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"AND WHAT IS WRIT IS WRIT."

Plain Talk to the Proprietor of the New York Herald—Farewell Salute to Mr. Charles Nordhoff.

NEW ORLEANS, June 12, 1875.

To the Proprietor of the New York Herald:

Recently you sent among us one of your numerous brood, known as traveling or itinerant correspondents—Mr. Charles Nordhoff—who has come and had his say, and is gone, and in contemplating whose coming and going I am much tempted to indulge a very beautiful quotation from Byron, which I think quite appropriate to the occasion, especially if allowed a slight ironical application:

My task is done—my song hath ceased—my theme
Has died into an echo; it is fit
The spell should break of this protracted dream.
The torch shall be extinguished which hath lit
My midnight lamp—and what is writ is writ—
Would it were worthier! But I am not now
That which I have been—
* * * * * * *
Farewell! a word that must be and hath been—
A sound which makes us linger, yet—farewell!

This I say is from Byron, a man whose soul was as fervent in hate and loathing of a mean thing as in the appreciation of the beautiful and true—as defiant to uncouth wrong as he was submissive and gentle to the tender and just. He was a man who could never have submitted to being cowhided or horsewhipped for his utterances, and who was far above writing falsehood for pay, much less hiring it done at a profit.

You may have heard of such a man, but have hardly profited by his example.

Your recent Louisiana correspondent, Mr. Charles Nordhoff, is not unknown to me personally, but you are. I know Mr. Nordhoff to be a Republican who came to Louisiana to write against his party for a price; I know you as his employer, who pays for the dirty and unnatural work in the hope and expectation of receiving in return more than the amount expended—as a man who has no political principle, and who is actuated in all cases as a journalist with the one impulse of gain. I therefore pity Mr. Nordhoff, so far as his necessities may have compelled him to such moral prostitution, but at the same time must despise and repulse his truckling venality; while for you, knowing you only by character to be of a class quite too numerous in this country, who grow fat and defiant at the expense of virtue and truth, not only submitting to but often courting personal degradation for the sake of a rotten notoriety that may bring the lucrative patronage of a momentary and morbid curiosity—well, it is hardly necessary for me to say what feelings and appreciation I have for such a man. And I don't suppose you care.

But what do you hope to gain by misrepresenting and maligning through your mighty columns any portion of this great country—any class or division of American citizens?

I suppose about as much as the poor creature who would seek to gain the whole world at the loss of his own soul—a gain which is not only foolish, but terribly bitter in the end—false to the world and untrue to self.

If the rebuke of corruption in high places is what you seek, why not let your charity begin at home? Look about you, at your very door, at the mountain of seething and festering Democratic corruption which you not only do not rebuke, but much of which you help to build up and foster; then why is it that you reach out away down in this direction to rake up and carp at the molehill of Radical misrule? The reason and the purpose are plain—the hope to attract public attention from home infamy, and at the same time increase your patronage by the lifelong policy of your great journal, a policy which has always pandered to a lie, and in the same stroke stabbed virtue and truth.

I will not say there has been no corruption under Republican rule in Louisiana, but I will say, and challenge successful contradiction, that there has been less than under the same length of rule of any other party ever known in this country, and more grand results achieved—the more especially so when all the circumstances and surroundings are duly considered.

And as a native Southern Republican, I would, in vindication of my class, make this point, viz: That we have not run the government here—have not been permitted to do so—and if one single thief or robber has been found belonging to our class, it or has been only an exception to the general rule; and as to any other class of Republicans, whether native colored men or imported stock known as carpet-baggers, if they have acted wrong or unsately to the public weltare, I have only to say that but for the heresies taught by just such men as Mr. Nordhoff, and the Northern press generally, in days long gone by, no such class could ever have had political rule in this country. And again, to carry out the point further and make it still fuller, I assert that no scheme of theft or plunder has been perpetrated here under Republican rule that has not been greatly aided and abetted by Democratic influence and bribery, and often instigated and entirely consummated under outside Democratic auspices. All of which Mr. Charles Nordhoff well knows, if he is as well posted as a correspondent of such a great journal as the New York *Herald* should be, and which facts he would doubtless own up, and sign with his great name as he goes along, if he was only paid a little more in this way than in the other.

And then if your crocodile correspondent wished to shed tears judiciously and to some practical purpose, he could readily obtain the necessary information to enable him to do so, by looking around outside of the beaten Democratic warpath, and prying somewhat into the tents of the poor black and ragged laborers. Saul, the son of Kish, was once sent to look after his father's strayed asses, and he tarried so long that the father "ceased caring for the asses and took thought for the son." I can not tell whether you feel this solicitude for your correspondent, but I do not doubt that if he himself would cease caring so much for the political asses of this section, whom he has been sent out to look after, and have more thought for those who feed them, he could make his mission much more reasonable and just, if not more individually profitable. He has found a poor taxridden somebody who has had to pay up under the sheriff's hammer, and thereupon he displays a flood of tears equal to the fountain which poor old Jeremiah allowed to gush forth when contemplating "the slain of the daughters of my people." Now, if your mellow and gushing correspondent would only consent to go around among the poor plantation negroes, whom he and his sort helped to free prematurely and then left in heartless destitution, his *lachrymal* propensities might be materially and very healthfully aided—presuming that his former theoretical sympathies have not been altogether hypocritical, and could appreciate the test of a slight practical application.

It is useless to particularize; any healthy imagination can readily draw the correct picture. At least the Southern man who has never gone back upon his country nor proven recreant to the common rights of man finds no trouble in making the application. He knows where tears belong, and how and why they flow. He has been taught this from sad experience for many long and sad years.

I will not say that I have not been vexed in reading Mr. Charles Nordhoff's Louisiana letter to your great journal; great in venality and great in venal influence because venal; but this vexation has not resulted from any uneasiness as to the merits of the case, but because of seeing such misrepresentation and unfairness—often more by inference and association than by direct perpetration of false expression—go forth to the world over the signature of a man of some respectable reputation—some reputable antecedents at least—and who I chance to know does not pretend to believe half he thus writes. This is, I contend, just cause both of vexation and humiliation to all true manhood.

I have said I know Mr. Charles Nordhoff. I knew him in New York city when he was editor of the *Evening Post*, Mr. Bryant's paper, then a most firm and able Republican journal, but since renegaded into the dirty slough of filthy lucre. Mr. Nordhoff is not now one of its editors, but he should be. It would be better for that journal, better for the public, and better for his own reputation, provided he kept up its former manly and truthful tone. But he is not, and I am sorry for it. I met him in the city here but recently—a month or two ago—on his first arrival as correspondent of your great and venal sheet. I took him to task and asked him what he was doing in such a position? He replied that he was, as an individual, the same in principle—the same true Republican as when I first met him in the city of New York; "but that now he was engaged on the New York *Herald*." I understood and pitied him; and never would I have rebuked or even noticed a single utterance contained in any of his letters, had he not prostituted his clever name by signing it in full to his hired falsehoods. Nor would I here make mention of what he said to me in private, had he not detailed in his letters utterances of complaint against my party, which this, that and the other malcontent and political mendicant and chronic sorehead "should have said" to him while here on his perambulating tour of venal and vindictive *ex parte* political inspection.

And shall the South never be spared this sort of stuff? Shall our political and social sores, and commercial and financial lacerations never be allowed to heal? Just when, with a fair prospect, we are striving to compromise our local feuds, and shape our political affairs so as to secure an earnest of future prosperity, shall all our hopes be blasted by itinerant sensational scribblers, sent out to breed strife, that the rotten and putrid greed of such cormorant sheets as the New York *Herald* may be glutted and satisfied? It is a little too much for a down-trodden and long-bleeding land like this to submit to in silence and Christian forbearance.

Every Southern man of sense knows and understands the purpose and object of your great journal, and all men of honor here, and of true chivalry, look upon it with that contempt which it deserves. We all look upon it as a great journal—great in bad influence—made so through the hired brains of greater men than yourself, and many of whom would be far better if they had the same pecuniary ease and comfort. Hence the great fault and great wrong lies at your own individual door—hangs upon your own soiled skirts.

And if your correspondent had been seeking the truth; if indeed he had been sent here for that purpose, why did he not, while "giving some idea of how the affairs of Louisiana have been managed under the Radical rule since 1868," proceed also to relate something of Democratic rule since that time and before? The reason is obvious and plain. He did not come here for any such purpose. He was paid to report against his own party alone, and he has done so. If he had been honest in his tears over the burden of taxation in Louisiana, he could easily have shown that the fault has been more with the Democrats, even since 1868, than with the Republicans. It is true the Republicans have mainly had the State government, and must therefore be held constructively responsible for all the misrule there; but even this is unjust, for the Democrats are responsible for much of it. And then the Republicans, against the solid opposition of the Democracy, have reduced the State debt nearly one-half, and amended the constitution so that neither the State debt nor State taxation can ever again be increased. But look at Democratic rule in the city of New Orleans, where they have had almost full sway, and throughout the country parishes where the police juries have mainly been in the hands of the local Democracy! How has it been in the way of increased taxation and the enforced payment of the same? Look at taxation in this city to-day, and the rate of parish taxes throughout the State, and show me where the Democratic sympathy for the poor, dear people comes in! Where is the payment of taxes enforced more relentlessly than in the city of New Orleans, under the reign of the Democratic city government? And where do you find any higher rate of taxation for so little utility as throughout the country parishes under local Democratic rule? Nowhere in the world. The city debt to-day, incurred mainly under Democratic misrule and plunder, is greater by far than the whole State debt proper; while the rate of taxation in nearly all the country parishes under Democratic police juries is far beyond the State tax, and sometimes double—contrary, too, to State laws enacted by Republican Legislatures. Then why does not your tender-hearted correspondent cry some out of his Democratic eye? Could he find here no sign of present Democratic oppression; no ancient prints of the iron heel of Democratic misrule and ruin? Could he find no one starving, who had been heartlessly turned out of house and home, without a crumb, after having toiled for long months to procure means of subsistence for those who yet profess to possess all the intelligence, and own all the wealth of this land? Could he not find out who still performs all the labor—the unrequited labor in Louisiana? He did not wish to do so!

In the bitter days of slavery, the most heartless and exacting masters that disgraced this fair land and left upon its rich soil damned and blighting blood spots which have never yet been wiped out, and perhaps never will be, were your Northern Abolition praters, who, after migrating South, allowed their cupidity to get the better of their sense of sight—because that correspondents you send down here must sense of right had never been backed by practical reason—and hence the life of the poor negro was often flogged out of him in the mean and devilish efforts to increase to an unnatural degree the fruits of his unrequitted and bleeding toil. Among such mean and sordid class you and most of the naturally be reckoned; for, no doubt, had you been here before the war, you all would have been among the meanest and most relentless of slave drivers, and during the war pilfering rebel camp followers.

The South is wearied and thoroughly disgusted with all such selfish and utterly heartless intermeddling; and, for myself, as a native Southern Republican, who has never aimed at nor desired anything but the common good of my whole country, I frankly say I would rather trust the meanest Ku-Klux Democrat of the South that ever throttled a poor, helpless negro in masked darkness, than the proprietor of the New York *Herald* or any of his servile correspondents.

W. JASPER BLACKBURN,
Editor Homer (Louisiana) Iliad.

OLD TIMES ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

An Anecdote that Mark Twain Neglected to Tell.

A St. Louis correspondent contributes the following to the Milwaukee *Sentinel*:

While sitting in front of the Southern Hotel, talking to a future great citizen about the old steamboat days of St. Louis, when captains, clerks and pilots ran the town and ran it under a full head of steam, an ancient mariner let up on whittling the arm of the next chair, turned toward us and remarked: "You was a speaking of the old river days?" "We was," I replied. "Perhaps, now, you have been reading some of Sam Clemens' yarns?" I held up a copy of the *Atlantic*, open at Mark Twain's article, which had really brought about the conversation. "Yes, I thought so; well, he don't tell all he knows," said this social riverman, reaching over for a tobacco pouch which a gentleman was passing to a friend. "There's one little affair he aint worked into print yet, and it 'aint likely he will."

The social quit off on his reminiscence at this point and talked generally about the bad outlook of the crops and the universal disadvantage of dryness. Seeing that nothing but gin and sugar would start him anew, he was persuaded into the convenient bar-room, and after hoisting in three fingers (held vertically), a handful of crackers and several chunks of cheese, he proceeded with his anecdote, interrupting himself a number of times to remark to the barkeeper, "the same, pard."

"I was first engineer of the Alexander Scott when Sam Clemens [Mark Twain] was a cub in her pilot house. He was a chipper young chap with legs no bigger'n a casting line, and fuller of tricks than a mule colt. He worked off jokes on everybody aboard from the skipper down to the roosters [darkey deck-hands], but they was all taken in good part, only I lay by two or three to pay back. About the time Sam got the run of the river enough to stand alone at the wheel, the Scott went into the lower river trade, carrying cotton from Memphis to Orleans. Perhaps, now, you never see a boat in the cotton trade burn? Well, you may cover your cotton from stem to stern with tarpaulins, and keep your donkey-engine steamed up, but if a spark of fire touches cotton, enough to fill a tooth, your boat's a corpse. Its quicker'n gun-powder to burn, and no pilot can reach the lower deck from the texas in time to save himself, let alone his Saratoga. So, you see, everybody in that trade is on the watch, and an alarm of fire in a boat loaded with cotton will turn a man's hair gray quicker'n an alligator can swaller a nigger. Sam, being a young pilot and new to the cotton trade, was told over and over again how the profession would lose a promising cub if ever a fire broke out on the Scott, and the boy got nervous.

"My striker and me always managed to be in the lunch-room when Sam came off watch, and as he came in would talk about the number of cotton-boats that burnt in such a year, and how such a cub would have made a lightning pilot if he hadn't got burnt up in the cotton trade, and we always noticed that Sam's appetite failed him after that, and instead of going to bed he would go prowling around the lower deck and peering about the hatchways, smelling at every opening like a pup that had lost its master. One day when we backed out of Memphis, with a big cargo of cotton, I complained, in Sam's hearing, that the mate had loaded the boat too near the engines. The boy followed me into the engine-room, and, without seeming to notice him, I told my striker I would do my level best to keep that cotton from catching fire, but that it was a slim chance with bales piled up right before the furnace doors. Sam got whiter'n a bulkhead, and went up to the texas where he packed his Saratoga ready for any business that might come before the meeting. When he went on watch I posted the second clerk to keep an eye on him. He hid behind a smokestack, and saw Sam alone in the pilothouse, his hair on end, his face like a corpse's and his eyes, sticking out so far you could have knocked them off with a stick. He danced around the pilothouse, turned up his nose like he was smelling for a polecat, pulled every bell, turned the boat's nose for the bank and yelled 'fire!' like a Cherokee Indian on the warpath. That yell brought everybody on deck. We had a big cargo of passengers, and the women screeched, the men rushed for cork pillows, and the crew yanked the doors off their hinges and rushed to the guards, ready to go overboard at the first moderation of weather. The skipper had hard work to make the crazy passengers believe that there wasn't any fire, but he brought them to reason finally. I paid no attention to Sam's frantic bells, so the boat didn't run her nozzle against the bank he aimed for. The captain and first pilot, and a lot of passengers, after hunting all over the boat, couldn't find a sign of fire anywhere outside the furnaces, and then they went for Sam. He swore up and down that he smelt cotton burning; no use talking to him—he knew the smell of burning cotton, and, by thunder! he had smelt it. The first pilot said kind of sweet and pityingly to Sam: 'My boy, if you had told me you was so near the jim-jams I'd have stood double watch for you. Now you go and soak your head in a bucket of water and take a good sleep, and you'll be all right by to-morrow.' Sam just biled over at this, and when a pretty young woman passenger said to the skipper loud enough for Sam to hear, 'so young and nice looking too—how sad it would make his poor mother feel to hear how he drinks,' he fairly frothed at the mouth. You never see a fellow so toned down as Sam was after that, and though the boys never quit running him he never talked back, but looked kind of puzzled, as though he was trying to account for that smell of cotton smoke."

"And what was the cause of the smell?" I asked mine Ancient.

He chuckled a full minute and then said: "You see, there's a speaking tube running from the engine room to the pilothouse. I had in mind the tricks Sam had played on me, and having worked him to a nervous state about fire, I waited till he was alone in the pilothouse and then set fire to a little wad of cotton, stuffed it into the speaking tube, and the smell came out right under his nose. A little sugar on it, pard."

Forrest's Last Appearance.

His last engagement was in Boston. He had an attack of pneumonia which affected one of his lungs. Mr. Oakes, his lifelong friend, implored him not to go on the stage again. He was ill all the afternoon—so hoarse that he could scarcely speak. The play was "Richelieu." All the entreaties of his physicians and friends could not keep him from the theatre. Too feeble to walk, he was led to his dressing room, and arrayed himself for the part. The physician had given Mr. Oakes a small phial of whisky, feeling him if Forrest showed signs of suffering to administer it to him. When Forrest heard this he said: "If I die on the stage I will die, but they shan't find any rum in me." A chair was put behind the scenes, and when he was called he was led to it by Oakes. When his cue came he was raised to his feet. "Steady me," he said, "steady me and let me go on." Tottering on the stage, the sound of the applause of the multitude seemed to put new life into him, and he went through his part accurately, and so the end of the play. When he finished he was led, half fainting, to his hotel, and he never appeared upon the stage any more. The next night the play was "Virginius," but his physicians and friends absolutely forbade his playing the part. He struggled until the last moment, resolved he would not be governed by either friends or physicians. Finally the doctor said, "If you dress for 'Virginius' to-night and go upon the stage you will die." He listened for a moment, burst out into tears like a child, and submitted himself to be put to bed. This was at the Globe Theatre, Boston, and he never acted again.

"LET'S PLAY."

Oh, the blessed and wise little children,
What sensible things they say;
When they can't have things they wish for
They take others and cry, "Let's play!"

"Let's play" that the chairs are big coaches
And the sofa a railroad car;
And that we are all taking journeys
And traveling ever so far.

"Let's play" that this broken old china
Is a dinner set rare and fine,
And our dinner cups filled with water
Are goblets of milk and wine.

"Let's play" every one of our dollies
Is alive and can go to walk,
And keep up long conversations
With us if we want to talk.

"Let's play" that we live in a palace,
And that we are the queens and kings,
"Let's play" we are birds in a tree-top,
And can fly about on wings.

"Let's play" that we are school-keepers,
And grown people come to our school;
And then punish them all most soundly
If they break but a single rule.

Oh, the blessed and wise little children!
What sensible things they say;
And we might be happy as they are
If we would be happy their way.

What odds 'twixt not having and having,
When we have lived out our day?
Let us borrow the children's watchword—
The magical watchword "Let's play!"
—Independent.

[Special Correspondence of the Republican.]

Ohio and Pennsylvania on the Third Term—The President Bows to the Popular Will—Is this Displacement of Grant a Confederate or a Republican Move—The Effect on the Next Presidential Election—The Future.

WASHINGTON, June 5, 1875.

The Republicans of Ohio have followed the example of those of Pennsylvania, and placed what is accepted here as the Republican construction of the President's letter on the third term question. The President has gone over to Long Branch to recuperate his health, and the Democracy reign supreme and rejoicing at the national capital. So ends the third term affair!

Let us see how this defensive attitude of the Republican party was brought about. In the first place the cry of third term involves three issues. These are:

First—The tenure of office question.

Second—The Louisiana and Arkansas policy of the President.

Third—Personal hostility to General Grant.

As to the tenure of office question, as involved in the third term proposition, it is sufficient to say, that it arises out of exceptional conditions in American politics. For instance, let us suppose that after General Washington's second presidential term Great Britain had renewed her war on the United States. Would not such a condition of things have made it necessary to keep the chief of the American armies at the head of the young nation until its old foe was thoroughly beaten and utterly demoralized? Let us suppose on the other hand that the Confederate war had continued eight years longer than it did, would it not have been necessary under the circumstances, to continue Mr. Lincoln in office for, a third, and even a fourth term, until the Confederate league should have been completely disbanded and overthrown? It may be said that these cases have no relation to the political issues of to-day in the United States. It may be said that the Confederate league, as a political power, has ceased to exist in the United States; that it has no longer any purpose to carry out, and that its members are to be found equally distributed in the ranks of the two great parties which divide the country. General Longstreet, one of Lee's great Confederate Generals, may be cited as an illustration of this truth. The decoration of Union graves by Confederate hands may be also cited in proof of the disbandment of the Confederate league. It may be said that the Confederate leaders are men possessed of too high a sense of honor to attempt to accomplish by political diplomacy inside of the Union that which they failed to achieve by the sword outside of it. This is all good logic, as well as fine rhetoric. But there are Republicans North, as well as South, who are not to be deceived by this "surface so fair." General Longstreet can answer the question how far his refusal to stand upon a breach of honor and of good faith within the Union, to continue under Democratic political auspices, the battle he fought so gallantly under Lee, has served either to influence his Confederate military brethern, or win their sympathy and respect for himself. The testimony of General Longstreet can be added to by others. The conclusion, I fear, would be, that the Confederate league still exists! that it is the same to-day that it was in Montgomery, Alabama, in 1861. This being the fact of the political situation in America, General Grant, as the successor of the assassinated Republican President, Abraham Lincoln, has an unfinished work to do. The wisdom of displacing such a man, with such antecedents, at such a time, is, therefore, doubtful.

The Louisiana and Arkansas policy of the President was aimed at the Confederate league, which has obtained control of every Southern State, except Louisiana, Mississippi, South Carolina and Florida. These four negro States are Republican, and their maintenance as Republican States is vital to the cause of emancipation at the South. To abandon the President's Louisiana policy is, therefore, to give these four Republican States over to an armed Confederate minority in each, and thus complete the ascendency of the Confederate league from Delaware Bay to the Rio Grande. The attack on the third term of the President is, therefore, an attack on his policy, and sooner or later the Republican party will see this.

Then again, General Grant is feared and hated by the Confederate leaders. They can not blind or deceive him. He fought them four years on the battle field. He has fought them since Lee's surrender inside of the Union. He understands their tactics, their plans and purposes. So long as he is at the head of the union as the Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy of the Union, the Confederate league can not accomplish its object.

From all this we see at a glance that we have permitted the Confederate leaders to deprive us of one presidential standard bearer. The next movement will be against Sheridan. The Republican party must not think of nominating him in 1876. The Confederate Democracy having slaughtered Sheridan, it will then be understood pretty generally in Republican circles that our only way to "peace" will consist in ascertaining from our political opponents who we shall or may nominate for President. Can absurdity go further than this?

It will be interesting to see the turn which the enemy will give to the political situation, now that the Republican party of Ohio has placed an unmistakable construction on the President's recent letter on the question of a third presidential term. The President has nothing further to say. He will retire from the White House without a regret. He has discharged his duty. As the most representative man to-day of Republican issues and Republican policy in dealing with the Confederate league and its Northern Democratic ally, General Grant will remain a "reserved" power, to be used in future emergencies. When the Republican party is thoroughly beaten, when the Confederate-Democratic coalition has captured the government and the negro is reduced to serfdom and the South waves the flag of victory all along the line, then there will be a great popular uprising of the Northern people. When that day comes, if Grant lives he will be called for, and called for loudly. May his life be spared to his country and the cause of humanity, for come the day will, when his strong arm, and possibly the sword in it, will be needed in this country.

B.

The Captive Gold Hunters.

The following interesting narrative is embodied in a special dispatch to the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, from Sioux City, Iowa, June 8:

One hundred and twenty-five of the Gordon party, whose wagons and personal effects were recently burned by Major Walker, of Fort Randall, will arrive here to-morrow. These men asked of the commander at Randall permission to go back to Gordon City from there, but he would not permit it; he said this was Walker's funeral, and he would have no hand in it except to have the men rationed and set across the river. The majority of them will procure new outfits here and start at once for the scene of the late outrage. There are between 300 and 400 men here now, and twice that number on the road, who will go to Gordon City and remain for the opening of the hills. Specimens of gold quartz exceeding in richness anything ever seen in this country were brought in here by the pony express last week, and created great excitement here, especially among those waiting the slow motions of the government. Another party has arrived since Saturday with more of the quartz, and it will certainly average over one-quarter pure gold, and there is not the slightest doubt that it came here direct from the Black Hills.

Major J. W. Brockett, one of the leaders of the Black Hills party recently captured in Nebraska, arrived in Yankton last Friday, and made a statement to the *Press* of that city, in effect as follows: On the four teenth of May the Gordon party was captured by Major Walker, of the First Infantry, in the State of Nebraska, and deprived of its arms and ordered to accompany the command to Fort Randall as prisoners. Major Brockett protested in a gentlemanly but decided manner against being taken upon the Dakota reservation, where his men would be completely in the power of their captors. Major Walker told him that they must come along, and the order was obeyed until the Niobrara crossing was reached, when Major Brockett told Major Walker that they would not voluntarily cross—if he wanted them he must load them into wagons and carry them upon the Dakota reservation. They would not resist, but they declined to go. After discussing the subject Major Walker concluded to release the party and let them go to the mouth of Antelope creek, just south of the Nebraska line, the proposed site of Gordon City, there to remain until the treaty for the Black Hills was perfected.

A written agreement to this effect was drawn up and signed by the respective parties to the transaction. The Gordon party then proceeded on its way, and reached the mouth of Antelope creek on the nineteenth, and there encamped. Three days afterward a party of military was noticed encamping on the opposite side of the river, a half mile off, consisting of cavalry and infantry, with one piece of artillery. Without communicating with the leaders of the Gordon party, about daylight on the morning of the second day after their appearance, the men discovered themselves surrounded by two companies of infantry, under command of Brevet Major Walker, and one company of cavalry, all under command of Captain Mills, of the cavalry, the ranking officer. The piece of artillery had also been brought to bear upon the camp. Major Brockett was ordered to draw up his men in line, and after complying with the order as completely as was possible, it was discovered that some of the men were missing.

Captain Mills sent his men with fixed bayonets to hunt through the wagons and tents and bring every member of the Gordon party into line. They were not given time to dress, and no explanation of the cause of this peremptory action was made After the men were brought into line, surrounded by the troops, Major Brockett was ordered to take twelve days' rations from his supplies for his men—enough to last them to Randall. He replied that it was no part of his business to provide the supplies—they did not belong to him, and if the military wanted to take them into the post they must furnish food for the trip. He was told to either select his rations, or his men would be compelled to make the march without them. Deeming the welfare of his men of first importance, he complied with the order, and after the rations were set aside the balance of the stores were burned and stolen by the troops.

Revolvers, boots, stores and clothing belonging to the men were taken by the soldiers, while the officers sat with their backs to the scene of their operations and said, when remonstrated with, that they guessed it was all right—nothing would be stolen. One wagon was occupied by Major Brockett's wife, and when the soldiers approached it to secure its contents she brandished a revolver and hatchet and beat them off. Several times they essayed to approach her stronghold, but were on each occasion thwarted by her bravery. Major Brockett protested against this useless destruction of property, and the answer was given that it was in accordance with orders from superior officers. After burning or otherwise destroying everything the members of the Gordon party were hurried, by forced marches, deprived of adequate clothing, to the post at Fort Randall, where Colonel Lugenbeel instituted an investigation of the affair, but with what result we have not been advised.

Grasshoppers as a Table Luxury.

Yesterday afternoon Messrs. Riley & Straight determined to test the cooked locust question in regard to its adaptability as food for the human stomach. Getting wind of the late affair, and being always in haste to indulge in free feeding, we made bold to intrude ourself on our scientific friends. We found a bounteous table spread, surrounded by the gentlemen named, accompanied by Mrs. Straight and Miss Maltby. Without much waste of ceremony there were five persons seated, and we were helped to soup which plainly showed its locust origin, and tasted like chicken soup—and it was good; after seasoning was added we could distinguish a delicate mushroom flavor—and it was better. Then came butter cakes, through which locusts were well mixed. The soup had banished silly prejudice and sharpened our appetite for this next lesson, and battter cakes quickly disappeared also. Baked locusts were then tried (plain hoppers, without grease or condiments), and either with or without accompaniments. It was pronounced an excellent dish. The meal was closed with dessert *a la* St. John the Baptist—baked locusts and honey—and, if we know anything, we can testify that the distinguished Scripture character must have thrived on this rude diet in the wilderness of Judea. We believe that this is the first attempt at putting this insect to its best use, and the result is not only highly satisfactory to those brave enough to make the attempt, but should this insect make his visit oftener and cause greater destruction, future generations will hail its presence with joy. It will be jubilee year—like manna in the wilderness, or quails in the desert—food without money and without price. Now, dear reader, you may shrug your shoulders and smile, but henceforth we shall esteem grasshoppers as a luxury to be classed with oysters, truffles, mushrooms, etc. As soon as arrangements can be made, an assortment of locusts will be sent to St. Louis for trial by the scientific researchers of that city.—*Warrensburg (Mo.) News.*

The Boston Gas Company bored an artesian well a third of a mile deep and struck salt water. The company then sunk the drill about seventeen feet deeper and quit, believing there was a rod in pickle for them.

THE BLOOD OF BUNKER HILL.

The blood that flowed at Lexington, and crimson'd bright Champlain,
Streams still along the Southern gulf and by the lakes of Maine;
It flows in veins that swell above Pacific's golden sand,
And throbs in hearts that love and grieve by dark Atlantic's strand.

It binds in one vast brotherhood the trapper of the West
With men whose cities glass themselves in Erie's classic breast,
And those to whom September brings the fireside's social hours
With those who see December's brow enwreathed with gorgeous flowers.

From where Columbia laughs to greet the smiling Western wave
To where Potomac sighs beside the patriot hero's grave,
And from the steaming Everglades to Huron's lordly flood,
The glory of the nation's past thrills through a kindred blood.

Greene drew his sword at Eutaw; and bleeding Southern feet
Trod the march across the Delaware amid the snow and sleet;
And lo! upon the parchment where the natal record shines,
The burning page of Jefferson bears Franklin's calmer lines!

Could ye divide that record bright, and tear the names apart
That erst were written boldly there with plight of hand and heart—
Could ye erase a Hancock's name, e'en with the sabre's edge,
Or wash out with fraternal blood a Carroll's double pledge?

Say, can the South sell out her share in Bunker's hoary height?
Or can the North give up her boast of Yorktown's closing fight?
Can ye divide with equal hand a heritage of graves,
Or rend in twain the starry flag that o'er them proudly waves?

The McDonogh School.

The first regular commencement of the McDonogh Free Farm School took place on last Saturday, and was alike creditable to the institution and delightful to the large number of visitors who were present on the occasion.

This school was established about eighteen months ago, and is located on a very beautiful farm upon the line of the Western Maryland Railroad, about nine and a quarter miles from the city. The school belongs to the city of Baltimore, and was established under the provisions of the will of John McDonogh, a wealthy resident of New Orleans, who died in 1850 and left his estate almost wholly to the cities of New Orleans and Baltimore for charitable and educational purposes.

John McDonogh was born in this city, and it is said that the occasion of his leaving Baltimore was his being dismissed from a clerkship because he denounced a fraud that his employer had practiced upon a negro who had been sent to collect a bill. He went to New Orleans, engaged in mercantile business, and was eminently successful. His will provided that the money left to the city of Baltimore should be used to establish a farm school for "poor boys of good character, of respectable associations in life, residents of the city of Baltimore." It was suggested that they should be from ten to fourteen years of age, and should be clothed, maintained and educated.

There were numerous litigations and efforts to break the will, but though eminent lawyers were employed to have it declared null and void, it was finally sustained by the courts and one of the noblest charities of the city was begun. The trustees have not been so anxious to proceed hastily as to proceed surely, and in getting the institution to work have been judiciously economical. They purchased the dairy farm of Mr. Robert Oliver, which comprises 833 acres, of which over 300 acres are woodland. The land is high, rolling, beautifully diversified and perfectly healthy, but the soil had been exhausted, the buildings were dilapidated, the orchards and gardens ruined and the whole overgrown with a dense thicket of weeds.

In 1871 the city of Baltimore obtained undisputed title to the bequest made by Mr. McDonogh twenty-one years before, and in 1872 the board of trustees purchased the Oliver farm. The trustees at this time are Messrs. William A. Stewart, H. Clay Dallam, Samuel B. Tagart, David L. Bartlett, German H. Hunt, Charles H. Mercer and Robert T. Baldwin. Mr. Tagart is president of the board, Mr. Stewart vice president, and H. Clay Dallam secretary and agent. The will directs that they must keep a reserve fund of $500,000, but they have considered it more prudent to use the old farm building and additions rather than to rush into building operations, and they have consequently now a fund of $700,000. They have $40,000 a year to maintain the institution, but as yet they have not expended at a greater rate than $20,000 a year. When they have got the school, which now contains fifty pupils, into complete working order and contemplated improvements carried out, they expect to have 150 pupils in the institution.

The trustees seem to have been exceedingly fortunate in the selection of managers of the institution. Colonel William Allan, M. A., the principal of the school, was for four or six years professor of civil engineering in Washington and Lee University, and to his marked ability, his clear practical sense and his kindness of heart the success of the McDonogh School is largely due. He is worthily assisted by Messrs. D. C. Lyle, M. A., Julius Kruttschnitt, C. E., and A. C. H. Russell, Esq. The matron is Mrs. Josepha Young, who has the whole institution in admirable order. The steward is Mr. W. R. Hunter. The farmer is Mr. James Smith, whose capacity is fully proven by the fact that for twenty years he was the manager of Carroll manor. He is a vigorous, active gentleman, distinguished as Colonel Allen is by strong practical sense. The gardener is Mr. Andrew Finley, who has had a hard task with a worn out soil and other disadvantages, but is accomplishing wonders, as also Mr. Smith. When the McDonogh School got possession of this dairy farm there was not on it an acre in grass, which fact explains how easy it had been to produce excellent milk at a cost of twenty cents a quart and sell it in Baltimore for ten cents a quart. There are now about one hundred acres in grass, mostly clover, for which the soil is better adapted than for timothy. There will also be this year fifty-nine acres in wheat, eight acres in rye, sixty-five acres in corn, ten acres in garden, and about eight acres in potatoes.

Last year there were set out seventy-five pear trees, about 500 peach and apple trees and a large number of raspberry bushes, grape vines and gooseberry bushes. This year about 2000 peach and other trees have been set out. Many ornamental trees, shrubs and vines have also been set out. In addition to the extension to the old farm house, a neat cottage has been put up for Mr. Smith and his family and comfortable dwellings for the six farm laborers and their families. In the main building of the institution are parlors, dinngrooms, matron's and officers' rooms, sleeping rooms for the boys, laboratories, a hospital room, a large school room, recitation rooms, library rooms and a chapel. Throughout the whole there is very little attention to mere display, but much to utility, comfort and durability. All the rooms are well ventilated and scrupulously clean. The house having been an old farm house, is not altogether adapted for its present use, but the managers of the institution do the best they can. The boys are subject to a sort of military system. The beds are made by details. Each boy washes and dresses himself and blacks his shoes, and then all are inspected every morning by those of their number who hold the position of sergeants. The main purpose of the institution is to give the boys a thorough practical English education, but they are all required to assist in the farm and garden work and get a thorough agricultural education. Where arrangements can be made they will also have opportunities for learning some useful mechanical and manufacturing occupation. They get an abundance of good, hearty, substantial fare. The best possible proof of the excellence of the arrangements for their care is the fact that no boy in the institution has been seriously unwell since it started a year and a half ago. There have been a few cases of slight indisposition from colds, but nothing serious. The boys are all hearty-looking, with bright eyes, smiling faces, buoyant looks and frames full of energy. The work they have to do is done with willingness and energy. In addition to the farm work, each boy has a small plot of ground alloted him, and has the profit of all that he chooses to grow on it. Some of them have done very well in this way. The necessary farm work is compulsory, but compulsion is rarely needed. The attention to educational studies is compulsory, but no compulsion is needed. There are no walls or bars about the institution, because no boy wishes to go away. Their friends may visit them four times a year. Each boy gets a longer or shorter vacation each year, according to his behavior and adancement in lear