New Orleans Republican.

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THE DAILY REPUBLICAN

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is published every Saturday morning, and contains the news by telegraph, miscellaneous reading, editorials, local matters of general public interest, commercial and monetary reports, and everything that appears in the Daily, except such items as are of little or no public moment. The WEEKLY REPUBLICAN is an excellent family paper, valuable as well for instruction and amusement as information on the current topics of the day.

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RINGING WORDS FROM GENERAL BUTLER.

A New Peace to be Fought For.

On the thirtieth of May, at Music Hall, Boston, General B. F. Butler addressed the Grand Army Posts of that city. The following is the concluding portion of his address, and is specially pertinent to the situation of affairs in the reconstructed South:

Whole communities are never wrong in intention, howeve: much they may err in action. It is axiomatic in government, that bodies of men never sacrifice their lives willingly in support of injustice and sin. They may sometimes do it at the command of an ambitious and wicked ruler, but never willingly. This belief, shared by us all, can only rationally account for the fact that to-day, while with the slow foot of sorrow we approach the last resting places of our comrades, whose lives were taken by those who had rebelled against law, order, constitutional right, yes, the eternal principles of justice themselves, to decorate the graves of our loved ones so lost, we do it with scarcely a feeling of bitterness toward those by whose hands they fell. Indeed, do we forget all injuries of the past; but we do ask those who slew our comrades not to permit the dishonor of their memories and cause it to be demonstrated that their great sacrifices were in vain, that their sufferings were a mockery, their deaths useless, and so redouble our griefs by allowing on the part of the Southern people persistent endeavers to overturn and trample under foot the principles of equality and right which we believed we had established and made certain and assured forever by the sufferings and privation of so many campaigns, by the hundreds of thousands slain on so many battlefields or dying because of privations and starvation in prisons, by the orphanage of myriads of children at home, by the widowhood of so many happy wives, by the desolation of so many hearthstones, by the grief of so many sons and brothers, agonies of so many mothers, by the helplessness of so many fathers who now in their old age totter to their graves uncared for and unsupported by lost sons.

Those who raised the standard of rebellion, and fought for its success, whether in the belief they were in the right or wrong, submitted the questions between the sections to the dread and final arbiter of all disputes between nations—the trial by battle. The North has won; the South has lost. They know for what we fought. They know we fought to establish the integrity and solidarity of our people as one nation. They know we fought to establish the right of every American citizen to be protected by the nation's power and the nation's justice, in his life and liberty and pursuit of happiness, on every foot of American soil. That we fought to give equality of right, equality of burden and equality of power to every man who had a right to claim the privileges and immunities of an American citizen. They know that even as we fought we embodied in the constitution of our country, as a guarantee that it should remain forever, American citizenship to every man born on our soil. This being the issue made up between the contending parties, fully and completely understood, and won by us by the judgment of the very tribunal whose decision they invoked by the opening gun fired upon the flag at Sumter, shall we not call upon them—ought they not to answer that call, that they shall abide the result, and if not willingly, yet scrupulously, observe with more jealous care than if they did so willingly, every right thus acquired, every power thus conferred upon every citizen of the United States, however humble and lowly, and the more jealously and the more scrupulously toward the most humble and unprotected?

Having spent millions of treasure, rivers of blood, fountains of tears and agonies, the moans of which were as the murmurs of the ocean, that we might have law maintained, order preserved, quiet restored, rights respected, so that the numblest cabin should be a castle of protection to its still more humble occupant, may we not, nay, shall we not, must we not, insist that this so great price shall not have been given in vain, and all results from it lost? Is there a fitter time to insist on this, our clear and unquestioned right, than at this very time when we bear flowers, accompanied by the widowed mother and the wailing orphans, and lay them as a tribute on the graves of those whose invaluable lives were a portion of this price that was paid? If we have gained all this, then our sorrows may cease, and the grave we hallow becomes but a reminder of pleasant memories of its occupant, in contemplating how great a boon he that sleeps there has aided in giving to the nation and to mankind.

Not remembering the past, willing to bury in perpetual oblivion its misguided acts, eager never again to have them recalled to us, washing out all that is gone by with the very waves of the Lethe of forgetfulness, ought we not hereafter to hold him a friend who faithfully and conscientiously shows that he has accepted the final results of the issues of the war by becoming a law-abiding, orderly and quiet citizen, giving his best aid to preserve order and maintain peace, abstaining from infringement of the just rights of another, and, as far as he may, protecting him in the enjoyment of those rights. And shall we not hold as our enemy, the enemy of the country, and still more, the enemy of these our dead comrades, whose sacred memories we cherish forever, whoever shall use either superiority of race, organization learned in a war against us, political power however obtained, to maltreat, oppress or injure the humblest citizen of the land, even if once he were the oppressor's slave? Shall we not say, "As ye do to the meanest of these, so also ye do unto us; and yet further, that ye do it unto those who died that we might live in peace, protected under the flag of our country with an equal right to seek happiness sheltered by its power?

I desire to accuse no man wrongfully. I do not, I can not believe that the things of which I am to speak are either done or upheld by those who fought against us in the field, and in their surrender at Appomattox pledged their parole of honor that they would return home and obey the laws of the United States. It can not be possible, for they would do no cowardly act. Let me not be accused, in the slang phrase of the penny-a liner, of "shaking the bloody shirt." If consistent with the truth, I should much rather shake a clean and spotless one; but I can not shut my eyes to the facts that lay before me, which dishonor the memories of my dead fellow-soldiers. I mean to speak with perfect frankness, not anger, hate or malice, but in sorrow. I am ready and willing to forget the past, but in the future it must be assured and certain that every man shall have full and equal protection under the laws upon every foot of American soil. Is this the fact now?

That I may not be misunderstood, let me state two classes of the current events of the day as illustrations:

In distant infidel Turkey, in the little historic burg of Salonica, two Christian men, of different nationalities, took a Turkish girl from a vessel, who, as they alleged, desired to become a Christian, into the carriage of the American consul, and drove her to his house, around which a fanatic mob immediately gathered. The house was attacked and the men dragged out and murdered. All Christian Europe arose as one to demand reparation for the outrage of the Turkish government; squadrons assembled in Turkish waters; conclaves and ambassadors were gathered together; diplomatic notes of remonstrance, conveying threats of armed intervention by the combined governments of Europe, were sent to Turkey. Justice was demanded for the murder and full indemnity for the family of the deceased. The Turkish government immediately executed six of the murderous mob, promised full indemnity to the families of the deceased, put a guard of soldiers around the house of the American consul, and an American ship-of war was ordered, by telegraph, to protect the life and liberty of any American citizen in Turkey.

Nay, such care was shown and anxiety manifested for the safety of the American citizen in a foreign land that the House of Representatives in Congress assembled, the majority of the dominant party of which were Confederate soldiers, lately armed in the rebellion against the government, showed their appreciation of the rights of an American citizen and the duty of the American government to protect him in those rights in Turkey by unanimously passing a resolution, introduced by a late rebel, requesting the President to inform the House what measures he had taken to see to it that no harm should come to a hair of a citizen's head.

But the President was to do this in Turkey.

Almost in the same day a leading Republican Senator, of the State of Louisiana, embarked with his brother-in-law in a skiff, to be ferried by a negro over the Mississippi river. A man, disguised, and armed with a repeating rifle, who lay in wait for him, having got his man thus helplessly exposed in an open boat, commenced a deliberate fire upon him, and wounded him in many places. He then deliberately shot and murdered the brother-in-law, and when the wounded Senator threw himself over the side of the boat to shield himself from the assassin's rifle, he leisurely walked down to the shore, fired upon him with his revolving pistol, until a lady who was in the ferryboat assured him that his victim was dead, when the cowardly murderer mounted his horse and rode off unmolested; and yet to this hour no due steps have been taken for his arrest. By this murder the political majority in the Senate of Louisiana was to be changed, not by the ballot, but by the bullet. Let no man say, then, this is a mere sporadic instance of crime. It is a murder in pursuance of a set purpose, to make murder an element in political action in one part of the country.

Is this the liberty, order, and law-abiding which we were promised at Appomattox? Has the country carried on this long and bloody war for no other better and greater result than this?

This being done in our own country, under the protection of our flag, and not in Turkey, the only movement for redress made for this great wrong which the newspapers have brought to our notice is that the Senate of the United States has instructed its committee, raised for another purpose, to inquire into the circumstances, as though the circumstances were not known well enough already.

But perhaps a more pointed illustration is an outrage more like in its facts to that of Salonica, occuring a day or two after in Mississippi. A negro there was accused of stealing a cow. The Turks accused the two European consuls in Salonica of stealing a Turkish girl, and killed them to avenge the abduction of the woman. The newspapers of both continents were filled with colums of descriptions of the dreadful catastrophe, and modes of redress adopted by all Christian nations.

In America a mob assembled to punish the larceny of the cow. I give the description of their doings in the terse and effective worlds of the New York *Herald*, of May 24, instant:

"SLAUGHTER OF NEGROES.

"NEW ORLEANS, May 23, 1876.

"The New Orleans *Picayune* says there were twenty-nine negroes killed in Wilkinson county, Mississippi, during the recent disturbances there."

No Christian country has demanded redress for this slaughter. Nobody has been punished; nobody has been arrested but a few negroes, for the alleged crime that they fired upon the mob and did not hit anybody. No ship of war has been ordered to the scene of the outrage, by telegraph or otherwise, to demand at the cannon's mouth the punishment of these murderers, and indemnity for the widows and orphans of the slain; but after Cabinet consultation an order was transmitted to the commander of the United States troops to interfere, to prevent any further bloodshed, and he reports that "all is quiet at the place of the transaction," which report is doubtless true, as the negroes are dead, and the newspapers inform us that with that report the "Secretary of War is delighted."

This was not done in Turkey, but near Vicksburg, which surrendered to Grant and the soldiers of the Union, and came under the protection of the flag of the United States on the Fourth of July, 1863, being the anniversary of the day when the inalienable right to every citizen of the country was proclaimed to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

Thirty, save one, American citizens have been murdered—report says, whether true or false, many more wounded—on American soil, under the protection of the American constitution and American law, under the very folds of our flag, in the centennial year of our national existence, at the very hour when we are indulging in "infinite gush" over the necessity of peace and good will toward each other by all citizens of the country; more than ten years after we had established this memorial day for decking the graves of our soldiers who yielded up their lives, and the country went into long mourning over an assassinated President, that we might establish equality of right and full protection to every American citizen under our constitution and the laws of the country.

Yet in this centennial year of that proclamation, when, if ever, it should be a living reality, the Congress of the United States in neither house inquires, by resolution, of the President of the United States, what he has done to protect and save the lives of American citizens, on American soil, where three times ten have been ruthlessly slain; but the House of Representatives carefully direct their attention to the dominions of the Sublime Porte, where, as yet, no American citizen has been hurt.

Has it come to this, then, that all we have gained in a hundred years is, that an American citizen can be better guarded in his "life, liberty and pursuit of happiness," and any wrong done to him will be more surely avenged in Turkey than in his own country, under his own constitution and his own flag!

As I have said, my comrades, we are willing to forget all that we suffered and lost to obtain this great right; but such occurrences as these on our soil we ought not to forget, and their recurrence we can not, we must not, we will not permit.

What think you would our loved and lost dead, if they could speak to us from their lowly graves, whether resting under the green mounds of every village in our land, or buried in the unknown ditches of every battle field in the South, say to us, if haply they might answer, if this horrible story of murderous wrong and outrage could disturb their peaceful slumbers.

Hark! do we not hear the dread murmur of the hollow tones of their reply? Listen: "If such things can be, then our sufferings have been in vain; then our lives have been useless, our deaths a mockery. We charge you, fellow-soldiers who are left alive, to see to it that our graves are not dishonored by such wrongs done under the flag we loved and followed to victory and to death. We demand of you who have come to manhood after we have fallen, by the sorrows and tears of our widowed wives; by the orphanage of our fatherless and helpless children; by the love which you bore us when living; by the respect you have for us when dead, let not the fragrance of the sweet flowers which you scatter on our graves, in token of your love and reverence, ascend to heaven mingled with the smell of blood from reeking graves of murdered American citizens to vex the justice of Almighty God, lest he smite this land again with his wrath as once before he has done."

"Sink all minor differences of opinion, lay aside all other questions, swear by our green graves, by your hopes of happiness on earth and joy in heaven, that rising up as one man, as we did when the flag was fired upon over Sumter, you will not stay your hand until the laws of our country are so framed and enforced that the whole power of the nation shall protect the lowliest American citizen in his rights and avenge his wrongs in every part of our own beloved land as it is, must be, and can be used to guard an American citizen from wrong and outrage in the far-off lands of the Moslem and infidel."

The Political Prospect.

The New York *Herald* of May 31 contains an interesting interview with that veteran political philosopher, Thurlow Weed:

"I don't see how Mr. Conkling can be nominated," said Thurlow Weed, as he folded his hands over his knee and beat time with his foot while the decorating band marched by. I really don't see how he can be nominated, although his more intimate friends and supporters are enthusiastic over his chances. Pennsylvania is not to be so easily manipulated as some people imagine. It will be a difficult matter for Mr. Cameron to control that delegation. It fact, so far as it affects affairs at all, I think the Cameron arrangement will do more harm than good. Mr. Wakeman has just returned from Washington and is loud for Conkling. Well, he is a warm personal friend of the Senator, and is more or less changed with the Washington atmosphere, which, I suppose, is all Conkling. Sheridan Shook has been to Philadelphia, and he finds that Blaine is strong down there. Postmaster James is all wrapped up in Conkling's interest. He is an honest, frank, warm-natured man, probably the most devoted friend Conkling has in the city. He is very anxious that the Senator be nominated and is very confident he will be."

Reporter—And you?

Mr. Weed—Oh, I am wedded to no man's interest. I am anxious for my country's welfare. Whoever can best serve her interest and get her from the condition she is in will be the man for me. I think the Republican party ought to succeed at the next election, and should be sorry to have the country put back in the hands of the men who would have surrendered her to traitors.

Reporter—How about the chances for Washburne?

Mr. Weed—Three months ago I should have selected Elihu B. Washburne as the Republican candidate. Everything pointed to him. He was quiet, not a candidate and out of the race. His record was excellent. Nothing could be said to his discredit. I thought that, Grant being out of the way, he would favor Washburne, who made him what he is. They were intimate frieds, and Grant owed him much. I certainly thought Washburne would be Grant's choice. In this, it seems, I was mistaken. He is not Grant's choice. I also thought Washburne would be Carl Schurz' choice. In this I was mistaken. I don't know who Schurz favors, but he does not favor Washburne. Those two supports, in my opinion, belonged to Washburne, and would have settled the nomination. I am not prepared to say that his nomination is uncertain now. I simply say that three months ago he would have been selected by me as the probable nominee. This terrible exposure of Kerr, whether true or false, and the evidence seems complete, is only another reason for the nomination of a true and a good man. You will find that the delegates to that convention at Cincinnati will appreciate their individual responsibility to the full, and, unless I am mistaken, their nomination will be determined by the good of the nation and the good of the party rather than dictated by the ambition or the partisans of any individual man. This Kerr matter hurts. True or false, it has killed him for the future. The facts are very simple, and I see no way of escape for him. It is inexpressibly sad. All these things hurt the country terribly. Now, as for the St. Louis convention, the contest seems narrowed down to Tilden and Bayard. Tilden will be a weak candidate if nominated. His nomination loses New York to the Democracy at all events. There are too many against him. He can not succeed. Those gentlemen, whose Albany meeting was chronicled in the *Herald*, are not the only enemies he will have to contend with. It is not probable they would do anything openly against him, but their influence would be felt. Then the canal ring will oppose him tooth and nail. They have the power and the brains. They can do it and will do it. Mr. Tilden's nomination would make certain a revolt in the city similar to that of last fall. The fact is, Tilden is too small. He won a little reputation by honesty in government when he started off about the canal frauds, but he lost it all as soon as it became evident that he was using his power as a partisan. He lost all the reputation he ever had by one single nomination. He made Smith Weed insurance commissioner, a man whose legislative career is perfectly well known.

Reporter—Do you believe the Repulican leaders have any deliberate programme of operations?

Mr. Weed—No, I do not. That is, I do not think any considerable number of prominent or influential men have had any conference at which a settled programme was arranged. Very much depends upon Mr. Morton and his friends. You see quite a number of candidates have dropped out of the race. The leading men—Blaine, Conkling and Morton—have their partisans, and each is doing the best he can for himself. What that best may be can not be practically demonstrated till the convention assembles and the votes are cast. And there rests the strength of men like Washburne. The friends of Senator Conkling are devotedly his friends, and it is not likely they would consent to the nomination of a New Yorker in his place, especially one like Mr. Wheeler, whose friends gave to Mr. Curtis his strength in the Syracuse convention, and enabled some to claim that the convention was not a unit for Conkling. Mr. Morton's friends will have a great deal to say about the candidate. But it is unsafe to rely much on the transfer power of candidates this year. As I said before, the delegates to Cincinnati will be made to feel their individual responsibility, and the situation of the country is such that they will feel compelled to name a man their party can elect, for they will not dare to peril the success of their party and thus hand the country over to its enemies. I believe it will be impossible for candidates to transfer their support to any great extent, and I further believe Mr. Cameron will be utterly unable to control the Pennsylvania delegation. I presume Tilden will be nominated at St. Louis. I certainly hope so, for the sake of the Republican party. If I were a partisan I would do what I could to secure his nomination. He would certainly lose New York, and be weak, very weak, very weak before the people at large.

Southwest Pass.

SOUTHWEST PASS, June 3, 1876.

To Captain C. W. Howell, Corps of Engineers, United States Army:

Depth of channel at mean low tide, sixteen feet. Least width for that depth, fifty feet. High tide at 6 A. M. Height above mean low tide, two and a half feet. Depth of channel at high tide, eighteen and a half feet. Bottom hard.

CHARLES H. ELWELL,
Master of McAlester.

Grand opening of Grand Hotel at Point Clear on June 1.

QUIET JOHNNY.

"Where shall I look," says the red lips,
"For sumfin I can do?
I've been in the barn and the granary,
And into the tool chest, too.

"I broke the eggs from the manger
When I climbed w z my pockets full.
I've found four wee little kittens,
And gived every tail a pull.

"I've dwopped the cup to the bottom
Of the great, long, deep old well;
And sumfin I dun up garret
That I'll never, never tell.

"I mustn't, for grandma told me
To let the spindle be
On the big spin-wheel that's up there
As tall as it can be.

"I've fasted Gip-dog with a halter,
And given him hay to eat,
And I played that he was a kicking colt,
And tied up his both hind feet.

"And I'm dreful tired and quiet,
So I want to find a way
To have a gwate big lot of fun
The rest of this gwate long day.

"I know where a bird is making
A house for his folks to stay,
But I can't go there, for mamma says
I will scare them all away.

"And papa has hid the hammer,
And the hatchet is way up high,
I never chopped a pear tree,
And I never telled a lie.

"Oh, I know what I'll do this minute!
I'll teach Spec's chickens to swim,
And when my fazzer comes home to night,
He'll say that I minded him.

"For he called from the lumber wagon
'Say, Johnny, mischievous elf,
Don't cut any naughty capers
But just look out for yourself!'"

But when his "fazzer" came at night,
A wet, tired child he found
Beside the trough, and dead chicks lay
Cold and stiff on the ground.

And Johnny said with a baby sob,
"I've tried to be good to-day;
But evysing is so dreful bad.
When I've finked it up to play."

His papa took him in his arms,
And pillowed the curly head.
The wee damp clothes dried by the fire,
Mamma drew out the trundle-bed.

Droway and faint was the last reply,
As he told where Gip was tied,
And they tucked him into his cosy nest,
With loving, parental pride.

—Western Rural.

CENTENNIAL NOTES.

How to See the Exhibition.

The Centennial Board of Finance has sent us one of their circulars for information, which we publish below for the information of those in this locality who may chance to visit Philadelphia:

GENERAL ARRANGEMENTS.

The Exhibition opens at 9 A. M. and closes at 6 P. M There are special gates distributed at different points intended for visitors who pay, for exhibitors, for complimentary tickets, for workmen and for wagons. Visititors pay fifty cents each on entering the grounds, which entitles them to a free entrance to each and every building and to remain during the entire day. This also covers admission to the Gilmore concerts in the main building, the electric organ concert in Horticultural Hall, and the special exhibitions of fruit and vegetables in Agricultural Hall. On entering from Belmont avenue visitors will find, free of charge, all necessary conveniences for washing, dressing, etc.; also barber shops, bootblacks, etc. At different points in each building water is supplied gratuitously, and restaurants can be found in every direction. Over three thousand seats have already been placed in the grounds, and others are to be added as required. Rolling chairs, a great convenience, can be procured at any of the gates, and visitors carried about from one building to another, and through the buildings, for a moderate charge. A narrow gauge railroad runs all around the inside of the grounds for the small sum of five cents, so that every facility and convenience is at the service of visitors.

EXPENSES.

Do not be alarmed at the reports of high charges for board and lodging in Philadelphia. A careful examination of the subject settles the question that good board can be had from $6 per week up to $5 per day. Within sight of the exhibition there are good accommodations for $1 per day—that is, a comfortable bedroom; breakfast can be had outside the grounds for fifty cents, and a good dinner inside for $1. All that is necessary is that the visitor examines the bill of fare and selects according to the prices therein given. At the dairy good milk, cream, berries, etc., are furnished reasonably. An estimate of expenses for one person should not exceed from $15 to $25 per week, including a daily visit to the exhibition.

HOW TO SPEND A WEEK PROFITABLY.

Take a room near the grounds and commence on the first day by entering on Belmont avenue, turn to the right and you are in the main building, with a day's work before you and a trip around the world. Still keeping to the right, we enter Chili and the Argentine Republic, which with Peru and the Orange Free State form the first section, and contain much that is of interest. Then the old nations of China and Japan, with curious exhibits of bronzes, straw work, silk and mattings. Next Denmark, then Turkey and Egypt, followed by the beautiful pavilion of Spain and the exhibits of Russia, Austria, Hungary and the German empire united, and one-fourth of the day's work has been accomplished. We are now in the centre of the building, and if tired can rest and listen to the music of Gilmore's band or push on to the exhibits of our own country, which occupy fully one-fourth of the main building. On arriving at the extreme end, go up in the gallery and view the wonderful vista which extends for nearly half a mile before the eye. Now it is time to dine, and as the Restaurant Lafayette is the nearest, we will dine there and spend an hour under the shade of the trees. Returning, we leave the United States, and passing through Mexico, The Netherlands, Brazil, Belgium and Switzerland, reach France and England, where hours can be spent with pleasure and profit. Then passing through Canada, Australia, Sweden, Norway and Italy, we have reached our starting point, and the bell chimes give notice that it is six o'clock, and time to close. Tired, we go to our hotel for a rest, and then if so inclined spend the evening at Operti's Garden, or go down in the city and visit Independence Hall, and thus has passed the first day. The second day should be devoted to the Machinery Hall, the shoe and leather building, the glass factory and the buildings in the vicinity. Dine at the French restaurant, but look at the prices. Bear in mind that two persons can dine comfortably on what is ordered for one. The third day visit the Art Gallery and its annexes, the Photographic Gallery and the Carriage Building, with a look at Judges' Hall. Dine at the German restaurant, spend the evening at Thomas' concert or at the theatres. The fourth day can be pleasantly spent by a visit to the Government Building, the Women's Pavilion, the Model of Paris, the State buildings, and a dinner at the restaurant on George's hill. The fifth day can be given to the Horticultural and Agricultural Buildings, with a dinner at the grand American restaurant. Devote the sixth day to an examination of the smaller buildings, and dine at the Southern restaurant. Then, take a boat up the Schuylkill, visit the Zoological Gardens, Fairmount Park, the Wissahickon, and spend the evening at the Academy of Fine Arts, dining at Strawberry mansion or Proskauer's, and the week has passed with both pleasure and profit.

INTERNATIONAL IMPORTANCE.

Sir Charles Reed, of London, in an address delivered to the judges selected for the exhibition, expressed the great interest taken by foreign nations in its success, and, in closing, addressed General Hawley, president of the commission, as follows:

"I must congratulate you, sir, in being at the head of an exhibition unparalled in the history of international displays, so far as my observation has extended. I was upon the jury of the London exhibition in the year 1851, and have visited every European exhibition held since that time, and I say, without hesitation, that, so far as I have yet been able to examine it, the display you have made in Fairmount Park eclipses everything I have seen. It may be fitly compared to a great feast—an intellectual feast—and I believe it will greatly advance, not only the material position of our countries, but that it will afford to the world a guaranty that in gathering us here together you have the interests of peace at heart, and that this will contribute to cement the good feeling at present existing between the nations represented here."

LOCOMOTION.

The arrangements in this city for travel are most convenient. The horse cars run in every direction, and for the small charge of seven cents one can go from end to end of the city, and by a system of exchange tickets cars can be taken crossing the city, so that almost any point can be reached. For small parties wagonettes have been introduced, which can be secured for fifty cents for each person.

THE CITY.

There is much to be seen in Philadelphia; Independence Hall, Carpenters' Hall, Girard College, the mint, the clubs, the public buildings, Laurel Hill Cemetery, Academy of Science, Academy of Fine Arts, are all worthy of a visit.

SUMMARY.

While enough work has been given a visitor to occupy a week, yet it can all be seen in half that time in a cursory manner, and, of course, at a less expense, but the reader may rest assured, in whatever section of country he may be, that it will pay him well to save money enough to make one visit to the Internation Exhibition, and, if possible, to bring his family. The advantages gained will amply pay for all economies in saving, and the writer feels sure that every one influenced to make the visit will never regret it.

The Texas and New Orleans Railroad.

In the building of railroads it is customary to herald abroad with more or less exageration and flourish of trumpets, each day's progress, to say nothing of the publication of glowing, and, often in the main, fanciful predictions of the grand results to follow the completion of the enterprise, both to the railroad company, to the people interested generally, and certain localities on the line in particular.

As regards the work being done on the line of the Texas and New Orleans railroad, the rule referred to seems to be reversed. No pledges have been made; no loud talking, boisterous demonstrations, or extravagant drafts upon the imagination indulged in, but when we desire to know anything as regards what has been and is being done in connection with the progress of the work, our only alternative is to inquire at headquarters, and when we do so we feel that we may safely print whatever is told us. This company, totally unlike most other railroad companies, have indulged in none of the usual arts and methods to create popular sympathy and aid. Not one dollar in the way of either donation or subscription of stock in aid of the rebuilding of the road from Orange to this point has been received at the hands of our people; but the work is being steadily, quietly and energetically pushed forward by the company with its own means and at its own risk as to future profits. There is not, nor has there been, any trading or trafficking for labor or necessary material, but "pay as you go" has been the watchword and practice of the company at all times.

On inquiry at the company's office, we learn that the contractors are sanguine of an entire completion of the line from Orange to Houston by the fifteenth of August next; perhaps at an earlier date, as arrangements are now sought to be made whereby work will also be commenced here.

At this time the work is progressing on the two eastern divisions, viz: That between Orange and Beaumont, and between the latter place and Liberty, as rapidly as the supply of crossties will admit. The grading and surfacing of the road bed, preparatory to crosstieing and ironing, is almost, if not entirely, finished to the whole extent of the line. The bridges, including that at the San Jacinto, recently blown down, will all be completed by the first of July. Should the necessary arrangements be made for a sufficient supply of crossties at this end of the line, an entire completion may be anticipated by August 1. To promote this earlier completion, we understand that the company offer its contractors a bonus to the extent of the difference between the price they are allowed under their contract for crossties and the increased price demanded for this material at this end of the line, this bonus to be given to the extent of the estimated number of crossties necessary to be imported from off the line of road.

The necessary arrangements have also been made by the company for the manufacture and purchase of such quantity of rolling stock and increased number of locomotives as will be amply sufficient to do all business which may offer when the line shall have been completed.

The quiet and unobtrusive manner in which this work has been steadily carried forward, and the absolute certainty of its early completion, may lead the uninitiated to conclude that the work has been hastily and cheaply done, and, as has been rumored abroad, that the job is to be a mere piece of patchwork, sufficient only to meet the requirements of legislative demands.

There could be no greater mistake. Everything pertaining to its construction, including magnificent iron drawbridges and superior rolling stock, is in all respects first class, comparing in every particular favorably with any railroad in the State. We should feel both happy and grateful that this important consummation is so near at hand, and in future issues we propose to offer our judgment in reference to the advantages to flow therefrom, both to our city and the people at large.—*Houston Telegraph.*

Custer City.

Captain Haserodt, landlord of the Atlantic House, returned to Omaha last evening from Custer City, accompanied by his daughters, Mrs. Ward and Miss Augusta Haserodt. They came by the way of Red Cloud agency and Sidney, and had a perilous trip. They left Custer after the storming of the city by the Indians, the first news of which Captain Haserodt brings to this city. This morning a *Bee* reporter interviewed him at the Atlantic House, and his vivid description of the attack on Custer and his exit from the city, is given in his own words as follows:

For a few weeks past I and several others had determined to leave Custer on account of the impending danger from Indians, who were daily growing more bold and troublesome. It took us three weeks to collect ninety-six men to leave the hills together in safety. Most of the men were miners from Custer and Deadwood. It required this number to fight the Indians. We packed our things on Friday night, the nineteenth of this month, preparatory to leaving next day. There had been signs, fires, etc., made on the surrounding hills by the Indians several days and nights before, and the report came in that they intended to storm the city.

We laughed at the rumor, and paid but little attention to it. The attack, however, was made on the night of the nineteenth, at two o'clock. They stormed the city in great numbers, and set fire to the ammunition house in the centre of the city, destroying it with its explosive contents, seven kegs of powder, together with five stores and the Metropolitan Hotel, which was owned by Fred Courtman, of Yankton. All these buildings were right in the heart of the city. The excitement among the surprised citizens was intense, and confusion for a short while reigned supreme. No one can describe the scene with justice. Frightened men and women were rushing about, crying, screaming, yelling, and sounding a general alarm. Shooting soon began through the doors and windows, and soon every man ran into the streets and opened on the enemy, causing them to retreat in double quick, leaving the city.

Next morning our party of ninety-six men carried out their previous determination of leaving, and we took our departure through Buffalo Gap, thirty-three miles from Custer City.

We left very early in the morning, while the excitement over the attack was still running high, and I did not learn how many, if any, were killed or wounded on either side.

Eight miles from the Gap we found a party of ten men corraled by the Indians. They had a new saw mill from Yankton with them. They had fought the Indians for four days, and had fortified themselves with good breastworks. One man and one ox had been killed. We freed them and took them along with us, leaving the sawmill in the hands of the Indians. We buried the dead man, whose name was John Schenck, of Yankton, who left a wife and eight children in destitute circumstances at home.

The Indians followed us all the way down to Red Cloud. We kept them out of shooting distance by putting out side flankers. When we came to Red Cloud agency I found the agent waiting for me, he having been informed by Indians that I was on the way with my two daughters. We had no trouble at Red Cloud agency, but the Indians are all on the war path. Even the post traders have brought their wives into the posts for safety. From Red Cloud we went on to Running Water, and found there 300 lodges of Sioux. From Running Water we went over to Snake creek, and on the north side of the Platte we found another man killed by the Indians. His name was T. P. Herman, from Carlisle, Pennsylvania, and he had $7500 in checks, and $21 in greenbacks with him. The Indians left this, but stripped him of everything else, and run off his stock. We brought the body to Sidney, and from there the remains were sent to Carlisle, Pennsylvania, the money being placed in the hands of Mr. Moore, one of the leading citizens of Sidney. On the south side of the Platte we met Henry Homan, of this city, with his freight teams. We told him all the news, and advised him not to go forward yet awhile. There were 122 teams in his party, guarded by ten soldiers, and they were waiting for more passengers. They will need 150 men to get through to Custer.

Fourteen days ago the Indians attacked at midnight a log cabin at Rosebud, a new camp between Custer and Deadwood, and surprised and killed the occupants, seven miners in all. They were literally hacked into mince meat.

Judge Dudley, of this city, who was on his way to Custer via Fort Laramie, with a sawmill, started nine weeks ago from Cheyenne, and hasn't got to Custer yet. At Hat creek the party that he was with—ninety-three teams and 150 men—was corraled by Indians for nine days. They lost most all their stock, which the Indians shot. They were finally relieved by Captain Eagan and three companies of cavalry, who brought them into Fort Laramie last Wednesday.

Up to within three or four weeks a great many people were leaving Custer for the Deadwood country, but recently miners are coming in as fast as ever, as they feel safer there than anywhere else. The latest news we received there was from the *Bee* of the sixth of May, which was brought in by twelve horsemen. It was very difficult to receive any mail matter on account of the Indians killing the mail riders. There was one of Dear's riders killed the other day on his return trip from Sidney to Red Cloud. There are 6000 letters at Red Cloud and Spotted Tail agencies which can not be sent forward.

There are about 4000 people at Custer, and 1200 houses now. During the last few weeks they have done nothing but put up buildings, and most of them are good structures, especially the hotels. Jim Van Daniker and Pat McGavock, of this city, have the best hotel in town. They have issued printed invitations for the opening, the printing being done at the office of the new paper, the Custer City *Pioneer*, a 4x6 inch sheet, issued semi-occasionally, and whenever there is any news it comes out daily. It made its appearance four weeks ago, and is the only paper in the Hills.

There are three saw mills at Custer and one at Hills City. Three stopped work five weeks ago. Captain Ward, my son-in-law, ran his till the nineteenth, and then stopped, taking the saws and machinery into Custer, but leaving the boiler to the Indians.

I brought back these samples of gold dust (showing them to the reporter) from Custer, Deadwood and Sand Creek. There's plenty of gold in the Black Hills, and there the miners will get all they want, if let alone by the Indians. But as it is now, if a man shows himself a mile outside of town, he will lose his scalp."—*Omaha Bee.*

A Doorkeeper's Exit.

Mr. S. S. Cox is credited with the authorship of the report in the case of Doorkeeper Fitzhugh, just presented by the House Committee on Rules. The report is said to be very full, as well as historical, which facts confirm the general belief that the temporary Speaker is responsible for its production. There is, however, no excess of courage in dealing with the delinquent doorkeeper. In effect, the committee say to him: We do not feel warranted in proceeding against you as an incendiary, a blackmailer or a larcenous person. Will you, however, oblige us by getting out of office? You are not fit to be our doorkeeper. This representative Democrat, as he calls himself, was elected doorkeeper after a hotly contested canvass. If he had been appointed out of hand, as it were, there would have been some excuse for this sudden discovery of his unfitness. But, as he represented the Democracy of Texas and Kentucky, and was warmly supported by the Democratic Representatives of these two States, it is absurd to say that he was a stranger to them. After holding office nearly six months, it is all at once found that he is unfit to be doorkeeper, and a committee of his own party friends admonish him that he ought to be dismissed.

"So wags the world," moralized the philosophic Fitzhugh, when he glorified himself in his now famous letter to a friend in Texas. As long as he was an humble citizen of Austin, poor and in distress, he was scoffed; but no sooner was he in a place where he had patronage to bestow, than all the members "made a break for him," as he proudly complained, so that he could not set foot on the floor of the House without having statesmen informing him that he was "bigger than old Grant." Now, as soon as it is known that he is boasting of his power and pomp, his enemies conspire to take him down. Mr. Cox, as temporary Speaker, leads the hapless Fitzhugh into the House by the ear, and tells him that he had better go. Farewell to the spanking team of government horses which erewhile took the proud doorkeeper and his son to their frugal breakfast! Farewell the pages who rushed to take his hat and coat! Farewell the junketings and "frolics" with Senators and Representatives! Farewell to the blandishments of aristocratic dames with whom he was a "favorite," while he had offices to bestow. No more shall he urge his Texan cronies to "come on and have a big time." No more shall he complacently say "some difference between here and Austin," as he contrasts his high estate with his heretofore humble lot in the far Southwest, where "bigger" is spelled with one g, and the verb persistently refuses to agree in number or person with its nominative case. Farewell the brief authority! Fitzhugh's occupation's gone!

Nevertheless, while Mr. Cox was about it, why did he not make clean work with this boasted representative Democrat? The rules of the House declare that the doorkeeper shall continue in office until his successor is appointed. It is not necessary to impeach the incumbent if he should happen to be accused of firing a hotel or stealing bed-spreads and towels. If the Committee on Rules believe that this man is unfit to be doorkeeper, why not recommend that the House go into a new election? When another doorkeeper is appointed, Mr. Fitzhugh's term of office has expired. But with that curious weakness which has characterized the present House in everything it has undertaken, they say to Fitzhugh: "We don't want any scandal. Get out of this; there's a good fellow!" But what if he does not get out? The next move, it is said, will be to legislate him out. The position which he holds will be "temporarily consolidated" with some other, and this sly dodge will drop the unpleasant doorkeeper. Then, as soon as he is fairly out of the way, the consolidation can be dissolved and the House can fill the vacancy with the serene consciousness that the representative Democrat has been circumvented by his own party. There need be no scandal, as in the case of the rascally Republicans whom the Democratic investigating committee are bound to pursue with mud and other missiles. The whole proceeding can be hushed up in the family. If this man had not been protected by the Democratic majority in the House, he would have been exposed long ago. If he had been a fourth rate clerk holding office under a Republican appointment, the vials of wrath would have been poured upon him, and he would have been pilloried as a vulgar, ignorant and wholly disreputable person. As it is, he is led out by the back door and dismissed with infinite chagrin.—*New York Times.*

Grand opening of Grand Hotel at Point Clear on June 1.

Exciting Story of the Haytian Revolution.

A revolution has just taken place in Port-au-Prince, and the government has been deposed in a very short time. The movement was almost spontaneous throughout Hayti, and the first rising took place in Jacmel about six weeks ago. A General Boisrond-Canal appears to have made himself very popular in the island, and to have acquired a renown for disinterestedness—rather a rare quality here—and the government of General Domingue, who came into office two years ago, has always looked upon him as its *bete noire*, and made an attempt to assassinate him last year. He, however, assisted by a few men armed with murderous sixteen-shot Henry rifles, put to flight the men sent to arrest him, and took refuge in the United States consulate, whence he effected his escape to Kingston, Jamaica. General Domingue, the President of the republic of Hayti, in accordance with the Haytian custom of making hay while the sun shines, put his relatives in all the best paying offices of the State, and his nephew, Septimus Rameau, was made his first minister. So rapacious did Rameau become that he absorbed the best part of the revenues of the republic himself, and sent them to Europe for security. This and other arbitrary acts were the cause of an incipient revolution last May, when General Brice, who had only then been recalled from his appointment of Haytian minister to London, was assassinated by order of Domingue, and the movement quelled. Beyond an occasional protest and manifesto sent by Boisrond-Canal from Jamaica, Domingue and Rameau did very much as they pleased until six weeks ago, when Louis Tanis, the General in charge of the arrondissement of Jacmel—an important town on the south coast of Hayti—revolted against the government and declared for Canal, who made an ineffectual attempt to land on the island. The President at once sent down an army of from 4000 to 6000 men to besiege Jacmel, and two Haytian men-of-war, the St. Michael and the "1804" (so called from the year when Hayti became a republic), to bombard it from the sea. Hayti, not boasting any trained artillerymen, gave an acting commission as a gunnery lieutenant to a roving American named Gordon, who, rumor says, has had practice during the Cuban insurrection. The Haytian squadron remained quietly outside until an unsuspecting English corvette, the Druid, entered the harbor, and after communicating her intention to the officer in command of the squadron and getting his permission, she let go her anchor and prepared to take some refugees on board, in accordance with the wish of her British majesty's consul. At 4 A. M., while quite dark, to the astonishment of all on board, the "1804," which had taken up a position directly astern of the Druid, began to throw shell into the town. The forts could not at first reply to this fire, as the "1804" was quietly making the Druid into a shield, and had they fired the probability is that the Druid would have been hit. By the time the latter vessel had got steam up and was under weigh, it was daylight, and the forts could bring their guns to bear on the St. Michael and the "1804," which steamed away to a distance of 3000 yards, and threw all their shell into the water instead of into the town. The land forces were meanwhile attacking the town on all sides, but the insurgents, who were all armed with the Henry rifle, and who fought behind strong barricades, were able to repulse the government troops with scarcely any loss to themselves, and a loss to the former of over fifty killed. the dead were all buried after the engagement. The only damage the ships received was caused by their making fast their guns to prevent the recoil, the result being that the 100-pounder Parrott guns carried away a portion of the bulwark and came partly through the deck.

This was the only fighting that occurred during the revolution, and the troops and men-of-war, after listlessly blockading the town for some weeks, went over to the insurgents and declared for Boisrond-Canal. This was on Saturday, the fifteenth of April. That very day Domingue and Rameau, at Port-au-Prince, appeared to have an inkling of what was about to happen, and Rameau went to the National Bank, where were deposited $500,000 in silver and millions in paper currency. With a party of soldiers he loaded a wagon with boxes of dollars and sent them down to the wharf, to be embarked on a schooner which he had chartered for the purpose. Already one wagon load had been embarked, and another load was being escorted down, when the citizens, becoming exasperated at seeing the money so openly stolen from the bank, assembled by scores upon the wharf; the scores soon increased to hundreds and thousands, and they refused to allow the dollars to be embarked. Cries of "A bas Domingue," "Vive Boisrond-Canal," became general, and the soldiers in charge of the money deserted in alarm. The whole town now swarmed with armed men, who went to the national palace, where Domingue, his wife and Rameau had taken refuge. The French minister, the Marquis de Vosges, and the French vice consul hurried to the palace to try and take them to the French consulate and to save their lives. Domingue, however, was clubbed on the head with a musket, and then stabbed, but was carried, still breathing, into the consulate. Rameau was shot in the neck from behind, and, when fallen, was most brutally murdered. The population could not show their detestation of him sufficiently, and trampled every vestige of humanity out of him. One woman in particular, a perfect fury—a sister of the General Brice above mentioned as having been assassinated last May—dipped her handkerchief in Rameau's blood, and, waving it over her head with one hand while she shouldered a rifle with the other, led a party of over five hundred men through the town to the bank, which they at once pillaged. The soldiers and townsmen broke open the chests of dollars, which they threw about the streets without thinking of pocketing them, and thrust their bayonets through the piles of new paper currency, almost ready for circulation—only waiting for Domingue's signature to replace the money filched from the State by Rameau. The populace seemed mad with excitement, and the money that had been embarked on board the schooner was thrown overboard, and some enterprising negroes have been hard at work ever since diving for the sunken dollars. No less than $20,000 are at the bottom of the harbor, all round the schooner, and of the 500,000 silver dollars in the bank at noon not one was in it at four o'clock the same afternoon. The English and American ministers had ridden off when the outbreak first took place, at the President's wish, to ask General Lorquet, who was at a distance of sixty miles from the capital with 2000 trustworthy men, to return to the capital and try to prevent the atrocities that were feared. Lorquet, unfortunately, was almost as unpopular as Rameau; but he returned with his staff and some hundred men, and finding Domingue and Rameau murdered, he got his troops to cry "Vive Lorquet, President," apparently thinking he was in favor. The infuriated people, however, would hear no name but Boisrond-Canal, and having broken into Lorquet's house they brutally murdered him. True it is—it seems almost like a romance—that the English minister, Major Stewart, an old cavalry officer, rode over one hundred miles on one horse to bring General Lorquet to the capital, and that on his return, the instant the saddle was removed, the gallant animal fell down dead. It was a present from General Domingue to the major. The town is now comparatively quiet, but the streets are full of soldiers, and a committee of safety has been formed to look after the interests of the State until the elections have been held for the new Houses of Assembly. General Boisrond-Canal's election as president is certain.—*Correspondence London Standard.*

Hancock for President.

The Democrats are working up sentiment in favor of General Hancock for the presidency. They claim that he is the most available man they can put forward, and that he can, as they style it, straddle the currency question. In the Virginia Democratic convention, on Wednesday next, efforts will be made to indorse and instruct the delegates to St. Louis to vote for Hancock. Failing to instruct, it is claimed that a majority of the delegation will favor Hancock, while ex-Governor Gilbert Walker, one of the delegates, is said to be for Hancock first, last and all the time. It is also claimed that with Virginia as a starter, the rest of the South will follow the lead and support Hancock.—*Washington Correspondence Cincinnati Commercial.*