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OUR FOREIGN LETTER.

LEIPSIC, GERMANY, November 25, 1872.

THE LADIES OF GERMANY.

It is with some degree of reluctance that I write about women, because it is so hard to understand them well, and hard to give them full justice. Some traits in their customs and characters may strike the American as being peculiar, but many of these will be found worthy of appropriation. The little girls, when seven years old, are compelled by the laws of the land to attend school, and remain until fourteen, in that time learning the rudiments of a good education; and after they have been at school seven years it is then optional with their parents to send them longer or not. So every girl in Germany, rich or poor, is competent to read and write, and has a fund of knowledge sufficient for all practical purposes. Most of the wealthier citizens, like ours, send their daughters to boarding schools where they learn the accomplishments, that is, French, English, and music, very seldom they study Latin or Greek, or go beyond arithmetic in mathematics. At sixteen or seventeen, schooldays are over, and then comes the training for another sphere in life, for they must undergo preparation for a married life. They are instructed well by their mothers in all kinds of domestic employment, sewing and cooking especially demands their attention, while embroidery and fancy-work are also learned. Of course, they love dress and style like all other girls in the world, for it is their nature, and

"Hard left to conquer nature: if she was made a little
'Mid the convention trumpets, he would give his soul
the strings."

But a man who can be married here in Dutchland gets a real domestic wife, and one who is willing and anxious to keep the house clean and tidy, and not like many of our girls and wives spend the time in novel reading; for it is rare, very rare in Germany that her daughters and wives—

"Already think
That naught but drudgery can be comfort with me,
By careless quills, that, true easily to me,
Keep the old chairs of the fire-lighted hearth,
While each a special nipple to her hand,
Shines forth a goddess in the magazine,
When warning splinters, tipsy be chosen
Their modest charms in English reviews seen;
Write doleful ditties or elemental stories
To wicked rivals or unfaithful swains,
Or serenade at night's bewitching hours
The stylish man whose hose is in the mass;
Which pattern worn to Derby art possess
Save that of wearing fairings for the lass,
Write lyrics heedless of their scrubbing pans
Dress up their sonnets and implore their sons,
While husbands, those who love their collar not,
And like no few that know it hot the pan,
Wink old Apollo, just to pique his ire,
Had, for his own, a literary wife."

The German seldom indulge in such nonsense or sentimentality, for in the day their fingers are nimble and quick. Affectionate and dutiful to their husbands, their chief pleasure consists in pleasing him.

The features and styles of beauty is as varied as among the women of America; and indeed, many are beautiful, for their cheeks have a rosy hue of health, such as will not rub off when tested; no danger of eating a few grains of paint when he kisses one. The women are all healthy looking, and very seldom a pale, consumptive face is seen, but still they are—

"Slaves to the mode, who pinch the aching waist,
And mend God's image to Eblee's taste!
Who sell their comfort for a narrow foot,
Nor heed the 'corn law' of the suffering feet."

Germany has very great intellectual men but few women, and they never, as the English and American women, attain a very high degree of education, but are satisfied with their school education. In the long list of authors of which Germany can boast, very few female names appear.

ETIQUETTE.

Now I will say a few words about German etiquette, which differs somewhat from ours. When a German is in love how he ever pops the question is a mystery to me, for the old folks always make it convenient to be present when he calls, and take a part in the conversation. A young man cannot walk out alone with a young lady, or escort her to church or any place of amusement, without the pleasure of the old folk's society. He can meet her and dance with her at a ball, but he cannot accompany her home. After a gentleman is introduced to a lady he must speak first afterwards when they meet. The etiquette of the table varies somewhat from ours, for the ladies do the carving and always help the gentlemen first. When a German has obtained the parent's consent he may then ask the girl for marriage; two to one she agrees with the parents. An engagement is held most sacred, almost as much as the marriage tie itself, and few instances occur where they are broken off. I know of one here that lasted twenty years before its consummation, and during that time the couple were true and faithful to each other. When a German is engaged he immediately puts a notice of that effect in the paper. You can see hundreds of them in the daily papers. They run somewhat thus: "Herr Miller and Fraulein Mary S—— announce themselves engaged." This is a warning, I suppose, for all other fellows to keep at a safe distance, and not pay any more attention to the lady as she is now mortgaged property. The privilege of seeing each other alone and walking out together is then allowed them without creating any scandal. When the couple find out that they do not suit each other, and wish to break off the engagement they stick that in the paper too, and inform the public that "the engagement between Herr M—— and Fraulein S—— is dissolved." How would this work in Kentucky, and would it not put an everlasting end to courtship. Our coquettes and flirts under such announcements would not thrive at all, and the whole race of them would soon be exterminated. You may wonder how and where courting is done in Germany, pretty much of it is done in the presence of the old folks, or at beer-gardens, where every one goes. This is another custom that may appear a little strange, that ladies of the first rank will go to beer-gardens or restaurants and drink beer, but they do it nevertheless, for the old folks meet there to chat and sip their beer, and the young folks to drink beer and make love. The women, children, and every one drinks beer, and it answers at the table in the place of milk. Although so much beer is consumed, I have never seen any one, except students, intoxicated, who mix other drinks with their beer. In a word, the ladies of Germany are noble women, and make faithful, true and domestic wives. But now let us take a short glance at the

"WORKING WOMAN"

of Germany, and see the dark side of human life here. The working class of women slaves, slaves because poverty makes them such, and poverty is the greatest slaveholder in the world. To give an accurate idea of this misery I must go into the particulars of their life. Poverty has been the only inheritance of many for generations, and poverty is what they will transmit to posterity, and as they must accept it. Let only a poor man from Kentucky come here and he will think himself rich comparatively, for American wants enough to feed one third of the poor people in Germany. The girls at the age of sixteen or seventeen go into service, and a hard, hard life is theirs, for their salary is only twenty-five or thirty dollars for a whole year's severe labor, and for that paltry sum they do a surprising amount of work. They must cook, go to market, and, according to German custom, scour the floors and clean the windows about seven times out of the week, as it seems. The Germans have no carpets, and do not know what it is to enjoy that luxury. But everything is kept remarkably clean and nice. The peasant women are what might be called drudge women; on market days in June they bring their produce to market on their backs, when they carry several bushels of potatoes for miles in baskets strapped to their backs, and often I have seen them bending under a load of wood which they expected to exchange for bread for their families. They work in the fields with the men, and I have seen them plowing, binding grain, splitting wood, which is too severe for women. This hard service soon bows them old and hagged, prematurely. Besides the lower class in Germany the cows and dogs are very much imposed upon, the cows must plow and take the place of oxen in all kinds of work; to see a woman and a cow plowing together is a common sight. But it is no fun to be a dog in Germany, for they, like the cow and woman, must work too; they are trained to draw little wagons, and most all the milk in Leipsic is delivered by dog-milk-wagons. It is a very day sight to see a woman and a dog pulling at a wagon together. The little dogs, the poodles which the ladies have for pets, are the only ones which enjoy life in Germany, the large ones must earn their bread. To such a thing as seeing a half a dozen big dogs lazing around doing nothing, imposing on stray dogs or walking into some man's herd of sheep at night for recreation, or anything of the kind ever happens in Germany. The dog labor results from the extreme poverty of the people, and necessity is the mother of invention. When one of these poor women marries she seldom betters her condition, for she generally marries a man as poor as herself, and as it is almost always the case a good many little responsibilities follow the marriage, and the poor woman must become the drudge for both the husband and children, in fact she must almost support the family. This on dear work of the women of Germany compel the people to have what is called "Kindergartens," places where the mothers leave their children during the day while they work. Often you will see as many as fifty or sixty little children, between three and six years old in these "Kindergartens," and the person who takes them in charge receives a cent per head; so the poor mothers are separated from their children during the day. A farm laborer receives, from what I learn, ten or twelve dollars per month, and most laborers drink eight or ten glasses of beer every day, which costs two cents per glass, averaging about twenty cents per day or six dollars per month; the half of his wages, the remainder goes to help support his family, while the wife has the real burden of supporting the family upon her shoulders. How I pity them when I see them staggering under loads which even one of our mules would refuse to carry. And then when their sons become old enough to help them they must leave home and serve in the army for three years. But, then Sunday comes, when the poor people forget their poverty, their sorrows for a while, for on Sunday in nearly all the villages there are balls and dances. Sunday here is the opposite of our Sundays, for the people close their stores as it suits their convenience; the best places of the theatres are given on Sundays; the shows and circuses draw larger crowds on Sundays; the beer gardens are crowded with women and children and men on Sundays; the horse races are on Sundays; military parades are on Sundays; Sundays do not interfere with any kind of business; no such things as Sunday schools; the churches here no fire during the winter, and so very few indeed go to worship. All kinds of amusement take place on Sunday, for Sunday is a day of pleasure. God forbid that our people should ever have such a disregard for the Sabbath.

I have not drawn an exaggerated account of the working-women of Germany, for the trouble is I have not told half. Our women are a hundred times better off; and let a poor man thank God that he is a poor man in America and not one in Germany, for he is rich, comparatively. The fact that thousands take refuge in America every year is one proof that the people are ground and oppressed by poverty; so, in despair, they turn their faces toward America, and find a home in the richness and freedom of her land. R. W. L.

MISS LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE, who has been engaged writing to and interviewing the New York members of the present lower House of Congress about woman suffrage, reports that of the fifteen Republicans three are unqualifedly in its favor, six willing to give women the ballot when the majority of them shall ask for it, and six non-committal. Of the sixteen Democrats only two are friendly to the measure.

A PHILADELPHIA man belongs to 342 different lodges, circles, etc., and is the custodian of 1,377 signs, grips, passwords, etc.

BISHOP POTTS.

BY MAX ADELER.

Bishop Potts of Salt Lake City, was the happy husband of three wives and the happy father of fifteen interesting children. Early in the winter the bishop determined that his little ones should have a good time on Christmas, so he concluded to take a trip down to San Francisco to see what he could find in the shape of toys with which to gratify and amuse them. The good bishop packed his carpet-bag, embraced Mrs. Potts, one by one, and kissed each of her affectionately, and started upon his journey.

He was gone a little more than a week, when he came back with fifteen beautiful mouth-organs in his valise for his darlings. He got out of the train at Salt Lake, thinking how joyous and exhilarating it would be at home on Christmas morning when the whole fifteen of those mouth-organs should be in operation upon different tunes at the same moment. But just as he entered the depot he saw a group of women standing in the ladies' room apparently waiting for him. As soon as he approached, the whole twenty of them rushed up, threw their arms about his neck and kissed him exclaiming:

"Oh, Theodore, we are so—so glad you have come back! Welcome home! Welcome, dear, dear, Theodore! Welcome once more to the bosom of your family!" and then the entire score fell upon his neck and cried over his shirt front and amused him.

The bishop seemed surprised and embarrassed. Struggling to disengage himself, he blushed and said:

"Really, ladies, this kind of thing is well enough—it is interesting and all that; but there must be some kind of a—that is, an awkward sort of a—excuse me, ladies, but there seems to be, as it were, a slight misunderstanding about the—I am Bishop Potts."

"We know it, we know it, dearest," they exclaimed in chorus, "and we are so glad to see you safe at home. We have all been right well while you were away, love."

"It gratifies me," remarked the bishop, "to learn that none of you have been a prey to disease. I am filled with blissful serenity when I contemplate the fact; but really I do not understand why you should rush into this railway station and hug me because your lives are active and your digestion good. The precedent is bad; it is dangerous!"

"Oh, but we did'nt!" they exclaimed in chorus. "We come here to welcome you because you are our husband."

"Pardon me, but there must be some little—that is to say, as it were, I should think not. Women you have mistaken your man!"

"Oh no, dearest!" they shouted; "we were married to you while you were away!"

"What!" exclaimed the bishop; "you don't mean to say that—"

"Yes, love. Our husband, William Brown, died on Monday, and on Thursday Brigham had a vision in which he was directed to seal us to you; and so he performed the ceremony at once by proxy."

"Th-th-th-under!" observed the bishop, in a general sort of a way.

"And, darling, we are all living with you now—we and the dear children."

"Children! children! exclaimed Bishop Potts, turning pale; you don't mean to say that there is a pack of children too?"

"Yes, love, but only one hundred and twenty-five, not counting the eight twins and triplets."

"Wha-wha-wha-what d'you say?" gasped the bishop, in a cold perspiration; "one hundred and twenty-five! One hundred and twenty-five children and twenty more wives! It is too much—it is awful!" and the bishop sat down groaned, while the late Mrs. Brown, the bride, stood round in semicircle and fanned him with her bonnets, all except the red-haired one, and she in her trepidation made a futile effort to fan him with the coal-scuttle.

But after a while the bishop became reconciled to his new alliance, knowing well that protests would be unavailing; so he walked home, holding as many as of the little hands of the bride as he could conveniently grasp in his, while the red-haired woman carried his umbrella and marched in front of the parade to remove obstructions and to scare of all boys.

When the bishop reached the house, he went around among the cradles which filled the back parlor and the two second-story rooms, and attempted with such earnestness to become acquainted with his new sons and daughters that he set the whole one hundred and twenty-five twins to crying, while his own fifteen stood around and joined in the chorus. Then the bishop went out and sat on the garden fence to whittle a stick and solemnly think while Mrs. Potts distributed herself around in twenty-three places and soothed the children. It occurred to the bishop while he mused, out there on the fence, that he had not enough mouth-organs to go around among the children as the family now stood; and so, rather than seem partial, he determined to go back to San Francisco for one hundred and forty-five more.

So the bishop replaced his carpet-bag and began again to bid farewell to his family. He tenderly kissed all of Mrs. Potts who were at home, and started for the depot, while Mrs. Potts stood at the various windows and waived her handkerchiefs at him—all except the woman with the warm hair, and she, in a fit of absent-mindedness, held one of the twins by the legs and brandished it at Potts as he fled down the street.

The bishop reached San Francisco, completed his purchases, and was just about to get on the train with his one hundred and forty-four mouth-organs, when a telegram was handed him. It contained information to the effect that the auburn-haired Mrs. Potts had just had a daughter. This induced the bishop to return to the city for the purpose of purchasing and additional organ.

On the following Saturday he returned home. As he approached his house a swarm of young children flew out of the front gate and ran towards him, shouting, "There's pa! Here comes pa! Oh, pa, but we're glad to see you? Hurrah for pa!" etc., etc.

The bishop looked at the children as they flocked around him and clung to his legs and coat, and was astonished to perceive that they were neither his nor the late Brown's. He said, "You youngsters have made a mistake; I am not your father;" and the bishop smiled good naturedly.

"Oh yes, you are, though!" screamed the little ones in a chorus.

"But I say I am not," said the bishop, severely, and frowning; you ought to be ashamed of yourselves. Don't you know where little story-tellers go? It is scandalous for you to violate the truth in this matter. My name is Potts."

"Yes, we know it is," exclaimed the children—"we know it is; and so is ours; that is our name now, too, since the wedding."

"Since what wedding?" demanded the bishop, turning pale.

"Why, ma's wedding of course. She was married yesterday to you by Mr. Young, and we are all living at your house now with our new little brothers and sisters."

The bishop sat down on the pavement and wiped away a tear. Then he asked "Who was your father?"

"Mr. Simpson," said the crowd, "and he died on Tuesday."

"And how many of his infernal old widows—I mean how many of your mothers are there?"

"Only twenty-seven," replied the children, "and there are only sixty-four of us, and we are awful glad you have come home.

The bishop did not seem to be unusally glad; somehow, he failed to enter into the enthusiasm of the occasion. There appeared to be, in a certian sense, too much sameness about these surprises, so he sat there with his hat pulled over his eyes and considered the situation. Finally, seeing there was no help for it, he went to the house, and forty-eight of Mrs. Potts rushed up to him and kissed him, and told him how the prophet had had another vision in which he was commanded to seal Simpson's widows to Potts.

Then the bishop stumbled around among the cradles to his writing-desk, where he felt among the gum rings and rattles for his letter-paper, and then addressed a note to Brigham, asking him as a personal favor to keep awake until after Christmas. "The man must take me for a foundling hospital," he said. Then the bishop saw clearly enough that if he gave presents to the other children and not to the late Simpson's, the bride (relict of Simpson) would probably nuzzle down on him, fumble among his hair and make things warm for him. So repacking his carpet-bag he started again to San Francisco for sixty-four more mouth-organs, while Mrs. Potts gradually took leave of him in the entry—all but the red-haired woman, who was up stairs, and who had to be satisfied with screeching good-by at the top of her voice.

On his way home, after his last visit to San Francisco, the bishop sat in the car by the side of a man who had left Salt Lake the day before. The stranger was communicative. In the course of the conversation he remarked to the bishop:

"That was a mighty pretty little affair up there at the city on Monday."

"What affair?" asked Potts.

"Why, that wedding; McGrath's widow, you know—married by proxy."

"You don't say," replied the bishop. "I did'nt know that McGrath was dead."

"Yes; died on Sunday, and that night Brigham had a vision in which he was ordered to seal her to the bishop."

"Bishop!" exclaimed Potts. "Bishop! What bishop?"

"Well, you see there were fifteen of Mrs. McGraths and eighty-two children, and they shoved the whole lot off on old Potts. Perhaps you don't know him?"

The bishop gave a wild, unearthly shriek and went into a hysterical fit, and writhed upon the floor as if he had hydrophobia. When he recovered, he leaped from the train and walked back to San Francisco. He afterward took the first steamer for Peru, where he entered a monastery and became a cellbute.

His carpet-bag was sent on to his family. It contained the balance of the mouth-organs. On Christmas morning they were distributed, and in less than an hour the entire two hundred and eighty-children were sick from sucking the paint off of them. A doctor was called, and he seemed so much interested in the family that Brigham divorced the whole concern from old Potts and annexed it to the doctor, who immediately lost his reason and would have butchered the entire family, if the red-haired woman and the oldest boy had not marched him off to a lunatic asylum, where he spent his time trying to arrive at an estimate of the number of his children by cyphering with an impossible combination of the multiplication table and algebra.

SCIENTIFIC.

Science differs from learning in being prophetic; whereas learning is a mere matter of the memory.

The largest object glass in the world, was recently made in England. The next largest telescope is located in the observatory in Chicago. Its object glass is eighteen and a half inches in diameter. Our government is having a twenty-seven inch lens ground, which will cost $50,000.

A new locomotive, named the Anthracite, which has been placed on the Albany and Susquehanna Railroad, has six driving wheels and carries its water above the boiler. A tender is thus dispensed with. The firing apparatus is stated to be so arranged that the fires last all day without replenishing, and the furnaces only require dampening once a week.

The Boston *Globe* says: "Our friend Potts read somewhere that electric sparks could be evolved from a cat by taking it into a dark room and rubbing its back. He made the experiment, and was surprised to hear a loud yell, and to feel something clawing across his face. Then he missed the cat. Mr. Potts is now uncertain whether he was struck by lightning evolved from the cat's back, or whether she became unduly excited as he stroked her, and stroked back again; but he is certain that, when he undertakes to procure electricity again from a cat, he will first soothe her with a shot gun."

Perhaps it may be the fortune of our readers at some future period to learn of the construction of the million dollar telescope, to be built under government auspices, the erection of which we recently advocated in these columns. In such a case, instead of being eighty miles from the moon, as we now virtually are, we should reduce that distance to four or five miles. The magnitude of the result which could thus be obtained can hardly be conceived; but the question of the existence of human or other beings in the moon, which, from the time of that veracious scientist, Baron Munchausen, to the present day, has disturbed the mental equilibrium of sensational would be astronomers, might at least be definitely settled through the convincing agency of direct optical proof.—*Scientific American.*

SCOTT'S manuscript was not in favor with the printers. He wrote in rapid, careless style tossing it into the post without a second glance and reserving all his corrections till he saw how it read in type. It is said that Dr. Lardner became half wild with the manuscript of his Scottish history. It was full of slips of the pen, of false grammar, of incomplete sentences, and of repetitions without end; and all these Scott corrected in his proofs, till the doctor, in sheer despair, had to set a clerk at work to copy out the manuscript and "make it read" before it was set.

THE Tennessee Code prohibits the sale of spirituous liquors on Sunday. In a test case in the Criminal Court, at Nashville, Judge Nicholson decided that there is a difference between spirituous and fermented liquors, and declared that the statute did not prohibit the sale of wine and beer, they being fermented liquors. The decision gives great satisfaction to German citizens.

SINCE 1863 to the first of last month, $36,695,305 in mutilated currency, (more than one-fourth of the whole amount issued), has been returned to the United States Treasury for destruction, and has been burned, in accordance with the requirements of the law, in the presence of four persons.

THE wretched vagabond who goes prowling around, saying hard things about women, has turned up in Indiana. He now says: "Woman ought to do all she can to make this earth a paradise for man, as it was her fault he lost the other."

UNSOPHISTICATED Iowans give a bushel of corn for a drink of corn whisky; which is as much as if one should exchange twenty yards of cambric for a pocket-handkerchief.

The Louisiana Address to The People of the United States.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—The Louisiana committee have issued an address to the people of the United States, who, they believe, are not unconcerned spectators of the events now transpiring within the limits of that State, and to which it is probable no parallel can be found in history. The committee repel as utterly false the insinuation that they are mere allies and are agents of Governor Warmoth. They are not representatives of any personal party or party interest whatever. So far as Warmoth's past conduct is concerned, few if any of them have not been among his most pronounced opponents; while in those measures for which he has been most loudly denounced, he had, for advisers, associates and coadjutors, the very men who now assail him, including especially, Pinchback, Antoine, and others whose names figure most conspicuously in these proceedings. The committee declare, in reply to another insinuation, that they are no parties to and have no knowledge of any political trickery intended to defeat the true voice of the people; that they do not believe any such existed; and that they would not be here, unless they could proclaim concionsly their conviction that the men who have been foisted into the offices of the State have been not merely irregularly and unlawfully installed, but were not elected by the people, and were not and are not the choice of the majority of the voting population of Louisiana. The committee add that all they have asked of the government is to make a candid and impartial investigation of the facts. They then proceed to give a detailed statement of all the facts connected with the election.

The statement includes the various injunctions by the courts, and with the organization of the partial Legislature which impeached Governor Warmoth and placed Pinchback in his stead. Steps were taken, say the committee, by Governor Warmoth to secure the revision by the Supreme Court of the United States of the chancery orders of the United States Circuit Court; but this body (the Pinchback Legislature) forthwith adopted resolutions to dismiss these proceedings. The militia was placed under command of General Longstreet, and the arsenals taken possession of by the aid of the United States army. A civil revolution was accomplished within a month, under the orders of a chancery court in a suit over which the court had no jurisdiction at all. The Circuit Court of the United States is a court of limited jurisdiction, and without any authority to enter into civil suits between citizens of the same State, unless the case arises directly under the Constitution and laws of the United States and jurisdiction is vested by act of Congress. Congress has no power to confer jurisdiction in any other case between such citizens. It has no authority to give jurisdiction of a suit of a citizen of the State against the State. Under the act of Congress of 1870, upon a single condition of facts, a citizen of a State may maintain a suit for an office of a State within the courts of the United States, but the State Legislature is specially excepted by the same clause that excepts members of Congress and Presidential Electors. The organization of the Legislature is by chancery order; had there been resistance to the execution of their orders and bloodshed followed, upon whom would have fallen the responsibility? By whose forbearance was it that a bloody catastrophe has not been exhibited as a scandal to the land? It sometimes happens that the Executive Department is tolerated, excused, or justified in acts of administration which exceed its legal powers. The arguments derived from the terms "State necessity," "public welfare" or "convenience" have here a startling influence; but judiciary action is not entitled to any benefit from any such arguments. The damage which ensues from the employment of the judiciary power to accomplish other than judicial acts of administration cannot be calculated; and it is impossible to justify a court in determining that to be legal which is merely desirable, or that to be right which is only profitable. The order in the Kellogg case was "*ex parte.*" It was placed in the hands of a marshal without notice to the parties. It proceeds for an alleged contempt, by no legal procedure usual in matters of the sort, and we are not aware of any imminence of danger to the public peace which justifies this seizure of the State Capitol in a chancery cause in a suit between Kellogg and a canvassing board, a suit professedly brought to perpetuate testimony.

The case of Antoine displays with more distinctness than that of Kellogg the use that has been made of judicial orders to accomplish results of which the judiciary had no cognizance. Antoine was a candidate for Lieutenant Governor, and entitled to his office in January next, had he been elected. With a disputed title, a month in advance, he filed this bill and obtained the order we have cited, placing under interdict the Governor, the Secretary of the State, the members elect of both branches of the General Assembly, all the board and officers and men of the police, the members of the two canvassing boards; and upon this "*ex parte*" order the organization of the General Assembly, at a time when he had no share in any of its doings, was regulated and directed.

Since the meeting in New Orleans under which the committee was appointed, we have been met with the suggestion that these orders and acts are facts accomplished, and that their revocation or rescission would not restore the "*status quo*," and that our complaints therefore are unreasonable. If the opinion we have be correct, such a condition ought not to affect our action or conduct. When the King of Great Britain established arbitrarily a government in one of the colonies, the remaining colonies took alarm lest it might serve as a precedent as well as an instrument to establish such governments elsewhere. Besides, men are less patient under wrongful orders and acts of a judiciary tribunal than even of violence from other sources of authority. A government which rests for its organization upon an illegal judicial order, executed by the marshal with companies of soldiers, does not command as much respect or authority as if judicial appendages had been dispensed with and the army had set up a government with a strong and usurping hand.

The committee take the liberty to say that they have had no connection with these suits as parties or attorneys, neither do they claim any of the offices in dispute. They have not heretofore been concerned in the controversies among the political classes which have endangered the peace of and brought scandal upon the State. They affirm that during the last four years there has not been good government in Louisiana. There has been extravagance, profligacity, dishonesty and waste in public expenditures. The public debt has been enormously increased, with but little corresponding benefit. The credit of the State has been given to speculating corporations for personal aims. The taxes on property have assumed such proportions that they might be called rents paid by the proprietors to the the State for its occupation and use. The taxes upon business oppress the commercial and laboring classes. The laws to control elections corporations, and public institutions stimulate these excesses of office holders, and the consequence is depression and discontent. The State needs an honest, faithful, and responsible government, conducted to attain public objects, and not to enrich its members or to prepetuate their power. There was an earnest effort to obtain such a government at the last election.

We affirm without fear of contradiction that the foregoing statement exhibits on the part of the United States Court the most unparalleled and baseless usurpation of jurisdiction and authority of which the annals of jurisprudence afford any example. The action of the returning board, recognized and vested with all its powers by this court, has been equally unprecedented. Without any of the official returns before them, without any of the official data on which alone their action could have been rightly based, they have presumed to proclaim the results of the election. The declaration by them of the votes cast in the different parishes is as purely fanciful as if no election whatever had been held. They have arbitrarily reduced and increased the votes on one side or the other in different parishes to suit their purposes. In several parishes, while returning or even adding to the vote cast for their candidates, they have simply annihilated or stricken out entirely the votes cast for their opponents. In other parishes they have exactly reversed the returns, giving to their candidates majorities which had really been returned for their opponents. They have not pretended to furnish the public with any statement of the basis on which they proceeded or the theory on which they acted. Their whole conduct is without any kind of reasonable explanation.

We submit to the people of the United States that such proceedings reach a point at which the whole theory of popular government is reversed and overthrown. The means by which results have been reached are enough to startle the public mind; but the results themselves are not less appalling. Aside from the general affairs of the State, we find the Legislature of the State delivered over into the hands of men who were not elected, and who are utterly unfit for positions of such responsibility. As originally composed at its organization it comprised sixty-eight persons of color, most of them totally unelected, with a very small minority of whites. Since that time they have expelled members whose seats were uncontested. They have unseated members returned elected by their own board, and seated their defeated opponents, on the simple ground that the former had not appeared to claim their seats. The result is that, originally bad as the Legislature was, it makes itself worse day by day; and the prospect is that soon the Conservative element of the State will have no representation whatever. To those who flatter themselves with the hope that M. Kellogg would not willingly abet any scheme of outrageous misgovernment, it is now apparent that, even supposing this to be true, the power of restraining has passed entirely beyond his control and that should he attempt to thwart the schemes of this Legislature, his own impeachment would be a probable event of the future.

In conclusion, we would state that we have attempted to perform the duties of our mission in the purest non-partisan spirit, that we have not sought to furnish capital to any political party or to excite the popular clamor in the interests of any faction. We have laid our case before the President and his Attorney General, and we willingly testify that we have been courteously received and patiently listened to. While they have refused the specific measure for which we applied, they have given reasons for such refusal, in no manner implying their indisposition to see justice done. They have referred us to Congress, and we feel assured that we shall have the immediate sanction of the President so far as we invite an impartial investigation of the facts of our case, and that we shall have his co-operation in any measures of relief which Congress may adopt after a just investigation.

The people of Louisiana, ignoring party, and conscious of an honorable effort to place in office men of tried probity, seek justice, not generosity. They ask for a calm, impartial examination of the recent extraordinary events within their borders, and that it may be speedily corrected of the dangerous evils now threatening the very life of their State. (Signed) J. H. Campbell, J. Aldridge, Augustus Bohn, Joseph Bowling, N. Barrett, A. Chiopella, J. T. Copes, H. W. Conner, H. D. Coleman, John Fairbanks, C. E. Fenner, E. B. Wheelock, A. B. Griswold, G. Kuhn, H. McCloskey, G. W. Nott, H. V. Ogden, W. Z. Pike, J. C. Potts, John F. Pollock, J. Tuyes, James Wallace, Walker Fearne, D. C. Sabatt, H. O. Seixas, J. W. Sahouleze, D. West, Richard Taylor, Mayer Stern, R. Pargh, George W. Squires, F. A. Haber, H. Gardes, O. M. Baker, Albert C. Janin, S. Hernshein, T. H. Kennedy, J. M. Scott, Alfred Millenberger, H. G. Darcy, Solta Martin, W. Marks, C. M. Wilcox, H. R. Cramer.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 22, 1872.

Railway Disasters on the Prairies.

A newspaper correspondent 'out West' is responsible for the following:

I came across a garrulous old lumberman last evening, who was telling over and over again, to a crowd of astonished passengers, his experience on a sleeping-car that capsized in Wisconsin the night before.

"'Taint nuthin'" he exclaimed, with a deprecating gesture, to a youngster who had remarked that he should think he'd be scared. "'Taint nuthin'" when you are use to it. This make three times I've upset. There's a sudden jerk and a snap; you know you are loose, and suddenly feel as you do when you're falling down a well, or droppin' from the top of a steeple. You seize the first thing that comes handy. I clung to my boots, which I had put under my piller; and when we flew off into the air I said as I could—Thunderation! Now I lay me—Our father in—Hope we ain't on the Wiscon Bridge—By Jupiter! Be you hurt, Joseph? says I to my friend opposite. The darned thing had gone clear over, and I found myself settin' a straddle of the big brass lamp right down in the roof of the car. The lamps was burnin' wrong side up, the stove stuck to the upper ceiling of the car, and the berths just folded up together and smashed the folks in the upper tier, as they was at the bottom. Be you hurt, Joseph, says I. No, says he, but by lightnin' I've got my man! He sat there and laughed, while the fellow beneath performed a first-rate groan. Get off, you swine, I remarked to Joseph, and he climb down. The car was alive with screames and yells. An old man was gropin' around the lamp, and said he feared he'd lost his spectacles. The lights suddenly went out. I rescued a woman and deposited her on the ground, and then she gave notice that she'd lost her baby! I crept back along the panel of the car, and rooted among the bed-clothes of that bunk. Nary infant! She must 'a dropped it out of the window. Not any nowheres. Says I to the mother, gentle like, 'It ain't;' and she swounded and toppled over. She came to pretty soon, and after a while she discovered that infant in the lunch basket, right aside of her, as comfortable as a clam. No! There wan't nobody hurt—couple not—don't hurt anybody to be spilt on the prairies. I jest love to be scattered once a week! You can only feel a little bruised the next day—as when you have been hurt on an election."

PEOPLE who believe the current stories about intelligent dogs will read with pleasure that a lost dog in Norfolk, Va., having seen its master's advertisement in one of the local prints, promptly went home.