IVY CITY TRACK.

THE MUD DISAPPEARS—SUNSHINE.

Our Correspondent Grows Poetic Over the Situation—Some of the Horses That Will Start on Wednesday Interviewed—The Running of Trains.

Special Correspondence of THE REPUBLICAN.
IVY CITY, NOV. 11, 1881.

Round-hoofed, short-jointed, fetlocks shaggy and long;
Broad breast, full eyes, small head, and nostrils wide;
High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong;
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttocks, tender side.

So the immortal Shakspeare sang of the steed of *Adonis*, nearly three hundred years ago, and the description, save in the high crest and shag fetlocks, might well fit the thoroughbred of to-day. In those two peculiars the excess of flesh upon the neck and the long, heavy fetlock, which the people of that age so admired, have by intelligent breeding been entirely eliminated, and the thoroughbred racer of to-day is clean-limbed, large-eyed, broad-buttocked, thin-skinned, and more than passing strong, and when stripped for a race looks like the prize-fighter of yo olden times—

ALL BONE AND MUSCLE,

While with eyes of fire and muscles of steel
He awaits the coming race,
And he spurns the earth with his iron heel,
As he leaps to the foremost place.
And over the green award bounds a main,
Or courses the level track,
Nor heeds the check of the guiding rein
That fain would hold him back.
But swift and true as the swallow's flight
He launches himself through space,
Forefend the steel, but guide aright—
Hip! hip! he wins the race!

Robt on. Larkin; you can't drive that team tandem; they won't mate. Don't mix your grog, boy; take it straight. Shakspeare died many years ago, and his mantle never fell on you.

STICK TO THE LEGITIMATE,

my boy; put it down in good, strong Saxon prose. Well, so it goes. I always cherished a belief that I was born for a poet. I am poor enough, God knows; and I don't really know that I am good for anything else. But no sooner do I mount my Pegasus, and, giving fancy free rein, essay to strike the lyre of tuneful numbers, than some fussy old carmudgeon, "who hath no music in his soul," or mayhap jealous of the fame I might acquire, thus dismounts me, without so much as by your leave. Well-a-day! Such is fate.

Full many a gem, &c.,

You remember in my last I had just escaped the perils of my tortoid navigation. The mud was never muddier, nor I worse muddled. But I sang the old song still—

Full many a cloudy morning brings forth a pleasant day—

with much persevering effort, if I did offend the musical ears of several of my enforced listeners, and now see the reward of my faith. Behold the result of my philanthropic efforts this bright, beautiful morning. Old Sol has performed his ablutions in the sparkling fountain of life, and the blue ether has rid itself of its sombre veil. The National Fair Association has indeed had its share of hard luck this year, and it is high time Fortune, the fickle jade, turned her wheel so it might draw a prize, and at last I think the patience and perseverance of its managers are to be rewarded, if good weather, good track, good horses, and good racing is able to do it. Having interviewed the owners before, I took the first opportunity yesterday that presented itself to

INTERVIEW THE HORSES AT THE GROUNDS,

and a better lot as a whole it has never been my good fortune to look over. I say I interviewed the horses, advisedly, as I had quite a long equine talk with some of them. First on the list was Checkmate, or Old Check, as his admirers delight to call him. As I opened his door, book and pencil in hand, the old fellow came forward with a look that told me he recognized the implements of my craft, and said in his own peculiar way: "Put it all down straight; tell them I am nearly seven years old, have been racing four years, run sixty-six races, have won thirty-three of them, and was second in eighteen, and I'm as good now as I ever was, and look out for me this time." "All right, old fellow, I'll let the public know all about it." Now, Old Check is not a bit egotistic, but he seems to think they often make him carry too much weight, and that's the reason they beat him sometimes, and I agreed with him. So bidding him *au revoir* I went over to

PAY MY RESPECTS TO WILD MOOR,

who beat Old Check at Baltimore a dash of a mile at even weights. He is a good horse, and possesses both speed and bottom. His race at Chicago on the 4th of last July is the best race of mile heats, 3 in 5, that has been run this year, winning the first heat in 1:43, losing the next two by a neck in 1:44, 1:44½, and winning the next two in 1:46, 1:49—the last under a pull. This shows when in form he has both speed and bottom, and when he and Checkmate and Monitor and Marchioness come together in a race, reckon me in. Next I visited Governor Bowie's pride—Compensation, by Catesby—winner of the Breckenridge stakes at the Pimlico meeting, and also a mile-heat race over such a field of good ones as Bounce, Spark, Colonel Sprague, Ingomar and Jerry. 'Look out for him in the Washington stakes. He is a grand horse and his back, loins, quarters, gaskins, and legs are all that one could ask; and Crickmore must look to his laurels, especially over a distance with weights up, or the wreath will be transferred.

THEN COMES VALPARAISO,

a bay gelding, who turned up an unexpected winner at Pimlico at one mile and a furlong in a race of twelve starters, and won the Novelty stakes on last Wednesday over this course. He will run in several more races during the meeting, and is likely to upset more sure things of the *cognoscenti*. Next I called on Monitor, by Monarchist, another one of those horses that came to stay. A sorrel gelding, rather rough in the mould, with three white legs and blaze face, but a diamond in the rough. He is the conqueror of many a hard-fought field, and ran a mile and three-quarters at Long Branch, with 115 pounds up, in 3:02¾, a performance that stamps him a first-class race horse. He is in fine condition, and if his colors are not at the front before this meeting is over then the racing will be the fastest of this year. I next paid a visit to Marchioness, and the coquette received me rather coldly at first. With the impulse of her sex, she soon began a minute examination of my hat, and finally concluded to eat the thing up and get it out of the way. The dainty lady, however, is a perfect beauty, and fleet as the famed steeds of the desert, and her owner is justly proud of her. She ran, at Sheepshead, one and one-eighth miles in 1:55, and ran two mile dashes in 1:41 and 1:41½ respectively, and so look out for her when the track is fit, and don't venture your money too much against her. I next interviewed

THE OLD VETERAN KENNEY,

by Quirles, now eight years old, and a better horse than he ever was before. He is a beautiful sorrel, 16-3 high, with immense quarters-hocks well let down, limbs *par excellence*, great propelling power, has not a blemish about him, and looks the race-horse all over. As he won his steeplechase race "hands down" last Wednesday week he will be a favorite in the pools for the other events. But I have not space in the compass of this letter to further record my interviews of the day, and must reserve the balance for another issue. All the horses—some 105 in number—are looking well, the rest is doing them great good, and very large fields may be expected in all the events to come. On Saturday, the extra day, I understand the management, despite the many discouraging circumstances heretofore surrounding them, with the liberality and gameness of true gentlemen and sportsmen, give five races, at an expense of $1,250, so that the interest of the meeting will increase day by day. The horsemen are loud in their praises of our people and their treatment here, and as sincerely hope the meeting will be a success in every way as does

LARKIN, JR.

P. S.—I understand that a great many parties in Government employ who desire to see the races are not able to get away before two p. m. I would advise the management to make a note of it, secure a train to run at two p. m., and start the races at that hour instead of one o'clock; this will give them ample time to finish by five at the latest, in full time for all to get home by dark.

The Rochambeau Papers.

To the Editor of THE REPUBLICAN:

If the Washington *Capital* will allow me to express a respectful dissent, I would say that they are wrong in assailing Mr. Ingalls, of Kansas, for his action against the purchase of the Rochambeau papers. Of Mr. Ingalls I know nothing, and I have nothing to say as to the manner in which he may have expressed his objections to any proposition to purchase the above papers. But he has at least one man who agrees with him that it was indelicate, in whoever did it, to introduce the subject at this time; and who dares assert that the price offered is exorbitant? In 1847 or 1848 the Madison papers were purchased by Congress, I think, for the sum of $20,000. Their value was undisputed, but the purchase was censured. In 1848 the papers of Mr. Jefferson—perhaps the most voluminous and varied collection ever accumulated by a citizen of the United States—were purchased by Congress for $25,000, I know, and at the same session a like sum was paid to his widow for the papers of Alexander Hamilton. In view of such cases it is simply absurd to talk about such a price for the few papers and maps that the Rochambeau family can have, and indelicate to offer them at all this time. I should think it an insult to the Marquis.

* * *

A LIFE WELL SPENT.

The Work of Mrs. Laura M. Wright Among the Seneca Indians—Letter from Her.

A letter in THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN from the Cattaraugus Reserve, New York, September 16, by John Y. Elnam, mentioned the life-long, faithful service to the Seneca Indians of the Rev. Ashur Wright and his wife, Mrs. Laura M. Wright. He died in 1875. She survives; and, although approaching the allotted span of three score and ten years, her intellect is undimmed, and she possesses remarkable energy and force. She is an excellent physician, and attends to the sick Indian women and children, and instructs them in industrial work. Mr. and Mrs. Wright came from Massachusetts to the Buffalo Creek Reserve nearly half a century ago, and made their home with the Senecas, and devoted themselves faithfully to the improvement of the condition of the Indians. He translated the Four Gospels into the Seneca language, and it was printed by the American Bible Society. He was an educated gentleman. He gave a whole life to the religious and secular improvement of the Indians, looked to their business interests, advised them in farm industry, preached to them in the mission church, received them with unvarying kindness at the mission-house, and in sickness he attended them as one skilled in the healing art. His was a life of industry; he was the unwavering, just, and patient friend of the Indians. As neighbor, friend, adviser, teacher, physician, minister, as an upright man he merited the

REVERENCE OF ALL WHO KNEW HIM.

Acknowledging the receipt of THE REPUBLICAN containing the letter above referred to, under date of Versailles post-office, New York, October 20 ultimo, the venerable lady writes: "A few days since I received a copy of THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN, with a few slips containing notices of the present condition of the Seneca Indians, and my husband's work among them. I wish to thank you for all the kind words you have written of my sainted husband. Very few knew how literally true it is that he gave his life in the service of this people. His last work was in March, 1875, in attendance at Albany upon the Legislature in the interest of the Thomas Orphan Asylum, for which he had so long felt a paternal solicitude. (By Mr. Wright's efforts this asylum for orphan Indian children was adopted as one of the State charitable institutions, and receives from the State annually $8,500). Mr. Wright died on the 16th of April, 1875, from the effects of a cold contracted on that journey.

IT IS NOW MORE THAN FORTY-EIGHT YEARS

since we came to reside with the Senecas, who were then located on the Buffalo Creek reservation. In these years a great change has came over them, physically, intellectually, and morally—so great that I can hardly recognize them as the same people. Almost all who were of my age when I came among them have passed away, and a new generation has risen up around me. Although somewhat enfeebled by age, I still find something to do for them, and hope I am not wholly without ability to make myself useful to them. At present I am trying to establish an industrial work-room for the benefit of the Indian women. I have already commenced on a small scale. They are very quick and handy with their needles, and are very glad to be employed. They are making working-men's shirts, blouses, &c., thoroughly well, very much better than such garments that are sold in the shops. If they could be supplied with work, they could earn a great deal for the comfort of their families. It would

KEEP THEM AT HOME

and cultivate in them a taste for more womanly employments than they have hitherto engaged in. It would have a refining and elevating influence upon them. It would give a sense of honest independence and tend to withdraw them from the vagrant, gypsy sort of life into which Indians are so apt to drift. And, better than all, it would help them to help themselves, which is the best kind of aid that can be given to anybody in need. After reading your letters in THE REPUBLICAN it occurred to me that you might be able to suggest assistance in continuing this industry. My only object is to help the Indian women by giving them work. I have heard that the Indian Bureau is in the practice of sending supplies of ready-made clothing to the Western tribes. I understand that the Commissioner of Indian Affairs is a noble, Christian man, who might think favorably of my work, and would, perhaps give me an appropriation to carry it on or, possibly, give me an order for a few thousand garments for my Indian women to make, if the subject could be brought to his attention. If so, I should feel under great obligations; and I am sure it would confer a great favor on this poor remnant of a fading and much-injured race."

What Mr. Elnam Says.

From several years' acquaintance with Mrs. Wright and with her husband, I know that she speaks but meagerly of her own constant life-work for the amelioration of the Seneca women and children. Her suggestions for practical aid from the Indian Bureau by giving them work that they may better themselves, and at the same time render back to the Government an equivalent, is worthy of that lady's good sense. Her knowledge of the Indian women's capabilities ought to be favorably considered by the Indian Bureau.—*John Y. Elnam.*

The Lime-Kiln Club.

"Las' nite as I war gwine pas' McGuffy's grocery," solemnly began Brother Gardner as Samuel Shin finally got through pounding the stove, "as I war gwine pas' McGuffy's grocery, dar sat de ole man Lee. I reckon you all know de ole man. He sat dar on a box, hat on de back of his head an' fect obstructin' de sidewalk, an' he was sayin to de crowd dat de present greatest need of dis kentry was an increase of currency. Las' winter all he got to eat cum from de poo'master, an' all de clothes his fam'ly wore cum from charitable people. I doan' reckon he has dun one squar day's work dis hull season, an' I'm quite sartin dat his wife am bar'fut an' his chil'en hungry, an' yit he sot dar spoutin' 'bout de needs of de kentry same as if he war carryin' half de States in his vest pocket. Let me say to you all right yere date none of you need shoulder yourselves wid any responsibility in regard to dis kentry. Jist let 'er slide. If she runs off de track, dat's none of your look-out. I know a dozen cull'd men in dis city who am continually worried about de expansion or contraction of de currency, free trade or purtec-shun, an' odder queshus, an' ebery one of 'em am ragged an' hungry. Doan' you lose any sleep fur fear America won't git up right cend fust in de mawnin'. All you have to do am to begin work at seben an' leave off at six, an' if de kentry busts her biler you'll have sunthin' laid by to emigrate on. I doan' keer two cents fur de political fucher. Let 'em contract or expand, swell or shrink, nail down the kiver or leave de box open—I'm counted out. When I have dun my day's work an' got my pay, I have no furder claims on de kentry. While I pay my debts an obey de laws she has no furder claims on me. We will now enter upon de usual reckless programme of biz-ness."

A Wicked Judge.

Judge E. St. Julien Cox, of the Minnesota Supreme Court, must be an exceedingly bad man, or else the formulated charges against him are unnecessarily wordy, for it required nearly five hours to read the document to the Legislature in secret session. The judge is to be immediately impeached and placed on trial. Drunkenness is the primary trouble with him, and while intoxicated indulges in such freaks as fining lawyers heavily for contempt, going on sprees with criminals who are to be tried before him, and in general making a broad farce of justice. Strange scenes have taken place in his court. A lawyer who had been fined $1,000 for telling the judge he was too drunk to understand a legal point, asked blandly if His Honor's unpaid whisky bills would be received in payment. "Because if they are," he added, "I can raise the fine for about $10." Another lawyer, disgusted by an absurd decision remarked that the Court ought to sit when sober, at least one day every week, in order to revise his drunken rulings of the other five days. Being fined for this language he refused to pay, and defied the judge to commit him to prison. One of Cox's most fragrant acts was to force the acquittal of a handsome and unquestionably guilty woman and afterward to take board in her house.

Civil-Service Conundrums.

To the Editor of THE REPUBLICAN:

In your Tuesday's issue you say, "squibographically," that after examining a list of civil-service questions of the current pattern in the Treasury Department, three distinguished (they are all "distinguished," ain't they?) Senators and a Cabinet officer, came to the conclusion that they were not fit for Government clerks if such were the moulds in which clerkships were cast. Well, so much for admission to clerkships under the "civil-service reform" rules that have prevailed for some time. And now how is it in regard to "promotions" in the civil service. Yesterday a third-class clerk in one of the divisions of the Sixth Auditor's office, "went to the Treasury," as is the good old custom, to be examiner for "promotion" to the fourth grade—to determine whether he was fit to be promoted. This gentleman, who is an excellent clerk, has been engaged in exactly the same sort of work, and at the same identical desk and in the same room, for nearly ten years. When he gets back from the ordeal at the Treasury, he will occupy the same chair, use the same desk and room, and resume the same work where he left off—that is, if he finds out through this civil-service examination that he is competent for the task!

W.

M'VEAGH'S POSITION.

The Story About the Recent Cabinet Meeting—An Illogical Position.

The story told by the Washington *Star* relative to a stormy Cabinet meeting at which President Arthur rebuked Attorney-General MacVeagh has the appearance of truth. It has probably leaked out from conversations which different Cabinet officers have had with their friends, and though it may not be accurate in detail it may be assumed to be generally correct. Certainly the position which President Arthur is reported to have taken in regard to the prosecution of Guiteau is in every way commendable, and the position accredited to Attorney-General MacVeagh fully warranted the indignation which the President is said to have exhibited. One strong reason for regarding this Cabinet scene as correctly described is the fact that Attorney-General MacVeagh has seemed inclined from the very first to leave the prosecution of Guiteau entirely in the hands of District-Attorney Corkhill. It has been represented over and over again that Mr. MacVeagh has no confidence in Corkhill, and for that reason has done what he could to keep the star-route cases out of Corkhill's control. If MacVeagh had a poor opinion of Corkhill's ability or honesty that was certainly an additional reason why he should have taken an active personal part in the preparation of the case against Guiteau. There is no lawyer in the land who stands so high in his profession as to be above the prosecution of a man who has assassinated the President of the United States. The title of Attorney-General cannot exalt any man above such a duty. The sense of importance which prompted MacVeagh to maintain that it was beneath his dignity to appear in a "criminal case" of this character was enough to excite the President and call forth very warm reprobation of a very transparent sham. Though Guiteau is technically not guilty of treason under the laws of the United States, he has committed the very highest crime which can be committed against the Government, and no other occasion could possibly be presented which should so fully exact the employment of the best talent and energy of the Government law department. If the Cabinet meeting on this question has been correctly reported, the President also showed a better knowledge of law as well as a truer sense of propriety than Mr. MacVeagh exhibited, and the former will stand higher and the latter lower in the estimation of the American people than heretofore. The *Tribune* has been inclined to regard Mr. MacVeagh's determination to retire from the Cabinet at once as an indication that he was not confident of earnest support in the prosecution of the star-route cases. This is the impression which Mr. MacVeagh and his friends have given out by insisting that these cases should be intrusted to an Attorney-General of President Arthur's own selection. But the revelation concerning Mr. MacVeagh's unwillingness to take part in the prosecution of Guiteau puts a different construction upon his practical abandonment of the Attorney-General's office at this time. We have no doubt that MacVeagh is an honest and conscientious man, but it begins to look as though he is governed by false ideas of pride and etiquette, and perhaps disposed to shirk the hard work and proper responsibilities of the position he accepted under President Garfield. It is a good deal easier to be an outside critic—the position which Mr. MacVeagh has generally occupied in American politics—than to discharge the duties of a high Government office. Perhaps Mr. MacVeagh, who is a man of large means and easy standing in society and his profession, longs for his former luxury, and is trying to escape the trials of public life. At all events, his present attitude is illogical and improper with relation to the Guiteau case. He ought to return to Washington and go to work at this important Government matter. If he is unwilling to do this, his retirement at a later time will be discreditable to him and not chargeable to President Arthur; and the sooner the President shall fill his place with some good, earnest, industrious lawyer the better it will be for the Government service. The country wants an Attorney-General in working clothes who is prepared to handle important Government cases without gloves.—*Chicago Tribune.*

SOMETHING NEW.

A Wonderful Block of French Flats in New York.

Jose F. de Navarro has begun the erection, between Fifty-eighth and Fifty-ninth streets, opposite Central Park, New York, of a block of "French flat" houses that will be the most costly in the country, and built on a new and novel plan. The block will consist of eight buildings, each one standing on its own plat of ground one hundred feet square, the space between the buildings on the inside of the block being laid out into a garden, with flowers and fountains, as a play-ground for children, which will be kept entirely private, all access to the rear by marketmen and servants being through an underground passage leading to the basement doors. Each of the buildings will contain thirteen apartments or flats, adapted to the use of a single family, and these flats will be fitted up with with every regard for luxury, comfort, and healthfulness, special attention having been given by the architects designing them to ventilation, light, and facility of service. Each building will have two elevators, one in the main hall and one communicating with the kitchens. By what is called the duplex arrangement, a patented device whereby two eight-feet-high stories in the rear of a house correspond to one story sixteen feet high in the front, double the amount of space is obtained in the rear half of each house for kitchens, pantries, small bedrooms, &c. The thirteen persons who are to occupy one building are to be associated together as a club or joint stock company. Mr. de Navarro will erect the buildings and sell the apartments at a stated price, but retain the ownership of the ground, the different clubs thus paying ground rent to him. The cost of each building, exclusive of the ground, for which rent will be charged at the rate of $7,500 a year, will be about $250,000, and the necessary cash investment for each apartment will be $10,000; the annual charge after that will be from $1,500 to $2,500 a year, according to the size of the apartment, for ground rent, interest on mortgage, taxes and running expenses of the building. Mr. de Navarro has already sold all the apartments of one building and most of those in two others. The workmen are now blasting for the foundations. The excavations alone will cost more than $100,000. The "club" method of living, combining as it does so many advantages of luxury and privacy, will be a novel experiment, and its success will be watched with interest.—*New York paper.*

A Souvenir from Longfellow.

The poet-editor, Mrs. Emily Thornton Charles, "Emily Hawthorne," of Washington, was the recipient, on Tuesday last, of a pleasant souvenir from the veteran American poet, Henry W. Longfellow, who sent her several autumn leaves, plucked by his own hand from the maple trees and lilac bushes which shade the porch of his room at Edgewood, with this couplet in his clear chirography.

"The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall."

In a note to Mrs. Charles which accompanies the precious memento, Mr. Longfellow says that "on account of indisposition he is not allowed to see people or write letters, and is confined to the house."

UNION OF BLUE AND GRAY.

[Especially suggested by the recent visit of Governor Rigelow and the Connecticut companies to Charleston, South Carolina.]

The Blue is marching South once more,
With serried steel and stately tread;
Their martial music pealed before,
Their flag of stars flashed overhead.
Ah! not through storm and stress they come,
The thunders of old hate are dumb,
And frank as clear October's ray
This meeting of the Blue and Gray.

A Phœnix from her outworn fires,
Her gory ashes, rising free,
Fair Charleston with her stainless spires
Gleams by the silver-stranded sea.
No hurtling hail nor hostile ball
Breaks through the treacherous battle-pall;
True voices speak from hearts as true,
For Strife lies dead 'twix Gray and Blue.

Grim Sumter, like a Titan maimed,
Still gloams beyond his shattered keep;
But where his bolts of lightning flamed
There broods a quiet, mild as sleep:
His granite base, long cleansed of blood,
Is circled by a golden flood,
Type of that peace whose sacred sway
Enfolds the Blue, exalts the Gray.

The sea-tides faintly rise afar,
And—wings of all the breezes furled—
Seem slowly borne o'er beach and bar,
Dream-murmurings from a spirit world.
Through throbbing drum and bugle-trill
The distant calm seems deeper still—
Deep as that [illegible] cordial dew
Hath soothed [illegible] and charmed the Blue.

O'er Ashley's [illegible] the Autumn smiles,
All mellowed in her hazy fold,
While the white arms of languid isles
Are girdled by ethereal gold.
All Nature whispers: War is o'er,
Fierce feuds have fled our sea and shore;
Old wrongs forget, old ties renew,
O, heroes of the Gray and Blue!

The Southern Palm and Northern Pine
No longer clash through leaf and bough;
Tranquillities of depth [illegible]
Have bound their tiers [illegible] now.
Serene they shine in sun-lit noon
Or, tranced by cloudless star and moon,
Their equal shadows softly pass
Above the Blue, across the Grass.

—*Paul H. Hayne.*

MR. CLAPP'S SPEECH.

His Remarks on Accepting the Presidency of the Central Committee.

Mr. A. M. Clapp made the following remarks at the meeting of the Republican Central Committee of the District of Columbia Friday evening:

GENTLEMEN OF THE COMMITTEE: Some weeks since a committee of the Republican Central Committee of the District of Columbia called at my residence and verbally informed me that I had been honored by an election to the presidency of this organization, and that the committee had adjourned. While this honor had been conferred without my solicitation, and really against my own judgment of what was wisest and best; the unanimity with which the tender was made, had a controlling influence upon my determination, and I assured your committee that I would accept the position in the same spirit in which it had been tendered. And now, gentlemen, I desire to reiterate that acceptance to the Republican Central Committee as a body, with the assurance that I appreciate the honor, and will

SERVE YOU AS FAITHFULLY,

as wisely, and as well as my abilities will enable me to do, and with thanks for this mark of your confidence and respect. I desire here to say that I invoke your most generous indulgence, patience, and forbearance in aid of my efforts to discharge the duties you have, in your partiality, imposed upon me. With these aids I cannot fail to succeed, while without them I shall have little hope of success. Let us, therefore, in this new departure, mutually pledge ourselves to each other that we will make this committee an auxiliary in the work of building up the Republican party of the Nation by sustaining its principles and advancing its interests in every possible manner consistent with our relations thereto; and, further, let us make this committee an honor to the Capital city of the Nation. Let us, by the

DECORUM AND PATRIOTISM

of our action commend it to the respect and confidence of our fellow citizens at home and to the country at large as widely as we are known. We represent a party of principle, of law, and of order, and let us upon all occasions and under all circumstances, prove ourselves worthy of the party whose principles are our principles and whose destiny it is to conserve and perpetuate the Republic in an unbroken union. If we fail in this, we shall fall far short of that measure of public respect which is to be coveted and which it should be the pride of every American citizen to win and wear. And here, gentlemen of the committee, a shadow comes over this occasion. The painful recollections that I am entering upon duties so recently performed by one who had embalmed himself in your respect and affections, brings with it a sense of

PROFOUND SADNESS.

William B. Reed, my predecessor in this chair, was a true Republican, a good citizen, a genial gentleman, and a royal friend. But he has gone hence, and the places that have known him so pleasantly heretofore will know him no more forever. His genial presence, his wise counsels, and his patriotic example, are no longer with us—save in memory—and let us cherish them there so long as life shall be vouchsafed to us. But to return to the work we have in hand. It may be profitable to us to take a brief survey of the political estate we claim as our inheritance as Republicans of the District of Columbia. It is diminutive in importance, and, under its present aspects, barren of fruits of material value. There is little incentive to labor, for there is very small hope of a harvest. The only signet of citizenship we now wear, is the right, once in four years, to assemble in caucus, vote for

DELEGATES TO A DISTRICT CONVENTION,

whose privilege it is, under the courtesy of the Republican National Committee, to appoint two delegates and their alternates to the National Republican Convention. So far, we are recognized as citizens, but beyond, nothing better meets the eye to cheer the hope and encourage the heart to political action than taxation without representation—a direct, open, and flagrant violation of the fundamental principles of a republican form of government. We claim to be citizens, and yet we are stripped of the badge of citizenship—the emblem of life—the right of suffrage—the dearest right of an American freeman. We enjoy no proper recognition of our rights as citizens by our Government; we have no voice in the Government under which we live. We rate politically as serfs, parians and nonentities, and in this a population verging rapidly toward 200,000 souls, are treated as no other people under the American flag on American soil are treated, be they white or black, native or foreign born. Though we are

BEREFT OF THE RIGHT OF SUFFRAGE,

the right of petition remains undisturbed, and while we are substantially reduced to a state of political nonentity, it would seem to be a duty that cannot be evaded by this committee without an abject surrender of all our rights to appeal to Congress without ceasing until it shall recognize our right to be represented in the House of Representatives by a delegate elected through the votes of the people of the District of Columbia. This is the least that we can ask in view of our inherent and inalienable rights as citizens of the United States, and

TO DENY US THIS RIGHT

is an act which cannot be justified under the theory of a republican form of government. Wherever duty points there this committee should go, regardless of all opposition and hindrance that may be thrown in our way by an unjust, ungenerous and prejudiced spirit, come it from where it may. In conclusion, I desire once more to thank you for the expression of confidence which has been extended to me through my selection to preside over your deliberations. While discharging our duties here let us, under all circumstances, preserve that standard of self-respect which will challenge the respect of our fellow-citizens, trusting that if we shall, by our sense of propriety, our respect for good order, and an observance of the amenities that are observed among gentlemen in political and social relation, show that we are worthy of all the rights and privileges that attach to the American citizen, anywhere within the limits of this Republic.

A REMARKABLE PLACARD.

The Way the Lines Were Drawn in Virginia.

The following placard was torn from a school-house door in Richmond on the day of election, and shows how closely the lines were drawn between the two parties in that State:

PAUSE, VIRGINIAN!
READ BEFORE YOU VOTE!
Remember,

If you vote the Cameron ticket this day—
1. You vote yourself and your State a repudiator.
2. You vote for mixed schools now and mixed marriages in the future.
3. You back the African side in Cameron's war on your own race.
4. You vote that maimed confederate soldiers must be kicked out of office to make room for negroes.
5. You vote to perpetuate strife in Virginia.
6. You indorse Mahone's treason to the national Democracy last year and to Virginia this year.
7. You indorse his destruction of more than six and a third millions of Virginia property.
8. You vote for Conking and Dawes, who persecute Virginia, against Bayard, who loves her, and Hampton, who fought for her.
9. You turn your back on the national Democracy and embrace your enemies.
10. You belie your vote of last November.
11. You indorse the infamous political record of John F. Lewis.
12. You vote against three as gallant Virginians as live.

If you vote the Daniel ticket this day—
1. You vote to end the debt question honorably, without adding a cent to your taxes.
2. You vote for peace between the races; but if Cameron's war comes, you stand by your blood.
3. You vote against wearing Mahone's or any man's collar.
4. You vote to stand by your friends and against your enemies.
5. You vote on the side of every Democrat in the Union, in office or out of office.
6. You vote for separate schools and for the purity of your homes.
7. You vote against turning Virginia over to a repudiating Republican party.
8. You vote that maimed confederates have still some rights in Virginia.
9. You vote to keep the judiciary out of politics.
10. You repediate John F. Lewis and all who support him.
11. You stand by your principles for twelve years past, and by your vote last November for Hancock.
12. You vote for three gallant confederate soldiers and upright citizens.

AN ARMY SCHOOL.

The First Class of Officers Ordered to the Fort Leavenworth School of Instruction.

The following named officers are ordered for instruction at the Cavalry and Infantry School being established at Fort Leavenworth, to report by December 20: Lieutenant W. C. Brown, First Cavalry; Lieutenant Francis D. Rucker, Second Cavalry; First Lieutenant F. Halverson French, Third Cavalry; Lieutenant H. W. Wheeler, Fifth Cavalry; Lieutenant B. H. Cheever, jr., Sixth Cavalry; Lieutenant H. J. Slocum, Seventh Cavalry; Lieutenant J. H. King, Eighth Cavalry; First Lieutenant M. B. Hughes, Ninth Cavalry; Lieutenant Leighton Finley, Tenth Cavalry; Lieutenant Thomas Connolly, First Infantry; Lieutenant W. C. Muhlenberg, Second Infantry; Lieutenant Arthur Williams, Third Infantry; First Lieutenant Theodore E. True, Fourth Infantry; Lieutenant T. M. Defrees, Fifth Infantry; Lieutenant Charles Byrne, Sixth Infantry; Lieutenant J. Espy McCoy, Seventh Infantry; Lieutenant Henry Johnson, jr., Eighth Infantry; First Lieutenant Charles M. Rockefeller, Ninth Infantry; Lieutenant R. J. C. Irvine, Eleventh Infantry; Lieutenant C. W. Abbott, jr., Twelfth Infantry; First Lieutenant Jesse C. Chance, Thirteenth Infantry; Lieutenant W. A. Kimball, Fourteenth Infantry; Lieutenant D. D. Mitchell, Fifteenth Infantry; Lieutenant Eugene Cushman, Sixteenth Infantry; Lieutenant John A. Lockwood, Seventeenth Infantry; Lieutenant S. L. Hommedieu Slocum, Eighteenth Infantry; Lieutenant J. M. Cunningham, Nineteenth Infantry; First Lieutenant John A. Manley, Twentieth Infantry; Lieutenant Edward H. Brooke, Twenty-first Infantry; Lieutenant John J. Crittenden, Twenty-second Infantry; Lieutenant William A. Nichols, Twenty-third Infantry, and Lieutenant Harvey D. Reed, Twenty-fifth Infantry. No officers were detailed from the Fourth Cavalry or the Tenth and Twenty-fourth Infantry.

Affairs in Alaska.

Commander Lull, commanding the Wachusett, at Sitka, Alaska, reports to the Navy Department, under date of October 18, that everything is quiet in the Territory. On the 15th of October the Wachusett went to Behring Bay and arrested an Indian for the alleged murder of two white men some time in September, 1880. The arrest was made and the Indian sent to Portland, Oregon, for trial. There was reported a contemplated attack on the hill where the garrison is located at Sitka, but it was not made, and the report appears to have been merely rumor. Preparations to resist an attack had been fully carried out, but no attacking Indians appeared. Commander Lull recommends that the number of men on his ship be increased by twenty marines and an additional marine officer. A force should be established at Wrangle to enforce order. Henry Imhoff has been arrested and sent to Washington Territory for trial under the charge of selling intoxicating liquors to the Indians.

THE

Popular Verdict.

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Fitting out or replenishing can now find at our store a complete stock of

China, Crockery, Cutlery,
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