The Colored People and the Republican Party.

The colored people of New England are waking up to the fact that they do not belong to the Republican party, and the do not propose to be used much longer for the special purpose of giving the Republican party predominance in the affairs of the Republic. The city of Newport, R. I., has a citizen, Mr. Geo. T. Downing, one of the most intelligent colored men of the country, who publishes his views in the Providence (R. I.) *Journal*, and boldly takes the position that the Republican party owes fully as much to the colored people as the colored people owe to it, and that, as there is at issue between the two great parties no question in which the colored man is specially interested, he is at liberty to join whichever one his present circumstances show to be best disposed toward him, irrespective of any sentiment of gratitude for past favors. Mr. Downing maintains that whatever help was given to the negro by "the Republican party was given for the party's own aggrandizement and profit, and not for any philanthropic desire to free the slaves." Undoubtedly Mr. Downing's view of the subject is correct. Doubtless there were men in the Republican party who wanted the slaves emancipated, but the great mass of the Republican party were not imbued with any such sentiment. With them emancipation was a war measure and not a peace nor a humanity matter. The Union was on one side and slavery on the other side. If the Union could be saved by getting rid of slavery, amen. If the Union could be saved without getting rid of slavery, amen again. Is that so? In a letter written by Abraham Lincoln August 22, 1862, to Horace Greeley, the President said:

"I would save the Union. I would save it the shortest way under the Constitution. The sooner the National authority can be restored, the nearer the Union will be the Union *as it was*. If there be those who would not *save* the Union unless they could at the same time *save* slavery, I do not agree with them. If there be those who would not *save* the Union unless they could at the same time *destroy* slavery, I do not agree with them. My paramount object in this struggle *is* to save the Union, and is not either to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union *without* freeing *any* slave I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves I would do it; and if I could do it by freeing some and leaving others alone I would do that. What I do about slavery and the colored race I do because I believe it helps to save this Union, and what I forbear, I forbear because I do *not* believe it would help to save the Union."

Such is the language of the great leader of the Republican party. Emancipation for the good of the slave, emancipation in the cause of humanity; emancipation, owing to the crime and curse of slavery, form no part of the Republican idea. It was emancipation for the salvation of the Union. Everything turned upon the Union, nothing upon the well-being of the slave. It is not surprising, therefore, that intelligent colored men have come to the conclusion that they owe the Republican party nothing, and that the Republican party does owe the colored people much—in point of supremacy, everything. It is well said that "without the negro vote not one branch of the National Government would be under Republican control. The slim majorities in both Houses of Congress depend upon the colored voters so entirely that an even division of these voters between the two great parties would have left a far larger balance on the Democratic side than now exists in favor of the Republicans. In the White House sits a President elected by the faithful devotion of the colored people to a phantom benefactor, whose real form was long ago laid in the grave with Lincoln, Greeley and Sumner." Intelligent colored men are everywhere beginning to realize the fraud of Republican professions of love for the colored people, and they are breaking away from its embrace, and the day is not distant when the Republican party will find out that the colored people fully comprehending its mean treachery and false professions, will turn from it with loathing.—*Indiana State Sentinel*

The Republican Party from a Republican Standpoint.

The Springfield (Mass.) *Republican* says:

"Two years ago the country gave the Republican party another chance. It sees how that chance has been used. It sees the party leadership given to Robeson and Keifer. It sees an extravagant and in great measure inefficient session. It sees tariff reform dodged and Civil-service Reform laughed at. It sees the offensive and despicable tax on office-holders enforced, with new zeal, by the chosen fugleman of the Republican Congressmen. It sees the public money wasted by millions to catch votes in doubtful districts and the public offices handed over as patronage to the Camerons and Logans. All this and the reputable men among the party leaders either assenting or cowed into silence!"

This is a strong indictment, and coming from such a source extremely significant. It is a frank and fearless Republican acknowledgement that all Republican talk about reform is sheerest bosh. The party is incapable of reform; has not a drop of reform blood in its veins, never has had and never will have. It went into power twenty-one years ago on a platform every plank of which was, so to speak, saturated with reform. What professions and promises they were that floated Lincoln to the Presidency! How the Democratic "Augean stables" were to be cleansed and fumigated! How all the rogues were to be punished and all the honest men to be rewarded! What care was to be exercised in the selection of public servants, and how scrupulously watched and guarded was to be the expenditure of public money! How industrious and incorruptible were to be the Republican Congresses, and how much as Cæsar's wife ought to have been every Republican official! How the country and the world were to admire and applaud the great, glorious and beneficent change from Democratic sin to Republican righteousness! Well, the history of twenty-one years is before us, and speaks for itself loud enough to wake the dead. In no single department of Government from highest to lowest has there been the slightest improvement, and there is no department of Government from highest to lowest which has not deteriorated in its management in one way or another. The cost of Government has increased enormously, and it is well known that a very large proportion of this cost is the result of shameless extravagance, culpable neglect, or worse. How many rings were there during the sixty years of Democratic rule? How many have there been under Republican rule? What Democratic Congress had a Credit Mobilier scandal? What Democratic President patronized and protected a nest of whisky thieves? What Democratic Secretary of War matched Belknap?—or what Democratic Secretary of the Navy matched Robeson? Was it a Democratic Administration that kicked out Bristow and defended Babcock? Was it a Democratic National Convention that nominated for the Presidency a man who denied under oath what was proved upon him, and for the Vice-Presidency a man who was dismissed from a custom-house "for conduct prejudicial to the interests of the Government?"

No wonder our Massachusetts namesake is disgusted and discouraged by the principles and practices of its party. It is rotten without and within, and "there is no health in it." Fairly and fully tried it has been found wanting in every particular, and to-day its greatest energy is displayed in hunting up some "moral issue" to hide a swindle, or in crushing every honest and earnest effort for reform. With such chiefs as Robeson and Keifer, Conkling, Cameron and Logan, what is there to hope for in the future except a record as bad as in the past? It has already lived too long for the country's good, and "nothing will grace its life like the ending of it."—*St. Louis Republican.*

The Dorsey Letters to Garfield.

Mr. Stephen W. Dorsey, the Secretary of the National Republican Committee and now under indictment for theft, is very impatient under the imputation that his letters to Garfield were impertinent and intrusive, and that he had no right to give him advice in any form it might to him seem fit. He consented "to take a laboring oar" in the campaign at Garfield's particular request, who also sent his friends to overcome Dorsey's objections. "Our relations," says Dorsey, "had for many years been of the closest description. in Washington, when we were in Congress together, he came to my house nearly every day, and the association was most intimate and satisfactory. He was constantly seeking my views, and I wrote to General Garfield," endeavoring to persuade him not to take MacVeagh into his Cabinet.

Mr. Dorsey "willingly and gladly" furnishes copies of the letters showing the means and style which he adopted to prevent what Dorsey deemed little less than an outrage. He said to Garfield: "It will be a grievous mistake; that MacVeagh has been for a number years a paid lobbyist of the Pennsylvania Railroad; that he has debauched the Legislature of Pennsylvania, and robbed that State of millions of dollars; that he debauched the Legislature of Louisiana to turn Packard out and have Hayes remain in; that he is a bribe-taker and bribe-giver trying to shield his own criminality behind the holy look of his heavenly-turned eyes; that the only good thing about him is his being the son-in-law of Simon Cameron; that he is a forager between two armies, invariably adhering to the one with the largest commissary." Dorsey urges that if Garfield wants the minority represented in his Cabinet, he ought to have the respectable minority there. He should therefore appoint a Democrat—the representative of the minority who almost defeated him. He believes that it would be one of the wisest things Garfield ever did and that the time is soon coming when a President will "invite an eminent member of the minority to a seat in his Cabinet." "If I were you," says Dorsey in closing, "I would distinguish my Administration and create an era in politics by putting some leading Democrat in my Cabinet instead of a leading idiot. Advice is very common and you have lots of it. Wisdom is very rare and I have none of it;" and "so," says Dorsey, humbly, "what I have to say I leave for that kindly consideration you have always extended to my suggestions."

Mr. Dorsey evidently does not regard the memory of Garfield so tenderly that he cares to defend it from the consequences of Dorsey's own letters. For, unless Dorsey slanders MacVeagh, which we suppose he would not admit, the letter shows that in spite of the "kindly consideration" always given to Dorsey's suggestions, a bribe-giver and bribe-taker, a debaucher of Legislatures and a hypocrite, a corruptionist and idiot was deliberately given a seat in Garfield's Cabinet. But no one need be misled by Dorsey's political magnanimity. He is not the kind of man ever to want to see the day when eminent members of the minority shall be taken into the Cabinet of a victorious Administration. It only shows that he was so desperately opposed to having MacVeagh in Garfield's Cabinet, that he preferred to see even a Democrat there. Whether this profound aversion to MacVeagh had anything to do with his fear of Star-route exposures is not absolutely certain, but it looks that way. However, Dorsey resents the profoundly contemptuous manner in which his relations with Garfield are spoken of. He insists that he was fully justified by his previous acquaintance with Garfield and his management of the Presidential campaign to talk to him as he pleased.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—The following item from the Swainsboro (Ga.) *Herald* would seem to indicate that Southern editors have their interruptions in the noble work of molding public opinion as well as their brethren of the North: "The editor who can write a 'leader' on a hot day in August, within fifty feet of where stands hitched an Emanuel County jackass braying as though he had sucked into his lungs all the air in three adjoining counties, will surely reap his reward, not here below, but in that blessed land where there are no music-loving donkeys to molest."

—Some boys were bathing in the Severn, in England, and when in midstream one was seized with cramp and sank, but returned to the surface twice. His comrades endeavored to rescue him, and appealed to a boatman who was rowing up the stream to assist them. The fellow replied that he had something else to do than pull fellows out of the water, and rowed on. The youth was drowned

Anecdotes of Cellini.

This sculptor had an eventful life, and the story of it, written by himself, is one of the most interesting books of its class in existence. He was born in Florence, in 1500, and died in 1570. He gives a very interesting though improbable account of the origin of his family, which is that "Julius Cæsar had a chief and valorous Captain named Fiorino da Cellino, from a castle situated four miles from Monte Fiascone. This Fiorino having pitched his camp below Fiesole, where Florence now stands, in order to be near the river Arno, for the convenience of the army, the soldiers and other persons, when they had aocasion to visit him, said to each other: 'Let us go to Fiorenza,' which name they gave to the place where they were encamped, partly from their Captain's name of Fiorino, and partly from the abundance of flowers which grew there; wherefore Cæsar, thinking it a beautiful name, and considering flowers to be of good augury, and also wishing to honor his Captain, whom he had raised from an humble station, and to whom he was greatly attached, gave it to the city which he founded on that spot."

Benvenuto was of so fiery a temper that he was early involved in a serious quarrel and fled to Sienna, and then to Bologna. When he dared he returned to Florence and resumed his work, but soon again became angry because his best clothes were given to his brother, and walked off to Pisa, where he remained a year. Meantime he had become skillful in the making of various articles, and not only his execution but his designs were so fine that in some respects he has never been excelled.

When Cellini was eighteen years old, the sculptor Torregiano—who had given Michael Angelo a blow upon the nose which disfigured the great sculptor for life—returned to Florence to engage workmen to go with him to England to execute a commission which he had received. He desired to have Cellini among the number, but the youth was so outraged by Torregiano's boasting of the disgraceful deed that he refused to go, in spite of the natural desire of his age for travel and variety. Doubtless this predisposed Michael Angelo in his favor, and led to the friendship which he afterward showed to Cellini.

At length, in 1545, Cellini returned to Florence, never again to leave it for any considerable time. He was favorably received by Duke Cosimo, and received a commission to make a statue of Perseus to be placed in the Loggia del Lanzi. When Cellini heard this, his ambition was much excited by the thought that a work of his should be placed beside those of Michael Angelo and Donatello. The Duke gave him a house in which to work and a salary sufficient for his support. Nine years passed before the statue was in place and uncovered; but at last the time came for the casting; everything was prepared, and just at the important moment, when great care and watchfulness was needed, Cellini was seized with so severe an illness that he was forced to go to bed and believed that he would soon die.

As he lay tossing in agony, some one ran in and exclaimed: "Oh, Benvenuto! your work is ruined past earthly remedy!" Ill as he was he rushed to the furnace, and found that the fire was not sufficient and the metal had cooled and ceased to flow into the mold. By superhuman efforts he remedied the disaster, and again the bronze was liquid; he prayed earnestly, and when he saw that his mold was filled, to use his own words: "I fell on my knees and thanked God with all my heart, after which I ate a hearty meal with my assistants, and, it being then two hours before dawn, went to bed with a light heart, and slept as sweetly as if I had never been ill in my life."

We have spoken of his autobiography, which was honored by being made an authority in the Accademia della Crusca on account of its expressive diction and rich use of the Florentine manner of speech; he also wrote a valuable treatise upon the goldsmith's art, and another upon sculpture and bronze-casting. He takes up all the departments of these arts, and his writings are of great value. He also wrote poems and verses of various kinds. But his association with popes, kings, cardinals, artists, men of letters, and people of all classes, makes the story of his life by far the most interesting of all his literary works.—*Clara Erskine Clement, in St. Nicholas.*

Water Finders.

One of those individuals who possess what used to be called an impossible power of detecting water beneath the surface by the turning of a forked witch-hazel or apple-tree twig in his hands when passing over the locality where water was desired has made his appearance on Cape Cod. A Provincetown man says that the "water finder" is quite old and nearly blind. "He locates water for well-diggers, or pretends to, simply by moving about over the surface with his eyes totally blinded. He pretends to give also about the number of feet below the surface at which the water will be found. It is said that the old water finder is a farmer and a lime-burner; also, that he has been employed at Beverly and Newport at $8 per day this season, and succeeded in locating water; also, that he succeeded in detecting the presence of metals." Investigation shows that a person somewhat answering this description has been quite successful in locating water veins this season along the line of the Eastern Railroad, and that there are others in New England who have fully shown themselves possessed of the same "power of divination." In upper New Hampshire wells are often located by such means.—*Boston Herald.*

—There is a good deal of fun in sleigh-riding, if you only know how to enjoy yourself as a Connecticut young lady did last winter, when two young men, one on each side of her, thrust their hands into her muff just as she withdrew the one they wanted to squeeze. They continued pressing each other's hands and looking lovingly into her face, until she said: "If you two are through with my muff, I will have to trouble you for it, as my hands are getting cold." They gave it to her without a word.

—The greatest comfort in old age is the memory of a well-spent life, albeit some prefer a bank account.

Our Young Folks.

THE STOLEN CUSTARD.

A TRUE STORY.

Sugar-toothed Dick
For dainties was sick,
So he slyly crept into the kitchen,
Snatched a cup from the pantry
And darted out quick,
Unnoticed by mother or Gretchen.

Whispered he: "There's no cake,
For to-morrow they bake,
But this custard looks rich and delicious.
How they'll scold at the rats,
Or the mice, or the cats;
For of me I don't think they're suspicious.

"They might have filled up
Such a mean little cup!
And, for want of a spoon, I must drink it;
But 'tis easy to pour—
Hark, who's that at the door?"
And the custard went down ere you'd think it;

With a shriek he sprang up;
To the floor crashed the cup;
Then he howled, tumbled, spluttered and blustered,
Till the terrible din
Brought the whole household in—
He had swallowed a cupful of mustard!

—*Our Little Ones.*

WHY THE ELEPHANT'S HIND LEGS BEND FORWARD.

In connection with the employment of the elephant by man, there is an allegorical fable which, although it has probably no basis of fact, may possess a certain interest for those who are fond of investigating the reasons of things.

According to this story there was, at one time, a comparatively small number of elephants upon the earth, and these lived together in one great herd. They were quiet, docile animals, and did no injury to any one. They were formed, however, somewhat differently from the elephant of the present day. You may have noticed that the hind legs of these animals bend forward like the legs of a man, while the hind legs of nearly all other quadrupeds bend out backward. In the days of which this allegory tells, the elephant's hind legs were formed in the same way: they bent out backward like the legs of a dog, a horse, or a cow. The people in that part of the country where these elephants lived had no beasts of burden, or wagons, or carts, and they often thought what an excellent thing it would be if the great, strong elephants would carry them and their families about on their broad backs, or bear for them the heavy loads which they were often obliged to carry from place to place.

One day, several of the men saw the leader of the herd of elephants standing in the shade of a clump of trees, and they went to him to talk upon this subject. They told him of the difficulty they had in taking journeys with their wives and children, especially in the rainy season, when the ground was wet and muddy, and explained to him how hard it was for them to carry loads of provisions and other things from one village to another.

"Now, twenty of these loads," said the spokesman of the men, "would be nothing for one of you to carry; and if one of us, and all his family, and even some of his household goods, were upon your great back, you could walk off with ease. Now, what we wish to propose to you is this: If some of your herd will consent to carry us when we wish to make a journey, and to bear about our heavy goods for us, we will give you grass, rice and banyan-leaves and melons from our gardens, and such other things as may be proper, for your services. By this arrangement both sides will be benefited."

The elephant listened with great attention, and when the man had finished speaking he replied:

"Melons are very tempting, for these we seldom find in the forest, and fresh leaves from the luxuriant banyans which grow about your houses are highly attractive to elephants; but, in spite of the inducements you offer, there are objections to the plan you propose which will, I fear, prevent it from being carried out. If, for instance, one of your families wished to get upon my back, or if you desired to place a heavy load thereon, it would be necessary for me to lie down, wouldn't it?"

"Oh, yes," said the man.

"There comes in the difficulty," said the elephant. "Our bodies are so large and heavy that when we lie down it is as much as we can do to get up. Indeed, most of us prefer to sleep leaning against a tree, because when we lie down at night we often find in the morning that it is almost impossible for us to rise. Now, if we find it difficult to get up from the ground when we have nothing but ourselves to lift, it is quite plain that we could not rise at all if we had a load upon our backs. That is clear to your mind, is it not?"

"Yes" said the man, rather ruefully. "I see that what you say is true. You would be of no service to us if you could not get up after we had placed our loads upon your backs."

And he and his fellows returned sadly to their village.

But some of the people, when they heard this story, were not willing to give up the matter so easily. There was a witch of great wisdom who lived in the neighborhood, and they went and consulted her. She considered the matter for three days and nights, and then she told them that, if they would give her twenty pots of rice and a bronze gong, she would make it all right. The twenty pots of rice and the bronze gong were speedily brought to her; and that night, when the elephants were all fast asleep, she went to the place where they were lying on the ground, or leaning against the trees, and bewitched them. She managed her witcheries in such a way that the hind legs of the elephants all bent inward instead of outward, as they had done before.

When the head elephant awoke and walked from under the tree against which he had been leaning, he was very much surprised at the change in his gait. He shuffled along in a very different way from that in which he had always walked before.

"I feel as if I were all shoulders," he said to his wife.

"And well you may," said she, "for your hind legs bend forward, exactly like your fore legs."

"And so do yours!" he cried, in utter amazement.

The elephants who were lying down were awakened by this loud conversation, and, noticing that many of their companions were moving about in a very strange way, thought it would be a good idea to get up and see what was the matter. To their astonishment they arose with great ease. Their hind legs were bent under their heavy bodies, and they were enabled to lift themselves up with what seemed to them no trouble at all.

When all this was made known to the men of the village, they immediately urged upon the head elephant that he and his companions should enter into their service. An elephant was thereupon ordered by his chief to lie down and be loaded, and when the men had tied an immense number of packages upon his back, he arose with apparent ease and shambled away.

There being now no possible objection to an elephant becoming a beast of burden, these great animals began to enter into the service of man. But many of them did not fancy labor, no matter how able they might be to perform it, and these separated from the main herd and scattered themselves over various parts of Asia and Africa, where their descendants are still found.

As has been said before, it is quite likely that this story may not be true; but still the facts remain that the elephant's hind legs bend forward just like his fore legs, and that he shambles along very much as if he were all shoulders.—*John Lewes, in St. Nicholas.*

Egyptian History.

Egypt is the most interesting of countries, because it is probably the oldest. We borrow from it nearly all our arts and sciences, and have only improved upon what the Egyptians taught us. Our alphabet and the art of writing came from the banks of the Nile. It was carried to Phœnicia, then to Greece and Rome, and then to Europe and America. The Egyptians invented the lever, by which all engines are moved, and electricity and steam made useful. Egyptian glass-makers, goldsmiths, painters, weavers, builders and stone-cutters, miners, gardeners and even poets and historians, have taught their arts to all the Western nations; Moses studied in the Egyptian colleges, and Joseph and his father looked upon its pyramids and temples with wonder.

The land of Egypt is a deposit of mud brought down by the floods of the Nile from the mountains of Middle Africa. Every year the river overflows its banks, and renews the fertility of the soil by a new deposit, and these regular inundations have been so provided for by embankments and canals as to be seldom dangerous. The Nile scarcely ever sweeps away the flocks and harvests of the farmers, like the Mississippi. It would be well if the Mississippi could be made as useful as the Nile.

This flat land of mud rests on rocks and sand. On each side of it is a desert, bare, hot and stifling. A desert divides it from Asia. It is isolated from the world, and here for several thousand years the Egyptian Pharaohs ruled over an obedient people, and their people invented and practiced those useful arts which they were afterward to teach others. The first King of Egypt is supposed to have been Menes; he reigned about 3,000 B. C. Thirty-one dynasties or families of Kings follow Menes, and the Egyptian kingdom had lasted more than two thousand five hundred years when it was conquered by Alexander the Great. The Assyrians, Persians, and even the Ethiopians, had conquered it before, but had been driven out by the rising of the people. For two thousand years the Egyptians were free and united. The oldest modern kingdom counts scarcely eight hundred years, and our own Government nearly one hundred.

The Egyptians were a dark-colored race, and came probably from Asia. They lived alone upon the banks of the Nile, shut out from the world. All Europe was then a wilderness filled with wild beasts and a few savage men. All was waste and desolate. The savage people who surrounded Egypt were like our American Indians, ignorant and treacherous. Had they been able they would have broken in upon the industrious Egyptians, sacked and burned their cities, and robbed them of all they possessed. They would have destroyed temples and palaces, houses and gardens, ships and factories, and left us without any of the Egyptian inventions and improvements. But fortunately the deserts and the sea for two thousand years at least kept the savages away. The country grew rich and flourishing; the banks of the Nile were lined with fine farms as fertile as those of Kansas or Dakota. The wheat was full and white. The gardens of Egypt produced beans, onions, cabbages, and were filled with flowers. Countless towns and cities sprang up along the Nile. Some of them were as large, perhaps, as Chicago or New York. The rich land swarmed with people. The families of the Egyptians lived in comfortable houses; the children were usually taught in the temples to read and write; all were taught to work: they were well dressed and very neat; and when Joseph governed the land with discretion and good sense, there was no part of the Western world that could equal the intelligence and civilization of Egypt. Its cities, temples, palaces, farms and gardens were the wonder of the ancient historians.

To-day Egypt is an impoverished country, distracted by civil war. Alexandria, once one of the most magnificent cities of the world, lies in ashes, and the people throughout the land are suffering all the horrors of famine amidst their plundered and ruined homes. Long ages of misrule and ignorance have brought the fruitful and prosperous land to this terrible condition. In the days of Joseph the armies of Egypt might have withstood the world. Now the conqueror is at her gates, disorder rages within, and peace and prosperity can return to her borders only under the protection of a foreign power.—*Eugene Lawrence, in Harper's Young People.*

—The annual report of the English post-office mentions an extraordinary exhibition of confidence in the honesty of the service, which astonished even the employes of the department. A £5 Bank of England note, without any cover whatever, was folded, addressed and stamped, and posted at Leeds. On being discovered in the mail, it was inclosed in a registered-letter envelope and forwarded to its destination.

—Mrs. William Bearding, who died recently in Perry County, Ala., was 107 years old. Her husband, who survives her, is 100 years old.

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