limiting, very properly, the exact number of times in a quarter that girl should see her father. The butcher—I must say it to his credit—kept his promises quite well for a time. Whether he lost money by it I am not prepared to say. I think mother, who is the soul of honor, said that Wilkins, the butcher, informed her on several occasions that he had. Any how, one day the man's shop was found closed up. This we only learned when we sent round for a knuckle of veal, when we discovered that, being a short and obese person, he had died of apoplexy, and could get no meat. Winnifred was then twelve years old. I was about twenty-two then; consequently that girl has been on our hands fully seven years. Mother was, as she always is, quite strong minded when certain emergencies occur. In a straightforward, practical way, adapted to the social status of that girl and the condition of affairs, a cutting from a newspaper, where her parent's sudden death was heralded in the accidents and casualties, was inclosed by me, according to my mother's instructions, between the leaves of "The First Rudiments of Botany," and handed to that girl. I mention the book particularly, in order to show that the style of education she was receiving was of the highest character. Nothing could have been kinder than our clergyman, who, when the girl was ill just then, used to come and lecture her by the hour for weeks, assisted by mother. When she was well mother very calmly and impressively told that girl what her duties were under the painful circumstances, and how from henceforward she was to be dependent on us. We were to teach her, and she was to work for us. It was the fairest kind of a bargain. That girl's mother died when she was born. Not a single relative turned up, though we advertised for them. Fortunately, the butcher did not own anything, and the sale of the lease of his shop paid for his funeral and some mourning for that girl. Wilkins' butcher shop was taken by another butcher, Bladders by name, and a more impertinent, vindictive and defiant creature I do not think could be found in the whole city of New York. It seems he knew the departed Wilkins, and why, we never could find out, took the most unheard of and savage dislike to mother. When my mother went to the butcher's shop, when he opened *feu* Wilkins' establishment, and priced a pair of fowls, expressing some natural hesitancy at paying their cost, and an elegantly worded suspicion as to their tenderness, the man's manners were abrupt and brutal to a degree. If I can remember rightly, he said: "They was good enough and tender enough for a schoolmissus who had *h*alianated (that was his expression, for he was an Englishman like Wilkins), *h*alianated a daughter's feelings from her father, and had 'elped to kill the man, and that as long as his name was Aaron Bladders he would never forget how poor Tobias Wilkins had been treated; and that if she (mother) didn't like the chickens she might leave 'um, and that he had a son and a daughter, and his gal, thank God, was a going to a public school, and that he didn't intend swapping off their affections for porter-house steaks, and not wanting to be imperlite, hadn't she (mother) better not by blocking up his shop, (mother is tall and thin), and stopping trade and abusing of him!"

Such was the first humiliation we received from doing a good action. Mother, with her inferiors, is always calm and placid, and could do nothing more than majestically sweep out of the shambles. She complained to the policeman at the time, I believe, but without redress.

Of course we had no idea of changing Winnifred's name, only she was called Winnifred Anna. It struck my mother, and quite rightly, that Winnifred was a preposterous name for a girl in her situation, and that Anna was much better adapted to her condition. We all made the kindest efforts, sublime ones, ingenious ones, in fact, to effect the substitution. We wrote in her books and marked on her clothes W. Anna Wilkins, but just then the peculiarly obstinate character of that girl showed itself. When we called her Anna she would no more budge than had we apostrophized a stone wall. I regret to say, though not a defeat for mother, we were forced to compromise matters by either calling her nothing at all, or Miss Wilkins. Our pupils—girls are always wayward—though against our express wishes, would call that girl Winnifred. In time our school increased wonderfully. Mother's administrative powers are immense, and under her generalship I am no inefficient lieutenant. When it was as much as the French, or German, or Italian masters could do to attend to their classes, to the pay pupils, if that girl did not keep up with her opportunities, it was not, of course, any fault of ours. She had no aptitude for languages. She had no imaginative powers. If mother is practical, I am only so to a degree. I love to wander in the wild woods of poesy and tilt down the violet cups and drink from them—that is, within reason—only when I do tread the dew-bedecked fields in the season of flowers, I like to go with good, thick-soled shoes on. Our master of belles letters always said my compositions were quite good enough for the *Atlantic*, and, indeed, tells me that I really ought to take my position. That girl, I must say, had two or three fair qualities: they were not talents; no, not by any means. She had a plain voice, no compass no *technique* or power of vocalization, but sang ballads fairly well. At least our former piano teacher, a German, said so. We were forced to discharge him ten years ago because he quarreled with the French singing master, poor M. Miaul, striking him a fearful blow across the nose, and making his poor head bang in the most heartrending way on the sounding board of our Chickering grand because M. Miaul had called Wagner "*un schnapin melodique.*" I must catalogue that girl's excellences, and give them all they are worth. She was a good housekeeper. How could she be otherwise, when mother, with the utmost confidence, placed everything in her charge? I never had any talent that way. Oh! yes—something else, she was a capital nurse, and at times that girl had her hands full attending the ill ones. The girls all loved her, they admired me, but, to be truthful, they adored that girl. Of course, it was nothing but a physical kind of affection on their part. I am sure my devotion in reading excellent books to the girls, when they were suffering, is a duty I never neglect. After the first headache reading may give, I have known it frequently to send the most refractory cases to sleep. That girl had large hands, though she could use them softly, and girls would sometimes complain that my rings scratched their foreheads when I bathed their brows for headaches, while that girl's hands (paws I ought to call them), had a soothing effect.

It could not be helped. Do what we would, that girl's past career and parentage would come to the surface every now and then. I do not mean to say that mother did it with the positive intention of hurting the girl's feelings, but mother would very naturally say, "Miss Wilkins, in your father's time it strikes me that meat was far better and much cheaper than it is now—less bones in the piece and better weight. As you are a judge of such things, don't you think you might give us the benefit of your experience? A little more attention to such details of beef as you are familiar with, might better, not only the alimentary conditions, but decrease the expenses." Then the eyes of that girl would stare, but she would neither blush nor become confused. I can not tax that girl with ingratitude precisely, but somehow or other mother and Winnifred never did exactly harmonize. Mother has a lofty way of looking at things. It is in our blood. If circumstances had only been as they should have been, and dear father had not died in a most inopportune way, and grandfather had not lost a law suit, all New York, from Fifty-third street up to Harlem, would have been ours. Mother never forgets this, so if you are not her equal in a worldly sense, you never can be her companion; of course, spiritually, we are all on the same level. I feel so every day, and try and teach it and live up to it.

As for myself, for the last three or four years, that girl never was much in my way; our spheres were too wide apart. My communication was limited to directing her how my dresses were to be made, and she was an adept with the sewing machine; yes, I am always truthful, and give every one their full guerdon of praise, and am ready to declare, that with the least bit of driving, at the sewing machine, I could get more work out of that girl than from any two paid sewing women.

As a member of the family, that girl was amenable to all the rules of the school, and her acquaintances and associates were under the strictest surveillance. About eight months ago the beef and chicken question came to a crisis, and Miss Wilkins had been very properly instructed by my mother to give greater attention to its details. It seems our most promising pupil, the daughter of a deceased California gold mine owner (several millions in her own right), and a hearty eater, had written home to her guardians about the condition of the table. The monetary crisis just then had played sad havoc with the payment of our tuition bills, and we had to be very careful. Miss Wilkins took matters in hand, and, I must state, to the great improvement of our table. We all noticed that prior to this she was to a certain degree indifferent to the fault found by mother as to the food; but now, if a word was said by my respected parent as to the quality of the meat or chickens, though she would say nothing, her eyes would flash. In fact, she was sensitive about it to a degree. That girl held the grocer's, and butcher's, and milkman's, and fish dealer's accounts, paid the bills, simply giving mother the daily amounts expended, keeping a little set of books, and sitting up at nights, as was very proper, to keep them straight, for mother is a very strict business woman. Somehow or rather that girl was rather unwell for a week or two, and did not venture out. One morning, just as I was going down stairs, I saw a massive, stout looking young person, who asked to see Miss Winnifred. "Miss Wilkins, sir!" I said. "Yes, Miss Wilkins. He had a small bill to collect. He was in no hurry for the money. Miss Winnifred was very punctual; but seeing that she hadn't been round lately, he was afraid she might be sick, you know, or that there might be some complaint, and he had taken the liberty of calling in person." "And, pray, what is your name? What is the bill? Miss Wilkins has not been well—nothing of any consequence." The young man said, "He was sorry to hear that."

That young man's manner, a certain diffident *empressement*, surprised me. "And, pray, what do you sell Miss Wilkins? If it's butter, it's been quite unparalleled of late as to badness and price," I said.

"Oh no, Miss, it isn't butter, it's beef. It's only $22 75. We don't want the money. Only dropped in as I went by, you know, rather to see why orders were stopped."

I had a suspicion. I recollected a rough hobbledehoy ruffian of a boy, who used to ride about, yelling in a butcher's wagon, some six or eight years ago, and who always made it a point to dash with a wicked looking pony, attached to a red cart, right at poor mother whenever she ventured on the crossing, and who intentionally charged and cut into our string of young ladies when they went out for a walk. Could it be the hateful Bladders' boy? Suspicions were instantly confirmed. On that young man's finger was a big ring, with a huge B on it—some flaring stone. "Your name?" I said, peremptorily.

"Joel Bladders, Miss."

"Then, Joel Bladders, go down into the area, or to the back gate, and never dare to put your feet in this hall again. Your bill shall be paid instantly, and we never more want you to send meat or geese or strawberries or turnips or any of your hateful things to the house." I wish I had dear mother's *sang froid*, but I have not that virtue. I must say, however, that under the circumstances mother was excited, though her fortitude under distressing circumstances is magnificent. The money to a cent was instantly made up, was given to the cook with instructions to carry it to the Bladders young man, and to insist on his giving a duplicate receipt; but when the cook went to the area and to the back gate, the Bladders' representative was gone. Naturaly that girl got the scolding she so fully merited. Mother is never impetuous, never looses her self-respect. I may have a tendency to nag, I regret to state it, for I am weaker than mother. Mother has, when in the exercise of her duty, knowing she is right, the aplomb of the merciful judge when he delivers a sentence. Whether Winnifred was ill or had a fever or was delirious, I do not know, but bitter words ensued, and, for the first time in my life, my poor mother, when I visited her, was in tears. The crying ingratitude, the vindictive character, the bull dog instincts of the girl, had been too much even for my poor mother. "She taunted me—me, who have been everything to her—this butcher's child. She forced me into silence. She stormed; she raved at me; she told me that I had helped to kill her miserable, greasy father. The effrontery of the girl, who knew the insults these Bladders had heaped on me! But, my child, there is this happy relief," and instantly, with a heroic struggle, my mother was herself again, when she added, "The consciousness of having tried to do a good action is alone the balm which gives consolation."

To think of such shocking conduct! That very next day Winnifred Anna Wilkins left us and took up her abode with the Bladders. The wretched first class, with a spirit of rebellion too reprehensible to be commented on, made up a bouquet and forwarded it surreptitiously by the cook to that girl. The sequel I can better give by simply reproducing that girl's last letter. Here it is:

"On the occasion of my marriage to Mr. Joel Bladders, I am more than desirous of acknowledging the many kindnesses I have received from your mother. My father-in-law, whose prejudices may have been unduly excited against all of you, I believe I may in time succeed in convincing him of his errors. My love to all the girls. Trusting you will allow me to call on you; even that you will continue your favors, as in our establishment you will find everything of the best quality and at reasonable prices.

"I have the honor to remain, yours most respectfully,

"WINNIFRED A. BLADDERS.

"P. S.—In lieu of a piece of cake, Mr. Joel Bladders and Mr. Aaron Blanders beg your acceptance of a basket of extra choice Philadelphia picked spring chickens.

The coolness, the impertinence of the thing! Married to a butcher! Of course mother sent back the chickens. Some of the young ladies heard of it, and at the table that very day, and frequently since, they have been mutinous, refusing excellent food, and all clamorous for Spring chickens. I think the loss of some of our girls, especially the California young lady, is due in some unaccountable way to the escapade of that wretched girl, and to think that our most promising pupils, notwithstanding all our efforts, when they see that girl—that Bladders—kiss their hands to her across the street.

The annoyance about it is, that the Bladders—father, son, and wife—have taken a large establishment opposite, the former apothecary's, who failed, and have converted it into a market, and now that I am writing this, the Bladders bride is singing in the third story as blithe as a lark. That girl!

CHEERFULNESS.

BY C KINGSLEY.

The world goes up and the world goes down
And the sunshine follows the rain;
And yesterday's sneer and yesterday's frown
Can never come over again,
Sweet wife,
No, never come over again.
For woman is warm though man be cold,
And the night will hallow the day;
Till the heart which at even was weary and old,
Can rise in the morning gay,
Sweet wife,
To its work in the morning gay.

A Human Skull in Solid Rock.

A very strange discovery, interesting to geologists, is reported by the Osage Mission (Kansas) *Journal*. A human skull was recently found near that place, imbedded in a solid rock which was broken open by blasting. Dr. Weirley, of Osage Mission, compared it with a modern skull which he had in his office, and found that, though it resembled the other in general shape, it was an inch and a quarter larger in greatest diameter, and much better developed in some other particulars. He says of the relic: "It is that of the cranium of the human species, of large size, imbedded in conglomerate rock of the tertiary class, and found several feet beneath the surface. Parts of the frontal, parietal and occipital bones were carried away by explosion. The piece of rock holding the remains weighs some forty or fifty pounds, with many impressions of marine shells, and through it runs a vein of quartz, or within the cranium crystallized organtic matter, and, by the aid of a microscope, presents a beautiful appearance." Neither Lyell nor Hugh Miller, it is stated, nor any of the rest of the subterranean explorers, reports anything so remarkable as this discovery at Osage Mission. The Neander man comes the nearest to it, but the Neanderthal bones were found in loam only two or three feet below the surface, whereas this Kansas skull was discovered in solid rock.

Chinese Typography.

Printing a book in China is done as follows: Two pages are written, by one trained to the business, on a sheet of thin paper, divided into columns by black lines, and in the space between the two pages are written the title of the work and the number of chapter and page; when the sheet has been printed it is folded down through this space, so as to bring the title, etc., partly on each page. The sheet, when ready for printing, is pasted, face downward, on a smooth block of wood, made usually from the pear or plum tree. As soon as it is dry, the paper is rubbed off with great care, leaving behind an inverted impression of the characters. Another workman now cuts away the blank spaces by means of a sharp graver, and the block, with the characters in high relief, passes to the printer, who performs his work by hand. The two points that he has to be most careful about are to ink the characters equally with his brush, and to avoid tearing the paper when taking the impression. From a good wooden block some 15,000 copies may be printed, and when the characters have been sharpened up a little, it is possible to obtain 8000 or 10,000 more impressions.

AT MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

The trembling dew drops fall
Upon the shutting flowers—like souls at rest;
The stars shine gloriously—and all,
Save me, are blest.

Mother!—I love thy grave!
The violet, with the blossom blue and mild,
Waves o'er thy head—when shall it wave
Above thy child?

'Tis a sweet flower—yet must
Its bright leaves to the coming tempest bow.
Dear mother—'tis thine emblem—dust
Is on thy brow!

And I could love to die—
To leave untasted life's dark, bitter streams;
By thee, as erst in childhood, lie,
And share thy dreams.

And must I linger here
To stain the plumage of my sinless years,
And mourn the hopes of childhood dear
With bitter tears!

Aye—must I linger here,
A lonely branch upon a blasted tree
Whose last frail leaf, untimely sere
Went down with thee?

Oft from life's withered bower,
In still communion with the past I turn
And muse on thee, the only flower
In memory's urn.

And, when the evening pale
Bows like a mourner on the dim, blue wave,
I stay to hear the night winds wail
Around thy grave.

Where is thy spirit flown?
I gaze above—thy look is imaged there—
I listen, and thy gentle tone
Is on the air.

Oh, come—whilst here I press
My brow upon thy grave—and, in those mild
And thrilling tones of tenderness
Bless, bless thy child!

Yes, bless thy weeping child
And o'er thy urn—religion's holiest shrine—
Oh, give his spirit undefiled
To blend with thine.

LOUISIANA'S CONDITION.

Attorney General Field's Political Opinions—Kellogg's Efforts for Peace—The Alleged Compact of the "White League."

A reporter of the *Herald* yesterday called to see Attorney General Field, of Louisiana, whose decisions in the State have been accepted generally as fair by both the Democrats and Republicans. The judge was found at the St. Nicholas Hotel, where he is temporarily sojourning. He is a native of Kentucky and impresses one favorably as being a specimen of the old time Southern gentlemen, urbane, erudite, unpretending. He received the *Herald* representative very courteously, and something like the following conversation ensued:

Reporter—Judge Field, I should like you to give your views as to the situation in your State—your ideas in regard to the political outlook?

Judge Field—That is bad, very bad. I will not deny that we have had some bad legislators, as you at the North. Many acts have been passed which should never have been engrossed upon the statute books; but, in the main, there has been no reasonable cause for complaint. Notwithstanding all reports to the contrary, however, I confidently assert that Louisiana is Republican by from 25,000 to 30,000 majority, and the whole desire now is to have a fair vote recorded, which was not done in 1872. The "White League," so called—co-operating with the old Ku-Klux—apparantly do not desire this, and thus the strife between the law-abiding citizens and the lawless element.

Reporter—Under what pretense do the opposition array themselves?

Judge Field—Under the pretense of bad government they seek to carry the elections at all hazards. I happen to know that Governor Kellogg has used his best endeavors to conciliate the factions—he has even bestowed offices upon their leaders; but they will be satisfied with nothing short of the overthrow of the present Legislature and goverment and the installation of McEnery and the officers elected, as they claim, in 1872.

Reporter—Have any white men of power and influence refused to join these revolutionists, this "White League!"

Judge Field—Many. I will name among this class one of the largest planters below New Orleans, Mr. Effingham Lawrence, and Judge Taylor Beattie, of the parish of Assumption, who is judge of the Fifteenth Judicial District. This latter gentleman has published his reasons for so declining.

Reporter—These persons certainly can not be termed "carpet-baggers!"

Judge Field—No; but every person who is a Republican and advocates Republican reform is termed a "carpet-bagger."

Reporter—It seems, however, that the property holders of Lousiana have good reason to complain of the burdensome taxation.

Judge Field—Very true. I will explain this. The first Legislature that met after the war under Andrew Johnson's proclamation were nineteen-twentieths Democrats. They found all the levees destroyed, lands overflowed, and general devastation and ruin. They went to work vigorously, issued large amounts of bonds, called levee bonds, to build these again, and $5,000,000 to $8,000,000 of this class of securities were sold in the open market, the money was squandered, the levees were badly rebuilt, and the overflow soon destroyed them. Then additional issues were authorized under the Warmoth government of 1868, and the indebtedness for levee and railroad purposes increased to $10,000,000 or $12,000,000. The crops failed successively for several years, farms became dilapidated and worthless, the people were overwhelmed with debt and general bankruptcy impended. The taxation increased to twenty-one mills per $1. This was the amount of State tax levied when Kellogg became Governor. Now mark the improvement. The last Legislature passed a law reducing taxation to fourteen and a half mills per $1, and the Republican government, determining to reform the abuses, attacked successfully the previous fraudulent issue of bonds in the courts, and within the last twelve months the State has been relieved of a great portion of her responsibility for acts of former reckless administrations.

Reporter—That seems clear; but why do not the good men of all parties join you to consummate these reforms?

Judge Field—They will not do so, although we have frequently invited them so to do. Our election comes off in November. We elect a State Treasurer, one half of the Senate, the entire House of Representatives, sheriffs, parish judges and police jurors; and it is a good thing that the "enforcement act" permits us to have the assistance of the United States troops to protect the marshals in preserving order and to have a fair vote recorded.

Reporter—What is the nature of the "White League," of which you so often speak?

The judge here took from his pocket a copy of the New Orleans REPUBLICAN, of date August 13, and pointed to an expose, which is startling if true. Some of the sections run as follows:

"We enter into and form this league for the protection of our own race against the daily increasing encroachments of the negro, and are determined to use our best endeavor to purge our legislative, judicial and ministerial offices from such a horde of miscreants as now assume to lord it over us.

"That to accomplish this end we solemnly pledge our honor to each other to give our hearty support to all that this league may determine by a majority of votes cast at any regular meeting, and to aid to the utmost of our ability in carrying out such measures as it may adopt.

"That we do not reject or condemn any white man for his political opinions so that he join us in the one grand object we may have in view."

At Alto, on the fourteenth of July, the following was adopted:

"That we regard it the sacred and political duty of every member of this club to discountenance and socially proscribe all white men who unite themselves with the Radical party, and to supplant every political opponent in all his vocations by the employment and support of those who ally themselves with the white man's party, and we pledge ourselves to exert our energies and use our means to the consummating of this end."

The following is from an address to colored people in the Natchitoches *Vindicator* of July 18:

"The white people intend to carry the State election this fall. This intention is deliberate and unalterable, from the fact that their very existence depends upon it, and that you may enjoy the blessings which will naturally follow such an event—blessings made doubly sweet when you know you were partly instrumental in bringing them about—we desire your co-operation, and we simply ask you will you assist us in redeeming your State from the degradation and ruin she now is in, or will you follow still the advice of those who have placed her thus? Take time to answer it, and let your mind, should you decide affirmatively, be at rest for your future welfare and happiness. We propose to do for you more than any party has yet done for you. On the other hand, should you imagine that the teaching of your former rulers is correct, and you elect to attempt—for it will only be an attempt—to continue their rule, then you must take the consequences. For we tell you now, and let it be distinctly remembered that you have fair warning, that we intend to carry the State of Louisiana in November next, or she will be a military territory."

And again—

"If a single hostile gun is fired between the whites and blacks in this and surrounding parishes, every carpet-bagger and scalawag that can be caught will, in twelve hours therefrom, be dangling from a limb. We do not say this in a spirit of braggadocio; we say it in the interest of peace, and we know what we are talking about."—*New York Herald.*

Bay St. Louis Boy in Luck.

Mr. Wilmer Shields, so prominently mentioned in the will of Dr. W. Newton Mercer, the New Orleans millionaire lately deceased, was born in this place. His father was a native of Delaware, entered the United States navy from that State, and was stationed here before and during the war. He conducted himself gallantly in the famous gunboat fight near St. Joseph's Island, just before the British approach to New Orleans in 1814. He was a genial gentleman, fond of his friends, his joke, his wine and his table, and ready to fight at any moment for the honor of his country. He was at one time proprietor of much real estate here, was greatly beloved by our citizens of that day, and in his honor the old, historic and proper name of this place was changed to Shieldsborough. We have now, however, resumed the old title.

The late Dr. Mercer, when stationed here as assistant United States surgeon, made the acquaintance of Purser Shields, and of the late Colonel Chotard, of Natchez, then a captain in the regulars. To the former he was indebted for unbounded hospitality and pecuniary assistance; and to the latter, then the most elegant, courtly and dashing officer in the army, he was indebted for his outfit when he left Bay St. Louis for Natchez, to marry the heiress of Captain Benjamin Farrar. He seems never to have forgotten these obligations. He educated Mr. Wilmer Shields, and afterward made him his factor, or agent for his several large planting interests in Mississippi. He has now devised to him three of these plantations, near Natchez, and all his lands in Illinois, his ample library and his well-stocked cellar of rare wines and liquors, and $10,000 in cash.

The family of Colonel Chotard, it is understood, was materially assisted in his life time.

Mr. Wilmer Shields, his principal legatee, is a man of fine literary culture, of high personal character, and a practical agriculturist.

Mississippi is indebted to little Delaware for many eminent citizens. The Hon. Thomas Rodney, of Delaware, was our first United States judge. Colonel Tilton, of Delaware, was the first register of the land office, then located at Washington, Adams county, six miles east of Natchez. The late William B. Shields, of Delaware, a near relative of Wilmer Shields, succeeded George Poindexter as United States district attorney, and subsequently as United States judge for the district of Mississippi, a distinguished lawyer and a polished and elegant gentleman, now ably represented at the Natchez bar by his son, the Hon. Joseph Dunbar Shields.

It was in the family of the late Judge Shields that the renowned S. S. Prentiss found his first home in the South. In his well stored library, in the refined family circle and his four sons he found the social influences and the personal friendships he appreciated, and they soon discerned in him the extraordinary qualities that soon made him the most brilliant man of his time.

To Mr. Wilmer Shields we would say that a few of his honored father's old friends yet survive in this place, and it would be pleasure to them to see his son and representative here and to revive their reminiscences of "the good old times."—*Seacoast Republican.*

The Party of Live Issues.

In ex-Governor Noyes' recent speech at Columbus he referred to the stand taken by the Republican party on the question of cheap transportation:

Another important matter demanding the attention of the government is that of cheap transportation. All classes of citizens and all sections of the country are interested in this subject. New England, chiefly devoted to manufactures, and purchasing annually from the West more than a hundred million bushels of grain—the South, where the production of cotton, sugar and tobacco is more profitable than the raising of cereals, and whose purchasing capacity, at fair rates, ought to be 200,000,000 bushels of grain a year—the great West, and especially the grain-producing States of the Mississippi valley, which send to market more than 300,000,000 bushels a year—all these want cheap transportation for the benefit of producer and consumer alike. Our exports of grain have heretofore amounted to but little—less than perhaps 25,000,000 bushels a year, but these exports are now rapidly increasing. The hope, however, of our farmers is in the home market, and the problem is how to reach it without doubling and trebling the cost of our products. Many influential and intelligent Republicans are of opinion that Congress has power to fix the rates of transportation on all freights passing from State to State, under the general authority to regulate commerce between the States, and I think the decisions of the courts warrant this opinion. But the subject has not, until recently, attracted the attention it deserves, and it takes time to effect a comprehensive and equitable plan—a scheme just to railroad companies and just to farmers, for that is what we want. There were in the last Congress several significant votes, however, with reference to the matter, especially upon the resolution introduced by John Q. Smith, of this State, and upon the McCrary bill in House. In both these instances the Republicans were generally found on the side of the people, and the Democrats as generally with the railroad companies. A Republican Senate has now a Committee on Cheap Transportation, who are giving the subject their most careful and thoughtful consideration. It is proposed in the best manner to protect the farming and mechanical interests of the country, without oppressing or wronging railroad operations. This can be done in various ways; by improving the natural and constructing artificial water ways; by establishing competing railways when necessary, and possibly by fixing rates on existing lines if the courts permit. At all events, the Republicans in Congress can be safely trusted to do the best thing available whenever it can can be determined what that is. I do not join in any wild cry about railroads. They have done too much for this country to warrant it. They should be fairly dealt with, and properly controlled in the interest of the people.

Good Men to the Front.

The following, from the St. Charles *Herald*, will be welcome news to the entire community:

We are glad to learn that at the solicitation of many citizens ex-Governor Hahn, who has so faithfully and so ably represented this parish in the last Legislature, has consented to serve in the same capacity. This is good news for the Republican party and the people of this parish, and we are in hopes that our distinguished Representative may be renominated and elected without opposition. The next Legislature will embrace among its members many of the most prominent, able and eloquent Democrats in the State, and it is no more than right and proper that the Republican party should have some of its ablest men there to combat and answer the enemies of equal rights. With Governor Hahn in the Legislature, our parish, the Republican party and the people will be represented in a manner to give general satisfaction. Let us, therefore, give him a unanimous vote.

THE LINK BETWEEN.

BY HOWARD GLYNDON.

Just before I go to sleep,
Whispering unto God your name,
Pause I, wondering if for me
You are doing just the same.

This I promised unto you,
When we two sat side by side,
I with all-regretful eyes
Opened on you sad and wide.

Far-off sounds of laughter came,
Faintly through the open door;
We but thought that each should look
On the other's face no more.

And how dear I was to you,
I could measure by the pain
That o'erflowed me when I thought,
"We shall never meet again."

But I hushed my heart, and said,
Looking firmly in your eyes,
"One thing I can do for you,
Though I am not overwise.

"I will take your name to God,
As a surety, every night,
For your safety, and with Him
Help to keep your memory bright."

Standing up, you took my hand—
Yours was cold as any stone—
You said: "Oh, how hard to part
And be evermore alone.

"But if nightly thoughts may cross,
Travelers twixt you and me,
Comforted, a little space,
Shall each exiled spirit be."

Every night I say your name,
Softly, piteously, to God;
I would turn my face your way,
But the world is very broad.

And I wonder, half asleep,
While I try your eyes to see,
If your heart is with me there—
If you send a thought to me.
—Appleton's.

Bazaine's Escape.

The Cologne *Gazette* gives the following particulars of the Marshal's escape as derived from himself:

From his sitting room the prisoner was obliged, in order to arrive at the terrace (his promenade), to pass a bridge and to descend some steps at the end of it. The bridge was inclosed by walls on both sides, on one of which stood the guard. A tent roof was spread over the bridge to keep off the rays of the sun, which also concealed from those standing at the foot of the steps the persons on the bridge. On the south-eastern point of the island, which has a steep descent into the sea, the Marshal had arranged a little kitchen garden, in which he worked much and watered his beans. There his flight was to be effected. On a far projecting part of this garden the Marshal discovered one day that an old gutter for carrying off the rain water which poured through the rock was filled up by fragments of wall and rubble. Every day the marshal worked to open it gradually, and had to conceal with stones and grass what he was doing from the eyes of spies. At last the opening was completed. If inside the gutter two strong iron bars were placed across the rock, and if to the bars a strong rope, ending with an iron ring and penetrating through the other side of the gutter, was attached, a rope ladder could be fastened to it strong enough to carry even so corpulent a man as the Marshal. In the gutter there was room enough to hide the rope ladder and ropes till the decisive day. The most difficult part was to arrive unnoticed at the gutter. Every evening Marchi (the jailor) accompanied the prisoner on his return from the terrace across the bridge to his rooms. Then the door was closed by the warders and escape rendered impossible. The Marshal resolved to trust to a happy chance and to expect the day agreed on with his wife for the daring act. The night from last Sunday to Monday was chosen. When, at ten o'clock, the Marshal arrived with Marchi at the flight of the steps, he asked him not to take any more trouble, as the way to the rooms was now very short. Marchi let himself be persuaded. The Marshal mounted alone, crossed the bridge, the tent roof of which concealed him for a moment from those outside, feigned to open and shut the door, which was closed later by the unsuspecting warders, leaped across the wall at the left of the bridge, went softly along the outer wall and reached the gutter, having now passed the first danger. A thick rope, provided with many knots, and at the end with a strong iron hook, was fastened to the ring, and the descent, eighty feet deep, began, with the danger of being smashed against the projecting cliffs or of falling into the sea, lashed by a furious mistral. The Marshal, who had gained much strength during his captivity, had also put on a strong, tightly-fitting belt, with an iron hook in front, so that he could fasten himself to a knot of the rope whenever he required a short rest. Arrived at the middle of the rope, he perceived a feeble light beneath him. He knew now that his wife was there. He replied by the signal agreed on, lighting a match, showing him thus suspended. His hands swelled and bled, the cliffs hurt him everywhere; a pair of thick cloth trousers, still damp from the sea water, are covered all over with holes, and show what the daring man must have suffered. Having reached the end of the rope, but not of the strand, he let himself drop into the sea, and swam toward the boat in which were his faithful wife and her courageous cousin. Before reaching it his strength left him, and Alvarez De Rull, his youthful deliverer, had to lift the heavy man into the rolling boat. After one hour's rowing they reached the peninsula of Crouesette. At some distance the barge of the steamer Baron Ricasoli, hired by Mme. Bazaine for a pretended pleasure trip, waited for them, and brought them toward one in the morning on board the steamer. The captain did not know the name of his guest. Mme. Bazaine, when going on land with the barge, had announced that she would engage a valet and perhaps a chambermaid for her voyage. The Marshal was introduced as the newly engaged valet, and went at once to his cabin, which he did not leave again before the landing at Genoa. The Marshal and Mme. Bazaine state most explicitly that they have had no accomplices, and began and executed their work alone.

The same paper, speaking of Marshal Bazaine's sojourn at Cologne, says: "Young and beautiful, with luxuriant black hair and black eyes, of a charming figure and bewitching loveliness, Mme. Bazaine had passed the days of splendor at the side of her husband, embellished and eased to him the days of misfortune, and has now boldly braved the waves and the other dangers of an escape, and brought it about with the help of a youthful and resolute brother. But the Marshal has also shown no lack of courage. When his two deliverers gave him the signal at ten o'clock in the evening, he let himself resolutely and quickly down by the rope, which tore his hands and shins. [he has shown us himself his swollen and black and blue hands and the wound on his right shin.] Three or four times a high spouting wave seized him and threw him against the rock, but the boat was reached, and no further obstacle opposed the completion of the flight. Now he stays on the German soil, to which a short time ago he was a dangerous and bloody foe. The wrongs done to him by his fellow-countrymen his enemies can not and will not make good, but the countless misfortunes suffered by him will make them forget what they reproached him with formerly. With German chivalry they will respect the love which his wife has shown by so beautiful and poetic a deed."

A Reuters telegram from Cologne says that Marshal Bazaine visited General Kummer, the governor of the fortress, on Saturday. The General returned the visit in the course of the afternoon.

Beauregard in Baltimore.

General Beauregard of New Orleans, arrived in this city city on Saturday on his way to Canada, where he proposes to spend a few weeks. He is stopping at Barnum's Hotel, and will leave the city to-day. As is well known, General Beauregard has been appointed by the government of the Argentine Republic to plan and superintend the construction of the defenses of the harbors of that country, his reputation as an engineer having reached that country. The General, however, forwarded several conditions on which only he would accept the appointment, and if they are conceded he will embark for South America, where he will remain for two years. He will return to New Orleans from his present pleasure trip in October, when it is expected that the answer of the authorities of the Argentine Republic to the conditions will have been received.—*Baltimore American.*

PROCLAMATION.

THE ASSASSINATION OF RED RIVER PARISH OFFICERS.

STATE OF LOUISIANA,
Executive Department,
New Orleans, September 2, 1874.

Whereas, During the morning of Sunday, August 30, 1874, at the McFarland plantation, in the parish of Bossier, about forty miles east of the Texas line, HOMER J. TWITCHELL, ROBERT A. DEWEES, CLARK HOLLAND, W. J. HOWELL, FRANK S. EDGERTON and M. C. WILLIS, peaceful and law abiding citizens of this State, were cruelly murdered in cold blood by a body of armed and mounted men claiming to belong to an organization known as the White League of Louisiana;

Now, therefore, I, William Pitt Kellogg, Governor of the State of Louisiana, with a view, if possible, of bringing the perpetrators of this great outrage to justice, and of preventing the repetition of such crimes in the future, do issue this my proclamation offering a reward of FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS each for such evidence as shall lead to the arrest and conviction of the said murderers, or any of them.

Given under my hand, and the seal of the State hereunto attached, this third day of September, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and seventy-four, and of the independence of the United States the ninety-ninth.

WILLIAM P. KELLOGG.

By the Governor:
P. G. DESLONDE,
Secretary of State. se4 2p

A STATEMENT TO THE PUBLIC.

Having felt it my duty to issue my proclamation offering a large reward for the apprehension and conviction of the murderers in the Coushatta outrage, and to the end that the law abiding citizens of the State may fully comprehend the magnitude of the crime committed, and be induced to render more active assistance to the officers of the law, I deem it proper to make the following statement.

These facts are gathered from reliable information received at the Executive Department:

On or about the twenty-eighth day of August 1874, a body of persons, belonging to a semi-military organization known as the White League of Louisiana, assembled in the town of Coushatta, parish of Red River, in this State, for the purpose of compelling, by force of arms, the State officers of that parish to resign their positions.

These officers were men of good character, most of them largely interested in planting and mercantile pursuits. They held their positions with the full consent of an admittedly large majority of the legal voters of the parish, this being a largely Republican parish, as admitted even by the Fusion returning boards.

The only known objection to them was that they were of Republican principles. Frank S. Edgerton, the duly qualified sheriff of the parish, in strict compliance with the laws of this State, and of the United States, summoned a posse comitatus of citizens, white and colored, to assist him in protecting the parish officers in the exercise of their undoubted rights and duties from the threatened unlawful violence of the White Leagues. His posse, consisting of sixty-five men, was overpowered by a superior force assembled from the adjacent parishes, and finally, after several colored and white men had been killed, surrendered themselves prisoners, with the explicit guarantee that their lives would be spared if the more prominent Republicans would agree to leave the parish, and those holding office would resign their positions.

These stipulations, though unlawfully exacted, were complied with on the part of the Republican officials, who were then locked up in the jail for the night.

The following named persons were among those so surrendering and resigning:

Homer J. Twitchell, planter and tax collector of Red River, and deputy United States postmaster in charge of the postoffice at Coushatta; Robert A. Dewees, supervisor of registration, De Soto parish; Clark Holland, merchant and supervisor of registration, Red River parish; W. J. Howell, parish attorney and United States commissioner; Frank S. Edgerton, sheriff of Red River parish; M. C. Willis, merchant and justice of the peace.

On the following morning, Sunday, the thirtieth day of August, these persons were bound and conducted by an armed guard to the McFarland plantation, just over the parish line of Red River, within the boundaries of Bossier parish, about forty miles east of the Texas line. There they were set upon and deliberately murdered in cold blood. Their bodies were buried near where they fell, without inquest or any formality whatever.

On the night preceding the surrender a body of forty members of the White League of Caddo parish, mounted and armed, left the city of Shreveport and were seen riding in the direction of the place where the murder was subsequently committed.

WILLIAM P. KELLOGG,
Governor.

se4 2p

SUCCESSION NOTICES.

Succession of Celestine Dorville, widow of Felix H. Loze.

SECOND DISTRICT COURT FOR THE PARISH OF Orleans, No. 36,557.—Notice is hereby given to the creditors of this estate, and to all other persons herein interested, to show cause within ten days from the present notification, if any they have or can, why the second provisional account presented by the tetamentary executor of the deceased should not be homologated and approved and the funds distributed in accordance therewith.
By order of the Court.
se5 9 13 FRANK PACE, JR., Clerk.

Succession of Mrs. Marie Ruppert.

SECOND DISTRICT COURT FOR THE PARISH of Orleans, No. 37,367.—Notice is hereby given to the creditors of this estate, and to all other persons herein interested, to show cause within ten days from the present nodification, if any they have or can, why the account presented by the administrator of this estate should not be homologated and approved, and the funds distributed in accordance therewith.
By order of the Court.
se6 10 13* FRANK PACE, JR., Clerk.

Succession of Jean Charles Marie Ferec.

SECOND DISTRICT COURT, FOR THE PARISH of Orleans, No. 37,301.—Notice is hereby given to the creditors of this estate, and to all other persons herein interested, to show cause, within ten days from the present notification, if any they have or can, why the account presented by A. Robert, administrator of this estate, should not be homologated and approved, and the funds distributed in accordance therewith.
By order of the Court.
se6 10 13* FRANK PACE, JR., Clerk.

Succession of Marie R. Peltier, widow of Laurent Bouche.

SECOND DISTRICT COURT FOR THE PARISH of Orleans, No. 20,533.—Notice is hereby given to the creditors of this estate, and to all other persons herein interested, to show cause, within ten days from the present notification, if any they have or can, why the account presented by J. Joseph Peltier, administrator, of this estate, should not be homologated and approved, and the funds distributed in accordance therewith.
By order of the Court.
se3 13 17* FRANK PACE, JR., Clerk.

Succession of A. W. Walker.

SECOND DISTRICT COURT FOR THE PARISH of Orleans, No. 37,429.—Whereas, E. T. Parker has petitioned the court for letters of administration on the estate of the late A. W. Walker, deceased, intestate. Notice is hereby given to all whom it may concern to show cause within ten days why the prayer of the said petitioner should not be granted.
By order of the Court.
se5 9 13 FRANK PACE, JR., Clerk.

Succession of Baptiste Riesterer.

SECOND DISTRICT COURT FOR THE PARISH of Orleans, No 37,095.—Notice is hereby given to the creditors of this estate, and to all other persons herein interested, to show cause within ten days from the present notification, if any they have or can, why the account presented by the tutrix administrating this estate should not be homologated and approved, and the funds distributed in accordance therewith.
By order of the Court.
se6 10 13* FRANK PACE, JR., Clerk.

Succession of Mrs. Ellen Cullen.

SECOND DISTRICT COURT FOR THE PARISH of Orleans, No. 37,422.—Whereas, James Cullen has petitioned the court for letters of administration on the estate of the late Mrs. Ellen Cullen, deceased, intestate. Notice is hereby given to all whom it may concern, to show cause within ten days why the prayer of the said petitioner should not be granted.
By order of the Court.
se5 9 13* FRANK PACE, JR., Clerk.

Succession of Miles Taylor.

SECOND DISTRICT COURT FOR THE PARISH of Orleans, No. 36,842.—Notice is hereby given to the creditors of this estate, and to all other persons herein interested, to show cause within ten days from the present notification, if any they have or can, why the account presented by Searing Taylor, testamentary executor in this estate should not be homologated and approved, and the funds distributed in accordance therewith.
By order of the Court.
se13 18 23* FRANK PACE, JR., Clerk.

Succession of Auguste Dietrick.

SECOND DISTRICT COURT FOR THE PARISH of Orleans, No. 37,316.—Notice is hereby given to the creditors of this estate and to all other persons herein interested to show cause within ten days from the present notification, if any they have or can, why the account presented by the administrator of this estate should not be homologated and approved, and the funds distributed in accordance therewith.
By order of the Court.
se13 17 21* FRANK PACE, JR., Clerk.