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Weekly Times

THURSDAY, JULY 20, 1876.

THE CONGRESSIONAL CONTEST.

The fight between Guthrie and Hodge, rival candidates for the nomination to Congress in this District, against Col. Phillips, is hotter than the weather in New York, and is becoming decidedly ugly. Hodge's friends abuse Guthrie and Phillips, and Guthrie's friends abuse Phillips and Hodge. Guthrie says Hodge's candidacy is regarded by the people of the District as a joke, and Hodge declares that Guthrie hasn't strength enough to secure the delegation from a single county. As they are both gentlemen of well-known veracity, it would not become us to question their assertions, especially in view of the fact that their sentiments so nearly coincide with public opinion.

In the meantime Col. Phillips is at his post, in Washington, attending to his duties, and looking out for the interests of his constituents, and probably no member of Congress is sustained by the people of his District with greater unanimity.

Those journals which support Mr. Phillips have followed the example of THE TIMES, and have carefully refrained from expressing any unkind word of any of the candidates; and we trust they will all continue to pursue such a course. It is not necessary to abuse any other candidate in order to secure Mr. Phillips' nomination.

SUNSET COX ON THE SITUATION.

Sunset Cox is not sanguine about the success of the Democratic party at the next fall elections. He has been interviewed about it, and he does not talk as hopefully over the prospects as Tilden's friends would like, by any means. He thinks that Indiana might be saved, provided Hendricks accepts, but he does not think that it can be set down as a dead sure thing that Hendricks is going to accept. The unexceptionable character of Governor Hayes, he says, as testified to by the people of his State, whenever he had the opportunity, on his return from St. Louis, to see and speak to them, satisfies him that Ohio is very doubtful to the Democrats. Bad as was the case for him in the Buckeye State he found it still worse in the Keystone. This kind of testimony does not please the Democracy, and the consequence is that Mr. Cox is hearing about in a way that cannot be very gratifying to him.

A BOGUS REFORMER.

The New York, *Times*, the journal that first exposed the rottenness of the Democratic government in New York city, and which did more to rid that municipality of the ring of thieves infesting it than all the other papers combined, is publishing some extremely interesting information respecting that quandam reformer, Tilden, which does not reflect especial credit upon him. Accordingly the *Times*, Tilden is neither more nor less than a man who joined the crowd and cried "stop thief," hoping to profit by his apparent honesty. He never inaugurated a whole-souled reform in his entire career. Certainly the *Times* ought to be able to speak reliably on this subject, and no doubt it does. Reform is a dangerous thing for Democrats to talk about in New York. If any reformation has been accomplished in that section it has not been by that party. To an impartial observer it would appear that whatever credit there is in this particular direction is due to Republicans and not to Boss Tweed and the other Democrats of New York city.

TOO HIGH A PRICE.

The St. Louis *Republican* is opposed to raising volunteers to fight the Indians. By taking other wars as a basis, the *Republican* "figures it out" that we can kill off the Sioux with regular troops, at a cost of $5,000 a head, whereas, if we take volunteers, we cannot do the job at a cost of less than $10,000 per scalp, which, it thinks, is altogether too high for injins. Further, on the same subject, the *Republican* says: "Gen. Sherman may possibly need a regiment or two of irregular cavalry, and if he does they can easily be furnished from the hardy frontiersmen of our Western territories, who are already close to the seat of war, and already well versed in the mysteries of Indian fighting. The best thing the Government can do is to let Sherman and Sheridan do as they please. If this policy is pursued, we have no fears for the result."

THE PETER COOPER PARTY.

The greenback men, under the leadership of Peter Cooper, are makinging arrangements to run electoral tickets in all the States of the Union. The dissatisfaction among the Democracy because of the nomination of Tilden is much deeper and more widespread than is generally supposed. Thousands of soft money Democrats, especially in the West, cannot be whipped into the Tilden arrangement; a portion of these come squarely out for Hayes and Wheeler, but the most of them support Peter Cooper. The Greenback people are working quietly and earnestly, and are thoroughly organizing their campaign in all parts of the country. Old Peter has two or three bar'ls of money, and is always ready to "shell out" for the benefit of a cause in which he is interested. The disaffected elements are all rallying to his support, and it need not surprise anybody if he polls more votes in the West than Mr. Tilden.

CONGRESSIONAL.

Referring to the probable action of the Republican nominating convention to be held at Abeline, on the 31st of August, the Concordia *Expositor* says:

"At the present day it is impossible to point out THE MAN, although we are of the opinion that Hon. W. A. Phillips is the strongest man in the field; but, should he fail to be nominated, then we think Mr. Jenkins will be the nominee, and sincerely hope he will be.

AN old Democrat writes from Cynthiana, Ky., thus pointedly: "The nomination of Tilden creates the greatest dissatisfaction throughout the county. I doubt his ability to carry it; and, should the disgust be as great in other portions of the State, at his nomination, as it is at this point, it will be extremely hazardous as to his carrying it in November. I am a Democrat, but I'll be —— if I will have any of Tilden in mine!"

HE HAS BOLTED.

Mr. D. L. Palmer, of Jewell City, has bolted the action of the Republican Congressional Committee of this District, and is going to have a little convention of his own, some time next month.

The Burlington *Hawkeye* says: "Never mind the Alton & Terre Haute suit against Tilden for appropriating to his own use a quarter of a million of its bonds—never mind these diversions from a stern sense of duty, brethern, but whoop her up lively on Tilden and reform."

THE WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT.

The Declaration of Rights—Presenting the Document.

[From the Philadelphia Bulletin.]

The officers of the National Woman Suffrage Association, addressed a letter to General Hawley yesterday, asking that they might be permitted to present without remark or debate, their Declaration of Rights at Independence Hall, July 4th, after the reading of the original Declaration of Independence.

The letter was delivered by Mrs. Sarah Andrews Spencer, the delegate of the National Woman Suffrage Association to the Cincinnati Convention, who said, upon presenting it: "General Hawley, the women citizens of the United States ask of the men of the United States one slight boon on the occasion of the Centennial celebration of the birth of our nation. We only ask that we may present, in perfect silence, our Declaration of Rights."

General Hawley said: "It seems a very slight request, but our programme is published, our speakers engaged, our entire arrangements for the day decided upon, and we cannot make even so slight a change as you ask for.

Mrs. Spencer said: "We are aware that your programme is published, your speakers engaged, your entire arrangements for the day decided upon, without consulting with the women citizens of the United States. For that very reason we desire to enter our protest. We are aware that the Government of the United States has been conducted for one hundred years without consulting the women of the United States. For this reason we desire to enter our protest."

Gen. Hawley said: "Undoubtedly we have not lived up to our own original Declaration of Independence in many respects. I express no opinion upon your question. It is a proper subject for discussion at the Cincinnati convention, the St. Louis convention, in the Senate of the United States, in the House of Representatives, at the State Legislatures, in the courts, wherever you can obtain a hearing. But to-morrow we propose to celebrate what we have done the past hundred years; not what we have failed to do. We have much to do in the future.

"I understand the full significance of your *very slight* request. If granted, it would be the *event* of the day—*the topic of discussion* to the exclusion of all others. I am sorry to refuse *so slight* a demand, but we cannot grant it."

This was a fresh inspiration to the determined women assembled at 1431 Chestnut street. No power on earth would prevent their placing it on record for the daughters of 1976 that the mothers of 1876 protested against the injustice of the men of this day to the women citizens of the United States. Five officers of the National Woman Suffrage Association were seated on the platform at Independence Hall when the original Declaration of Independence was read: Susan B. Anthony, Matilda Joslyn Gage, Sara J. Spencer, Lillie D. Blake, Phoebe W. Couzins. At the close, Miss Anthony, accompanied by the others, went forward to speaker's stand, the guests, military and civil officers of the Government, courteously made way, and Miss Anthony presented the parchment to Vice-President Ferry, with—

"Mr. President, we present this Declaration of Rights of the women citizens of the United States."

The President took the document with an embarrassed silence, and the delegation retired to the front of Independence Hall, where Miss Anthony read it from the stand to multitudes who had failed to gain admission to the general celebration. After this reading the committee repaired to Dr. Furness' church, where were Lucretia Mott, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and many other speakers, and a crowded audience.

Mrs. Stanton read the Women's Declaration, and short speeches were made by a dozen or more ladies, the convention holding five hours to a most enthusiastic audience, who refused to adjourn. It was the historical meeting of the day, the speeches of Lucretia Mott and Mrs. Stanton being of unusual power.

The following is the full text of the

DECLARATION OF RIGHTS OF THE WOMEN OF THE UNITED STATES

by the National Woman Suffrage Association, July 4th, 1876:

While the nation is buoyant with patriotism, and all hearts are attuned to praise, it is with sorrow we come to strike the one discordant note, on this hundredth anniversary of our country's birth. When subjects of Kings, Emperors and Czars, from the Old World, join in our National Jubilee, shall the women of the Republic refuse to lay their hands with benedictions on the nation's head? Surveying America's Exposition, surpassing in magnificence those of London, Paris and Vienna, shall we not rejoice at the success of the youngest rival among the nations of the earth? May not our hearts, in unison with all, swell with pride at our great achievements as a people; our free speech, free press, free schools, free church, and the rapid progress we have made in material wealth, trade, commerce and the inventive arts? And we do rejoice in the success thus far of our experiment of self-government. Our faith is firm and unwavering in the broad principles of human rights proclaimed in 1776, not only as abstract truths, but as the corner-stones of a republic. Yet we cannot forget, even in this glad hour, that while all men of every race, and clime, and condition, have been invested with the full rights of citizenship, under our hospitable flag, all women still suffer the degradation of disfranchisement.

The history of our country the past hundred years has been a series of assumptions and usurpations of power over women, in direct opposition to the principles of just government, acknowledged by the United States as its foundation, which are:

1st. The natural rights of each individual.

2nd. The exact quality of these rights.

3rd. That these rights, when not delegated by the individual, are retained by the individual.

4th. That no person can exercise the rights of others without delegated authority.

5th. That the non-use of these rights does not destroy them.

And for the violation of these fundamental principles of our government, we arraign our rulers on this 4th day of July, 1876,—and these are our

ARTICLES OF IMPEACHMENT.

Bills of Attainder have been passed by the introduction of the word "male" into all the State constitutions, denying to women the right of suffrage, and thereby making sex a crime—an exercise of power clearly forbidden in Article 1, Sections 9 and 10 of the United States Constitution.

The Writ of Habeas Corpus, the only protection against *lettres de cachet*, and all forms of unjust imprisonment, which the Constitution declares "shall not be suspended, except when in cases of rebellion or invasion the public safety demands it," is held inoperative in every State in the Union, in case of a married woman against her husband,—the marital rights of the husband being in all cases primary, and the rights of the wife secondary.

The right of trial by a jury of one's peers was so jealously guarded that State's refused to ratify the original Constitution until it was guaranteed by the Sixth amendment. And yet the women of this nation have never been allowed a jury of their peers—being tried in all cases by men, native and foreign, educated and ignorant, virtuous and vicious. Young girls have been arraigned in our courts for the crime of infanticide; tried, convicted, hung—victims, perchance, of judge, jurors, advocates—while no woman's voice could be heard in their defense. And not only are women denied a jury of their peers, but, in some cases, jury trial altogether. During the war a woman was tried and hung by military law, in defiance of the Fifth Amendment, which specifically declares: "No person shall be held to answer for a capital or otherwise infamous crime unless on a presentment or indictment of a grand jury, except in cases * * * * of persons in actual service in time of war." During the last Presidential campaign a woman, arrested for voting, was denied the protection of a jury, tried, convicted and sentenced to a fine and costs of prosecution by the absolute power of a Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Taxation without representation, the immediate cause of the rebellion of the colonies against Great Britain, is one of the grievous wrongs the women of this country have suffered during the century. Deploring war, with all the demoralization that follows in its train, we have been taxed to support standing armies, with their waste of life and wealth. Believing in temperance, we have been taxed to support the vice, crime and pauperism of the liquor traffic. While we suffer its wrongs and abuses infinitely more than man, we have no power to protect our sons against this giant evil. During the temperance crusade, mothers were arrested, fined, imprisoned, for even praying and singing in the streets, while men blockade the streets, and sidewalks with impunity, even on Sunday, with their military parades and political processions. Believing in honesty, we are taxed to support a dangerous army of civilians, buying and selling the offices of government and sacrificing the best interests of the people. And, moreover, we are taxed to support the very legislators and judges who make laws and render decisions adverse to women. And for refusing to pay such unjust taxation, the houses, lands, bonds and stock of women have been seized and sold within the present year, thus proving Lord Coke's assertion that "the very act of taxing a man's property without his consent is, in effect, disfranchising him of every civil right."

Unequal codes for men and women. Held by law a perpetual minor, deemed incapable of self protection, even in the industries of the world, women is denied equality of rights. The fact of sex, not the quantity or quality of work, in most cases, decides the pay and position; and because of this injustice, thousands of fatherless girls are compelled to choose between a life of shame and starvation.

Laws catering to man's vices have created two codes of morals in which penalties are graded according to the political status of the offender. Under such laws, women are fined and imprisoned if found alone in the streets, or in public places of resorts at certain hours. Under the pretence of regulating public morals, police officers seizing the occupants of disreputable houses march women in platoons to prision, while the men, partners in their guilt, go free.

While making a show of virtue in forbidding the importation of Chinese women on the Pacific coast for immoral purposes, our rulers, in many States, and even under the shadow of the National Capital, are now proposing to legalize the sale of American womanhood for the same vile purpose.

Special legislation for women has placed us in a most anomalous position. Women invested with the rights of citizens in one section—voters, jurors, office-holders—crossing an imaginary line, are subjects in the next. In some States a married woman may hold property and transact business in her own name; in others her earnings belong to her husband. In some States a woman may testify against her husband, sue and be sued in the courts; in others she has no redress in case of damage to person, property or character. In case of divorce, on account of adultery in the husband, the innocent wife is held to possess no right to children or property, unless by special decree of the court. But in no State of the Union has the wife the right to her own person, or to any part of the joint earnings of the co-partnership, during the life of her husband. In some States women may enter the law schools and practice in the courts; in others they are forbidden. In some universities girls enjoy equal educational advantages with boys, while many of the proudest institutions in the land deny them admittance, though the sons of China, Japan and Africa are welcomed there.

But the privileges already granted in the several States are by no means secure. The right of suffrage once exercised by women in certain States and Territories, has been denied by subsequent legislation. A bill is now pending in Congress to disfranchise the women of Utah, thus interfering to deprive United States citizens of the same rights which the Supreme Court has declared the National Government powerless to protect anywhere. Laws passed after years of untiring efforts, guaranteeing married women certain rights of property, and mothers the custody of their chileren, have been repealed in States where supposed all safe. Thus have our most sacred rights been made the football of legislative caprice, proving that a power which grants as a privilege what by nature is a right, may withhold the same as a penalty when deeming it necessary for its own protection.

Representation for women has no place in the nation's thought. Since the incorporation of the thirteen original States, twenty four have been admitted to the Union, not one of which has recognized woman's right of self-government. On this birthday of our national liberties, July 4th, 1876, Colorado, like all her elder sisters, comes into the Union, with the invidious word "male" in her Constitution.

Universal manhood suffrage, by establishing an aristocracy of sex, imposes upon the woman of this nation a more absolute and cruel despotism than monarchy; in that, woman finds a political master in her father, husband, brother, son. The aristocracies of the old world are based upon birth, wealth, refinement, education, nobility, brave deeds of chivalry; in this nation, on sex alone; exalting brute force above moral power, vice above virtue, ignorance above education, and the son above the mother who bore him.

The Judiciary of the nation has proved itself but the echo of the party in power by upholding and enforcing laws that are opposed to the letter and spirit of the Constitution. When the slave power was dominant, the Supreme Court decided that a black man was not a citizen, because he had not the right to vote; and when the Constitution was so amended as to make all persons citizens, the same tribunal decided that a woman, though a citizen, had not the right to vote. Such vascillating interpretations of Constitutional law unsettle our faith in judicial authority, and undermine the liberties of the whole people.

These articles of impeachment against our rulers we now submit to the impartial judgment of the people.

To all these wrongs and oppressions woman has not submitted in silence and resignation. From the beginning of the century, when Abigail Adams, the wife of one President and the mother of another, said, "We will not hold ourselves bound to obey laws in which we have no voice or representation," until now, woman's discontent has been steadily increasing, culminating nearly thirty years ago in a simultaneous movement among the women of the nation, demanding the right of suffrage. In making our just demands, a higher motive than the pride of sex inspires us; we feel that national safety and stability depend on the complete recognition of the broad principles of our government. Woman's degraded, helpless position is the weak point in our instutions to-day; a disturbing force everywhere, severing family ties, filling our asylums with the deaf, the dumb, the blind; our prisons with criminals; our cities with drunkenness and prostitution; our homes with disease and death.

It was the boast of the founders of the republic that the rights for which they contended were the rights of human nature. If these rights are ignored in the case of one-half the people, the nation is surely preparing for its own downfall. Governments try themselves. The recognition of a governing and a governed class is incompatible with the first principles of freedom. Woman has not been a heedless spectator of the events of this century, nor a dull listener to the grand arguments for the equal rights of humanity. From the earliest history of our country woman has shown equal devotion with man to the cause of freedom, and has stood firmly by his side in its defense. Together they have made this country what it is. Woman's wealth, thought and labor have cemented the stones of every monument man has reared to liberty.

And now, at the close of a hundred years, as the hour hand that marks the centuries points to 1876, we declare our faith in the principles of self-government, our full equality with man in natural rights; that woman was made first for her own happiness, with the absolute right to herself—to all the opportunities and advantages life affords for her complete development; and we deny the dogma of the centuries incorporated in the codes of all nations—that woman was made for man—her best interests, in all cases, to be sacrificed to his will.

We ask of our rulers, at this hour, no special favors, no special privileges, no special legislation. We ask justice, we ask equality, we ask that all the civil and political rights that belong to citizens of the United States be guaranteed to us and our daughters forever.

Lucretia Mott, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Paulina Wright Davis, Ernestine L. Rose, Clarinda I. H. Nichols, Mary Ann McClintock, Amy Post, Sarah Pugh, Susan B. Anthony, Matilda Joslyn Gage, Clemence S. Losier, Olympia Brown, Mathilde Franceke Anneke, Mathilde F. Wendt, Adelaide Thomson, Laura de Force Gordon, Ellen C. C. Sargent, Virginia L. Minor, Sara Andrews Spencer, Lillie Devereux Blake, Phebe W. Couzins, Jane Graham Jones, A Jane Duniway, Belva A. Longwood.

N. B.—This Declaration is engrossed in the Centennial Books of the National Woman Suffrage Association. Friends wishing to sign it are invited to call. Those at a distance will please send their signatures on a slip of this paper, to be pasted in the book. Address National Woman Suffrage Parlors, No. 1431 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

PHILADELPHIA.

The Big Centennial Show, as Seen by a Kansan.

EDITOR TIMES:—Memorial Hall is a very costly and beautiful building, erected as a permanent Museum of Fine Arts, by the city of Philadelphia, and the State of Pennsylvania. Your readers are all familiar with pictures of it, but they cannot have a real appreciation of it, until they survey its majestic and substantial proportions, from all sides. As a repository of the fine arts, however, the building is not a decided success. The light is poor, and cannot be improved in the present structure. It is so inferior in this respect, that all the best paintings and sculpture are placed in the annex, which is a temporary brick and mortar building, in the rear, as large in area, but without architectural beauty. The annex has a group of mansard roofs of glass, thus bringing light from above, and it has not a window in the walls, and only the four doors for entrance and exit. Under these circumstances, I was not surprised to find that the art exhibit in the Memorial Hall, was below my expectation.

The hall has a beautiful rotunda, and lovely arcades running on either hand along the front, and it is here that the sculpture of this building is arranged. There are a great many pieces, but few of them command the study of art lovers. The classical pieces are not at all numerous, and with three or four exceptions, these are inferior. Thebis thinking how she shall recover the last birthright of her son Achilles is a very fine work by P. F. Parmely. The thoughtful expression of the mother as she bends over her boy, is something rare in marble, and as charming as it is rare. A blind Nydia, groping in the dark, and a Medea by Story, are full of real study, and delight all beholders. There are two bronzes by an Italian, representing the railway and the telegraph, which are rather meagre in their symbolism, being simply youthful figures, on a run, with a torch in hand, and the railway figure astride of a car wheel which is supposed to be running on a track, while the telegraph figure has the distinction of a coil of wire in one hand. This reminds me of a marble piece which is called "The West"—a majestic woman, with a surveyor's chain in her hand, and with the bold and fearless mien which is thought to be the prominent characteristic of Western humanity. It is a pretty work, but hardly symbolic of the Great West. "The Mechanic," a bronze of the same character, is far better, and really a studious work. An enormity of an Italian, called "Washington," I have seen it a good deal criticised, but I think without reason. It is beyond the pale of criticism. It is an immense cast of the head and body, and where the legs ought to begin, there is a little eagle with wings spread and head defiant. It is too funny, Washington looks as though he must be on the eagle's back, except that the eagle is proportioned to Washington as a rat to an elephant. Whether it is meant to express any idea cannot be determined from the thing itself. Miss Foly has a head of Jeremiah the prophet which is not surpassed in facial expressiveness. He looks as though he were burdened with the sins and woes of the whole Jewish people. Some lovely figures of the seasons are scattered here and there, and the pretty things of children in various attitudes and passions, are more interesting to an amatuer sight-seer than the more pretentious works. There is a sweet little group called the jealous dog, in which the common household scene is all told by a little child caressing the kitten, while the pet dog shows all the rage of jealousy, and will not be appeased until his rival is dismissed. Another little fellow has been trying mechanics, and having pounded his finger with the hammer, stands with it in his mouth, hammer uplifted, and all the agony of surpressed crying in his face. It is what the yonkers would call "cute." In the rotunda is an immense group from the Lambeth Pottery Works, labelled "The United States directing the course of America." The center of the group is a hugh buffalo, on the rampage; America is a maiden seated on him.

It is very good and quite as full of artistic study and execution as the pretentious marbles.

There is a heroic bronze of Bismarck, and a life-size bronze of McMahon, well calculated to please both antagonistic nations.

An immense painting of Lincoln is very poor, and shows how the attempt to soften the ruggedness of his homely features destroys the character which the rugged homeliness expresses.

One side of the rotunda is occupied by a very beautiful Romish altar, built of marble and adorned with painted scenes and most exquisite mosaics of stone. Over the altar table stands a copy of Guido's "Crucifixion." The lower tablet has a large representation of wise men coming to adore the babe in the manger. Both are executed with real art, and are creditable to the other workmanship in the altar. On all the faces and smooth surfaces of the altar are the various ecclesiastical emblems, all laid in the most delicate mosaic, and the little spiral pillars that sustain the tablets and upper portions are mosaics of indescribable beauty.

In one room are arranged in a tasteful manner, the rich treasures of the chapel of the King of Bavaria, among them a grand window of colored glass, depicting scenes in the life of Christ. Then there are many curious antiquities from Nuremberg, embracing some of the finest mosaics to be found in the world.

Of paintings in this building, there is a wasteful abundance, though it may be that quantity is intended to supply the lack in quality. I do not mean to say that there are no good paintings, but that they are not many. One goes by yards and yards of dull, uninteresting canvass to find now and then something worth stopping at, and when such a work is reached, the eyes are tired and the soul is sick.

Austria chanced to be my first objective point, and perhaps unfortunately, as her collection is superior to all the rest, except that of England.

The most prominent in this room is a very large historical painting, representing Venice doing homage to Catharine Comaro, the widowed Queen of the Isle of Cyprus. After her husband's death she gave her kingdom to the republic of Venice, and the picture shows the homage of the people on an appointed day. It is a marvelously fine grouping of persons with heights and depths of color that are very excellent. I confess I am not pleased with such paintings, but there is certainly a great deal of art in this festive scene, and the brilliant costumes, the lovely flowers, to say nothing of the handsome faces, will hold almost any one an hour. On the opposite wall is a delicious little painting of Northmen killing a white bear. It struck me as perfect, and though not more than a dozen inches square, I would prefer it to the large one mentioned before. There are no pictures of great note in this collection, but the average is above most of the others. Germany has many excellent paintings, and nearly all the Teutonic works show more vigor than those of France, Italy or England.

In the British department are some wonderful old portraits and historical paintings, leased to this exhibition by royal owners; and though they sometimes seem dull and dreary, they become almost alive on closer scrutiny. The famous painters of the past are well represented, and one who is anything of a conosseur of paintings, will linger here, long and lovingly. The celebrated Gainsboro portrait, of the Duchess of Richmond, is conspicuous for its attractions, and finds admirers in people of all sorts. This is one of the few women who were considered beautiful long ago, who are declared beautiful by the admirers of to-day.

The picture of the marriage of the Prince of Wales, is the finest face and drapery art in the whole hall. The immense crowd is analysed into seperate individuals, and all the gorgeous details of court dress and noble insignia is set forth with a touch that is as charming on close inspection as at a distance. There is a very telling little picture called "Baith Faither and Mither," showing the bereaved father nursing the little child, his working tools around him, and the house in confusion. The wrinkled face has distress in it, that calls up a tear before one knows it. "Lost and Found," is another touching story on canvass, something like the return of the Prodigal. There are two studies of lions, by Landseer, which show his real power as a delineator of animal life, and make us wish for more of the same sort, there are othere of value which I have noted, but these are the best. Norway and Sweden have sent a few good paintings, though none that compete with other countries for the attention of the gazers.

The United States has a large collection, and some very excellent work too, though there is none of the age apparent that the British collection shows. Most prominent is Rothermil's Battle of Gettysburg, which is very vigorous and wonderful in detail, but of inferior color, and a very unpleasing subject, to one who was there, and the memory of the ghastly tale is enough, without the vivid reminder this picture intrudes, and to others it is horrible in the war terrors so forcibly portrayed. And then like two different pictures of the surrender at Sedan, in the German collection, it offends the taste by the rude suggestions of antipathies which ought to be buried and forgotten. A portrait of Gen. Meade by Hicks, is perfect, and a landscape of the Wissahicon is indescribably lovely. Moran's Mountain of the Holy Cross, which I had seen twice before, loses none of its majestic beauty on a renewal of the acquaintance, but grows upon the senses like sweetest music approaching from the distance. Donner Lake is another magnificent landscape, too; large and elaborate in detailed execution for description. Three little pieces delighted me—Heel Taps, a rough and ready urchin, draining out the dregs of some toper's tumbler; Snapping the Whip, a string of school boys, near a real old Yankee red school house, engaged in the fun which every boy appreciates, and The Old Kentucky Home, a real representation of Kentucky life at home. The French pictures are lighter and gayer than those of any other country; but there are some good pieces among them—Rizpah, protecting the bodies of her sons from birds of prey, and an immense and very powerful picture by Becker. From a distance, and through an open door, it is very striking. The room is too small for it. "Bohemians before the invalid Louis," is a picture representing the King in bed, and being entertained by some educated pigs, under the direction of Bohemians. It is well executed, and the pleasure seems quite kingly. There are a great many humorous pictures, very enjoyable and very fully touched. As "The amiable inn keeper," "The captured niece," "Teasing," etc.

There are very good historical paintings of the "Declaration of American Independence," and of the "Geneva Congress of 1873," and "The surrender of Yorktown." Many others I want to mention, but must forbear. The annex has a nice treat in store for me they say. S.

GRANT'S INDIAN POLICY.

The Chicago *Times*, (Democratic,) in an article entitled "Popular Misconception of the Sioux Revolt," speaks in the following highly complimentary terms of President Grant's Indian policy:

"One of the things that is most furiously hammered and banged about now is something which is termed the "peace policy." Where the blame of the late defeats are not laid upon Terry, or Crook, or Custer, Sheridan, Grant, or Sherman, then it is attributed to the "peace policy." As we have been in an almost unbroken condition of war with the Indians for 15 years, it is difficult to see wherein anything like a peace policy has prevailed. If it is meant that these outbreaks are owing to the humane efforts to civilize and Christianize the Indians, the person so asserting is a very stupid or a very malicious ass. No evil has come, or can come from an effort to teach Indians to read, to engage in farming, to become acquainted with the simple principles of Christian morality. To assert that harm can come of such efforts is simply to assert that civilization and Christianity are frauds and failures. Precisely the same class of efforts have always succeeded in Canada; they were successful in the case of the Six Nations; they have not been a failure in the case of the Creeks, Cherokees and Choctaws. To attempt to civilize Indians in place of hunting them down like wild beasts, is all there is in the "peace policy." In fact, this very peace policy which is now so decried is the means which now holds a great number of Indians on their reservations south of the Black Hills country. It is the power of the now despised and condemned Methodist and Quaker influence which alone prevents the present outbreak from being ten times its dimensions.

The peace policy does not furnish the Indians with improved arms and ammunition. This is done by other agencies with which the excellent people who are laboring to Christianize the Indians have nothing to do. Let the responsibility for the arming of the Indians be placed where it belongs—not upon the peace policy, but upon the rascally traders, some of whom may be found here in the city of Chicago. The men who take plows and bibles to the Indians are not the men who furnish them with fixed ammunition and Henry rifles.

The cause of the present outbreak seems also the subject of misconstruction. It is charged to the "hellishness," and all that, of the Indians. Now, all there is of the Sioux difficulties about the Big Horn and Rosebud countries is that the army, at the request of the Interior Department, undertook to drive the Indians about the Yellowstone southward to the reservations. The Sioux having a treaty which guaranteed their right to hunt anywhere north of the Platte river, had a most unmistakable right to be where they were. They could molest nobody, for they were in a region in which no white man could come without their consent. They resisted the attempt to force them on the reservations; that is all there is of it. The Sioux may have supposed they were protected by their treaty with the government. The blunder of the whole business rests in our making treaties which we do not keep. We have no right to complain of Indian treachery when we do not hesitate to set them an example. The Sioux had a better right to gather in the Rosebud country than we had to invade the Black Hills without first vacating the Indian title.

The blow having been struck, the right or wrong of the war is not a pertinent consideration. That should be held in abeyance until the revolted Sioux are thoroughly subjugated. When that shall be done it will be clearly in order to demonstrate that the present outbreak arose wholly from our bad faith; from our having made treaties which we could not or would not observe.

The Explosive Power of Gunpowder.

An explosion of the 130 tons of powder stored on Ellis island, in the harbor, according to a calculation made by the *Scientific American*, would shock buildings in the lower part of the city equal to a force of twenty pounds to the square foot of exposed surface. This would be the effect of the entire quantity exploded at once; but if only half detonated simultaneously, the force would be sufficient to destroy the shipping in the harbor, overturn steeples in the cities of New York, Jersey City and Brooklyn, and so jar the buildings below the City Hall that they would probably have to be taken down. Other effects are foretold as follows: "Every church within twenty-five miles would suffer from cracked walls and windows, and if the disaster occurred at night, every gaslight in the cities of New York, Jersey City and Brooklyn would be extinguished. The loss of life due to falling buildings would probably be great. People in the streets in the lower part of the city would be thrown down, and many rendered deaf. Far less extensive explosions have overthrown horses and ripped off their shoes, a curious result of the inertia due to the differing specific gravities of the animal and the metal. It is likely that not a bird within fifteen miles radius would survive. The iron water-mains in the part of the city below the City Hall would also be ruptured, as that effect has followed less extensive explosions."

[Written for the Leavenworth Times.]

THE BELL OF 1776.

BY BIRCH ARNOLD.

A hundred years have passed away!
The Century, wrinkled, old, and gray,
Has gone to join its caravan
Of deathless ages; they that speak
A language such, that words are weak
To tell their messages to man.

From out the glorious lessons taught,
There springs but one eternal thought,
'Tis freedom for Columbia's sons!
And all we feel is faintly told,
By words that seem so poor, and cold,
Or waving flags, or booming guns!

It's not a time for idle dreams,
Or that pretence which only seems
To feel the thing it cannot know;
The hour's at hand the day of days
When one tumultuous song of praise
Should bless the Power that made us so.

And yet, across the fancy borne,
Its vagrant kindred will return
To vex the wayward mind to tell,
That dreaming dreams, it listening heard
The broken tones, and trembling words
Of Freedoms worn and aged bell.

The years had passed, but roused from sleep,
It felt again the life blood creep
Through every vein, and pulse, to hear
Resounding through its narrow room,
The clang of bells the cannon's boom,
The lusty voices eager cheer.

And Rip Van Winkle like it found,
The circling seasons tireless round
Had left upon the shores of time
A mighty change. Our freedom earned,
A host of lessons nobly learned,
A faith, and fortitude sublime!

Not less because the heroes then
Were noble, just, and valiant men,
Have we the right to say to-day,
In view of all by genius taught,
Of faithful effort, earnest thought,
Our sons have grown as brave as they!

But let Columbia's veteran bell
Its tender story briefly tell,
Its welcome give, its blessing send—
Of "Peace on earth," good will to all
Who, hearing, answer Freedom's call—
O'er all the land from end, to end.

"Dear! dear! what's noise they are making without
I wonder what all this 'hurrahings' about?
It's singular very, that I'm left here alone,
And no one comes near me to make the news known,
A victory surely! another day won,
By the brave, gallant troops of our own Washington!

But what is the reason, I can't make it out—
They leave me alone in suspense and in doubt?
It's not treating me right, I'am sure, for they know
It was I, who proclaimed but a short time ago,
From this gloomy old tower, with my clarion tongue
The grandest of jubilees ever was rung:
The bravest, sublimest, most glorious, story,
That ever had place in the annals of glory!
That song of all songs, that inspiring refrain,
That went up to the stars, and re-echoed again
In the hearts of the people, till all knew that we
As a nation at last, stood unfettered, and free!

And 'twas I, yes 'twas I, who sung the glad song,
Of freedom from slavery, redemption from wrong,
Who told with a will to the wondering world,
That nations must bow to our banner unfurled,
That never again our proud hearts would yield
Submission to tyrants, in court, or on field!
Oh, never before from my own brazen throat
Came ever so glad, or so lusty a note!
Oh, never before, since the pæons were sung
By the stars of the morning, was ever bell rung
So grandly, so sweetly, as then when I told
The promise of freedom the future years hold!

And yet—hear them shout! I'm glad they're so gay!—
Its something—Why bless me! what's that! Did they say
One hundred? No surely! Not *that* old to-day!
A century gone! these years passed away,
And I, in my dotage awake from a dream
Of the fateful days past? It is odd that I seem
To forget I am old, and feel the wild thrill,
Of battles, and conquests inspiring me still!

So this is the hundreth, the birthday of days!
And Columbia's nation is shouting her praise!
The cannons are booming, and the thundering guns
Betoken the pride in the hearts of her sons!
And I though deposed, taken down from my tower,
Feel again in my veins, the old throb of power,
Feel within me the might, and the magic to say,
That I welcome and honor my people to-day!

A hundred years gone, and what have they brought!
What added to virtue? how beautified thought?
Let Progress make answer! Let the historic names
Of the century's prophets, make answer to Fame
As for me, I can say through the knowledge I hold,
Though a nation be richer than all a king's gold,
Though its armies are grand, and its commerce is great,
Unequaled its navy, and powerful its State,
If it be, that its counsels are ordered no more,
But such heroes as labored for freedom before,
By the good, and the true, the just, and the strong.
Its grandeur, and greatness, are faded ere long,
I have said only this, I have much more to say,
But time and your patience are wearing away,
And the garrulous bell its clanging will cease,
With wishing my country a century's peace.'"

Autobiography of Sitting Bull.

[From the New York Herald.]

Among the many ghastly souvenirs preserved at the Army Medical Museum of Washington, is an autobiography of Sitting Bull, gotten up in the highest style of the art of savage picture history and telling, in fifty-five drawings or sketches, the story of his life down to the year 1870. Each picture is rudely outlined with ink, the men, horses and other objects being such as children would make. Many of them are partly filled in with red and blue colors, as if Sitting Bull had at some time got possession of one of the red and blue pencils so well known in newspaper offices, and with it elaborated his pictorial efforts. Blood or a wound is indicated by a red blotch with streamers falling down from it. The blue is used generally in indicating the white man's pantaloons. Each picture is made on a sheet of paper eight by ten inches, and is pasted into a book of blank leaves, such as are used for a scrap book. By holding the sheets up to the light it is seen that they are the muster roll blanks of the Thirty-first United States infantry, of which Colonel De Trobeland was the commandant. The papers probably fell into Sitting Bull's hands at the evacuation of a camp, or, as is more likely, were stolen by him during a visit to some of our outposts. Sitting Bull is not at all modest in committing to posterity the

STORY OF HIS GREAT DEEDS.

Whether it be the scalping of a soldier in battle or the sly theft of a mule, he brags equally of his prowess in his curious autobiography. This literary work, which is now likely to be famous, fell into the hands of Assistant-Surgeon James C. Kimball, of the army, in the month of August, 1870, while he was stationed at Fort Buford, Dakota Territory. He had the pictures translated and sent them, with the translation and an index, to the Curator of the Army Medical Museum, Washington, Surgeon Geo. A. Otis, United States Army, who has filed them, in book shape, among the archives of the Museum. The introduction, written by Dr. Kimball, goes on to say that the autobiography contains a description of the principal adventures in the life of Sitting Bull, who is an Unk papa chief. It was sketched by himself in the picture language in common use with the Indians. Since the establishment of Fort Buford, in 1866, Sitting Bull, at the head of from sixty to seventy warriors, had been the terror of mail carriers, wood choppers and small parties in the vicinity of the post, and from one to two hundred miles from it either way, up and down the Missouri River. During the time from 1866 to 1867, when the biography was written, this band had several times captured and destroyed the mail, and had stolen and run off over two hundred head of cattle and had killed near a score of white men in the immediate vicinity of the fort. The Unk-pa-pas are a tribe of the great Sioux nation living in the Yellowstone and Powder River countries.

STORY OF THE BOOK.

The book was brought into Fort Buford by a Yanktonnais Sioux, and offered for sale and purchased for one dollar and fifty cents worth of provisions. The Indian gave conflicting statements regarding the manner in which he came into possession of the book, exciting suspicion that he had stolen it from Sitting Bull, who, in his turn, undoubtedly stole the book in blank from the whites. An index has been prepared by the assistance of Indians and interpreters explanatory of the dwellings. The word "coup," which occurs frequently in the index, has been appropriated by the Sioux from the French. "Counting coup" signifies the striking of enemy, either dead or alive, with a stick, bow, lance or other weapon the number of "coups" counted are enumerated along with the number of horses stolen and scalps taken in summoning up the brave deeds of a warrior. The following is the index prepared by Dr. Kimball, descriptive of each picture or scene in Sitting Bull's life:

THE INDEX.

No. 1. Sitting Bull, a young man without reputation and therefore wearing no feather, engages in his first battle and charges his enemy, a Crow Indian, who is in the act of drawing his bow, rides him down and strikes him with a "coup" stick.

Sitting Bull's autograph, a buffalo bull sitting on his haunches, is inscribed over him. His shield suspended in front has on it the figure of an eagle, which he considers his medicine, in the Indian sense of the term.

No. 2. Sitting Bull, wearing a war bonnet, is leader of the war party who take a party of Crows, consisting of there women and a man, so completely by surprise that the man has not time to draw his arrow from the quiver. Sitting Bull kills one woman with his lance and captures another, the man meanwhile endeavoring to drag him from his horse; from which it is supposed he is forced to desist by others of the war party.

The fate only of Sitting Bull and his victims is given in this history.

No. 1. Sitting Bull pursuing his enemy, a Crow Indian, whom he strikes with his lance.

No. 4. Lances a Crow woman.

No. 5. Lances a Crow Indian.

No. 6. Sitting Bull twice wounded and unhorsed; his enemy, a crow, at length killed by a shot in the abdomen and his scalp taken and hung to Sitting Bull's bridle.

No. 7. In an engagement with the Crows Sitting Bull mortally wounds one of enemy, and, dropping his lance, rides up and strikes him with his whip. The lines and dashes in the picture represent the arrows and bullets that were flying in the air during combat.

No. 8. Counts "coup" on a Gros Ventre de Prairie by striking him with a clean. Gros Ventre distinguished from Crow by manner of wearing the hair.

No. 9. Lances a Crow Indian.

No. 10. A Crow Indian attempts to seize Sitting Bull's horse by the bridle; Sitting Bull knocks him down with a "coup" stick, takes his scalp and hangs it to his bridle.

No. 11. Sitting Bull, with his brother mounted behind him, kills a white man, a soldier.

No. 12. Counts "coup" on a white man by hitting him with a "coup" stick.

No 13. In a warm engagement with the whites, as shown by the bullets flying about, Sitting Bull shoots an arrow through the body of a soldier, who turns and fires, wounding Sitting Bull in the hip.

No. 14. Sitting Bull counts "coup" on a white man by striking him with his bow. Sitting Bull wears a jacket and bandanna handkerchief taken from some of his victims.

Nos 15 to 22 are repetitions of No. 14. Sitting Bull in each counting "coup" on a white man.

No. 23. Sitting Bull shoots a frontiersman wearing a buckskin shirt, takes his scalp, which he hangs to his own bridle, and captures his horse. Sitting Bull wears a blanket.

No. 24. Sitting Bull strikes a white soldier with his "coup" stick, takes his scalp and his mule; wears a war shirt.

No. 25 counts "coup" on a soldier mounted, with overcoat on, gun slung across his back, by riding up and striking with his riding whip.

No 26. Kills a white man and takes his scalp.

No. 27. Captures a mule and a scalp.

No. 28. In a war engagement captures a horse and a scalp.

No. 29. Steals a mule.

No. 30. Captures two horses in action.

No. 31. Steals a horse.

No. 32. Steals and runs off a drove of horses from the Crows.

No. 33. In an engagement captures a Government horse and mule and scalp.

No. 34. Steals a horse.

No. 35. Captures three horses and a scalp.

No. 36. Steals a drove of horses from the Crows.

No. 37. Steals a Government horse.

No. 38. Steals a drove of horses from the Crows.

No. 39. In an engagement captures a mule. Sitting Bull first appears here as chief of the band of Strong Hearts, to which dignity his prowess has raised him. The insignia of his rank, a bow, having on one end a lance head, he carries in his hand.

No. 40. Sitting Bull, chief of the band of Strong hearts, captures two horses in an engagement in which his horse is wounded in the shoulder.

No. 41. Captures a horse in a fight.

No. 42. Steals a mule.

No. 43. Captures two horses in a fight, in which his horse is wounded in the leg.

No. 44. Mounted on a government horse captures a white man.

No. 45. Steals two horses.

No. 46. Captures four mules in a fight, in which his horse is wounded in the hip.

Nos. 47 and 48. Counts "coup" on white men.

No. 49. Steals a government horse.

No. 50. Fastens his horse to his lance, driven into the earth, and in a hand to hand fight kills a white man with his own gun. The black marks show the ground fought and trampled over.

No. 51. A fort into which his enemies, the Crows, have retreated, and from which they maintain a hot fire, through which Sitting Bull charges the fort.

No. 52. In a fight with the Crows Sitting Bull kills and scalps one Indian and counts "coup" on another, who fires at him, barely missing him.

No. 53. Steals a drove of mules.

No. 54. Sitting Bull, at the head of his band, charges into a camp of Crows and kills thirty of them. This happened in the winter of 1869-'70.

No. 55. Kills one Crow and counts "coup" on two others, who run from him disgracefully.

Solution of the Indian Problem.

[From the Chicago Tribune.]

The present Sioux war, precipitated by Sitting Bull and his large and formidable gang of roving and desperate savages, ought to be the last Indian war the Government will be called on to prosecute. There is one way, and only one way to make it so. It is to drive the Indians now occupying the northern Territories into a common reservation in the Indian Territory, and to exterminate all the savages who refuse to go. The temporizing policy may as well be abandoned once for all. The overflow of people from Europe and the Eastern States has already begun to spread over Colorado, Wyoming, Dakota, and Montana. Already Kansas and Nebraska are pretty well settled, and after passing the 100th degree of longitude, a far larger area per family is necessary for the support of those who locate on the western plains, on account of the barrenness of the country and scarcity of rain. The attractions of the minerals and the opportunities for stock raising in these Territories will increase the emigration there steadily and rapidly. It would be folly to resist it, and cruel to subject the emigrants to an unequal frontier struggle with roving bands of hostile Indians. These Territories can only be made safely inhabitable by ridding them of the savages, and the interests of civilization demand that this shall be done.

Fortunately this policy may be carried out without doing the Indians any injustice; on the contrary, it will be the most humane to them, and will provide for their future more permanently than any other. The Indian Territory, lying between Kansas and Texas, and just west of Arkansas, has a larger area than the State of Illinois, and is ample for the accommodation and support of all the aboriginal population of America, which does not number more than 300,000 persons. The climate is warm and well suited to the outdoor life which the Indian pursues. Having them all together, they can be the better and more cheaply supported; the Territory can be thoroughly guarded and the excursions of wild Indians quickly checked; the climate, soil, and associations will make the Indians incline more readily to agricultural pursuits; and all the civilizing influences of education and religion can be brought to bear upon them in a degree not possible while they are scattered about in small tribes and at large distances.

This is the plan upon which the war against the Sioux should be prosecuted. Having conquered them into submission, all the other Indian tribes of these Northern Territories, will peacefully submit to the change, glad of the assurance of protection against the outlaw Indians which it will carry with it. As to Sitting Bull and his followers, there is no excuse for the development of the slightest sentimentalism. His present force consists of all the hostile bands that have been harassing the whites and the peaceful Indians in that country for the last twelve or fifteen years. They have been marauding, plundering and murdering ever since the Spirit Lake massacre in Iowa and the Sioux massacre in Minnesota. They have made war on the commerce of the Upper Missouri for years. They have frequently attacked the Crows, Shoshones, and other friendly tribes. They have absorbed the appropriations of millions to use as resources for further fighting. The present war, indeed has grown out of the confession of the Peace Commission that they are powerless to do anything more with the Sioux, and is prosecuted at the special request of the Interior Department. Had he not been vigorously attacked now, Sitting Bull would probably have induced the entire Sioux Nation to join him, and this might easily have led to a general Indian war. Such a result can be surely avoided by the policy of concentrating or "corralling" all the Indians of these several Territories into the Indian Territory, giving them separate and adequate reservations and exterminating those who will not acquiesce. The peaceable treaty Indians will probably rejoice at the change, as it will give them for the first time something like certain protection against the savage Indians. If this policy be adopted, the necessary regiments should be filled up to their full strength, and such a force thrown against the hostile tribes as will bring them into quick submission.

CURR.

The Reverend Professor Allen Curr, D. D. L. L. D. A. M. F. R. S. etc., etc., whose memory is still fresh and green, also fragrant, in certain localities in and about Leavenworth, is now operating in Iowa steadily winning new laurels, and adding new stars to his crown. When he issues the next edition of his book of puffs, he can include, among his best, the following striking notice, which we find in the Anamosa *Journal*:

We are constrained to say that he possesses that nonchalance and superb grace of manner coupled with prodigious intellectual power, which are the rightful heritage of noble blood and native genius. Hence he attaches small importance to the fact that he has been the friend and intimate and confidential adviser of half a dozen English premiers; and acted as rhyming dictionary to several of the bald headed poets who haunted the Lakes of Cumberland. Wordsworth, Southey and Coleridge were all near and dear friends of his; his personal rememberances of Queen Victoria are as a pleasant dream to him; those yachting taunts upon the Nile with the Prince of Wales were too delightful to be forgotten, although their subsequent gorilla chase down in Soudan was fatiguing; the great English commoner, John Bright, has quaffed the fragrance of many quiet cisterns of tobacco under the clambering vine at evening in his company, and is greatly indebted to the Professor's modest suggestions for his faultless diction as a speaker. These reminiscences of his social and public career are seldom referred to more than a score or two times in any one lecture, and then only when some affecting incident provokes such reference.

In addition to these distinguished friendships and intimacies, the Professor has been a member of many of the royal societies of science and art. While yet a young man he was a fellow of the Royal Cheese Press Society, and frequently assisted in cheesing the royal nibs. At the immature age of twenty-five he became companion of the Garter, and comrade of the "Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Literary Pack Mules," besides numerous other honorable connections.

His oratorical pharaphrenalia is majestic. His voice is like the last lament of catgut when the moon has gone down. His gesture the misapprehension of a jackass being raised on jackscrews. His rhetoric the soiled remnants from the wardrobe of the devil's rag baby. The subject matter of his lectures is a literary menagerie, to replenish which the literary remains of all creation have been despoiled as by a grave-snatcher. In describing the onward march of the self-made man upon the hill of progress, he made an eloquent stagger to the front of the platform, and raising one of his "gun-boats" with a grand effort, his auditors discovered a shining and expensive sole, on which a gentleman of our acquaintance imagined he saw the inscription, "Post No Bills Here!" There is little else to say about rising from the ranks—it was indeed a rank rising. It contained about a hundred quotations from other men's brains, but none from Prof. Curr's.

Tilden Wants Time.

[From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

When the case of the Hon. James G. Blaine was before a committee of Congress, and before the whole American people, sundry and various rules and principles were laid down as part of the law of popular evidence, and were held to be binding on the accused. One of the rules was that Mr. Blaine should not be allowed to shield himself behind a technicality. For instance, if a scoundrel had gotten possession of private letters, of his not bearing on the case in point, and had falsified their contents by a garbled memorandum, Mr. Blaine was not to be allowed to plead that his private letters, in the hands of a third party, were not evidence. Another rule, insisted on with equal strictness, was that after Mr. Blaine's persecutors had lain awake nights for a week to spring some new change on him early in the morning, he must be ready to meet it in a half hour afterwards, turning his pockets, so to speak, inside out to show what was in them, and rehearsing, if need be, his business and social transactions. To ask a week's delay was proof of guilt, not less conclusive than when he insisted that some of the forms and safeguards of law should be respected in his case.

It seems to us that what is sauce for the Maine goose ought to be sauce for the New York gander, and that the Democratic persecutors of a Republican aspirant for the Presidency have laid a trap which has come down with a snap on the incautious leg of the Democratic candidate. Mr. Samuel J. Tilden, it may be remembered, is a defendant in a lawsuit undertaken by the St. Louis, Alton & Terra Haute railroad company. The suit is perhaps not as notorious as the investigation undertaken against Mr. Blaine, for the reason that the suit has not the slightest political bearing, and because it was not necessary to ransack the whole country in order to find the facts on which to base it. The facts are that thirteen years ago, Mr. Tilden was one of a committee appointed by the stockholders and bondholders of the railroad to form a new organization to carry on the old company. The duty of the committee was to receive the old stock and bonds at an agreed rate, and to issue new stock and bonds in exchange therefor, the new issues being sufficient to liquidate, also, all the debts of the company. After the committee had discharged its trust it found itself in the possession of a surplus of $380,000 of bonds, which it deposited in a trust company for the use of the railroad. The committee were naturally chosen Directors of the new company, and acted honestly until temptation came. In a few years the road was leased, the functions of the officers and of the stockholders became purely nominal, and then Mr. Tilden and his fellow committeemen went to the safe, stole the bonds, divided them up, and have ever since been cutting the coupons and collecting the interest with pious regularity.

Everybody who knows anything about corporations knows how strong is the position of a Board of Directors representing a majority of a nominal stock. Not only are they a compact and determined body, while their adversaries are divided and helpless, but they are, for all intents and purposes, the company; a stockholder has hard work to sue them in his private capacity or in his corporate capacity; they are equally inexpugnable by civil process or by criminal; and it is but little wonder that when the cheated stockholders found out the game that had been played on them they were [illegible] in their first efforts to get into court. But at last they made an entrance, and nearly two years ago had gotten their case ready for trial in Illinois, a very promising young lawyer of New York, named Whitney, acting as their counsel. But a postponement was obtained, and Tilden was elected Governor of the State of New York, largely by the aid of Wickham, who had been elected Mayor of the city. Tilden and Wickham counseled together, and Whitney received the appointment of Corporation Counsel for the city of New York, an office of which the salaries mount up to $22,500 a year. Thereupon Whitney abandoned the suit of the stockholders, without, however, turning his stock of legal lore over to any one else, and again the stockholders had to begin their uphill work to wrest their stolen money from the thieves.

Thus far the circumstances make a very bad case against Mr. Tilden, but the story is one which does not improve as it gets along. Last Thursday the case came up before the United States District Court [illegible] New York, and an order was signed by the Judge, Blatchford, extending the time for the filing of the defendant's answer to the October term. This notice, which fills a very short paragraph in the court reports of the *Herald*, adds that "the complaint was filed several months ago, and the filing of the answer has already been extended a number of times." The October term may tide the affair over the November election, but, if it does not, a court which has already extended the time for filing the defendant's answer may confidently be relied on to grant one more continuance, and to allow the election to be carried on undisturbed by the circumstance which ought to determine it altogether.

If Mr. Tilden were a private citizen defending his legal rights, there would be no objection to his obtaining as many continuances as the Court would grant him, although it is very hard to understand why he should want a continuance at this late date. He has had notice of the suit not only during several months, but during several years, and it relates to a transaction which was completed several years ago, so that there can be no new facts and no new law to introduce. But he is a man who aspires to be President of the United States, and who fills the land with the cant of his hypocrisy from sunrise to sunset, and when he is defendant in such suit, under such circumstances, the case passes at once out of the United States District Court before the bar of public opinion. He is judged by the rules which were laid down so strictly in the case of Blaine, and he is condemned because he has not qualified himself for high position by keeping himself above suspicion. His own acts condemn him, because the people demand that any one who asks for their confidence should be able to answer for his acts, and the self-styled Reformer sinks to the level of a small quibbler and a dishonest pettifogger. This is what Tilden appears to be at the outset of the campaign, and it is hard to tell how much smaller he will get before the campaign is over.

Surveyor General's Office of Kansas.

[From the Topeka Commonwealth.]

This office was established in 1854. John Calhoun of Illinois, was appointed Surveyor-General of Kansas and Nebraska on the 16th day of August of that year. In the following October, the office was opened at Fort Leavenworth. It was afterwards removed to Wyandotte. From there, to Nebraska City, Nebraska. July 5th, 1858, Ward B. Burnett, of New York, was appointed Surveyor-General. In April, 1861, Mark W. Delahay was appointed Surveyor-General, and he moved the office to Leavenworth, Kansas. October, 1863, D. W. Wilder was appointed Surveyor-General. He was succeded in March, 1865, by Hiram S. Sleeper, July 1st, 1867, Nebraska being detached, the office was divided. Carmi W. Babcock was appointed Surveyor General of Kansas in April 1868, and moved the office to Lawrence. The office was discontinued on the 30th of last June. The field notes, plats and records of the office were turned over to the Auditor of State under a law enacted last winter creating the State Land office, and an act of Congress authorizing the same.

The following amounts were appropriated each year for the prosecution of the survey during the continaation of the office.

Year.	Clerk Hire.	Incidentals.	Surveys.	Sur. Gen.'s Salary.
1854	$ 8,300 00	$ 6,000 00	$ 59,000 00	$2,000
1855	8,4[illegible]0 00	6,000 00	101,035 00	2,000
1856	10[illegible] 00 00	3,000 00	101 000 00	2 000
1857	10 300 00		50 000 00	2 000
1858	10,600 00		1000 00 00	2 000
1859	8,800 00	3,050 00	40,000 00	2 000
1860	7 800 00	2,500 00	40 000 00	2 000
1861	6 300 00	2 00 00	13,0 0 00	2 000
1862	7,300 00	1,600 00	14 000 00	2 000
1863	6 00 00	2 238 00	81,285 44	2,000
1864	7,500 00	2,248 62	81,285 42	2 000
1865	6,300 00	1,800 00		2 000
1866	6,825 00	2,870 00		2,000
1867	5,000 00	2,000 00	85,000 00	2,000
1868	5,000 00	1,000 00		2,000
1869	5,300 00	2,000 00	20,000 00	2,000
1870	7,700 25	2,000 00	30 00 00	2,000
1871	6,200 00	2,000 00	175 000 00	2,000
1872	7,500 00	2,000 00	2300,000 00	3,000
1873	7,500 00	2,000 00	60,000 00	2 000
1874	9,700 00	2,000 00	89,700 00	2,000
1875	6,400 00	2,000 00		2,000
	$162,925 25	$49,5 8 52	$1,231,121 35	$44,000

Add binding, $1 00.
Total, $1,488,650,22

This makes the total cost of the surveys. Part of this amount was for parts of the survey of Nebraska. When the officers were out the appropriations were divided by the Surveyor-General and were not made separate except in 1864.

All the records, field notes and plats were turned over to the Register of the State Land Office on the 30th of June last, and are now the property of the State. Everything was in its proper place; all the notes were bound in leather, and the plats in folios made for the purpose. And owing to the care of the late Surveyor-General of Kansas, C. W. Babcock, everything is as perfect and well preserved as it is possible for them to be.

FRATRICIDE.

A Young Man Finds His Sister in a House of Ill Fame and Slays Her.

[From the Philadelphia Bulletin.]

A young woman named Alice Sprinfield, aged about 22 years, was killed this afternoon by her brother, Morris Springfield, about 24 years of age, who resides at Twenty-fourth and Ashburton streets.

As far as could be ascertained in the confusion, it appears that Springfield had been hunting for his sister for several days, she having left her home. He finally discovered that she was living in a disreputable house on St. Mary street, above Seventy, kept by a colored woman named Lizzie Price. Springfield went to the house at 12:30 o'clock and gained admittance. What took place between him and his sister is not known, but everything points to a severe struggle. Alice Springfield ran out of the house exclaiming that she was stabbed, and saying that she was going to the hospital. She got as far as the northeast corner of Eighth and Lombard streets, when she fell from exhaustion and loss of blood. The woman was picked up and carried to the Pennsylvania Hospital. It was found that she had been stabbed five times with a pocket knife, and she died soon after her admission. Springfield ran out of the house, but some of the inmates cried murder, and he was captured. It was found that his hand was severely cut, probably in the struggle with his sister to gain possession of the weapon, and it was necessary to take him to the hospital to have his injuries dressed. Lizzie Price, Sallie Drew, Alice Sharley, and Elizabeth Jones were also arrested, and the house was taken possession of by the police. The prisoners are held to await the result of the Coroner's inquest.

SANTA ANNA was aware that the path of glory leads not invariably to monuments. He took posterity by the forelock, bought his own tomb-stone, sat by and watched them chisel the usual lies all over it, had it set up, and when the time came, degorously crawled under it, and there he lies, grinning at George Washington.—*Chicago Times*.