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[For the New Orleans Republican.]

MYSTERIOUS MESSAGE.

BY LESLIE YORK CARR.

Somet hing delightful has happened to me,
I've had a message as deep as the sea,
And lasting as time or eternity.

Lovingest lispings that lips ever brought;
Tenderest tellings that tongue ever taught,
Into the heart of my life have been wrought.

More musical music never was sung,
Or from harps of the minstrel angels wrung,
And over the walls of Paradise flung.

The oriole sings in his swinging nest,
The ocean sings of his deep unrest,
But I know a song my heart loveth best.

A song and a message, but never a word,
Tha ever the ear of mortal hath heard,
Yet the soundless deeps of my soul are stirr'd.

No song can outsing it, no word impart,
But, soul, then canst hear it wherever thou art
In language just made for the ear of the heart.

Some worlds may have speech for 't, we've none in this.
No word in all language defineth the bliss
That's born of the mute eloquence of a kiss.

New Orleans, March, 1876.

QUEEN LOG.

Ham as a Necessary Ingredient for a Sandwich.

Ours was a purely petticoat party, that summer, at Crab Falls. Now and then a husband turned up to spend Sunday; but to the eight of us who had no husbands, these arrivals imported nothing, and for the rest of the time the composition of the household was exclusively feminine, except for sundry babies in knickerbockers, who did not count. Do not, however, think of us as miserable. A stray man or two would have been welcomed, but since they came not, we amused ourselves very well without them. Our resources were various. Some of the girls sketched, one or two painted. Carpathia May had a hobby for botany, and pursued it in such a pretty fresh-flower way that we all more or less followed her lead. Alice Weir and Marian Berkeley professed trout fishing. They went off by themselves for whole days, and were real experts, bringing home baskets of the speckled darlings which would have done credit to experienced anglers. Then there was dear little Annie Tinkham, who read aloud in a voice like a trained brooklet, and was never weary of reading. Altogether there was no lack of occupations, and we enjoyed ourselves very well, in spite of an occasional malcontent sigh at the thought of what might have been had fate been a little kinder.

"We are all nice, you know," remarked Esther White in an exasperated moment—"very nice indeed; but, after all, it's all one taste. One does like something different at times. It is astonishing what a very little bit of ham it takes to flavor whole mountains of bread and butter."

"Oh, Essie! Shocking!" but some of us privately agreed with her.

One brilliant morning in late August, we, the unattached eight, agreed to lay aside all private pursuits and combine for a picnic. How well I remember it all, the hot climb up hill, and the delightful spice smell of the pine woods as we passed into their shadow! It seemed a different zone, all coolness and fragrance, with winds making vibrant murmurs overhead, and under foot melodious rustlings, unlike other wood rustlings; echoes, perhaps, of that secret, half revealed and half withheld, which pine woods hold and which to impressionable people is such perpetual fascination. It was infinitely refreshing after the outside heat and glare, and we flung ourselves on the cushiony needles with sighs of pleasure and relief.

"What a dear place this is!" said Alice. "I am never tired of it."

"Why don't we come here oftener—every day?" asked Rosa May, gushingly.

"Well, I can hardly say. There are other things to be considered. Duties—sketching, for example. There's nothing to sketch here, you know."

"And trout," put in one of the trouting girls. "There's nothing to catch here, you know."

"I'm not so sure of that," retorted Alice, "Piny brook is pretty swift, and tumbles a good deal, I confess; but there are pools below which might hold trout. I'm going to take a look at them by-and-by."

"It must take a trout of a strong constitution to swim in Piny brook," observed Carpathia. "I should think he'd be bruised black and blue in five minutes."

"So he would in the rapids, but below it is not so bad. I never heard of any there, to be sure, but there may be."

"Much hangeth on a may-be," quoted Sarah Stanley.

Here I lost the thread of the conversation. The pine needles were elastic and soft as a mattress, I was weary with the walk and the heat, the light fanning wind lulled me unconsciously, and I fell asleep. Certain soft touches aroused me, and a tickling in my ear. I sleepily turned and half sat up, but a hand pressed me down, and a laughing voice said:

"Oh, lie still a little longer. We've made you into a log—such a lovely log! Do keep still. You'll spoil all it you move."

"But what is this in my ear?"

"Oh, nothing but a toad-stool. There, I've moved it, and I'll lift this lichen off your eyelid, so that you can look at yourself. You can't think how beautiful you are."

The witches had covered me all over with a dust-colored shawl, and had covered that with sods and mosses and strips of bark to simulate a half decayed trunk, scattering pine needles over all, and sticking into interstices, ferns, lichens and fungi, till, as Amy said, it did look precisely like a log. Lastly they threw down a shawl in careless folds, set a lunch basket on my chest, and stood off to see the effect, which they declared to be "wonderful."

"No human being would guess," said Esther. "You'd impose on Leatherstocking himself. Oh, girls, do call Alice and Marian. They must be satisfied before this about those wretched trout. Don't breathe a word, but just ask them to sit down on the log and make themselves comfortable."

"Oh me! Thank you," said I, speaking as well as I could through a mouthful of lichens.

"Oh, they sha'nt really sit down. Lie still—quite still, dear Dolly. Don't move an inch, please don't; promise that you won't. It will be such fun to cheat Alice."

"Very well, I won't. But be quick. I'm comfortable enough now, but all this blanket, shawl and bark may grow unpleasantly warm. I never realized before just how Daphne felt in the laurel."

"Good by, Daphne. Good-by, Queen Log. We'll be back soon." With ringing laughter, off went the girl, Esther lingering to give a final touch to the lichen over my left eye. I smiled myself at the odd position, but even as I smiled I dropped to sleep again. The day was irresistibly drowsy, and there was something delightful in this wood slumber, which even in deepest unconsciousness I never lost hold of. The last thing I saw, as my eyelids fell, was a broad ray of sun striking a half open parcel of forks and spoons which lay in the grass—Mrs. Pendexter's property these, and careless enough of the girls to leave them thus. But what did it signify? No spot on earth could be safer than these summer woods under the shadow of the New Hampshire hills.

This was my thought as I fell asleep. I was roused by a sound of voices which even my locked senses recognized as unfamiliar. I opened my eyes. Two men were sitting on the ground close to me, but half turned away. They were shabbily clad; one in a velveteen coat and rough corduroy trousers; the other, whose clothes were dark, had a red handkerchief tied round his neck. This man had a thick beard, and wild, long hair, veiling a pair of savage gypsy eyes. But it was the other face that frightened me most. It was a smug, shaven face, but with evil, cruel, furtive look, which I do not know how to describe. Pains with sudden fear, I lay quite still. It seemed the only thing to do. But, oh, where were the girls? I thought; and what would happen if they came back?

"Give us that ere basket off the log!" were the first words I heard. It was the velveteen man who spoke, and the other reached out his hand and lifted the basket from its place close to my chin. I trembled lest its removal had made me visible; but the girls had arranged too artistically for that, and the men seemed to suspect nothing. It took only a moment to empty the basket which kind Mrs. Pendexter had taken so much time to fill. "Not a bad find," said the smug man, turning over the cold mutton and hard eggs, and speaking with his mouth full. "Vittle up, partner. Mayn't have another chance Lord knows when."

"Partner" accepted the invitation cordially. Our luncheon disappeared down his throat in large morsels. "Hallo! here is a go!" cried the smug man, making a sudden dive at the parcel of spoons and forks. He bit one of the spoons with his teeth, rapidly counted and dropped them into his pocket, the other mad looking on. "Real!" asked he of the red neck cloth.

"No mistake. Eight of each. That's twenty apiece. Stow away, fast, or some one'll be a-coming." I hadn't supposed that even a wolf could "stow" faster, but at this warning the motion of the jaws were accelerated. As the men ate they talked. Their voices were smothered, but I caught now and then a sentence.

"Dog! Darn the dog! Easily silence him."

"Yes, but—" Then I lost the context.

"You're sure as to the blunt?"

"Saw it handed over—seventeen hundred and odd in bills. Took it home with him! Why, of course, you fool. These farmer fellows don't hang to banks. I tell you he wants it handy to lift his mortgage next week. Sure to be called for. Them Elkinses is always on time. Werry sharp gentlemen, Elkinses are."

"Stash your gab," said the gypsy. "Folks coming. Off's the word.

The men jumped to their feet and listened a second. One of them snatched up the shawl which lay over the supposed log, the other crammed the fragments of the feast into his pocket, and they were gone; the gypsy's foot just grazing my head as he went. I heard the girl's voices drawing nearer, but the long tension of fear had left me so faint and powerless that I could not stir, not even when they came in sight and stood close to me.

"My! Isn't it warm?" cried Esther. "Alice, you look half baked. Sit down and rest. Here is a convenient old log. She caught sight of the empty basket which the men had flung aside, and stopped short, with her mouth open.

"Yes," said Alice, innocently, "I fancy we are all ready for luncheon. But where is the luncheon? And where is Dolly?"

At this moment I saw Marian making preparations to sit down on me. Self-preservation gave me strength to stir, to roll over. The bark and ferns flew in all directions. Marian shrieked; but her arrangements for seating herself had gone too far to be affected by this sudden phenomenon. She came down heavily, and she and I and the shawls and the ferns, fungi and mosses became complicated into a confused and undistinguishable heap.

This the girls considered the best joke possible. With shouts of laughter they disentangled and picked us up. But at sight of my face there was exclamation:

"Why, Queen Log, what is the matter? Are you hurt? You are as pale as a sheet. You look as if you had seen a ghost. Don't stare so, Dolly. Do speak. What is it?"

I tried to speak, but, instead, burst into a fit of nervous crying. The girls, frightened and perplexed, thronged about me. In the midst of their rapid questions an awestruck voice was heard saying, "Where are the spoons? I put them just here. I am sure I did. And here is the very napkin they were in."

"Oh," I sobbed, "those men took them away."

"Men? What men?"

Then it all came out, and the circle of pale faces and wide-open eyes which attended my somewhat incoherent explanation struck me as so funny that I went to the other extreme of feeling, and, before I knew it, was laughing as hard as I had cried.

"And you lay still and never moved?" gasped Rosa. "How brave! I never could have done that. I should just have given one scream, and then I should have fainted away."

"That would have been truly judicious," remarked Esther dryly. "But the question now is, what shall we do?"

"Do?" wailed Rosa; "why get out of these dreadful woods as fast as we can to be sure. Robbers and murderers! I never heard anything so awful. Why did we come? Oh, how horrid it is not to have any man to take care of you!"

Her alarm infected the boldest of us, and I regret to say our progress homeward partook of the nature of stampede. Mrs. Pendexter, who was rolling out tea biscuits in the buttery, was taken all aback by our sudden appearance. "Sakes alive! I want to know! This does beat all!" were her remarks during our recital. "Such a thing was never heard of in this country before. Elkins! that's the squire. And the men with the $1700 must by young Mr. Dennett on the Brush Hill road. He's a sort of a stranger, you know. Mr. Pendexter was a saying that he'd sold out all his hay at a good price to pay off his mortgage.

"Where is Mr. Pendexter?" said Esther promptly. "He must go over and give this Mr. Dennett warning at once."

"Ts, ts, ts," clucked Mrs. Pendexter. "He's off in the meduer lot, two miles away, and so's all the rest. There ain't a man about the place, Miss Esther."

"There never is," put in Rosa, despairingly. "I never saw anything like it! Oh, how horrid, horrid it must be in the land of Amazons! I can't think why Joaquin Miller should write a poem about them."

"How far is it to Mr. Dennett's?" said Esther.

"It's good three miles, but a straight road all the way. Right through the woods. You can't miss it."

Through the woods we all shivered; but Esther went on bravely.

"Very well. Amanda can harness the old gray, can't she? Please tell her to, and I'll drive over to Mr. Dennett's. Girls, which of you will go with me?"

Nobody answered.

"Dolly?"

"Yes," I said, with a sinking heart. "I'll go."

The girls wept and wailed, but in vain.

"Don't be silly," said Esther. "Of course somebody must go."

"Well, I do admire your courage," said Mrs. Pendexter, "there's this about it: there ain't no real danger. They're always scared at daylight"—speaking of the genus burglar as of a wolf. "You won't see your men again, Miss Dolly, I promise you. If I wasn't sure of that I wouldn't let you go nohow."

Fortified with this, we set off, concealing our inward tremors as best we might. The road seemed long, but at last we came to a pretty brown cottage, with a little lawn, flower beds and an air of taste and refinement new to us in that region. A handsome, sunburned young man, who was cutting the grass with a hand mowing machine, came forward to meet us, and raised his straw hat with an unmistakable air of a gentleman. Esther explained our errand, Mr. Dennett listening intently, never taking his eyes off her face as she spoke.

"I am probably the person meant," said he. "At least I have the sum alluded to in my house to pay a debt which falls due next week." He paused and thought for a moment silently."

"I wonder you were not afraid to drive over to this lonely place," he said smiling.

"We were a little bit, perhaps," faltered I.

"Yet you came. How very kind of you. You must let me drive you back."

"Oh, pray, don't leave your house unguarded! These men may come, you know."

"Oh, there is no danger now. Forewarned is forearmed."

He called a man, gave some orders, went into the house a moment, and we were off. Dear me, how safe we felt all at once! The dark nooks had lost their terrors, and the return drive was delightful. Next day Mr. Dennett came to tell us that the thieves had been caught red handed and were safely lodged in the county jail. He had recovered Mrs. Pendexter's silver also; and altogether there was so much to hear and to discuss that nobody wondered at his coming, yet another and another day, and finally every day. It was surprising how much more interesting life seemed to several of us. I was more than once reminded of Esther's simile of the ham and the bread and butter. Before long, however, it became evident to whom belonged the chief share of the sandwich, and just before we all broke up in early October, Esther, rosy and flushed, stole into my room and held before my eyes a finger, on which glittered a new ring set with a small diamond.

"So," I said, "you really have! And do you like him very much?"

"Like him! I should think so."

"And you don't dislike the idea of living in the backwoods all your life?"

"No, not very much. Besides, we shan't stay in the woods always. Now and then we mean to run away."

"And you're not afraid?"

"Afraid, with Will to take care of me! I should think not. Oh, Dolly, give me another kiss! Only think, if you hadn't been a log that day, I should never have seen him. How strangely things turn out! There, that's for Dolly, and that's for Queen Log. Bless her always. How droll it was! *Vive la reine!*"—*Harper's Bazar.*

An English War Song.

Mr. Alfred Austin, in sending the following verses to the London *Standard*, says:

The following lines were written in the month of June, when the English fleet was ordered to Besika bay, but were not then printed, since it was hoped that the firmness of the English government would avert a European conflict. That hope was not disappointed. Since then we have witnessed a strange spectacle of human fatuity on the part of a portion, though I firmly believe a comparatively small portion, of our countrymen, most of whom, moreover, appear to be recovering their senses. Thanks, however, to their lamentable levity, Europe is once more threatened with war, and as I entertain no doubt that the real instigators of the mischief will be deterred from their disingenuous and ambitious designs only by the conviction that this country, though profoundly attached to peace, is neither to be intimidated nor befooled, I will ask you to be good enough to insert my small contribution to the formation of a sound national sentiment, without seeking in any degree to involve your own weightier responsibility:

A REVEILLE.

Lift up thy gaze from the dust,
Thou that sleest downcast so long!
File from thy helmet the rust,
Phalanx the spears for the thrust,
Dare to be resolute, just,
And, if single, yet strong!

Let the old flag flap the breeze;
Let the old keels kiss the foam;
Smooth with thy sceptre the seas,
Bid the waves fall on their knees:
Show to the world thou hast these
For thy pathway, thy home!

Ruffle repose from thy sails,
Blast out thy wings to the storm!
Laugh to the laugher the gales;
Hail back the war wind that hails,
Till Britain's foes dread pales
With the dread of thy form!

Call thy peace cure to thy heel,
All thy red war throw aroused
Clang to the startled peal!
Thund rfright rampart and keel!
Let Europe see thee and reel
From the flash of thy plows!

Hark to the gibers that ask,
"Is she not shorn of her youth?
She would but wallow and bask."
Lead from their falsehoods the mask,
Face them with cannon for casque,
For sole armor, with truth.

Rout the opprobrious dream,
Riches have rotted my soul.
What shall it part verily seem;
Gleam in the penny, gleam!
And exult as it runneth the stream
When it goes to its goal.

Prove, though thou prove it in gore,
Thine is the banner that frees
Thou art the Eng and of yore,
Thou art thine own self and more,
Thou art unchanged as thy shore,
As unmed as thy seas!

Tyrants shall scan thee and bend,
Slaves overhear thee, and lift
Faces to face of a friend
Hands to the sword-hand to rend,
Fetters false Cæsars pretend
The world snap but would shift.

Call to the East from the West!
Thunder from Solent to Mill!
Shout back to the Moslem crest,
Thou—to thou—wilt right the oppressed,
Once thou hast stripped from the breast
Of dissemblers their guile!

Speak as thou spakest of old,
Menace as seemeth thy fame;
And when with steel, not with gold,
Thou hast confronted the bold,
Peace on a resteeped rather fold,
Without fear, without shame.

Weighing a Beam of Light.

Mr. Crookes' most startling discovery of how to weigh a beam of light appears to have originated somewhat in this way:

Desirous of weighing some small quantity of a substance without those disturbances inseparable from the operation as ordinarily conducted, Mr. Crookes made arrangements to accomplish the weighing in a vacuum, and was surprised to find that when a light was approached to the exhausted receiver, a new set of disturbing influences were called into play, and that the action of gravitation was appreciably modified. Mr. Crookes at once set to work to determine the general conditions and intensity of this new force, which resulted in the absolute knowledge that the beam of light has not only weight, but that it is possible to weigh it. The apparatus for weighing the beam of light consisted of an exhausted glass chamber in the form of a horizontal cross, with arms of circular cross section. Inside the larger arm is a glass fibre maintained in a uniform state of tension by a spiral spring at one end, and by a glass stopper at the other end, which stopper is capable of rotation. The shorter arm of the cross contains in a like manner a stouter fibre beam of glass secured at the point of crossing to the longitudinal or torsion fibre, and having at one extremity a pith surface of two square inches area, and at the other end a little cup. Inside the chamber there is a loose particle of iron weighing one-hundredth of a grain, and outside the stopper is a counter recording the number of torsions or turns the glass fibre makes. Now, the method of procedure is as follows: The position of a dot of light from the little mirror placed at the intersection of the two glass fibres having been noted, the little iron weight is lifted by means of a magnet, and placed in the cup, which, when thus weighted, descends. Torsion is then applied to the glass fibre until the beam is lifted, and the dot of light returns to its former position. This may be called the zero of the machine. This exact amount of torsion having been determined, and its equivalent in weight ascertained, the torsion is removed, and the ray of light is then made to fall on the disc, which causes a depression of the glass beam, as if it was weighted by a tangible substance. The calculation of the absolute pressure of the sun's radiation on a square foot of the earth, when carried out to the square mile, gives a force of fifty seven tons.

A Suggestive Reminiscence.

The Lexington, Virginia, *Gazette* prints a communication from Mr. J. D. Davidson, of that place, which begins thus:

In the spring of 1858, T. J. Jackson, then a professor in the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, Virginia—now our Stonewall Jackson—was organizing a negro Sunday school in the town of Lexington. At that time such a school was regarded by our laws as an "unlawful assembly." On Saturday evening of May 1, 1858, I left my office, and on my way home met Major Jackson on the pavement in front of the courthouse in company with Colonel S. McD. Reid, then clerk of our courts, and William McLaughlin, Esq., now judge of our Circuit Court. They were conversing on the subject of his Sunday school. Colonel Reid said to him: "Major, I have examined the statute and conferred with the commonwealth's attorney. Your Sunday school is an 'unlawful assembly.' This seemed to fret him much. Mr. McLaughlin then said to him that he had also examined the question, and that his school was against the letter of the law. This fretted him still more. I then said to him: 'Major, while I lament that we have such a statute in our code, I am satisfied that your Sunday school is an unlawful assembly, and probably the grand jury will take it up and test it.' This threw him off his guard, and he replied with warmth: 'Sir, if you were, as you should be, a Christian man, you would not think or say so.' Thus also thrown off my guard, I replied tartly, in words not now remembered, when he turned upon his heel and walked to his house, on the opposite side of the street."

The remainder of the communication describes their simultaneous efforts to apologize to each other for the rudeness of which they had been guilty.

TWO PORTRAITS.

I.

Paint me a picture, Master!
And make it strict and true;
Put on the cheeks no brighter red,
In the eyes no deeper blue;
Give to her form no softer grace—
For to each rounded limb
The highest lines thine art can trace
Are shadowless and dim.

Color to life her matchless hair—
And, if thou mayest, portray
The sweetness of those scarlet lips,
The smiles that round them play;
Can't thou produce the radiant light
That beams from out her eyes,
Or make more fair, or pure, or bright
The soul that in them lies?

Fashion my Bride, good Painter!
Loving and kind, and true,
Fair as a wreath of lilies,
Sweet as its perfume, too.

II.

Paint me another picture,
As in the years before;
Tracing with careful pencil
Herself and nothing more;
Leave not a single shadow
Out of that snowy brow;
Every thread of silver—
Paint her as she is now.

Maybe the eye is duller
Far than it used to be;
May be the cheek is paler,
Maybe the smile less free;
Care has altered them, doubtless—
But say, I tell to you,
The cloud that darkened one life
Shadowed the other, too.

Paint me my wife, O Master!
Now that the years have fled,
And love has blossomed out of
The dust of passion dead.
Place the picture together,
Side by side, out the wall;
Which is to me the fairer?
Give me the last of all.

NASBY.

Mr. Nasby Brings the news from Indiana to the Corners—The Effect Upon the Democracy of that Village.

CONFEDRIT X ROADS,
Wich is in the State uv Kentucky,
October 13, 1876.

The Corners is itself agin! The noose from Indiana fell onto us like a soothin bam, and diffooses sich peece and satisfaishen ez we hevn't expeerienced sence the intelligence uv the first Bull Run.

Think uv it! Bloo-Janes Willyums is Governor, and clean-shirted aristocracy hes been rebooked. The outposts uv the enemy hev bin kerried—we shel kerry the citadel in November.

I wuz the first to communicate the victry to the Corners, for I helpt to win it in person. I hed bin at Bunkersville, in Injeany, for two weeks, with a party uv Kentucky reformers in charge, wich I voted in that State.

When Tilden was nominated on a reform platform I swore a sollum oath that whatever I could do to bring about reform I wood do, and I hev kep my oath. I took fifty reformers from the Corners to Bunkersville. Them Kentuckians—ez zelus for reform ez I wuz myself—voted on an averige three times apeece, and each uv em, with the help of some pugilistic reformers that Tilden sent on direct to help me, kep at least three Republikins each from votin. And the whole uv it didn't cost the New York Reform Bureau more than $1000. Kin any reformer show a better record than that?

Ther wuz an ovashen when I returned with my reformers. The Corners borrerred all the mules from the entire naborhood, and come over to the stashen at Seceshunville, to take us home. The cavalcade was met jist out uv the village by a perceshin the site uv wich gladdened my heart. Captain M'Pelter appeared on hossback in his Confedrit yooniform, Deekin Pogram kerried the rifle wich he yoosed to bushwhack Fedrel pickets with, and the rank and file uv the Dimocrisy appeered in the Confedrit gray wich they laid orf wen Richmond fell, and the triumph uv the Southern coz wuz postponed.

Deeken Pogram fell on Captain M'Pelter's neck and wept perfoosely.

"Injeany's Dimekratic!" sobbed the old saint. "That elex Tilden, and I shell lick a nigger once more."

"Lick niggers!" wuz the Captain's reply, "the Ethiopean will wish he cood change his skin now. The one he hez won't be uv much yoose to him."

Arrivin at Bascom's, that great man put a noo barl on tap, and remarked that now that a solid South hed some show uv regainin her rights, to charge for likker would be a holler mockery. And with tears a streemin down his cheeks—they wuz tears uv joy—he sed:

"Fellow-citizens, to the coz uv reform I devote this barl. Likker is free to-nite."

We organized a meetin, uv course, that we mite arrange for reepin in the froots uv the victry we had won in Injeany.

We ishood a proclamation to the carpitbaggers in the county that we shood not yoose violence to rid ourselves uv em, ef it wuz possible to avoid it, but we gave em notis that we wood neether buy nor sell to em, or employ em in any poesibly way. We give em notis, also, that votin for Hayes constitooted a carpit-bagger, and in the interest of peece we shood promptly shoot every one wich perposed to wantonly outrage us by perposin to do sich a thing. Peece we must hev ef we hev to kill every carpit-bagger and nigger in the county to get it.

We warned the niggers that while we desired to live in harmony with em, harmony wuz only attainable by ther observin the conditions necessary. They must know now that Tilden's eleckshun wuz certain, that they cood no longer look to the Fedrii government for protekshun, and that we hold ther fates in our hands. They must resoom ther normal condition or take the penalty.

And the people set to work sternly that evenin to carry out ther noshens. The nigger butcher, at the north end, wuz ordered to leeve in ten minits, and for that he wood not his shop wuz confiskated and his house tore down. Two nigger plasterers got away, but ther houses wuz gutted, and we wood hev gone through Pollock, only he and Joe Bigler put up the shutters, in the most cowardly manner, ez soon ez our people sallied out, and laid behind em with Henry rifles and sich and defied us. Ther never kin be peece here so long ez these men make that store a rallyin point for the disaffectid niggers.

The next mornin we held another meetin to git our claims agin the goverment in some kind uv shape. We found that in almost every instance the citizens hed got em too low. For instance, Deekin Pogram hed a claim for a mule, a lot uv sweet potatoes and six lengths uv rail fence. He hed put this in for $6000 only, wich wuz absurdly low. Ez the half goes to the reform lobby, and the expenses uv electin a reform Congris must be taken out, the sainted Deekin wont hev more than $1500 left; wich uv course he can't stand. We raised the claim to $10,000, wich will leeve him enuff to take keer uv hisself in his old age, wich he will need, ez I shel probably board with him.

Captain M'Pelter hed his claim in for $6000, which we raised to $15,000. Isaaker Gavitt's wuz put up from $8000 to $20,000, and so on around. The Corners alone hez claims now ready for bein acted on to the amount of $345,000, wich wuz the result of Federal occupancy uv this seceshun for jest two days. We feel that Kentucky made a great mistake in not seceedin, for ef we hed gone on regularly, and had troops on our soil a month, we cood hev put in bills for ten times the amount. We envy Georgia and them States. But $345,000 ain't bad. After making all the divvies with the Lobby, and with the members, we shel hev $100,000 left, which is better than nuthin. I hev made an akkerate calkelashen and find that that amount will just pay off what the Corners owe Bascom, and give us a fresh start. Wat we owe Pollock we can pay by killin him. Bascom hez notified all wich owe him to get a claim in readiness and to assign it to him to wunst.

Ez soon ez it wuz a fixed fact that we hed kerried Injeanny, I bought a set of interest tables, so as to compute interest akkeritly, and without trouble. We shel date all the claims of this seckshun from the time John Morgan swept through the valley, with some Federal troops behind him, and I hev desided to compound every thirty days. I may get up to a half million, but I think the figure I statid will about kiver it. The alacrity with which they come in since the eleckshun astonishes me.

It spred like wild fire. Men from forty miles away were in with ther claims for me to git into shape, and the front of Bascom's from that day to this looks like a Confedrit war meetin. It is a privilege now to be a Kentuckian, and to hev a war claim. With Tilden's eleckshun a new era dawns on our beloved State.

Our anxiety for the eleckshun uv Tilden kin be appreciated. To defeet Tilden and to throw out our claims would be to rooin Bascom, and to plunge the Corners in a state of finanshel distress sich ez we hev never seen before.

The payment uv our war claims will wipe off our indebtednis to Bascom, and leave us suthin to deposit with him on account, and, releeved uv Fedrel interference, we kin redoose the nigger to his normal condishin ez soon ez we choose, and wunst more enjoy cheap labor. Between the two, and the postoffis, I shell hev enuff to keep me till death removes me from my speer uv yoosefulnis, and sends me where pollytix won't bother me, and where likker is onnessary. My sky is britenin.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY, Reformer.

JOHN TYLER, JR.

Another Letter on the Situation—The Democratic Party Fully Exposed in its Enormities—An Earnest Appeal to the Old Line Whigs of the South to Save the Southern People from Their Otherwise Inevitable Destruction and Annihilation.

WASHINGTON CITY,
September 26, 1876.

Editor Washington Chronicle:

Since my letter of the first instant in your journal various Democratic journals in the North and South have thought proper to pay their compliments to me—those at the North, with a show of reason and no little logic, attempting to break the force of the positions I assumed and the grave charges made by me against the Democratic party; but those at the South satisfying both reason and logic, as usual, with vulgar epithets. As for the latter, I leave blackguardism to blackguards. In respect to the former, I propose now to add a few more items from the political history of the country for them to digest.

They would claim for the Democratic party the glories of the Jeffersonian Republican party under which to conceal the vices and deformities of the Democracy, after the manner of the ass in the "Fable of Æsop," clothing itself with the lion's skin. Yet the merest tyro in our political history knows well that the Democratic party *eo nomine*, never had existence until 1824, under the banner of Andrew Jackson. Prior to that date the first and only parties known under the constitution were Federalists and Republicans. At the close of the administration of President Washington these two parties began to assume organic form, the first under the banner of Thomas Jefferson.

In 1800 the first general struggle between the two occurred, and Mr. Jefferson was elected as President, defeating Mr. Adams. In 1804 the contest between these two parties was renewed, and Mr. Jefferson was re-elected. So again in 1808 and 1812 the struggle continued between them, the Republican party triumphing in both instances through the election and re-election of Mr. Madison as President. In 1816 the last issue between these parties was formed, again terminating in the triumph of the Republican party through the election of Mr. Monroe as President. In 1820 the Federal party laid down their arms and disbanded, and Mr. Monroe was re-elected President without opposition. And now, between 1820 and 1824, the Republican party having, in the course of twenty-four years of rule in the councils of the nation, established its interpretations of the constitution, and its measures of administrative policy in the government, ended its mission and disintegrated.

Two new party formations now took place, and these were the "Democratic party," under the banner of Andrew Jackson, and the "National Republican party," under the banner of John Quincy Adams, in view of the Presidency. It is true that the larger portion of the Democratic party was composed of the constituent elements of the old Jeffersonian Republican party, and that the larger portion of the National Republican party was composed of the constituent elements of the old John Adams Federal party. But the two new parties, arrayed under the banners of Andrew Jackson and John Quincy Adams, were as distinctive in character as they were in name from the two old parties, and no historian of the future will ever suffer the fame of the Jeffersonian Republican party to be tarnished by contaminating it with the Democratic party. So much, then, for this assumption on the part of those Democratic journals which have thought proper to pay their respects to my letter in the *Chronicle*.

In the next place it is well known to all who are at all accurately versed in the political history of the country that in 1824 a large portion of the old Jeffersonian Republican party still maintained that organization under the banner of William H. Crawford for the Presidency in opposition both to Andrew Jackson and Quincy Adams. It is also well known that, in consequence of this triangular contest there was no election by the people, but that election was thrown into the United States House of Representatives, where Mr. Adams was successful, and that Mr. Henry Clay became his Secretary of State.

It is equally well known that "The Revolutionary Patriot," as he is styled in American biography, the intimate bosom friend of Thomas Jefferson and Patrick Henry, Judge John Tyler, was Governor of Virginia during the last years of Jefferson's presidency, and the first of Madison's, warmly sustaining the Republican party, and his son, John Tyler, after studying law under Edmund Randolph, the Attorney General under Washington, the Secretary of State under Jefferson, and the original framer, and hence styled "the Father of the Constitution of the United States," and serving in the Legislature of Virginia five sessions during the administration of President Madison, was three times elected to the United States House of Representatives from the Richmond district during the administration of President Monroe, uniformly sustaining the Republican party, and now in 1824-25 was Governor of Virginia, and true to all his politico-educational training, still sustained the Republican party under the banner of Crawford.

It is again well known that after his election and re-election to the United States Senate—still true to the stern Republican integrity of his father, of Jefferson, of Henry, of Randolph, of Madison, and of Monroe—he opposed himself with a dauntless nerve, solitary and alone, to all the power and influence of Andrew Jackson, at the head of the triumphant Democratic party on the proclamation and force bill, and the after measures of that party in 1833, 1834 and 1835; and that, in 1836, still maintaining the old Republican party as a separate organization, he was run as Vice President on the ticket with Hugh Lawson White as President, against the ticket of Van Buren and Johnson on behalf of the Democratic party, and that of Harrison and Granger on behalf of the National Republican party.

In this triangular contest Van Buren was elected before the people, but there was no election at the polls of a Vice President, and the decision was thrown into the Senate, where the Democratic party, having a majority, Mr. Johnson was elected. Now culminated, during the administration of Mr. Van Buren, all the evils of the Democracy that had been initiated by Andrew Jackson, such as I have described in my letter in the *Chronicle;* and no man can with truth deny that never before or since has there ever been known such universal wreck and ruin wrought in a time of profound peace, or such general and universal corruption in the administration as then prevailed.

But as to this more hereafter. At this point let me not break in upon the narrative to make plain the slander of the slanderers, in the particular at which I am arriving. It was not surprising that all men of true patriotism should have now allied with each other, even without an amalgamation of parties, which was the fact, to oust from power these corrupt men and this corrupt party of the Democracy. They had not attempted to purge themselves of their rotten impurities. They treated with derision the idea of so doing, and with sovereign contempt the country. If the report of Mr. Secretary Woodbury, in control of the treasury at the time, is turned to it will be seen that, although admitting the full extent of the embezzlements and defalcations of the officers associated with the revenues, he actually advises their retention for fear that if removed a worse set would have to be appointed in their places, so absolutely corrupt and unprincipled was the Democratic party.

Accordingly, in 1840, the National Republican party and the Jeffersonian Republican party allied and combined to oust from power and misrule the Democratic party. It had now so happened that Hugh Lawson White as the chief of the Jeffersonian Republican party in 1836 had died, and his mantle had fallen on the shoulders of Mr. Tyler. Consequently, in the joint convention that followed at Harrisburg after Harrison was nominated as President to represent the National Republicans, Mr. Tyler was nominated as Vice President to represent the Jeffersonian Republicans, still true to the record of his life and that of his father. The allies, composed of these two distinct elements of party, assumed the name of Whigs, and their ticket was overwhelmingly elected.

But Providence so ordered it that in one month after the installation of Mr. Harrison and Mr. Tyler into their respective offices Mr. Harrison died, and by his death the National Republican element of the combination lost their President, and the Jeffersonian Republican element of the combination gained a President after the lapse of sixteen years from the termination of the administration of President Monroe, in 1825, to the accession of President Tyler in 1841.

In the light of these plain and undeniable facts of history what becomes of the slanderous charge of treason to party harped upon by these Democratic traducers against Mr. Tyler, because as President he remained true to the only party he had ever sustained—the party of Jeffersonian Republicanism—the more especially after the main object of his alliance with the National Republicans had been achieved in ousting from power the Democracy with their corrupt officials and ruinous administrative policy that had bankrupted the country and the treasury both alike?

For whatever of corruption and embezzlement may have occurred during the sixteen years of rule of the present Republican party there is this that may be justly said: in the first place it had to encounter for four years one of the most expensive and terrible wars recorded in modern annals, necessarily giving rise to enormous contracts and billions of expenditure; and in the second place, it has of itself purged itself of its corrupt officials with a zeal worthy of the republic, and evidencing a devoted patriotism. In the third place, moreover, it has, in despite of all, lifted up and maintained the public credit among all the nations of the earth, and at home as well as abroad, at a higher figure than it has ever before reached, and higher than that enjoyed by any other nationality under the sun, while not only preserving the Union intact and greatly extending its bounds, but adding to it State after State, and knitting the whole together, more and more, with the most stupendous works of improvement yet achieved. It has indeed been a marvel in its energies and forces and economies.

But what can be said in behalf of the Democratic party for the condition in which it left the government and the country, the army, the navy, the treasury, our foreign and domestic affairs, the private and public credit, the war with the Indians in Florida, the unadjusted difficulties with Great Britain, with Texas rejected under the overtures she then made, and universal bankruptcy and official corruption prevailing after twelve years of misrule in a time of profound peace? One single fact will illustrate the tenor of everything associated with the administration of this party during its first twelve years of rule, terminating with the administration of President Van Buren. In Florida, at Tampa, where nothing but forests covered the land, during the Seminole war, $35 were contracted to be paid per cord for wood supplied to the army, and so in proportion for flour and all other supplies. Let us hear no more talk from these gentlemen about honesty, for Heaven's sake, with such a showing of their own.

But they have furthermore attempted to make it appear that I have sought to shape my letter in the *Chronicle* more to pass an encomium upon the administration of President Tyler than anything else. There shall be no escape here. That administration was, as is now clearly seen, a Republican administration of the government, and righted the government and country from all the misrule, corruptions, profligacies, negligences, and incompetency of its Democratic predecessor, reorganizing the army, restoring the navy, re-establishing the finances and the credit of the government, adjusting our foreign relations, terminating the Indian war, introducing Florida as a State in the Union and removing the Indians, annexing Texas and closing up the slavery agitation, opening up the commerce of the Orient, fostering equally our great manufacturing and agricultural interests, and rewarding virtue, integrity and merit in all directions. Yet what followed after its close?

It was deserted by the South, the administration of this true Southern Republican; this true disciple of the fathers of the constitution, the Union, the government and the country; this true successor of Jefferson, of Madison and of Monroe; this administration, which had exterminated all embezzlers, pilferers and plunderers, and during which not one dollar had been lost in any manner to the public revenues and treasury; and this man who had, as a Southern man in the United States Senate, jeopardized all his future political fortunes in opposing singly and alone the coercive measures of Andrew Jackson and the Democracy to crush in a Southern State, they, the Southern people, deserted, abandoned and sought to strike down, with their usual characteristics of short-sighted folly and ingratitude, in the purely selfish anxiety of their political leaders to return to the spoil and plunder system of Martin Van Buren.

They went into convention in Baltimore in 1844, and cast their vote for Mr. Van Buren to be President again, and with all his political offenses standing out against him, and failing to carry his nomination by the required two-thirds vote, they then nominated James K. Polk as President, and he was elected, restoring the Democracy to power, with what sad and disastrous consequences to themselves and their posterity forever they