New Orleans Republican.
OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE UNITED STATES
OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF NEW ORLEANS

FLUMEN ANNORUM.

Like the flow of a broad, brimming river,
Doth the passing of years seem to me—
Like the flow of a broad, brimming river,
As it rolls to the fathomless sea.

For silent the river it floweth,
And it turneth again never more;
But it sleeps in the infinite ocean,
With the waters that passed on before.
And only a moment in passing
It fleeting y mirrors the shore.

And it beareth along with its current
It hurrieth on in its flow,
Full many a bark that is freighted
With bliss, or is burdened with wo.

But resistlessly on to the ocean
It beareth them all with its might,
And it rolls in the shadowless noonday
And it glides in the blackness of night.

And the youth is exultant, observing
How swiftly the tide rolls along;
And it seemeth too slow for his wishes
While the heart in his bosom beats strong.

But the old man, he sighs and he trembles,
And he wises the current were still
As the flow in the dikes of the fen land,
Or the mantling pond by the mill.

All go with the stream, for ne'er mortal
Could stem the strong course of its tide;
And many that start out together,
Ere they know it, the currents divide.

And all, as they sail down that river,
Drift on without atlas or chart;
They know not how near is the ocean—
They know not how soon they must part.

And they love on the breast of that river,
And whisper soft words o'er its wave;
He believes the soft promise she murmured,
And she trusts the fond vows that he gave.

And they weep on the breast of that river,
And mingle their tears with its tide;
But the stream rolls along, never staying,
To the ocean unbounded and wide.

And they sin on the breast of that river,
And they kneel, and repent, and despair;
From the mist that broods over its bosom,
Come the shriek, and curse, and the prayer.

But the pitiless current, unheeding,
Rolls on without pause or delay;
And the boat is borne on with the driftwood,
And the gold dust along with the clay,

Till each bark that hath voyaged the river
O'er the currentless sea disappears,
And each soul o'er Eternity's ocean
Passeth out from the river of years.

CHARLES NOBLE GREGORY.

THE PHANTOM LIGHT.

An Exceedingly Thrilling but True Ghost Story.

It was about eleven o'clock at night.

Nellie and I were sitting by the bow window in our drawing room, which she had thrown wide open. The day had been most oppressively hot, but now a faint breeze was coming in from the sea, most refreshingly welcome after the sultry, stifling heat of the day.

It was quite dark—that soft, velvety darkness that belongs only to a perfectly moonless, starless night.

Just down below our window lay the yard or two of garden, then the long, straight line of the promenade, with its asphalt walk and drive dimly defined by a shadowy row of white posts connected by ornamental chains. Beyond the embankment lay the wide, desolate waste of sands, stretching away for miles and miles on either hand.

The tide was far out, so far that only a sort of pale-gray gleam on the horizon showed where the sea was just beginning to creep over the shoals and sand banks off the Southport coast. Seven miles away to the right, across the estuary of the Ribble, the steady light from the Lytham Lighthouse kept vigilant watch and ward over the dangerous Horse Bank, that treacherous, dangerous shoal on which many a good ship has gone to its doom of shipwreck and death.

Nellie was leaning out of the window, her elbow on the sill, her eyes fixed on the misty, soft darkness outside. It was as dark inside as out; we had no thought of lighting the gas that long summer evening.

"How still it is!" she said dreamily. "What a spell of solemn silence the night lays on everything!"

As if to contradict her words, a faint sound like a far off voice seemed suddenly to rise from the sands below, and swept by with a prolonged, mournful cry.

"What is that?" she asked, startled.

"Some one calling down on the sands," I said. "The intense stillness carries the sound a great distance at night."

"I heard such a wild legend this morning," she went on presently, "connected with those great deserts of sand that stretch over toward Lytham. Old Joe, the boatman, says they are haunted by a phantom voice."

"How thrilling!" I remarked skeptically. "What does it say?"

"Don't scoff, Jean," said Nellie, a little vexedly. "It is a most pathetic, dreadful legend. Years ago, before there was a town here at all, people used to cross the sands between here and Lytham on horseback. One stormy evening a traveler had crossed as usual, and had almost reached the shore, when suddenly a bright light appeared, hovered for a moment over a spot a yard or two away, and then vanished. As the same moment a piteous, unearthly cry echoed all around. The horse became wild with terror, and broke loose, throwing his rider to the ground. When he recovered himself, he found, lying on the ground, at his feet, the body of a beautiful young girl. She was quite dead, with a ghastly wound in her side, from which the blood had flowed all over her white dress.

"The traveler staggered away to the nearest house, got assistance, and had the girl's body laid in an upper room.

"That night an awful storm arose. A ship was wrecked on the Horse Bank, and only one man, the captain, saved. He was taken to the same house where the traveler had already found shelter, and, by some mistake, was put into the room where the murdered girl was lying. At the sight of her he gave an appalling shriek and fell down senseless. When he revived, he was questioned, and confessed that the beautiful young girl was his wife, whom in a moment of rage and jealousy he had stabbed to the heart and cast into the sea. And the sea had given up her dead, and the waves had cast him on shore and the murderer and his victim were face to face. And now they say the voice of the murdered girl haunts the place where she was found. It seems to rise from the sands and goes echoing and wailing along, calling, calling, as if in mortal agony. The old boatman says people have followed it, believing some one was in peril, and have been lured on and on, till the tide has overtaken them, and they were drowned."

"What a horrible tale!" I said, with a shudder. "I wish you had not told it to me."

"And he says," went on Nellie, unheeding my remark, "that whoever hears the voice is in risk of great peril or danger, or some kind of sorrow or trouble is about to happen to him."

Nellie's voice had unconsciously taken a tone of awe. The still, sombre darkness, the midnight hour, and the weird melancholy legend had infected us both with an undefined sensation of oppression and fear, a presentiment of dread and evil.

We kept our places by the window, looking out into the deep velvety darkness, with the far away solitary light from the lighthouse gleaming like a red spark.

Suddenly, while we sat, the sound of a voice rose up again from the lonely sands, a moaning, piteous voice wailing and imploring as if in unutterable distress. It seemed to mingle with the boom of the distant sea, now rising, now falling, a lonely, desolate wail, thrilling through the darkness like a soul in mortal agony. It was dying away in the distance, in a low, faint sob, when Nellie suddenly sprang back into the room.

"O, Jean, look!" she cried, "Look, the phantom light!"

I leaned out of the window and gazed along the promenade. Flashing through the sombre darkness like a great star was a brilliant, beautiful light. It came rapidly toward us from the right, apparently floating in the air and illuminating the space before it for several yards. It advanced very swiftly, with a steady, forward motion, floating along about a yard from the ground. As it came nearer we perceived, looming dimly behind it, a giant shadow, weird and grotesque, with outspread wings and misty, undefined form, while a sharp rustling, whirring sound accompanied its progress.

As the phantom approached the desolate moaning rose again from the sands, and swept along in low, shuddering cries, dying away sad and piteous as before. With the last faint sound, the light leaped up for one second into intense brilliancy and disappeared.

"O!" cried Nellie, fearfully, "What is it Jean?"

"I don't know," I replied, a feeling of unaccountable dread and horror taking hold of me. The very demon of fear seemed to possess my senses; an icy grasp of terror laid hold of my heart.

The air outside seemed to have become suddenly clammy and cold, a chilly eerie wind crept in at the window. The very darkness seemed filled with shapes, hideous and impalpable, at which I dared not look lest they should take form before my eyes.

"There it is again!" shuddered Nellie.

And with unutterable dread we saw the brilliant star-like light again floating toward us, this time from the right hand.

It came on swiftly, with the impalpable fantastic shadow in the air above it, and when exactly opposite, vanished.

We sat paralyzed with terror, not daring to move, a horrible benumbing terror seizing our hearts.

This phenomenon happened several times, the light alternately appearing from the right and left, and always vanishing when exactly opposite to us, and always accompanied by the moaning voice.

Again the low wailing sounds from the sands, profoundly melancholy, inexpressibly mournful, like nothing akin to humanity. No words were uttered, but the agony of the tones was like a voice from the grave.

"Jean, Jean, here it is again!" cried Nellie, cowering in my arms.

And once more the brilliant phantom light appeared. This time it came on more slowly, glancing to and fro unsteadily, while the shadowy form behind it seemed more grotesque and misty than ever.

"Oh, Jean, if it is true! If it comes to foretell some loss, some trouble!" sobbed Nellie, in tears.

"Hush, hush, dear!" I tried to say reassuringly. "It can not be. Sorrow may come to us if God wills it, but not through——"

"I say, old fellow," shouted a voice down below in the darkness. "You'll frighten somebody into fits with that lantern dodge of yours. You and your confounded bicycle look like some horrible ghostly spectre, flitting along in the dark. You gave me a precious start, I can tell you."

Nelly and I jumped to our feet, and gazed incredulously out of the window.

Down below in the road, a yard or two to the right, the phantom light stood stationary at last. In the glare before it a young fellow was standing, while behind loomed the fantastic, mysterious shadow, robbed of all its terrors in a moment.

"Isn't it a stunning dodge?" said the shadow, in most unghostly slang. "You see, Jack, this asphalt's first rate to practice on; but a fellow has no chance in the daytime for those confounded carriages; so I rigged out this dark lantern and fastened it to my bicycle, and I can spin along in peace now."

"Take care you don't spin away the wits of all the old maids on the promenade," returned the other. "You look most horribly like some goblin from the lower regions, with your dark lantern flashing in front, those noiseless wheels, and your long legs and arms spread out like great wings behind."

The other laughed.

"The old maids are all fast asleep long ago, bless their old eyes!" he returned irreverently. "But I say, Jack, the match for the four oars will have to be put off to-morrow; we are going to have an awful storm. Listen. How the wind sighs and moans among the girders of the pier! It sounds for all the world like some one calling out in distress, and it's a sure sign of rough weather. What a rage Gregory will be in if—"

The two old maids had heard quite enough. Nelly and I looked at each other rather sheepishly, it must be confessed, and then burst into a hearty laugh.—*London Society.*

Mrs. Gaines.

A Washington letter to the Cincinnati *Commercial* says:

The community was rather startled by the announcement in Sunday's paper of an engagement between Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines and Mr. Billy McGarraghan, whose claim before Congress is an old story. A first reading of the article astonished people, but a sober second reading convinced them that it was a hoax. Poor Mrs. Gaines, she is wedded to but one thing—"The Case;" and can anything in this life be more pitiable than that of a daughter striving for thirty and more years to establish her legitimate claim to property left by her own father? From court to court this dauntless woman has fought her ground—to-day gaining an inch, to-morrow losing a foot, but never, never giving up. What has been accorded as a right by one court has been snatched from her by the next. She is a wee bit of a woman, with eyes of piercing brilliancy; in color one moment of the blackest hue, the next a steely gray, and the same eyes when softened by the recital of another's distress, becoming of the most tender blue. She wears her light hair in curls, and rarely appears without her bonnet, if the dainty bit of lace and velvet, half concealing a few rare flowers, can be called bonnet. She is one of the best conversationalists you ever listened to, and one of the most agreeable women it was ever my fortune to meet. Her "laugh" has been celebrated for forty years, and time, that ruthless destroyer, has neither marred nor destroyed the rippling qualities which make it so infectious that whoever hears it must smile, if they don't join in with it, whether they know or not the subject which has provoked the mirth. The Supreme Court has finally and unquestionably decided in her favor, and if she can collect it she will have thereby $36,000,000, less the $8,000,000 or $10,000,000 to be deducted for lawyers' fees, etc. When she gets final possession she intends erecting in Washington a grand hotel, where members of Congress and their families will be able to live off their salaries in the most luxurious manner, making investments in Pacific Mail, Credit Mobilier, Sutro's Tunnel, McGarraghan's New Idria, or any other "stock" unnecessary. Imagine an immense hotel filled from parlor to mansard with Congressmen. Good heavens! Isn't the bare idea appalling!

THE ELECTION.

Old John sat in his cabin
On the morn of election day,
His face was dim with sorrow,
His head with years grown gray.

His wife said, "John, I'se troubled
To know what you will do,
The club down de road is waiting.
You must vote their ticket through.

"Marse Charlie hab giben de order,
'Come, boys, fall into line.'
God knows your heart ain't wid em,
But save your life and mine."

John said: "We're just beginning
To lib like man and wife.
Since Linkum gave us our freedom
I hab libed anoder life.

"Yet rather dan go agin dem
Dat gave us equal rights,
And be drove to vote wid rebels,
I'll gib up wife and life."

Far down among the canebrake
John staid all voting day;
While with hearts of heavy sorrow
His race gave their rights away.

Some shot, some hung, some driven
Through swamps both night and day—
O, God! in a land of liberty
Is this the righteous way?

THE DUELLO IN THE NAVY.

Duels Among American Officers.

In 1816 a squadron, under Commodore Chauncey, was dispatched to the Mediterranean. The cruise of this squadron, which continued several years, was memorable on many accounts. Among others were the many serious difficulties which grew out of the extraordinary powers claimed and exercised by the commanders of the different vessels over their crews and officers. It was during this cruise that Commodore Perry struck Captain Heath, and a duel ensued between them. Then, too, the first effort for reform in the discipline of the navy may be said to have commenced with the famous memorial subscribed by the junior officers of the squadron, denouncing in manly but respectful language the arbitrary assumptions, tyranny and injustice of the commanders. In the course of this cruise, on the application of the commander of the Erie, Captain Gamble, Lieutenant Stockton was ordered as second lieutenant to that ship, and afterward became the first lieutenant. Owing to the difficulties referred to the discipline of the squadron had become seriously demoralized. Many of the superior officers were held in contempt by the subaltern officers, who did not hesitate to express frequently in unguarded language their hostile feelings and opinions. The Erie was officered by a high-spirited, gallant set of young gentlemen, jealous of their rights, and as inflammable as gunpowder. Captain Gamble was a good officer and disciplinarian, and Lieutenant Stockton was determined to do his part in reforming the discipline of the squadron and teaching the junior officers the first principles of military life—that of respect for and obedience to their superiors in command. Returning one evening to his stateroom, Lieutenant Stockton overheard one of the midshipmen of the Erie in the steerage, which was only separated by a thin partition from the stateroom, say, among other unpleasant things, that "Lieutenant Stockton would not have dared do" what he had been referring to before (but which was not heard), "unless he had taken advantage of his superior rank." Stockton retired without any notice of the remark.

In the morning, however, he communicated what he had heard to a marine officer, and, after some consultation, told him he wished him to invite the midshipman on shore, and there say to him that "Lieutenant Stockton understands that you consider yourself as having been grossly insulted by him, and that you have said that he would not have dared to have acted as you allege he did had he not taken advantage of his rank." Stockton told his friend that he had no idea how or when he had insulted the midshipman. "But if he asks whether I intend to insult him you must consider your lips sealed on that suject, and reply that you have considered yourself insulted, which constrains Lieutenant Stockton to direct me to inform you that you have very much mistaken his character, and that he wishes you, as well as all others to understand that his rank need never stand between him and the just indignation of any honorable man." The result was that the midshipman challenged the lieutenant; that they went on shore and stood at eight paces, and were to fire as they pleased after the word "fire" had been given. As soon as the word was given the young midshipman fired and missed. Stockton then said that "perhaps that was a mistake, and that the opposite party had better reload, as Lieutenant Stockton waived his right to take deadly aim and fire at an unarmed man." But with great gallantry the young midshipman said "that he had had his fire, and that if Lieutenant Stockton would shoot, and he was able afterward, he would reload." Whereupon Stockton discharged his pistol in the air. The young officer, however, refused to consider that as a fire which Stockton had a right to make, and persisted, together with his friends, in refusing to load again until Stockton had shot at him. Thus the parties stood in an attitude toward each other which it seemed at first very difficult to alter. The seconds, after a short consultation, referred to the principals. Lieutenant Stockton said he thought "there was no difficulty in the case; that he had come to give those gentlemen satisfaction, and if they were satisfied he was, perfectly." The second of the midshipman, as chivalrous as any man, observed that they must be satisfied, and thus the affair terminated. All parties concerned became firm friends after the occurrence.

On the first appearance of the American squadron in the Mediterranean as part of our regular peace establishment, the American uniform was a comparative stranger in the principal ports of that sea. The British naval gentlemen had been long accustomed to the assertion of superiority or precedence over the officers of other flags. They hectored and bullied the officers of other nations with impunity. At places of public resort, on public occasions, at hotels and even at private entertainments, their arrogance and insolence were displayed without restraint. Chafed and mortified by the brilliant naval victories of the United States during the recent war, they seemed disposed to manifest a particular animosity toward the American uniform. Notwithstanding this bad state of feeling, the American officers were determined to give no just cause of offense; nor did they do so. On the arrival of the squadron on one occasion in the Bay of Naples, while the British fleet were at anchor there, the following occurence took place: It is the custom at that rendezvous of the fleets of different nations for the officers who employ the natives on shore to work for them or to supply them with fresh provisions to give them certificates in a book carried by them, and which they exhibit as evidence of their honesty and skill. On the arrival of the Erie she was boarded by one of these Neapolitans, who exhibited his book of certificates and solicited employment. On opening the book Mr. Stockton observed a recommendation given in the usual form by an American officer, who had returned to the United States, and immediately under it a remark subscribed by a British officer, expressing in very insulting language a contemptuous reflection on the "Yankees." The author of this needless insult was known to be on a British ship of the line then at anchor in the bay. The insult was addressed to every American and liable to the observation of the officers of every flag which might visit Naples. Lieutenant Stockton accordingly determined to exact an apology or a fight from the offender. He despatched a friend with a note addressed to the British officer who had been guilty of the offense, demanding an apology or satisfaction. The latter alternative was conceded and a meeting agreed on. After some delay the parties met on shore. The Americans found that the Englishmen were very shy of exchanging shots at close quarters. They desired to fight at long distances, and would only consent to the combatants shooting in the time that a handkerchief held to the chin of one of the seconds on being dropped would reach the ground. They desired to fight duels without any risk of being hit. Stockton, however, shot his opponent on the first trial in the leg, when, picking up his wounded limb in his hand, he commenced crying, "I am hit! I am hit! Are you satisfied?" Stockton replied that he was not satisfied, and demanded another trial. But nothing could induce the Englishman to make another such experiment.

The next affair of this nature occurred at Gibraltar, and originated in the following circumstances: The Erie arrived at Gibraltar on one occasion alone, no other American ship of war being in company. As soon as she arrived a very respectable captain of a Boston merchantman came aboard and complained of the outrageous treatment to which he had been recently subjected. The captain was evidently a gentleman, keenly susceptible of any indignity, personal or national, which could be offered to him. It appeared that it was a regulation at Gibraltar that every one in the streets after a certain hour at night should carry a light in a lantern with him. The American captain was ignorant of the regulations, and, returning home after the prescribed hour from supper with a friend, only a few doors from his boarding house, was arrested by the guard. He offered to satisfy the guard who he was if he would only go with him a few doors to his boarding house. The guard refused this reasonable request and conducted him to the officer of the station. To him the American officer repeated his excuse. The officer affected to discredit his story, and ordered him to be detained. The American captain remonstrated, and the British officer abused him in opprobious terms and finally thrust him in a dungeon in which the vilest criminals were confined. He was thus detained until liberated at the instance of the American consul, but no redress was tendered. The American then challenged the British officer of the station, who received his challenge with the contemptuous inquirywhether he was fool enough to suppose that a British officer would fight the captain of a "damned Yankee merchantman?" After satisfying himself of the facts of the case, every effort was made to obtain some redress from the British captain by Lieutenant Stockton, but every such attempt was repelled in such a manner as aggravated the original offense. In consequence of this outrage upon an American citizen a hostile meeting was arranged to take place between Lieutenant Stockton and the captain of the guard, with the express stipulation that whatever might be the result, the American officers should have a free passage to their ship. The meeting took place, and much dispute arose respecting the terms and distances to be agreed upon. The British officers desired to fight at long distances, and on the dropping of a handkerchief. The Americans wanted the distance shortened, and to fire when they pleased. The British officer was wounded, and his second would not permit another exchange of shots at that time. Lieutenant Stockton told them pretty plainly that he did not approve their conduct, which indicated in his opinion nothing but cowardice. They then said that unless the affair was soon settled Stockton would have to fight all the captains of the regiment. Stockton promptly accepted it, adding that as they had differed about the distance they might choose it for themselves, at any point between eight paces and two inches. The difficulties increased with every negotiation, and after several meetings the Governor of Gibraltar interposed, and at his suggestion the Commodore of the American squadron forbade the officers of the Erie to go ashore. The particulars of these meetings are not remembered, but it was during some one of them that Midshipman (now Commodore) Josiah Sands killed his adversary.

Some time after the first affair at Gibraltar above referred to the Erie returned from a cruise of a month or two to the same place. Soon after her arrival Lieutenant Stocton received a message from the British captain with whom the unsettled difficulty was pending, that he was ready to give him (Stockton) the meeting agreed upon at the neutral ground, and that he might depend on their not being molested by the military police. At the appointed time Stockton, accompanied by Purser Bowen and Dr. Pewco, proceeded to the ground at twelve o'clock. The British parties were again unwilling to fight on the terms and at the distance proposed by the Americans, and would only fight on their own terms. So many difficulties were raised by them that at last Stockton told them that they only wanted to prolong the negotiations until they should be discovered by the authorities of Gibraltar and interrupted.

He had hardly made this remark when a guard was seen coming out of Gibralter in the direction of the neutral ground, and it became apparent that the guarantee by which they had been lured ashore was worthless, and that unless the terms dictated by the Englishmen were accepted no conflict would take place. Stockton told his seconds to have done with negotiations and let him fight on the terms of his adversary. Having wounded his opponent, upon going up to him to inquire into his condition, the British officer advised him to save himself by immediately leaving the ground if he wished to escape being arrested. After denouncing their treachery and defying them for any future encounter they may dare to risk, Stockton turned into the road leading to the shore, where his boat was awaiting his arrival.

The road was rough and strewn with rocks, and at the foot of the hill could be seen a strong detachment approaching for his arrest. In descending the eminence the road forked and Stockton took the road on which he saw the guard consisted of but two men. In his descent he fell and rose with his eyes filled with dust and his face streaming with blood from the wounds received in his fall. He was in his shirt sleeves, and had his head bound up in a red bandana handkerchief, and could see out of the corner of but one eye. In this plight, covered with dust and blood, he pushed on, visible to all the inhabitants of Gibraltar, who soon became apprised of what was going on, and who covered the tops of the houses to witness the scene. As be approached the guard of two men they presented their bayonets and ordered him to stand. He approached them, apparently with the intention of surrendering, until they had shouldered their guns, when, seizing each of them by the collar, he dashed them to the ground and rushed on with all the speed he could make. After proceeding about one hundred yards further he met a man on horseback, whom he surprised, and pitching him from his saddle mounted his horse, and, on full gallop through the main street of Gibraltar, eluding every attempt to stop him, held his way until he reached the spot where his sailors were anxiously waiting his appearance. They received him in their arms with a shout which sounded over the whole bay, and which was responded to with three cheers from the American squadron, as well as the vessels of many other flags, whose crews had been spectators of a part of the exciting scenes which we have endeavored to relate. Governor Don now issued his proclamation forbidding any intercourse, for hostile purposes, between the American and British officers, and applied himself seriously to the task of effecting a final settlement of all differences between them. He had frequent conferences for that end with Commodore Stewart, the commander-in-chief of the American squadron. Through these exertions of the Governor and the Commodore terms of amity were agreed upon, and some months afterwards, upon the return of the Erie, proposals for peace were accepted and a general pacification concluded. Governor Don gave a grand ball in celebration of the treaty of peace, at which the English and American officers came together with good will and complete harmony.—*Washington Herald.*

THE PAPACY AND THE ELECTION.

Progress of Catholic Intrigue in American Politics.

Whatever may be the result of the election of 1876, whatever difficulties and dangers may still surround it, there can be no doubt that the intelligence of the country has exerted itself with unusual vigor in its centennial year, and has pronounced a decided condemnation of the policy of the papal and Democratic party. Wherever the teacher has ruled and common schools prevail there has been no tendency to reaction, no desire to revive in the New World the religious and secular distinctions of the Old. To create an ignorant commonalty and a ruling caste, to fill the country with charity schools and sectarian seminaries, to menace the press, drive out free speech by force and even use violence to insure the political subjection of the masses, are the aims and practices only of the least intelligent sections of the nation; and we have the not unusual spectacle of the intense ignorance of the degraded quarters of a few Northern cities, joined to the wholly illiterate sections at the South, making an almost successful attempt to govern and destroy the republic. For it is not possible to believe that under such influences free institutions can continue to exist unharmed. With Mr. Tilden at its head, with the papal Democracy of New York city, and the ruling Confederates of the South controlling the country, we could see on the one side only the triumph of a foreign superstition, and on the other of the lowest traits of barbarism. The Southern magnate rules over his ignorant constituency by nearly the same means with which a Feejee chieftain holds his savages in awe; and the Kellys and Tildens of New York are the perhaps unconscious servants of the potent superstition of infallibilism.

It is a clear proof of the good sense of the Northern section of States that they have given an almost unanimous rebuke to this strange alliance. They, at least, have not been seduced by the extravagant promises of the papal faction, nor hurried away by that passion for "change," of which Mr. Charles Francis Adams has avowed himself the easy victim. Wise men do not leap a precipice for change, and the prospect of a Confederate rule at Washington would seem a plunge into an unknown abyss sufficiently terrible. In the North the papal faction has been able to gain only four States out of twenty-two for its Southern friends, and sixty-five electoral votes to 166. The chain of free States, almost in an unbroken line, encircles the less cultivated portions of the Union. The Eastern have given an immense and unusual majority for Republicanism; the great Northwest, destined to become the most populous and powerful section of the country, the granary of the world, has united once more in the defense of free schools and liberal progress; Nebraska, Nevada, Kansas, keep up the golden line of intelligence; and all along the Pacific shores the sentiments of patriotism and of union have set at defiance the unholy league of Southern insurgents and papal priests. It is, indeed, a prospect full of hope. There is safety for the republic so long as these great and intelligent communities keep watch over its best interests and rule in its politics; and it is certain that, however the Eastern section of the Union may be tainted or overborne by European influences, the principles of 1776 will be upheld by the uncounted millions of educated and industrious citizens who are to people the wonderful region that spreads from the Mississippi to the Pacific.

The real victory of the papal faction has lain almost wholly in the large Eastern cities, and chiefly in New York. The State of New York, in the face of many discouragements, has given its usual majority for union and good order; the city of New York, the centre of ultramontanism, has overcome the will of the rest of the State, and forced it into the hands of Kelly and Tilden. The unhappy condition of the metropolis, its intolerable government, its rising and almost ruinous taxation, its enormous debt, the swarms of papal priests and their followers, who live on its revenues, the vast outlay for Roman Catholic seminaries, the financial ruin that seems possible to await it in the future, are strange features in our national life that could never have been looked for; yet it is this unlucky city that, under its ultramontane tyranny, has nearly given a complete victory to the papal faction in the nation. There is, in fact, something almost ludicrous in the condition of the great, intelligent and wealthy metropolis suffering itself to be governed by strange adventurers and foreign priests—by a class of persons so stupid or so unpatriotic as often to have nearly wrecked the country in which they found a shelter, and lending its aid to that violent faction at the South whose only aim is to live by the plunder of the industrious North. Our citizens of New York seem to lavish honors upon those who rob them, and admire the dexterity with which they are eased of their surplus gains. Our capitalists, who hire a guard to protect their money vaults from the burglar, are powerless before official thieves. For twenty years New York has been the victim of a Roman Catholic tyranny, and each succeeding lustrum has seen its resources squandered with increasing profligacy, and new throngs of worthless adventurers pressed into its political offices or maintained by its plunder. Its government is notoriously bad; its death rate is higher than that of any other city; its officials are often disreputable; its taxation rises almost to the pitch of confiscation; its revenues are wasted upon Roman Catholic seminaries, protectories, foundling asylums; the foreign church despoils it in a way that in any European city would produce a revolution or a general confiscation of the papal gains; and its Democratic and German leaders, closely linked with the ultramontane politicians—with a Kelly or a McCloskey—consent to the tyranny of the papal church, and invoke the interference of the foreign priest in American politics.

Several other cities have fallen in a similar way under Roman Catholic influence, and have succeeded in breaking the general union of the Northern States. The vilest districts of New Haven and Hartford have given Connecticut to the Democracy, and the rural districts, by an unusual majority, have won the Legislature for the people. It is doubtful if Connecticut will ever again be suffered by its Protestant population to relapse into the control of the papal voters of the cities. New Jersey, partly by the treachery of several of its Democratic leaders, who have professed an open hostility to the Roman Catholic pretensions, and then lent them a secret support, chiefly from the papal influence in its large towns, has also abandoned its opposition to ultramontanism and joined the papal leaders of New York. But New Jersey is thoroughly Protestant, and may yet resolutely take its stand by the side of the great Northwest. Indiana has fallen by a small majority; the activity of the papal priests and the indifference of the unsectarian portion of its population have placed it at the side of Connecticut and New Jersey, beneath the control of the ultramontane chiefs. And thus, by the active labors of the ultramontane faction in a small number of cities, aided by the intense ignorance of its followers and the unpatriotic conduct of a portion of the Germans, the unity of the Northern States in defense of education, union and liberal reform was broken. In the reports of the commissioner of education are given maps, on which a dark shade is drawn over those districts of the country that are peculiarly illiterate. In each of these districts it will be found that the Democratic and ultramontane candidates were successful.

And when we turn to the Southern States, the lesson of the recent election is still more effective. Shut in by the Mississippi and the Atlantic, the Ohio and the Gulf, a region extends in which men have been suffered for generations to live without education, and from which it was once even excluded by law. Here the few have been accustomed to rule over the many, and the ignorant multitude have learned only to obey. The rebellion changed some things, but left the same ignorance behind it. And here the ultramontane and Democratic leaders have found their only powerful allies. The keen papal politicians saw that here was the chief point of danger to the republic, and here they have labored to rouse up anew the bitter spirit of rebellion, to stir up animosity between American citizens, and to rule or to destroy the nation by the aid of the discontented portion of the South. Of the votes secured by Mr. Tilden, 119 came from the South. But it is probable that in not one of these States has a free vote been obtained, or an election held that was not tainted by intimidation or fraud. In France, in England, in Italy, such an election would be subjected to a rigid inquiry, each incident carefully tested, and every trait of illegality punished by a rejection of the vote. But here we are asked by Mr. Adams or Mr. Seymour to trust the returns of districts that have never ceased to be rebellious; to believe that Mississippi has recanted its republicanism; that Georgia, where vast counties are disfranchised by force, has held a free election; that the rifle clubs of South Carolina mean no harm; and that the massacres of Louisiana and Mississippi were only a pleasant pastime. Our Democratic and papal politicians rush forward to grasp the blood-stained hands of their Southern allies. But the intelligence of the country has condemned them. The eye of posterity will discern their selfish inhumanity. They will be held up to future generations as the persecutors of the helpless, the enemies of the poor.

But the most important lesson of the election of 1876 is the clear light it throws upon the plans of the papal faction. There can be no longer any doubt that the Roman Church is a most successful and adroit political manager, that for a moment it seemed to hold in its hands the destiny of freedom, and that in all future elections it will come forward openly to contest the control of the republic. The clerical party is as plainly defined among us as in France, Belgium or Italy, Mexico or Brazil. It means everywhere the same thing, the destruction of popular institutions. No Protestant or unsectarian Democrat can any longer unite with this ultramontaine faction without becoming a part of a ruthless crusade against American institutions and progress. The Democracy of New York or New Haven is only a faint veil for the aggressive march of Rome. Once more it presses on to plant in the American republic the faded superstitions, the barbarous institutions, the avaricious greed of land and money, which it has exhibited in every European State, and which has everywhere brought upon it a general confiscation. The American people are forced to decide whether this system shall be introduced among us. The clerical ultramontanes already hold New York and Haven, Cincinnati and Savannah, St. Louis and New Orleans. By force or fraud, they still hope to control the Union.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Baked Beans.

There are beans, and then there are beans! This is a dictum that we need not argue, in Yankee land, where the favorite vegetable is mis-cooked in as many different ways as there are to make poor bread. We always sympathized in the jeremiad of the outspoken Gail Hamilton (what would have become of her if she had kept pent up for the past dozen years?) over the decay of New England knack, in modern days, in preparing the regulation Sunday morning breakfast. We believe she classed it with the most-to-be-lamented of the lost arts. There are many manifestations of this loss, among which are the slippery, sloppery, yellow beans of the corner bakery—intact, globular, perversely individual, which no man is justified in guessing are either steamed, boiled, or baked. It is a fundamental axiom in correct bean-baking that no dish can be right that is "unmussed." A whole bean is a confession of failure by the cook. Then there are the baked beans of the restaurant—a dry, underdone, waxy, aggravating mess. A son of a Yankee, who will "make way with" a plate of the average eating-house beans, when he can get an apple pie nine days old, or a sandwich that has been used for a sign not more than a week, is a degenerate scion. And then there are the "fashionable" baked beans, served in a shallow, dainty platter, more adapted to display the China than to do justice to the generous, historic dish—innocent of pork, bleached until they are flavorless, and then cooked to death. Beans can not survive the "style." It is as fatal to them as it is to spare rib, or roast oysters, or any of the good, old-time luxuries. We have interviewed, specially for this occasion, a housekeeper whose baked beans are worthy the renown of that ancestor of hers who helped through the war of the revolution, by seeing to it that the soldiers home on furlough, or in adjacent camps, always had good rye and injun bread and baked beans fit for a patriot. And she says that the only secret about it is "to have them just right." You want to soak them over night, or parboil them in two or three waters, until they are at the cracking point. If your appetite is not robust enough to eat pork, and you have the art to cook them without it, all that is required is to season the dish to the fine point of half a pinch of salt, a single shake of the pepper-box, and a lump of butter, neither too large nor too small, and have a piece of fresh square-rib roasted separately to serve with them. The beans must a
"just the right consistency whe
the dish for baking." So far, w
it is all clear. If you have
enough for pork, praise your an
kind Heaven, and put the s
crossed piece of seasoning mea
possibilities of crisp rinds, in t
of the dish, with slices ornam
sides. All you need of the o
have it "neither too hot nor t
The beans must then simmer u
are "just done." To secure
shade of brown over the top, an
cise degree of heat and moist
needed to bring each individ
to the very point of cracking
escing with its neighbor—witho
ly doing it—that is all the dir
needs as to baking. If it isn't
must learn as the boy learns
And then, as to serving: It is
an effete and over-ripe social
to "dish out" a pan of baked be
sert your independence, and pr
integrity of your result by pla
upon the table in the dish in w
were cooked. Let the serv
around the empty china, if yo
assure the family or guest that
it. And have enough left to
luxury of cold beans that have
them. Thus shall one of our
New England institutions be r
add lustre to the centennial ye
ray's Golden Rule.

The Cocoanut.

The importation of the cocoa
idly assuming the proportions
portant branch of business.
cisco is the centre of the trade,
port most accessible from th
islands where the cocoanut is
Several factories in the vicini
gaged in grating and putting
meat in cans for household a
tionery purposes. What is a lu
is a prime necessity to the
the islands where it is grown,
well nigh their every want.
and milk of the nuts supply t
food and drink, fresh water bei
unattainable during a large por
year. The wood and leaves of
the latter often being twenty
length—are utilized in h
ing and the construction
ture, and the fibre of the h
strong material for twine and r
coanut oil, produced from the
important article of commer
used in the manufacture of
soaps. The sap which flows
bud before the nut is pulled, w
forms a sweet and nutritious
If allowed to ferment it becom
gerous an intoxicant as forty-r
and is the cause of endless
murders among the islanders.
paid by the traders for cocoanu
$1 for 300 or 400, and at San
they bring $6 to $7 per 100,
bringing over a million or m
origin of the milk in the cocoan
the subject of much controver
scientists, has never been sat
accounted for.

Nothing to Wear.

Perhaps no one took more inter
late election than Mr. Weldred, of
He is a young married man w
wife and a bright, handsome
weeks before the election he s
mained in his attrative home lo
to get to his meals. Every h
spared from his work and nece
was devoted to his club room, an
sions and newspapers. In fa
posted was he determined to
availed himself of every scrap o
tion bearing on the campaign. M
not only desired to inform h
political principles that he mig
ballot in a conscientious man
wanted also to post himself the
that state of the canvass that he
ter himself in a pecuniary way. M
is not a moneyed man, but he h
wardrobe, and he felt safe in tak
bets. He had $10, all his read
the result in Danbury. He bet
Republican, and was so sure
that he did not give the result
only as it referred to his disposit
man's money. The result at
upon him like a thunder clap fr
sky. In addition to the loss of
irritating enough in itself, came
friends. Mr. Weldred, who anti
much and realized so little, lost
of his judgment, and talked an
what has ultimately proved a
vagant manner. With the $10
waited for the result from
The next morning as he prep
down town he said to his wife:

"Maria, I must take my ove
me."

"How's that?" she asked.

"Oh, the State went Democr
bet the coat that it would go Re
never saw such cussed luck."

His wife sighed.

At noon he came in and said:

"Where's them white cassime
Iowa has gone Republican, gosh

And he marched off in a somb
with the white cassimeres.

The next day at noon he f
sitting by the kitchen fire. His

"John, this is Mr. Marshall's
waiting to see you."

Then the boy spoke up:

"Pa says Mr. Hawley was
Congress, and would you please
your black pants."

Mr. Weldred groaned as he
inquiring look in Mrs. Weldred's

"Too true, Maria; too true," h
must take off these breeches.
not help it. I could a-sworn th
Hawley would a-got it."

And he retired to change the

About three o'clock in the a
again made his appearance; he s
quite depressed.

"I'll have to have that dress-c
he explained, with a dreamy s
Republican Representatives ar
Ridgefield, and Bangs will wea
after this."

Mr. Bangs, who was waiting
wagon, got the coat and depart
Weldred returned down town w
ening pain in his heart.

There was nothing new at
the next day, when he came ho
he electrified his wife by gloom
ing.

"This is perfectly devilish! M
of boots and that plush vest aw
Indiana's majority.

"My goodness!" ejaculated th
woman, in despair.

"I can't help it," he protested.
a-sworn on my dying bed
wouldn't a-got 1000 majority in
believe the world is bottom s
every man is either a liar or a

"Oh, John!" she said, "how c
so rash! You won't have a
back by the time this dreadful
over."

"Not much to speak of on m
gloomily rejoined. "By Georg
to cover myself with shellack
nal luck follows me to the en
there'll be enough of me left t
on. But I won't be bluffed d
petuously added; "if I have
on my limbs, and eventually be
I'll win yet."

"You ain't got anything
hope!" she asked in a voice
sion.

"Yes," he sighed. "There's
vest," indicating the articles he
Louisiana, and the pants on F
sighed drearily, and sank into a
he said, in a voice whose quive
ly strove to conceal. "If Tild
election I've got to wheel Mc
barber, the whole length of
and if Hayes wins South Caro
to do it barefooted and bare
South Carolina is all right,
added, more cheerfully, "I can
derclothes and hat on when I

Mr. Weldred's life interest in
result is not assumed.—*Danbu*

Song of the drift-wood deal
shall gather at the river."