

CHAPTER VI.

JUSTIFICATION OF THE TAFT LETTER

How West Feliciana is to be Carried for the Democracy.

Colored Republicans Bulldozed into Submission, White Republicans Exiled and Officials Forced to Resign.

The Nation Only Can Protect Its Citizens in this Section.

The Times says a purchase of 1000 Zouave uniforms for a colored regiment of Democrats in West Feliciana has been made by a Bayou Sara gentleman.

The Democrat says that at the Democratic barbecue at Laurel Hill, same parish, a spot made bloodily famous by the killing of "niggers," the principal attendance was of colored men.

A leading citizen of West Feliciana, a native, whose name we dare disclose only at risk of his life, tells how these colored Democrats are made such and become so tractable. The colored citizen is visited by some well-known gentlemen, and solicited to join a Democratic club, and an evening named when his attendance is expected.

What can the poor negro do? Flee and leave all his worldly possessions, submit to Democratic demands, or experience the cruelties the Regulators so well know how to inflict, are the only alternatives open to him.

As some of our readers may consider this picture somewhat strained, let them read these affidavits illustrative of the cruel and inhuman manner in which these citizens of the United States were brought into such pitiful subjection:

BEATEN INTO TAMERNESS.

Thomas Rice sworn—Says I reside on Jessie Davis' place, Fairview plantation, parish of West Feliciana; have resided there for the last forty years. On the 12th of October, 1875, while picking cotton, I looked down the hill and saw four men armed with Winchester rifles and shotguns, and one of whom started to strike me, but was prevented by another. One of the men took me on his horse, my partner was behind on the other. They then started me and we got down and run. I became tired and told them I could not run. One of the men then struck me with his rifle and I walked to the Star Hill headquarters. When there I was recognized by some white men who told the parties who arrested me that they had no business to do it. I was let go.

Do not believe that a Republican can hold office in the parish in safety. The citizens of Bayou Sara are quiet. Never bought an armed cotton, or any other article, of white men on three different occasions. Recognize among the parties of Regulators McMurray, Ventrice Jones, James L. Peabody, J. W. Smith and others. Have seen several hundred men, some with pistols, shotguns and rifles. I do not know what should have occasioned armed men of that kind to be organized in the parish, as the colored people are not armed and do not carry arms. Don't know of any Republican official keeping store in that parish while holding office. Never was instructed, told or advised, by Republican officials that they were to be armed, or to array myself with other Republicans against the white people. As a general rule the colored people are industrious and quiet.

THEY ONLY WANTED HIS OFFICE.

Julius Green sworn—Says I live on a portion of what was once the Walker and McClelland tract. I own my land by paying for it. Some time in the month of January, 1876, about a dozen men armed with arms and rode to my house and asked for me. I was at a neighbor's house on a visit, and in returning I heard these men talking. I hid myself to hear what they were saying. They talked for some time and then told me to go to town and resign my position as police juror. If I did, things would be all right; if I did not, it would be bad for me. I was afraid to go to town, and they told me, fearing for my life. I am a Republican and a property holder; don't see any other reason for their making me resign than that I am a Republican. I resigned and they were satisfied. I signed two resignations: one I gave to D. A. Weber, and the other to Messrs. Wickliffe and Fisher, lawyers in Bayou Sara, because they had more influence with the people of the parish, and would prevent them from hurting me. I have not attempted to serve as a police juror since, and no one has asked me to resign. One of them went to the police juror, and told him to resign. The police juror is now composed of two white men and one colored. The colored people of the parish are peaceable and quiet; there is no armed organization among them.

RAID OF THE BASHI BAZOOKS.

Ebenezer Schuyler sworn—Says I live in the parish of West Feliciana, on the Star Hill plantation; don't hold any office. I was in the field picking cotton, and heard talking and yelling. They came to the field and wanted to know where that damn man was. I was hid in the cotton. My wife asked what they wanted. They would blow them down brains out. One of these men drew a gun on another woman who was helping me pick cotton, and asked where I was. "Tell damn you, or I'll blow your brains out." She said: "There he is." At the same moment I raised up from my hiding place and said: "Here I am; what do you want?" One of them said: "We want you on God damn nigger son of a bitch." I want you to understand we own this land, and at the same time struck me over the head with a pistol; then he fired, but missed me. They then struck me several times with the pistol, and told me to get up behind him on his horse. I told him: "There is my horse, let me ride it." One of the men told him to let me ride it, as it would be more easy to ride it. After I got on my horse they told the women to leave the field, as picking that cotton was not going to do any good. I was told to get ahead of them to get off one of them shot at me with a pistol. I began to beg them for mercy, as we were riding along, asking them not to kill me, but to let me explain myself. They said:

"Do it, damn quick." I said: "Gentlemen, I have not done anything, please have mercy. O, Lord, gentlemen, don't kill me. They kept on firing at me, and one shot struck me in the back. I cried: "Gentlemen, I am gone—have mercy on me."

One of the men spoke up, saying, "Don't you hear him say 'have mercy'?" And, "I will blow your about at him again I will blow your damn brains out." They then stopped shooting and took me on to the sugarhouse of Mr. Perkins, where they had all the people they had taken as prisoners. I saw a large crowd of armed men there; they stood us up in a line and placed a guard over us. While in this position I called the gentleman who had acted as a friend to me, and told him I was suffering from the wound. I showed him the wound, and he told me to go to the pond and wash myself; and then I got away. I had to move about fifteen miles from that place for fear of being killed.

There was no armed organization of colored people in the parish. Two days after I got away a woman came to my wife and others and told us to get in from the line and the woods was coming again. Just as we got in the woods, I saw the road full of armed men on horse. I thought they were United States troops. Coming from the line was also a large crowd of men, recognized only one name I saw in the first lot. His name is McMurray, a horse trader. He is the one that showed me friendship.

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Cross-examined—I do not know what this outrage was done for. I made no charge against them because I was afraid. Isaac Carr sworn—Says he was taken prisoner and maltreated by the same party.

CHIVALROUS WOMAN WHIPPERS.

Lucy Washington sworn—Says I reside in West Feliciana, on the Star Hill plantation. When engaged in the cotton field three or four men came to me and asked me to join them. I refused. They then struck me with their guns. They then asked me if I knew who struck me. I replied that I did not. They then said they struck me. They were white men.

Cross-examined (by Senator Goode, Democrat)—Says witness made no complaint to the officers of the law; do not remember the name of the father's house; returned home next night and told my wife I was going away; I know nothing of any armed body of colored men in the parish.

MAKING ANOTHER RESIDE.

Henry Temple sworn—Says I reside in the parish of West Feliciana; have lived there for the last ten years. About twelve o'clock at night, in February last, while talking with Bob and Sheppard Williams, a large body of men approached. I ran into the woods to get away, and while running was fired upon several times. They rode to Jim Lee's house and said: "Open the door, God damn you." Lee's wife was afraid to open the door, but did so, however, and they asked her for witness. She told them I did not live there. They then went to my house and told my wife to open the door. My wife refused to do so. They then entered the house, and to open the door or they would.

She did so; they went in, and she told them I had run out; they said: "By God, don't tell him to leave in three days. We don't, when we come back we will go for him;" they then went toward the quarters after a man named Dick Mills, and the woods to get away, and while running was fired upon several times. They rode to Jim Lee's house and said: "Open the door, God damn you." Lee's wife was afraid to open the door, but did so, however, and they asked her for witness. She told them I did not live there. They then went to my house and told my wife to open the door. My wife refused to do so. They then entered the house, and to open the door or they would.

Marine Items.

The steamship Frederick, from Liverpool, for this port, has been lying in Havana some little time with her cylinder head broken. The new head was cast here and has been forwarded, and she will leave Havana for this port on the sixteenth instant.

The Knickerbocker, now in port from New York, brought out a full cargo of merchandise under deck, beside having her staterooms filled.

The Morgan City had every available space filled and left quite a large amount of cargo on the wharf in New York. This augurs well for the coastwise trade.

One week ago to-day the ship Melrose, from New York for this port, was spoken some 300 miles from the bar. Her non-arrival shows the difficulties encountered by sailing shipsmaster at sea in moderate weather, this ship having made less than two miles an hour toward her port of destination in seven days.

On shipboard and along the levee yesterday morning every one was in high glee over the agreeable change in the weather. During the night the captains turned the stewards out for blankets, and monkey jackets that had been laid away for months were brought into requisition. One two hundred and twenty-five pound captain declared that he slept cold, notwithstanding an extra blanket. Hot coffee and plenty of it was freely indulged in at 6 A. M., and all hands looked as pleased as a war club with a new uniform.

Port Royal, South Carolina, holds out inducements for ships bound to Savannah to come to that port in consequence of the fever at the latter place. The most of the ships that go to Savannah are old New Orleans traders, and if Savannah proves an objectionable point in consequence of its misfortune, this port will be likely to be chosen before Port Royal.

Alfred Keene, the live stevedore, returned yesterday from a tour through the Eastern States. He found the steamer Abdiel awaiting his superintendence, and immediately took the wheel.

The ship Arcturus, in the list of vessels called for this port, has arrived at Galveston.

Louisiana Agricultural and Mechanical College.

The board of control of the Louisiana Agricultural and Mechanical College met in the rooms of the State Board yesterday.

(Special Correspondence of the Republican.)

NORTHERN POLITICS.

Louisiana Interests and Republican Reconstruction.

New York, September 7, 1876.

The nomination of Charles Francis Adams, of Massachusetts, as the Democratic candidate for Governor of that State possesses a two-fold interest to Southern people. The first suggestion which arises to the mind in contemplating this nomination is the fact that the Northern Democracy in this hour of its general confusion and hopeless demoralization is compelled to fall back for aid on a New England "Yankee" of the purest type, an old line Webster Whig, a life-long Abolitionist, and a staunch Republican! The second reflection is, that if Mr. Adams and his accomplished family were to become regular visitors to New Orleans during the winter, they would not be "received" in what is called the first circles of "Confederate society" in your city, or it received only by way of "toleration," and for reasons prompted by business, political or social diplomacy.

As to the first suggestion I have nothing to say in this letter. I wish to read the Boston papers before forming a final opinion as to the political significance of Mr. Adams' sudden appearance as a leader of Democratic reform—or rather of reform in connection with the Democratic party—in American politics. The second suggestion is the one I propose to deal with now, and my object is to show the ridiculous absurdity of keeping up a narrow-minded social clanship at the South which repels such families as the Adams' of Massachusetts, the family of Governor Fish of this State, and other representatives of the social civilization and culture of the North. I desire to show, also, that this social proscription of Northern people, outside of its irrational semi-barbarism, works an injury to every material interest in "your State."

I say "your State" because Louisiana possesses peculiar attractions for the wealthy "folks" of New England, and large numbers of New England people and millions of New England's surplus capital would flow into New Orleans and Louisiana if these same New England families and capitalists could feel that they could create for themselves and their children a genuine warm, sympathetic social life among the Confederates. Florida is a striking illustration of the truth and the importance of the statements I have thus made. Land has advanced in value fifty per cent all over the "State of Florida" during the last three years. What has caused this advance? The influx of Northern families, chiefly from New England. What has attracted these families to Florida? The same influences as to soil, climate and healthfulness which exist in Louisiana. I say the same influences save one, because, unlike Louisiana, there was no Confederate social ostracism of Northern people in Florida to check the tide of immigration which set in toward that State after the war. Northern people were welcomed to Florida. Wendell Phillips could have taken his invalid wife there and he would have received the same courteous treatment which all civilized society pays to character, moral purity and genius. Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Emerson, Mr. Bryant and other such men from the North could have enjoyed life in Florida as delightfully as in France or Italy. But how different the state of things in Louisiana! An intensified and irrational "Southernism" has, from the day of Lee's surrender, swayed your society, intruding itself even into the common adoration of the common Creator, and forcing Northern business men in New Orleans, and their families, to form themselves into separate societies, even for the worship of God!

I remarked in a previous letter of this correspondence, written from Boston, that this presidential year was to be a year for "taking stock" on the part of the North in regard to Southern affairs. Who will now deny the truth of the assertion I then made? Are not the Northern people "taking stock," and very carefully and very minutely, in this Southern business? Most assuredly, and in no one thing are impartial people more interested than in this Southern ostracism of non-partisan business men from the North who have settled in the South, some before and many since the war. It is idle for the Confederates to shout "nigger" and "carpet-bagger" in reply to this charge.

There are Northern people in every Southern city, entirely disconnected with politics, who are forced into separate church organizations by this ostracism. We see all over the South branches of the Northern Baptist Church, of the Northern Presbyterian Church, etc. In what does this separate worship originate? In matters of faith? No. On the question of "mixed" congregations? No, because these Northern Protestant churches located in the South are, I regret to say, generally caste churches. What then is it which produces this separation of Christian people? The separation originates in purely social causes. This is the fact, and a most unfortunate fact it is, for the cause alike of Christian union and of the best interests of your people.

Louisiana should receive a large share of the best emigration from the North. If the people of your State, without regard to party or politics, will unite their efforts and influences, this emigration can be secured. Northern capital can be secured. In rejoining, therefore, over Mr. Adams' nomination as the Democratic candidate for Governor of Massachusetts—a Republican "Yankee," bear in mind—let the Confederates also do something to induce Mr. Adams' friends to make their homes and invest their money in Louisiana. B.

The Temperature.

The thermometer at Louis Frigier's, No. 50 Chartres street, stood as follows, September 12: At 8 A. M. 73°; at 2 P. M., 82°; at 6 P. M., 81°. Lowest point during the night of September 11, 70°.

Appointments.

Acting Governor Adams has appointed W. A. Jones, vice J. A. Greene, supervisor of registration of Lincoln parish.

Among the topics discussed by the Social Science Congress recently were the cotton industries of Fall River; the relation of currency to prices; the condition of the South; law schools; and the Chinese immigration question.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

DANIEL DERONDA. By George Elliott. In two volumes. Volume II. New York: Harper & Brother, New Orleans: For sale by R. G. Eyrich, No. 130 Canal street.

The second volume of the last and perhaps the best of the novels of George Elliott has been received. There is hardly a possibility that this work will be as popular as "Adam Bede," or much more than her artistic "Romola." All her works are for the few whose approbation is permanent fame. In "Daniel Deronda" all the evidence of learning, breadth of thought, social and moral interests that have made George Elliott a master in the higher range of fiction, are more than usually apparent. The characters are minutely analyzed and explained, the volumes are full of philosophical speculations, most of them sound and attractive, but a few unimportant and seemingly unnecessary. But nearly every page has some fortunate touch that the studious reader lingers over with delight.

The histories of Guendalen Harleth and Daniel Deronda are mingled, and their moral force on each other are continually shown until the end of the work when the latter's separates entirely, and he seems to cease to be wise and becomes a victim of an impossible delusion. The individuality of the subordinate characters is carefully maintained and nearly all are new and agreeable acquaintances.

THE FIVE SENSES OF MAX. By Julius Greenstein. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This is the twenty-first volume of the International Scientific Series, which is contributed to by the most eminent professors in England, Germany, France and the United States. It is entirely an American project, originated and organized by Dr. E. L. Youmans. The present volume aims at popularity, but also to take the reader a step beyond the ordinary popular treatises. Commencing with an entertaining introduction, the reader is easily led through the illustrated pages on touch, sight, hearing, taste and smell. The greater portion of the work is devoted to sight and hearing, and the subjects are so elaborated and illustrated that few readers will consider it necessary to consult the more ponderous treatises which a list is given.

HISTORY PRIMERS. Edited by J. R. Greene. History of Europe. By Edward A. Freeman, D. C. L., LL. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This is one of a series of reprints of an English series. It is divided into thirteen chapters, each representing an epoch, and all principal events grouped and condensed in paragraphs with a liberal use of full face type. As an evidence of its brevity the history of Napoleon occupies but one page. A short summary of results closes each chapter and the work is illustrated with six maps.

Edward Everett Hale on Monopolies.

If there is one part of the service which the government renders to the people more popular than another, it is the weather service of the Signal Bureau. From the school boy who asks his father why it rains because the bureau tells her it is going to rain, round to the manufacturer who saves two inches of water in his upper reservoirs because "Old Probabilities" tells him rain is coming, everybody is grateful to the "bureau," as it is familiarly called. There are so few of the departments of the government whose service comes to our homes that we are apt to undervalue the public service which we see and use every day.

We are advised by the manager of the Western Union Telegraph Company that we read of a street car company which with equal satisfaction to the public for one-half the money, and he is quite willing to undertake it at that reduction.

The telegraph company will take the weather service for half price. This does not seem to us very obliging. We doubt if the public will give it the contract or be much indebted for the proposal. If we will begin by doing some of our own work for half what it extorts now, it can with more reason talk of doing other people's. Nay, if it will do its own work reliably—do it all in season of getting the plumes, and letting the rest go, it will be time for it to talk of doing other people's business.

Here is the most gigantic monopoly known to America. For a service which we read of as being done for half price, it asks for twenty words, these people charge what they choose. For a service which in almost any country in the world is done for a few cents, they charge five cents for twenty words, these people charge what they choose. For a service which in almost any country in the world is done for a few cents, they charge five cents for twenty words, these people charge what they choose.

The share taken by great corporations in the government of the country is one of the most interesting subjects which serious students of our politics now have to consider. We are told every year that the "Central railroad" and "Boston and Albany" goes in for that, that the "Tom Scott" goes for that. All the railroad corporations, indeed, are supposed to have their political connections. But they work under the oversight of the public press, and must keep a decent regard to appearances, for fear they should incur its censure. The Western Union Telegraph is not so. It is in the hands of a few men, and its conduct is dependent on the good nature of its conductors.

We are quite sure that whoever discusses its affairs in the daily journals will do so in very delicate language, and when it does assume the signal service, or the conduct of the State Department, we may be quite sure that it is only its victories that we read of in the daily press, and never its defeats.

Let the Western Union begin by delivering dispatches at the English or Swiss rates, and by treating all newspapers on an equal basis, and we will be glad to see formal proposals for assuming the duties of the government of this country. Till then, the more modest it is in such proposals the better.—Boston Times.

A Siren.

A Chicago Times Long Branch letter says: I am told that a man raved over her; do endless foolish things on her account; that a number went to marry her, and that she will not accept them; that the grand match she is waiting for has not yet turned up. This holyhook of a woman overshadowed by the sun, she is a siren, and she is waiting for her. What is the secret of her attraction? She appeals to the senses of men, and understands the advantage of self-control. She says in effect, and when they come to take her she laughs and adds, "But first of all I am my own." Such women are continent, not chaste; they make virtue physically, morally, and socially, and sell it in cold blood to the hot blood of the highest bidder. They are women answering to the description Cowley gives of his mistress: They have not an idea of love, and the father and daughter—the sweet young girl and the blind old man—fall dead in each other's arms.

HAFIZ PASHA'S ATROCITIES.

Murders and Heinous Outrages in a Balkan Strife.

the Turkish commander, Hafiz Pasha, in marching through Bulgaria, arrived before the little town of Panjuriashki with a regiment of regular troops, two or three pieces of artillery, and a great number of Bashi-Bazouks. It would seem that the insurgents had only about 250 men armed with muskets or rifles. The rest had only knives, and a great number of them were worn by everybody. One hundred and fifty of the best armed had gone out on one road toward Tatar-Bazardjik to dispute the way, and 400 on the other road; but it seems that they did not have any idea by which way the army would come. When Hafiz Pasha arrived he found only 100 men to oppose him, and these, frightened by the sight of the regular troops, fled against them, ran away at the first fire. It does not even appear that they fired off their guns, for there was not a single Turk killed or wounded. The intention was to cut the road, and in the meantime attempted to fly, but the town had already been surrounded, and they were either driven back or cut down in the fields. The inhabitants of eight or nine neighboring villages, fear-stricken, had abandoned their homes and taken refuge near the number 5000, and in the night they now filled the streets, crying and screaming with fright. As all resistance had now ceased, or rather as none had really been offered, Hafiz Pasha had no need to do so, but he ordered the leaders of the insurrection, and restored order. Instead of this, however, he brought up his artillery, and without summoning the town to surrender, he commenced a bombardment, ruthlessly throwing the burning shells into these crowds of shrieking women and children. Until midnight the noise of the bombardment resounded through the streets, and the scene was offering himself a concert. The hoarse roar of his cannon, the screaming of shells, the splintering explosions, mingled with the feeble wail of women and children, made sweet music to his ears, and he prolonged the entertainment. He wished to see it by night, lit up by the fire of burning houses, and the glare of the exploding shells, and he ordered his cannon to be fired at the mouths of his cannon. It was a safe and harmless kind of amusement. There were no stern-eyed men there to give him such a ball and shell for shell, but only women and children, and he continued the joyous concert until midnight. Then the loud-mouthed dog of war ceased their firing, and the loud sound of their work; it was now the turn of the sabre.

During the night and the next morning the troops and the Bashi-Bazouks entered the place, and then began a scene of pillage, violence and massacre only equalled by that of Batak. Neither age nor sex was spared. The town was pillaged, then fired; about one-fourth of the houses were burned; the women were cut off their heads, and their own doorsteps, slaughtered on their own heartstones. Old men and women, begging for mercy, and children and infants, were cut off their heads, and their heads beneath the swift and certain sabre. It is thought that 3000 people were killed in this place alone, of whom about 400 were inhabitants of the town, and the rest from the neighboring villages, who had taken refuge here. But we were not greeted here with the scenes of horror that awaited us at Batak. Hafiz Pasha, unlike Achmet Agha, had not the heart to have his soldiers buried within the following three days, and thus to cover up his tracks.

It has been repeated again and again that the acts were perpetrated by the Bashi-Bazouks. This is a mistake, and a mistake because the bureau tells her it is going to rain, round to the manufacturer who saves two inches of water in his upper reservoirs because "Old Probabilities" tells him rain is coming, everybody is grateful to the "bureau," as it is familiarly called. There are so few of the departments of the government whose service comes to our homes that we are apt to undervalue the public service which we see and use every day.

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They were fed of each other, very, and had been engaged. But they quarrelled, and were too proud to make it up. He called a few days ago at her father's house—to see the old gentleman on business, of course. She answered his ring at the doorbell. Said he: "Ah! Miss—, I believe. Is your father within?" "No, sir," she replied, "as is not in the present. Did you wish to see him personally?" "Yes, miss," was his blunt response, feeling that she was yielding, "on very particular business." She turned to go, and he followed her to the door. "I beg your pardon," she called after him, as he struck the lower step, "but who shall I say called?" "The gentleman," he answered, "never received an insult from a single Indian."

Three Reasons Why Independents Can Not Support Tilden.

1. Because his election would mean the ruin of self-motivated reform.

1. Because his election would mean the ruin of self-motivated reform. The nomination Governor Tilden had begun to weaken on this point, to urge that the currency question ought to be kept in the background, to insist that it was better to get control of the government before trying to settle the finances. By the time he came to write his letter he had resolved to go far enough to satisfy the inflationists. He did satisfy them—General Thomas Ewing, Jr., the Cincinnati Enquirer, and the whole crazy crowd who shouted themselves hoarse in denouncing him before the convention, and snaked in their letters afterwards, were heard of and enthusiastic ever since his letter was published. If he surrenders to them now in advance, what would he do as President, when they had a clear majority in Congress?

2. The election of Tilden would mean the utter defeat of civil service reform. He and his party do not propose to turn out the incompetents; they propose to turn out everybody. Last winter they began by turning out men who, under all administrations and all parties, had been held indispensable because of their lifelong training for their work. They started with the most delicate and responsible places with incompetents, and the whole capital was overrun with a horde of ignorant office loafers, and the result was a government had been created by wholesale. "We can not help it," said one of the most intelligent and conscientious of the Democratic Congressmen, "these men are especially those from the South, are too hungry. No party could resist them."

If such was the invasion provoked by the paltry patronage of the House of Representatives, what would be the result of the whole patronage of the executive in their hands? Hayes would turn out the incompetents and the dishonest. Tilden would turn out the honest and the capable. He would make absolutely every office in the United States a prize for present party service, and would thus set back civil service reform a quarter of a century.

3. The election of Tilden would mean the sectional array of the solid South once more against the controlling and better element at the North. The country is not quite equal to that result, for the solid South would be most injurious to the South itself, and to the country at large it would certainly be perilous.—New York Tribune.

McPherson's Opinions.

Edward McPherson, late Clerk of the House, and one of the best informed politicians in the country, expressed himself a few days since as follows to a Tribune reporter:

My judgment is that the elections in Vermont and Maine will so fix the drift of public opinion in the remainder of the Union, that Ohio and Indiana in October. In that event the election of Governor Hayes would be certain. In looking at the probable result, I have had some thoughts on the subject of good politics, but measure the general influences operating on the public mind. Many things combine to make me look upon a Republican victory as practically assured. The only serious danger to the control of Hayes created throughout all the old States by the evident purpose of the Democrats to make the Southern States a unit in the contest, is the attitude of the Union, and I am disposed to be liberal toward the leaders of opinion in the South, and to welcome them back to a participation in the government, but they have no idea of yielding the control of the government to the control of the United States in league with a strong party in the North is a menace to the perpetuity of the great results of the war, and the men who are now in the control of the party that has created such a phenomenon in politics, there is no reason to believe that the fruits of a Democratic victory would be that are well calculated to excite such disquieting feelings. The legislative propositions made in Congress last winter, and the attitude of the members were all in one direction—that of fastening upon the treasury the payment of enormous claims for losses, or pretended losses, sustained by the party in power. The aggregate amount of these claims is immense, and yet it is but a trifle to the great volume that would pour in if the Democrats once get complete control. The same volume of the border. What is the result of the coming army, and they have been rushed in to get on the files ahead of the press that is to follow Tilden's election. It was a great mistake to have the Democrats in possession of the House. They were obliged to show their hands, and could no longer stand by and assail the acts of the majority. They were obliged to show their hands, and could no longer stand by and assail the acts of the majority. They were obliged to show their hands, and could no longer stand by and assail the acts of the majority.

The Indian Questions.

Rev. Myron W. Reed, of Milwaukee, has dared the prevailing Western opinion on the Indian question in a sermon, in which he says:

Across the border, under the English flag, the Indians and the colonists have not had a quarrel for 118 years. Nine-tenths of all the work done by the Hudson Bay company was done by the Indians. They don't like you, you sulkily, but in a friendly way like children who have been used well by the white people and believe them to be friends. You have no trouble with an Indian, and he has no trouble with you. He will live where he lives, and he knows it. The English flag knows no distinction of color. There are no stars on it for white men and stripes for black and red men.

Southern Claims.

Congress passed a bill authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to pay the awards of the Southern claims commission, but by some technicality these awards require the signature of the Secretary of War, who will be absent some six weeks. A delegation went to Harrisburg to persuade Secretary Cameron to order his chief clerk, which he is authorized by law to do, to sign these warrants, but he refused. The awards aggregate \$500,000, in sums from \$50 to several thousand dollars, and are due to some 600 people, distributed through eleven Southern States.

FOREIGNER SIGHTED.

They were fed of each other, very, and had been engaged. But they quarrelled, and were too proud to make it up. He called a few days ago at her father's house—to see the old gentleman on business, of course. She answered his ring at the doorbell. Said he: "Ah! Miss—, I believe. Is your father within?" "No, sir," she replied, "as is not in the present. Did you wish to see him personally?" "Yes, miss," was his blunt response, feeling that she was yielding, "on very particular