New Orleans Republican.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE UNITED STATES

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF NEW ORLEANS

THE DAILY REPUBLICAN

published every day (Mondays excepted) at No. Camp street. Terms: $12 a year; $6 for six months; $3 for three months—payable invariably in advance. Single copies two cents.

Office—No. 94 Camp Street.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Squares.	One month.	Two months	Three months	Six months	One year.
One	$10	$18	$24	$40	$60
Two	18	26	34	60	80
Three	24	34	52	80	110
Four	30	44	66	100	135
Five	35	54	80	115	160
Six	40	64	94	125	185
Seven	45	74	108	145	210
Eight	50	84	122	165	235
Nine	55	94	136	185	260
Ten	60	104	150	200	285
Eleven	65	114	164	215	310
Twelve	70	124	178	230	335
Thirteen	75	134	192	245	360
Fourteen	80	144	206	260	385
Fifteen	85	154	220	275	410
Thirty	125	250	325	550	750

Monthly advertisements, inserted every other day, to be charged two-thirds of the above rates.

Second page monthly advertisements, each square, $20 per month.

Transient advertisements, having the run of the paper, first insertion $1 per square; each subsequent insertion fifty cents per square.

Second page transient advertisements, each insertion, $1 per square.

Advertisements inserted at intervals to be charged as new each insertion.

Regular advertisers, who advertise largely, will be allowed such discount from above tabled transient rates as may be agreed upon, provided, that in no case shall such discount exceed twenty-five per cent.

All business notices of advertisements to be charged twenty cents per line for each insertion.

THE WEEKLY REPUBLICAN

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 editorial 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.

Terms of Subscription.

One year, $5; six months, $2 50.

A liberal commission allowed to those who send us clubs of five or more.

Advertisements.

Transient advertisements same terms as in in the Daily. Monthly advertisements inserted for one-fourth of the daily rates.

HAIL THE REPUBLIC!

[AIR—"Hail to the Chief."]

Hail the Republic, advancing in story,
Bright are her eyes with maternity's fire,
Well may the world read her record of glory.
Come down to son from the part of sire.
He who in fight was brave
From foreign foe to save
All that is now for our honor enrolled,
Calls from his starry height:
"Rescue from deeper night—
Save the Republic a hundred years old!"

List to the warning while yet there is season,
Perils by day, as by night, may arise;
Trust not the tongues that would palter with treason,
Trust not to friends who are foes in disguise.
Keep what you know is true,
Heed not the crafty new,
Be not for change they would offer too bold,
Let Hayes and Wheeler be
Leaders of victory
For the Republic a hundred years old!

Lo! from the West what a chieftain advances!
Tried by the sword and the State, in their turns;
Honest and free as the sun's summer glances,
Treason he hates and it justice he spurns.
And from the Empire State
Cometh a worthy mate,
Grand in the counsels his country may hold:
Chiefs Hayes and Wheeler state,
Fit both for peace and war,
For the Republic a hundred years old!

OLD JOE.

(The incidents of this sketch are not imaginary, but real, and obtained partly from a historical work published in Boston, by William G. Nell. One scene is abridged and slightly changed from a well known story by Mrs. Childs.)

He can trace his American descent back through two hundred and fifty years. An old family? You may well say so.

Illustrious lineage? Listen. By his mother's side the name of Old Joe's grandfather is one of the immortal names signed to the declaration of independence. Joe's father's father was a soldier in the revolution, one of the devoted band at Groton Heights, who "fought like tigers, and were butchered," after they had surrendered, by British soldiers under the command of the traitor Arnold.

This was how Old Joe's grandfather met his death: The little band under Colonel Ledyard, at Groton Heights, were overpowered at last, and the British entered the garrison.

"Who commands this fort?" shouted the British officer.

"I did once; you do now," answered Colonel Ledyard, at the same time offering his sword.

Instead of accepting the sword, the British officer took it and ran it to the hilt through the body of Colonel Ledyard. Old Joe's grandfather, a private soldier, saw the cowardly deed, and immediately killed the British officer with his bayonet. For thus avenging the death of his commander, Old Joe's grandfather himself fell dead the next moment, pierced with thirty-three bayonet wounds. Was not that a brave death to die for one's country.

Then there was Old Joe's own father, a soldier in the war of 1812, under General Jackson, in the South. Under some circumstances the name of poor Old Joe's father would have been coupled with immortal honor from one end of this land to the other. But it never was more than mentioned, and to this day, perhaps, is known to no more than fifty people in America. Why? You shall know presently. This is the story of Old Joe's father: The American soldiers under General Stump had been driven back on one occasion, and were retreating in wild disorder. At this instant, when the day seemed all lost, a common soldier, Old Joe's father, saw his heroic hour. He sprang from the ranks, mounted a horse, took command of the flying troops and bravely rallied them. Like the hero he was, he turned our soldiers against the British, fought them and routed them, and so won the day for the eagle instead of the lion. It is true, just as I tell you, and yet I never read this exploit of Old Joe's father in any history of the war of 1812.

He won a battle for America, but no poet ever sung his brave deed, no title of honor or gift of money and lands ever rewarded him, and an ungrateful country bestowed no more thought on him than if he had been a British dog. He went home to Tennessee, after the war, and worked hard for his living, poor and neglected. When he was an old man, long past seventy, he was one day grossly insulted by a rowdy, and the old man raised the good right arm which had won a battle for his country, and struck the ruffian the blow he deserved. Then, for the first time, his country, or at least the State of Tennessee, remembered the old hero, and this was how: Because the aged soldier had struck a blow in self-defense, the State of Tennessee stripped him naked and gave him thirty-nine lashes upon his bare back. It all happened so from one little circumstance: This hero had a black skin. That is why this heroic old American was treated worse than a dog in his native land. By the law of the State of Tennessee a black man who, for any cause whatever, struck a white man, was punished by so many lashes on the back with a rawhide. This last outrage was the climax of the old man's wrongs, and it broke his heart. He sunk down and died soon after that, and went to his unknown, unhonored grave. That was what his country did for Old Joe's father, whose father before him died a heroic soldier's death in the revolution. Joe's father's name has not even a "nigger pew" to itself in the history of the war of 1812.

Old Joe is a negro, or at least part negro. He is one of the meek, patient sort, to outward appearance, poor, dull and slow, with the downcast, saddened eye which is the melancholy inheritance of his hapless race in America. Only a poor, old nigger, you know, hopeless, spiritless and stupid, as far as you or I can judge, like hundreds of others we see every day. The African's millennium in America will never come for them. Born in slavery, bred in slavery, Old Joe carried his chains so long, that when at length they were lifted off they had worn so deep into the man's nature that he could not outgrow the marks of them. What else could you expect, pray? Old Joe had ten children. Some of them died, and others were sold away from him, thirty years ago or more. Where they are, or whether they are alive or dead, Old Joe knows no more than you do, and never will know in this world. He counts them over on his fingers often, so that he will not forgot the names of them.

"All dead or sold off when they was pickaninnies, master. The Lord above knows whar they are now. All but little Mose. Little Mose was left."

Little Mose was the youngest, the whitest skinned, most spirited of them all. The white blood had gained the mastery over the negro in this boy's veins, as it does everywhere else, and Mose was as slender, straight-featured and "fiery-hearted" as any "Southern gentleman" in the land of the magnolia and the mocking bird. Mose was like his mother, who was nearly white.

I have told you what Old Joe's father and grandfather did for America. What could a poor, spiritless nigger like Old Joe do? He could not fight, that is certain. Seven generations of servitude had not left much of the spirit of fight in Joe. Besides, he was a devout Christian, and his ignorant, foolish soul believed that the Christian religion really meant meekness, patience and submission, and returning good for evil. But there are some Southern ladies and gentlemen who would not to-night be sleeping peacefully in their beds only for this poor, stupid Old Joe. Most likely Joe saved the lives of some of the very men who— But we have not come to that yet. Old Joe, poor, ragged, stupid Old Joe, did that which makes him the Christian hero of his race.

He was Old Joe before the late war—he is a very old Joe now, eighty years old, at least. In the midst of the war Joe performed *his* heroic work for the white man.

It was at the time that the North had begun to permit the enlistment of negro soldiers, and the somewhat remote district of the South in which Joe ate the corn bread of slavery was full of the craziest rumors and the wildest excitement. It was currently reported and believed that an army of 40,000 "niggers" and an indefinite number of white men was on its way to that particular county to destroy the race of creation and run the slaves off for recruits to the Northern army. Southern chivalry, what there was left of it in the country, was terrified out of its boots, if you'll excuse me for saying it, and an anxious watch was kept on the negroes.

One night Joe asked his master for a pass to go to a Methodist meeting. Presently another slave came to the master with the same request, and another and another, until the master suddenly remembered that every one of his slaves had asked for a pass to go to a Methodist meeting. Then he remembered that the same thing had happened a few days before. It looked suspicious.

In a day or two more the negroes all asked to go to another Methodist meeting. This evening the master blacked his face and dressed in negro clothes and followed on to the Methodist meeting himself. It was the kind of Methodist meeting that made the slave owner's hair stand on end. In the midst of a dense thicket several hundred stalwart negroes were holding a meeting by torchlight. The master noticed that each man, as he came in, bent and touched the ground with his forehead, and laid his finger on his lip as he arose. The master did the same, and was admitted with the rest. Concealing himself in the shadow he listened anxiously to catch the drift of this curious Methodist meeting. The talk was carried on in a low tone, but presently the master discerned that the negroes were actually discussing whether, when the Yankees came, they should join the Northern army quietly, or whether they should not rise in a mass and first murder all their masters!

You may well believe the master hid himself close. The voices were mostly for insurrection and blood. One after another sprang to his feet, and in low, intense tones, recounted the wrongs he and his had received from the white man. Then a powerful, graceful young man arose in silence, threw off the single coarse garment which covered him, and while fierce comrades held torches near, he turned himself quickly around and around in sight of all. His back and shoulders were covered with fresh welts and gashes, from which the blood was still flowing. The youth turned himself thus slowly around till all had seen the marks, and then suddenly exclaimed, in a stern, wrathful voice:

"Boys, shall we not murder our masters?"

"Aye! aye!" echoed deep, vengeful mutterings all around him.

"Boys," said the youth, "my own brother done that. He knows, and I know, he is my brother; and he done that. Shall we not kill our masters first?"

"Aye, aye!" muttered the voices, deeper, more wicked than before. And old negro rose slowly to his feet, and leaned on an oak stick. The negro was Old Joe.

"Boys," said Joe, in his mild, quivering voice, "I have been a member of the Methodist Church thirty years, and I have heard many preachers, white an' black, and they all tell me that Jesus said do good for evil. The white man has flogged us, and fed us like hogs, and shot us down like wild beasts, but, thanks to the blessed Jesus, I feel it in my pore ole heart to forgive it all. Let us sing:

"'You may beat upon my body
But you can not harm my soul
For I'll jine the forty thousand by an' by.'

That's the way to glorify the Lord."

"Mercy!" said the fiery boy, contemptuously, "we will hunt them with bloodhounds, as they hunt us. We will shoot them down like dogs, as they shoot us. Who talks of mercy?"

A din of angry voices followed the outburst, but in the midst of all could be heard the tremulous, solemn voice of poor old Joe:

"Jesus said do good for evil."

He stood his ground in the midst leaning on his oak stick, expostulated, preached and reasoned, and to all the outbursts of fury the cracked, tremulous voice of poor old Joe opposed the one invincible argument:

"Jesus said do good for evil."

The gentle, trembling voice of the old negro preacher calmed the negroes at last, and conquered them, and they finally agreed not to murder their masters, but simply to join the Yankee army when it came.

Old Joe saved the lives and property of hundreds of white people that night. Listen, now, and hear what the white man did for him.

The war was over and the negroes were free. The finger of fate pointed to a future when the black man's right would be no more questioned than the white man's. Then the only ambition that stupid, ignorant old man ever manifested in his life came out. You would never have thought it of him, but here it was that Old Joe began, in his stupid, old nigger way, to move the world to secure an education for young Mose, the only child he had left. New life and new blood seemed to come into his sluggish veins for the time. He sent Mose to school in the North. Old Joe worked and "skimped," and many a day would have liked a little more for his dinner, but in the course of time this only child was "eddicated," well and thoroughly.

Now, though, came the most genuine distress of all. Cultured, high spirited and nearly white though he was, there was no place at his old home for Mose. White company revolted from him, and he revolted equally from the ignorant herd of blacks around him.

"I am going away from here," said Mose to his father. "In Louisiana there is a society of colored people, cultured, refined and wealthy, and powerful enough to ask odds of no Anglo-Saxon. There I shall find my place, and there I shall be happy."

"Mose," said Old Joe, his voice unconsciously taking on its solemn, Methodist-preacher tone, "the happiness of one man in this world is a poor, pitiful thing. It's the happiness in the next world a man ought to think about."

"I don't believe there is any next world," said Mose. "If there was a God, would he ever have allowed African slavery in America? No! God is a lie and heaven an old woman's dream."

The voice of Old Joe took on more and more of its solemn Methodist preacher tone. It sounded in its earnestness as it did that night in the bush when it checked the slave insurrection. The old man stood upon his feet and leaned upon the very same old staff.

"Mose," said the aged man, "I've tried to serve the blessed Master more'n forty years, an' I know the hope that's held me up all them years ain't in vain. In the blessed Master's own time, not your time nor mine, Mose, but His own, the good day'll come for the black man in Ameriky. I see it all spread out before me, somehow, as if it was a picter like, an' in the time to come, I see all hope for the black man. When this worn-out and weary old body is under the groun' it will come. I sent you to school so you could work among our own pore people and lift them up and help them, so by an' by the black man can meet the white man on level groun'. South Carliny is yer State, Mose, and right here, among these pore, ignorant critters, is yer place an' yer work. Stand by yer own people, Mose. Help 'em and work for 'em. In the breast of every one of them there is a little seed of fire that you can kindle an' fan till it flames out an' lights up all the soul of the black man. Don't leave 'em. I'm a very old man now, an' the blessed Master might send for me any time, day or night, and take me unawares. If He sends when you don't know it, Mose, an' you come in some day an' find me gone, remember this as if it was the last words yer old father ever spoke to you: Stand by yer own people!"

The voice of the old Methodist preacher had stilled a negro insurrection once. What wonder if it could affect the thoughts and the purpose of one sensitive, impressionable man, and that man the preacher's own son? There was that in the solemn, quavering tones that day which changed Mose's life. It echoed in his ears by day and whispered in his dreams of the night.

At length a beautiful vision of elevating the negro in America took possession of his eager young soul. Mose became an enthusiast. He would give his life to the work to which he had been led on. He would give up all the ties, the hopes and the joys of common men, and only live for this work. Perhaps dim visions and dreams of Luther, of the Maccabees, of Sayonarola, and great leaders and heroes of history helped fill and fire his thoughts at times. Aye, maybap the spirit of the great American of the revolution, who was one of his white ancestors, stirred within him and impelled him.

Who knows?

He no longer refused the companionship of the ignorant, half-brutalized blacks around him. He went down among them and took their hands as a man and a brother, and taught them, and strove eagerly to lift their besotted souls to a higher plane. What he would have done for the negro had he lived—

Wait, though till I come to that. Mose tried as far as might be to put himself in the place of these poor souls and to think with them and for them, so he might best know how to help them.

He joined in their simple pleasures, too. Negro-like, and child-like, the poor fellows were fond of military parade and display, and had formed themselves into militia companies. On the glorious centennial fourth they had their most imposing parade, and Mose marched with them to please them.

The evening before, in their armory, Mose made a little speech to them. The grand revolutionary blood stirred and bounded and thrilled in his veins, and it was with the commanding form, the flashing eye and ringing voice of his white revolutionary ancestor that the young man talked to his lowly brethren that night. His face seemed glorified like the sky at sunset, as he bade them be glad on the morrow as never before, for the first centennial of American freedom found the black man free too, with all the rights of the white man.

"My friends," said he, "the first man killed in the cause of American liberty was a black man, Crispus Attucks. He led the people in the streets of Boston, March 5, 1770, when they opposed the British guard, and cried, 'Let us drive them out; they have no business here.' Crispus Attucks seized a musket from a British soldier and turned it against Captain Preston himself, and cried out, 'Kill them! they dare not fire.' At that moment the British soldiers fired, and one named Montgomery shot Crispus Attucks in the breast and he fell dead, crying as he fell, 'They dare not fire!'

"So the first man slain for American independence was a negro. In the revolutionary war there were black soldiers in the American army from every one of the thirteen United States. Side by side with the white patriots these black patriots fought and suffered, and gained the victory for the white man's country. Always until now it was the white man's country; now at last it is our country, too.

"The future is bright for us, my friends. It is in our hands. Peaceful, quiet work will give us homes like the white man's, and schools will educate black children as well as white. No people on the earth ever had brighter hopes and harder work before them than the black race in America. When you think of the hopes, think of the work, too, and remember both to-morrow."

Maybe you have read the rest of my story in the newspapers.

The black militia paraded on the centennial fourth. Two white men in a carriage ordered the black soldiers to break ranks, and let them drive through. There was plenty of room on the side, but the two white men were Southern chivalry, you know. The black soldiers refused to comply at first, and then, to preserve quiet, opened their ranks, and let the white men drive through. The two white men had the black soldiers arrested for obstructing the highway.

Saturday morning early, the town of Hamburg began to fill with Southern chivalry from two States. The black soldiers were in town, too, unarmed and unsuspecting. Mose was among them. The town kept filling with white men until at length the Southern chivalry was 1500 strong, armed to the teeth. This heroic army was opposed to forty unarmed negroes. The blacks became alarmed, and took refuge in their armory, where their guns were. The noble Southern chivalry, 1500 strong, commanded by the brave, heroic, and magnanimous ex-reed General Butler, opened their artillery on the poor little old nigger armory. It was a gallant deed, which will shine splendid as long as the name of Southern chivalry survives in story. Not a shot was fired back. The negroes jumped from a back window and ran into a cornfield. Twenty-one of them were captured by the Southern chivalry, and their guns taken from them. So they could not possibly hurt any Southern chivalry. Then the Southern chivalry shot them down. It was a most valiant deed. Mose was one of the hapless twenty-one. The Southern chivalry stabbed and punched some of the negroes in the face with bayonets, after they were dead. They beat one dead body over the head, and cut its tongue out. That dead body was the body of Mose.

"That's only the beginning of what we are going to do," remarked the heroic General Butler. "The end will come next November."

Old Joe sat peacefully in his little home that Saturday. As the day wore on he became anxious, in spite of himself. A little dog—Mose's dog—barked and whined at intervals, all the afternoon. Toward evening he began barking again.

"I wonder what makes the little dog keep up such a frustration?" said he anxiously.

He went to the door and looked out. Some black men approached, carrying something between them. They brought it in silence and laid it down in the porch. It was the dead body of Mose. It was beaten about the head and the tongue was cut out, but the faithful blacks had erased the disfigurement as well as they could, and the face of the dead man was noble to look upon. The features, which had settled themselves into a still, classic beauty, were the features of the white man.

Old Joe sat down apart and covered his face. Then he raised his weak old hands to heaven, and for the first time in his life there came from the lips of Old Joe an awful curse, solemn enough, and powerful enough, to echo down the centuries of all coming time in America.

"May the everlasting curse of God Almighty witner the men who have done that. May it follow them and their children and their children's children as long as the sun shines on the earth. Amen!"

What has Old Joe's country done for him?

American politics drags sleepily on in the old ruts. American politicians build, bribe, bargain and truckle on; they buy and sell votes and principles, and make sport of killing a few niggers on the eight of July; but who shall undo the wrong the centuries have done Old Joe? Who shall bring back his son?

Will the curse of Old Joe come home to them, think you?—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

The man who is troubled with "a singing in the head," is advised to apply to a church for the position of head singer.

HOLD THE FORT FOR HAYES AND WHEELER.

[AIR—"Hold the Fort."]

Hold the fort for Hayes and Wheeler;
Hold it for the right;
See, the Democrats are urging
Forward to the fight.

See them come, their banners waving,
See them pressing on;
Hark their shouts of rage and fury,
See their gonfalon.

Now, boys! up and at them! Sally
Forth to meet the foe;
See them waver! See them flying
To their overthrow!

Now aloud for Hayes and Wheeler,
Swell the triumph song
And o'er every hill and valley
Loud the strain prolong!

A TELEGRAPHIC JAMBOREE.

Building of the Chemin de Fer de l'Etoile du Sud.

There can not be any doubt about it. I am the unhappy cause of the Prussian invasion. The homeless citizens of Alsace and Lorraine owe their expatriation to me. The horrors of the Commune are my work; the downfall of the Empire, the debt, the taxes, the destruction of the equilibrium of Europe, which rested on France like a lever on its fulcrum—of all this I am the doomed author. Yet, behold me! Here I am in this small apartment *au quatrieme* (lobby B, room No. 7), a little man with a round gray head, a mere *varech du Bourse*, the wreck, sir, of greatness that never got ripe. Dame! I never had the opportunity. They never shook the tree on which I grew. I was born for finance. Give me the field, make me your minister, your Gladstone, your Turgot, your Necker. I will show you how to deal with the funds. They should go up, up, sir, up so high that the State could buy all its own rentes in with their own premiums, and so the national debt be made to redeem itself. Nothing is impossible to genius. But for the most atrociously treacherous syndicate known to history—a syndicate of which you may conceive the inherent baseness when I tell you it was planned in Berlin and consummated in Hamburg and Frankfort—but for that syndicate France to-day would not be dismembered, and I would be the rival of your Rothschilds, your Torlonias, your Barings—a power in Europe. But, as I said before, it was my fault.

It came about in this way. I went to America to offer to M. McCulloch, Minister of Finance, my scheme for paying the national debt of the American republic. It is all simple, in the shell of a nut. You owe two milliards, M. McCulloch. Very well. Your fives are at par, your sixes have a premium of fifteen. Very well, then. Call in your sixes as they mature, and sell your sevens to pay for them. They will fetch twenty-five premium. When you have sold two milliards of sevens then you have half a milliard surplus, which is one-fourth your debt. Sell two more milliards, you have a milliard surplus. Sell four more milliards, and you have two milliards surplus. Then your debt is paid. What do you do with the milliards received ad interim, you ask? Lend them to your people, of course, at seven per cent, so as to lose no interest. Would you believe it, M. McCulloch had the insolence to denominate me idiot! But while I was waiting for M. McCulloch to accept my challenge to wipe the insult out in gore, I studied the American system of railway management. I learned some things. When M. McCulloch basely refused to combat himself with me, I return to Paris. I am full of ideas.

I propose to my partner to put my ideas in practice. My partner's name is Barthes. Orthenin Barthes, and mine is Athanase Talleyrand Decq—firm of Decq, Barthes & Cie—the company is my mother-in-law, who had 125,000 francs in our business—No. 660 Rue Garanciere is our place of worship to Plutus. We gather our resources together, we hypothecate our shares, I take a million and a half in my pocket and go to Iassy—beast of a Moldavian city. The Moldavian notables are in session. I am not a diplomatist—I do not know how to speak the atrocious mixture of tongues, Latin, Turkish, Bohemian, Slavonic, which they call their language. I am not acquainted with his ferocious Boyardishin the Hospodar. I do not know the laws of the Diet, nor the elements of the constitution, but I am a born financier. I play bezique, I lose a million to the cheerful nobility and gentry who make laws and eat the corn, wine and oil of those plains by divine right—*fruges consumere nati*—and I obtain a concession for the firm of Decq, Barthes & Cie to build a railroad from Tchernowitz to Galatz. The road is to be completed in five years; it is to be 215 kilometres long, and we have the privilege of issuing subscriptions for 500,000 shares of stock at 100 francs the share, and some other privileges worth a good deal of money properly managed.

I return to Paris. My engineers have surveyed the route. The cost of the road will be in round numbers 100,000 francs per kilometre, say 40,000,000 francs in all. We begin operations in Moldavia and at the Bourse simultaneously. We borrow 10,000,000 upon our franchise and build one-fourth the road. We issue our shares, putting 100,000 of them in the hands of distinguished personages, retaining 400,000 in our own hands. To complete the road and pay our debts, we utter bonds of the Tchernowitz and Galatz railroad—100,000 bonds of the par value of 500 francs. We sell these bonds, bearing five per cent interest, at fifty to sixty per cent of their face value. There are many people eager to invest at a ten per cent security which is guaranteed by distinguished personages, councilors of state, etc., in which it is even said members of the imperial family own shares; the bonds are all sold in a few weeks, and the building of our road is an accomplished fact.

How do we stand at the moment of instaurating our great enterprise? We comprise a syndicate of Parisian bankers: Decq, Barthes & Cie.; Zola & Lombaerts, Durnolard the elder; Piaget, Batliere & Cie.; Verdagner, Dalp & Le Gost. We owe the following immense sums.

	Francs.
Decq, Barthes & Cie (advanced)	1,000,000
Construction account T. and G. railroad	40,000,000
Purchase of 150,000 shares T. and G. railroad stock shares, bought back from distinguished patrons, par	10,000,000
Interest and miscellaneous	6,000,000
Total	57,000,000
Contra—	
One hundred thousand bonds at 320 francs average	32,000,000
Receipts T. and G. railroad	1,500,000—33,500,000
Net liabilities	23,500,000
Assets—	
Two hundred and fifteen kilometers of railroad	40,000,000
Mortgage on same	50,000,000
Five hundred thousand shares stock, actual value	—

This financial exhibit might seem unsatisfactory. The road and plant was worth 10,000,000 francs less than the mortgage on it. It promised to pay nothing. The shares had no value. To get our money back, without saving the road, we must sell our shares in open market for forty-seven. The operation seemed impossible. But genius has resources beyond the computation of the book-keepers of the Bourse. Decq, as I told you, is a genius. He is a born financier. If he had been minister, the name of Athanase Talleyrand Decq would shine out. But the trees that bear such fruit are never shaken in time.

I call a meeting of the syndicate. I lay my plans before them. "Messieurs, we must proceed *a l'Americain*. We must pool our shares. You must put 5,000,000 francs in my hands, and ask no questions. Know nothing. See nothing. Hear nothing. Leave all to me. I pledge myself, when the shares come to the Bourse, they will start at above fifty-seven and touch par." It was consented to. The 5,000,000 were lent to me, without condition. I arrange with the syndicate that some of them shall see the committee and get leave, at the proper time, to put the shares of the T. and G. R. R. on the list of the Bourse.

Then I made the tour of Europe. I go from Petersburg to Constantinople; from Vienna to Bucharest; from Odessa to Ekaterinborg; from Hamburg to Taranto. I travel in disguise. I am a financial meteor. I am the comet of couriers. I am omnipresent. I grasp the question of the Orient. I probe the mysteries of diplomacy. I master the idiosyncracies of race. I dive into the heart of newspapers. I am the puzzle and the pabulum of all Jewry. The subtle Greek of the Orient gives me up in despair and rejoices over me. The money-greedy Armenian accepts me like destiny, and hoards me with miserly avidity. I am gold. I am credit. I am Genius!

When I return to Paris at the end of sixty days, I have lost forty pounds of flesh and spent 5,000,000 of francs. The syndicate do not know me. They groan because my looks are more haggard than despair. I cheer them. I tell them I am worn by thought, not care. I invite them to dine with me. I send them home full of anticipation, of mystery and of Romanee. "Messieurs," I cry in dismissing them, "the blow is struck. Ask no questions. Interrogate not Genius. Gather the manna when it falls, and when you die, bid your children put upon your tombstone, 'His fortune was built by the genius of Athanase Talleyrand Decq.'"

This was in May. At the June meeting of the board of management of the T. and G. R. R. the business exhibit was of the most surprising sort. The transportation of freight was beyond the resources of the road. We had to borrow cars from the Bucharest roads. The applications for freight for June were more than we could carry in two months. The net profits for May were 1,000,000 francs, and at that rate the road, after paying handsomely toward its sinking funds, would yield a dividend of eight per cent. The engineer on the spot recommended that our transportation charges be raised fifty per cent, in order to relieve the road until its equipment could be improved. The best of it was, this was a bona fide exhibit. The business was done. (We carried the freight for nothing, and I paid 2,000,000 francs of my 5,000,000 into the local treasury to cover working expenses. We drummed up business everywhere, and had 1000 teams hunting up produce of all sorts in the defiles of the Carpathians. We laid all Transylvania and Buckwina and Gallicia and Bessarabia under tribute, and won such a freight victory as never before was heard of. It was a Pirrhic victory, of course—but I did not propose to repeat it.) About the same time the T. and G. R. R. discovered that the vineyards of Baben, of which it owned 30,000 acres, produced 1,000,000 gallons of wine annually, which has no superior except the imperial Tokay. Some casks of this wine, opportunely offered in Paris, were sold to the distinguished connoisseur, Count Debreckzinsky (otherwise Decq, Barthes & Cie.), for 130 francs the hectolitre. Simultaneously there was a remarkable discovery of gold and silver combined in a true mother lode in the mines of Vasarhely-Adjud, lately purchased by the T. and G. R. R.

There began to be inquiry made in the Bourse for the shares of this remarkable railroad, which we now formally named the "Star of the South." The members of the syndicate were eager to sell, but I told them "not yet." Zola came to me: "I am offered 60 for all my shares," said he. "Wait till you hear from the Danube," I answered. Bailiere said: "I have a private bid of 75—shall I take it?" "Not until the telegraph speaks," I replied. Then Diap proposed to break the pool: "I am offered 80," he said. "I will take your shares and give you 90," I said, but he refused.

It came to the twenty-seventh of June, and Saturday. The stock market was excited by many rumors. In Mark Lane the grain market was unusually active. The British crop was said to be bad, the American surplus unusually light, famine in Asia Minor, floods on the Vistula, chinch bug in Minnesota, fly and tempest on the Dnieper and Don. About 2 P. M., just as the busiest part of the Bourse day was over, the telegraph began to work on behalf of the "Star of the South." It continued to work in this cause until eleven o'clock Monday morning. I can not sum up the half of its tremendous reports. They embraced fire and flood, the calamities of nature and the destructive devices of man. Diplomacy hobnobbed with the corn market, and the earth trembled in conceit with a new outbreak of the rinderpest. A sudden revolution, attended with unparalleled atrocities had broken out among the Cossacks of the Don. Then had burned the grain fields from Orel to Taganrog, from Samara to Kiev, had destroyed all the railroads east of the Dneister, were besieging Kharkov and marching on Odessa. All the elevators in Milwaukee and Chicago were involved in a common conflagration, with all their immense contents. The rinderpest was sweeping all cattle on a line from Cracow to Gratz and westward. A great raft in the Danube, above Silistria, promised to obstruct navigation for six months. Fifty miles of railroad from Bucharest to Lemberg was torn up by an earthquake, and the same convulsion of nature, after destroying a thousand lives in Nissa, had buried the road from Belgrade to Sophia under a mighty landslide of the Balkans. There was a revolt in Rahova among the Bulgarians, a massacre of Christians by the Turks in Bosnia and a failure of crops in Roomelee. Diplomatic notes of the sharpest character had been exchanged between the British Foreign Secretary and the Czar. Ignatieff had demanded his passports, and the Khedive had forbidden the exportation of corn. In short, the demands for transportation were suddenly increased five fold, the means of transportation cut down to one-fifth, and the Star of the South, as it was the most important, had in a moment, so to speak, become the only reliable railroad in Eastern Europe.

Never had the Bourse seen such a day of excitement as when, on June 29, the pool introduced the stock of the "Star of the South" to the world of brokers. The first block of 10,000 shares was sold at 87. It was followed by an offer of 95 for 100,000. Before the day was out we had sold 375,000 shares at an average of 116⅝. I called a meeting of the syndicate. We agreed that this thing would last another day, and that we would not sell for less than 150. Next day the price opened at 162, and there were sold 400,000 shares (including all that remained in the hands of the syndicate) at an average of 178. The features of the day's operations were: 1. Contradictory reports did not make the price fall, though it did make the stock change hands more rapidly; 2. A heavy cash demand from Hamburg, which in all took 200,000 shares. The syndicate met again. We had sold as follows:

	Francs.
Three hundred and seventy-five thousand shares at 116⅝	43,738,375
One hundred and twenty five thousand shares at 178	22,250,000
Five hundred thousand shares at 131 31-32	65,938,375
Making a net profit of	37,463,375

Equal to 37.50 francs per share.

"Messieurs," I said, "this thing will last a day or two longer, since the heavy witted Germans are in it. Shall we quadruple our profits before the bottom falls out, or shall we dissolve the pools?" It was determined to continue selling, and then to buy ourselves whole as soon as the shares tumbled below fifty.

Next day shares had fallen to 145. We sold a million to Hamburg and Frankfort account. The price touched 200. The Eastern rumors were all contradicted, but the price did not fall. July 2 we sold a million and a half to German account again, and the price rose to 239. On July 3 the price was firm at 240. I bought a million on account of our syndicate, and then called a halt. I also called a meeting of the pool. "Messieurs," I said, "we are rich enough. We have sold our shares for thirty-seven and a half millions. That is in our pockets. We have sold three million shares yet to deliver at an average of 200. When the price breaks we must buy in at an average of fifty. This will give us a profit of 450,000,000 francs." "Suppose the stock does not break?" said the wooden-headed Swiss, Dalp. "It must break. It is worthless. We have bulled it thus high in five days. We have thirty days in which to bear it. Get to work."

However, the prize did not go down. In a few days we had rumors of a syndicate in Hamburg and Frankfort, comprising those stupid beasts, Twietmeyer & Ascher, Frichl & Brother, Muller, Schonhoff & Lowe, who were backed by some rascally Amsterdam and London banks, and meant to hold on. They were said to have bought every actual share of the "Star of the South" railroad at about 160, and were now ready for us to deliver our 3,000,000. It was the most treasonable proceeding ever heard of. We exposed the whole history of the "Star of the South," without sparing ourselves or the Hospodar or the Diet of Moldavia. The stock rose to 300. We saw that the bubble was about to break. We called a meeting of the syndicate. We introduced there some dukes, senators, marshals of the empire, etc. We agreed to take them in on the ground floor, and next day, for their account and our own sold 3,000,000 shares of the "Star of the South" in a single block. It was our Waterloo. The stock fell three points, and then rose like a majestic balloon to 400. The atrocious German syndicate held it there until after settling day.

Our pool was broken against the terrible German corner. They got our 37,000,000 and all the rest of the millions we could borrow. They got mortgages upon the estates of our dukes, senators and marshals. They got even the diamonds of a lady of the court. Plaget forged bills for an immense amount to save himself. Verdagner ran away to America. Le Gort blew his brains out with a pistol. Gatineau keeps a cigar shop in Belleville. All were ruined.

Except me. I saved two millions out of the wreck. With one million I bought this madhouse. With the other I procured the imprisonment here for forty-eight hours of every statesman in France, and the substitution in his place of one of my madmen. In that short interval great events happened. The war broke out with Prussia; France was ruined. The Hamburg "corner" was not broken. The "Star of the South" still shone. But I myself was cornered here. I can not sell these premises. I dare not go out. The Arch of the Star is waiting to fall on me. The Dome of the Invalides flashes its indignation at me. The wild beasts of the Jardin des Plantes eaten during the seige are ready to devour me, so I remain within doors. I am kept away from the world of finance, all my great energies immured here. I administer this hospital for patience, but it is dreary work. Madness is monotony. It gives your intellect no scope; it has no originality. I feel that I am rusting out before my time. But I do not repine. My day will yet come; I have a future still.—*Le Petit Journal Medico-Psychologique.*

Interesting Facts About Tilden and Tweed.

The relations of Mr. Tilden to the Tweed-Tammany business may be very briefly and conclusively indicated. The simple statement of decisive facts in their chronological order settles the matter. Mark these points:

1. Mr. Tilden was the chairman of the Democratic State committee from 1866 down through 1867, 1868, 1869, 1870 and 1871, the very hey-dey of Tweed-Tammany thievery, and during all that time he never, by word or act, did anything to check or oppose this rascality. As chairman of the committee he could not be ignorant of it, if he was not in actual complicity, yet he raised no arm to stop it.

2. As the chairman of the State committee, he received and acknowledged the money of Tweed for political purposes, when he knew it was stolen from the public treasury; and in 1868 his name was associated with that of Tweed in the flagitious scheme to cheat the people of their rights and their chosen officers by gigantic frauds upon the ballot box. He sent out the famous circular which asked the Democrats of the interior to telegraph on the close of the polls the probable vote in their localities in order that Tweed might know how much he would have to count up in New York to overcome it.

3. Though thus prominent in public affairs, he did not oppose any of the infamous legislative measures of 1870 and 1871, under which the most stupendous robberies of the Tweed-Tammany ring were perpetrated. We say exactly what we mean. He did oppose the charter, but that was not the fountain of the robberies at all. The robberies were committed under the board of audit bill, the tax levies and similar measures, and we challenge the production of a word from Tilden against any one of them. During these same years of 1870 and 1871, he stood side by side with Tweed in the State conventions, and neither said nor did a single thing in opposition to his interests.

4. The great explosion against Tweed and his confederates occurred through the publication of the *Times'* figures, in July, 1871. Long before that time Tweed's immense thefts were known to every intelligent politician, and if Mr. Tilden had been an honest "reformer" he should then have resisted them. But even if there had been any possibility of excuse for inaction before, there certainly was none after the *Times'* exposure. That gave crushing proof; it fixed the brand of thievery so that every man could see it; it sealed the doom of the ring. From that moment Tweed's overthrow was inevitable. Y