

The National Republican

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that to obtain any return on their money capitalists are forced to take their cash to protection countries. Cleveland might take up his residence in London and run for king. Henry Ward Beecher and his free-trade friends would move over there for the blessed privilege of voting for him.

The campaign just closed has been one of unprecedented bitterness on both sides. The republican candidate and the republican party have been assailed with malignant ferocity by open enemies and by pretended republicans who have proved traitors to their country. Carried away by their hatred of Mr. Blaine, they joined the democracy, and fairly out-Heroded Herod in the brutality of their assaults upon the object of their personal animosity.

The democrats and their sham republican allies waged a merciless war of defamation against Mr. Blaine. They tried to crush him to earth under a mountain of infamous vilification and atrocious lies, started to break down his character. No candidate was ever subjected to such a terrific fire from the mud batteries of an unscrupulous and utterly conscienceless foe. Satan and his imps could not have shown greater industry, ingenuity, and shameless audacity in the organization and circulation of baseless slanders than the bureau of defamation has displayed in its insupportable and cruel war on Mr. Blaine.

Those persons who allowed their personal prejudices to run away with their patriotism and their loyalty to the party that saved the nation and has dictated the policy of the government during the period of its greatest prosperity must feel proud of the record they have made during the past four months. They played into the hands of the enemy they had been fighting for a quarter of a century. For the gratification of a grudge against a man who had been honored by his party convention with a nomination for president they strove to destroy the party of good government and turn the reins of power to the tender mercies of the wolves who sought to destroy it, and who have fought with desperation every effort made to build up and strengthen the republic. They should turn with shame from their own reflection and hate themselves. They should visit upon themselves the detestation that will be bestowed upon them by their old friends and by their pretended new friends, their fellow-men. Having proved unfaithful to their principles, they will share the unhappy lot that befalls traitors and ingrates.

The Only Place to Get News. The election returns that were displayed on the transparency in front of the office of THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN last night gave to the crowd that thronged the streets the only reliable news they were able to get. The news was dispensed as it came, whether favorable to republicans or democrats, and a patient mass of humanity, numbering from 8,000 to 12,000, congregated about the corner of Tenth and D streets and Pennsylvania avenue until a late hour, absorbing intelligence as it was belatedly with distinguished impartiality. The great crowd was good-natured and noisy, filling the air with cheers for the rival candidates. It gives us pleasure to make everybody feel good, though on the question of political information we violate no confidence in saying that we enjoy it best when it comes our way. In this connection we might say that the few misguided individuals who came down town to read the returns that were to have been displayed from the democratic headquarters, across the street from THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN building, turned in disgust from the tall-roped exhibition furnished by their own committee to the generous display provided by this establishment. Encouraged by the kindly greeting accorded us last evening we shall continue to do good right along.

OF the congratulatory telegrams received by Mr. Blaine upon his nomination none gave him greater pleasure than the few kind words that were flashed over the wires from Harriet Beecher Stowe. Henry Ward should have profited by the example of his level-headed sister. Had he done this he would not now be standing naked before the people, shorn of his reputation and good name.

CITIZENS of Washington were not obliged to be out in the rain yesterday. They knew the country was safe, and what did they care if they were disfranchised.

"A FREE and an unthought ballot" is demanded in the national democratic platform. The White Lancers of the south interpreted this expression to mean a "free and a well-shot ballot." They put their ballots in with a rifle.

MR. BLAINE'S vice broke at Boston yesterday, and he had to excuse himself from speaking. He did wonders with that voice, however. He made it ring through thirty-eight states, and its echoes will ring through the century.

FOR SALE.—A choice collection of infamous campaign lies and vile personal scandals, good for any campaign. For particulars inquire of Carl Schurz, Henry Ward Beecher, George William Curtis, Joseph W. Harper, Jr., and George Jones, agents and incorporators of the Holy Willie Bureau of Political Defamation.

AN ex-convict was arrested yesterday for swindling a number of people out of a large sum of money on a New Orleans Exposition. Guide and a book on the resources of the south. If he had not been nipped he would, within a period of less than three weeks, have gotten away with a "boodle" amounting to fully \$100,000.

THE thousands of full-grown, able-bodied men of Washington who have been swept by tornadoes of passionate desire yesterday, but they were as powerless for good or bad as the gentlemen serving meals of an oriental prince. They never realized more keenly the humiliating fact that they are political cunctives.

THE fifty thousand men who live in the District of Columbia know what it is to experience the humiliation of disfranchisement, but they do not run the risk of being shot down for daring to hold opinions at variance with the opinions of their neighbors. In this respect they are better off than the republican voters of the south.

ENGLAND is greatly disturbed on account of the distress among the poorer people; and it is being demonstrated that the hard times and business depression are traceable directly to free trade. The protection party in the British empire is growing, and one of these days a tariff fence for the protection of home labor may be built around the tight little island. The complaint is general that capital can find no profitable investment in England;

"TO BE SHOT DEAD AT SIX."

The Fate of a French War Correspondent in the East—A Severe Example of Military Discipline in Tonquin—How Camille Farcy Encountered the Fatal Hit Will of Gen. Fergomol. Paris, France. A terrible example has been made in Tonquin. One of the special correspondents attached to the expedition now in the field was Camille Farcy, well known as a brilliant writer. He had long been connected with La France, one of the leading journals. The army which he was detailed to accompany was that of Gen. Fergomol. The officer is a martinet, and entertains the rigid ideas regarding discipline that are characteristic of the French. He landed here, in conjunction with Vincennes, conceived the following pledge, which all the journalists were obliged to sign.

"I promise upon my honor to transmit no information whatever, either by telegraph or mail or by any other means, without first having submitted my manuscript to the officer commanding the expedition. I will not allow myself to be delegated that power to me. I further agree that any failure to keep this pledge will expose me to the rigors of military law."

This document was signed by all the correspondents attached to the expedition. When Farcy's turn came, he took the pen, but it was with evident reluctance that he signed it. When he had done so, he said to Fergomol: "General, I sign this document only because I am forced to do so; because, without doing so, I could not fulfill my duty as a correspondent. I do not intend, however, to do so, I could not accompany the expedition. But I warn you, sir, that I shall speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, on every occasion. I shall not allow myself to be intimidated by any man, and I shall not allow myself to be deceived by any man, and I shall not allow myself to be misled by any man. And with a defiant glance at the general Camille withdrew."

The old general snatched his grizzled beard and looked at his watch. He did not, perhaps, most men would have done—bet he apt to dog the footsteps of Farcy.

The expedition was successful. Two evenings after the spy detected the journalist, under a disguise, quitting the camp. He followed and saw him deposit a large envelope in one of the minor post-offices. He then returned to the camp, arrested and conducted to Fergomol's headquarters.

"Ah," said the general, "it is already my fine fellow. Well, what have we here? A letter to the general, is it? In an envelope. 'Him—addressed to La France. Evidently some correspondence which you were sending without my knowledge.'"

"Yes, General," said Farcy, calmly. "Let us see what it is," said Fergomol, as he began to peruse the letter.

"General," said Farcy, coldly, "permit me to state to you, sir, that you are violating private correspondence."

"Private correspondence? Bah!" retorted Fergomol. "Very private, indeed! All Paris would know it in another day," and he resumed his reading.

There were some severe strictures in the letter upon the conduct of the campaign. Fergomol's reading was interrupted by a shout, and when he finished he was surprised to find that the general was standing before him, and that he was holding a pistol in his hand.

"So," said he, grimly, "you consider yourself competent to judge of the operations of a general in the field, do you? Well, let me tell you that the law is to add to your knowledge of military affairs."

Farcy declined to defend himself. A court-martial was immediately convened. Its president was the general, and the accused was Camille Farcy. He was sentenced to be shot at six in the morning.

It was then midnight. The doomed man was taken to the gallows, and a lieutenant and a squad of soldiers put upon special train and was borne swiftly into the capital city, where the execution was to take place.

At 5 o'clock the train dashed into the city. It passed under the walls of the palace where Albert Grey, the governor general, lives in state. The windows were dark, and the strains of a waltz were borne to the ears of the prisoner. The governor was giving a ball.

How long an hour in which to prepare for death! He could not be so compassionately. "Would you like to have me send for a priest?"

"I suppose," said Farcy, "you will grant my last request?"

"Then let me go the ball. I would like to have a waltz before I die."

The officer bowed, and repaired to M. Girard, who had been waiting for him. "His request shall be granted," said the president's brother. "Who could refuse a dying man's request? Bring him here; he shall dance with my daughter."

FRONTIER PIETY

The First Church in Bismarck—Difficulties Met by the Parson in Organizing for Salvation Business. Monday Evening, in DeWitt's Magazine. In consecrating a new church edifice at Bismarck, Dak., recently the managers made a mistake in omitting all reference to the start which religion made in that town and in the vicinity of it. As a revelation of what pioneer preachers had to confront it is interesting.

Bismarck has not always been the law-abiding, peaceful city it is now, and when it was young—literally on wheels—a class of denizens crept in who were not at all particular what color the town was painted as long as it was painted red.

One of the chief industries of the village was gambling, and the others were getting drunk and impregnating the atmosphere and fellow citizens with cold lead. The pastimes were raiding adjacent Indian camps and tearing down the local opinion of the literary taste of the audience. There was a dim, misty notion that somewhere on the earth there were people who considered some gambling device, and they were anxious to be posted that they might "place sucker" to the next man who turned up with it and thereby win his money, while he should remain in the land of the living.

The question as to the place in which the exercises should be held aroused the town to unwonted activity. Whatever the dominion was to be, it was to be a place where the parson had to be present, and every saloon was offered the dominion in which to exploit himself, with the assurance that the rent would not only be paid, but the parson would be paid without any expense to himself. Other and equally powerful inducements were held out until enterprise finally threw itself into the form of finance, and the parson was able to raise the money for the privilege of introducing the new feature.

To the hard-headed and experienced merchant, who saw nothing in the prospect, this was a very peculiarly satisfactory arrangement. He advised the parson to hold out until the next notch price had been reached, and even suggested a joint-stock company in which they stood ready to meet as soon as it should be organized.

The bewildered preacher scarcely knew what to do. He wanted money for his church, but he shrank from taking "the wages of sin," and he led the profits of saloon keeping. The position was warmly combated with much strength of gesture and not a little profanity. The dominion was obtained, and a gambler cut the Gordian knot by offering his extensive faro rooms for the approaching entertainment. It was the easiest way out, and the parson eagerly seized upon the offer.

It was a peculiar congregation that faced the dome the morning of his sermon. Not a face displayed the slightest trace of the habit of saloon drinking, and the men accustomed to conceal their emotions behind impassive visages, and they did not protest that the stranger should not be present, but they were all silent, and they were all looking at the parson with a look of surprise.

At half past ten the parson was in the pulpit, and he began to read the text. The parson was a man who had seen a good deal of the world, was a good judge of men, and had the peculiar faculty of being able to read the hearts of men. He had seen the parson in the pulpit, and he had seen the parson in the pulpit, and he had seen the parson in the pulpit.

At the close of his prayer the parson announced that he wanted his congregation to be organized for the purpose of saving souls. He said that he had seen the parson in the pulpit, and he had seen the parson in the pulpit, and he had seen the parson in the pulpit.

"Yes," said the parson, "I would like to have a waltz before I die."

The officer bowed, and repaired to M. Girard, who had been waiting for him. "His request shall be granted," said the president's brother. "Who could refuse a dying man's request? Bring him here; he shall dance with my daughter."

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TYPE-WRITING GILLS.

An Institution in all Large Cities—An Atry Description of the Industrious Fair Ones. Brooklyn, N.Y. The stenographer is rapidly being succeeded by the type-writer. Men are too tired to require great facility at this sort of work, and the women, who are the staple of the industry, are too delicate and old-fashioned in their ideas to be able to do the work. The work is finished when the operator has "reached the end. A large element of uncertainty enters into life when one employs a stenographer. With the type-writer this is not the case. As a rule they are fast, copying speedily and papers, which, by the way, they lay aside without the slightest regret, and they are apparently the only people who have an opportunity to look in the supreme court, and to sit in the supreme court, and to sit in the supreme court.

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AN ANCIENT ROMAN ELECTION

A Striking Picture of the Political Customs of the First People Who Elected by Popular Vote. By Eugene Lawrence. From republican Rome—our early teachers—we borrow most of our political ideas, and even language. Our elections vary little from those of the Roman forum. To the Latin we owe our candidates and our orators, our tribunes, our senators and our consuls, the ballot and ballot box, the register and the polling, the conception of personal independence, the sovereignty of the people. The free Roman would have to name and elect Cicero and Cæsar were forced to solicit the votes of their fellow-citizens with a humility that was never forgiven.

To obtain an official Roman candidate toiled for months, and even years. Clad in his white robe he walked the forum and the busy streets of the city, saluting every one, asking voice, and seeking what he termed "the favor of the people." He spoke to every citizen he met familiarly, he grasped his hand, he begged his support; he spoke of his own merits, declared his opponent unworthy, and to secure some liberal measure, he offered a bribe. Cicero, who was above bribery, has left us in his letters a curious picture of the toils, anxieties, and interior life of the Roman candidate.

An election day at Rome was a scene of singular excitement. Every year the chief magistrates of Italy were renewed, and every year the voters crowded the capital. The day was agitated and intense party feeling. The rural population from Latium and the distant colonies over the Tiber hastened to exercise the privilege of suffrage. Chariots filled with citizens came from the Sabine villages, footmen crossed the Suburban bridge, a great multitude wandered through the streets of Rome, astonished at the magnificent costumes and long experience that the average Roman type-writer never really cared to wash her hands. It is a strange spectacle for the purpose of affording her an opportunity to look in the mirror, she returns, throws herself carelessly into the chair, and briskly puts a sheet of paper into the machine. Having done this, she withdraws the paper, turns around, and looks into the face of the type-writer, who is now seated at the typewriter. This is a system they never depart from under any circumstances. She is not ready yet, however. At this point it becomes necessary to open a small drawer at the right side of the typewriter, and to take out a more or less showy purse, which she opens and takes out a few bills, which she places in the typewriter. She then looks at the type-writer, and says, "There, you are ready now." The type-writer then looks at the type-writer, and says, "There, you are ready now."

The voting next began. The excitement rose. The people, arranged in centuries or hundreds, passed over a bridge of wood into the polling place. Here, in the earlier ages, they voted by ballot, and later with wooden tablets. Each vote was recorded and counted at once, and the result announced. The ballot box was the property of the state, and was guarded by citizens of unblemished honor, and was scarcely possible. As one by one the centuries gave in their ballots the excitement was redoubled. The candidates and the people hung round the box, and the heralds of the heralds as they proclaimed the progress of the election.

Livy has left many a picture of these fierce political contests. Now on one side, now on another, he has seen the Roman law into every European state, and never again to be forgotten. The Roman law into every European state, and never again to be forgotten. The Roman law into every European state, and never again to be forgotten.

These were the first general elections, the models of our own. They were preceded by a period of discussion as animated as that which we now witness in fifty millions of freemen from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Recent excavations in the Roman forum have laid bare the stone columns of a popular election, and the discussions were held. We may trace the very platform where the Gracchi, almost the authors of modern republicanism, defied the Roman slaveholders, and perished by their dagger; where Cato demanded reform, where Cicero spoke to a degenerate, hopeless race. For four hundred years, at least, the Roman law into every European state, and never again to be forgotten. The Roman law into every European state, and never again to be forgotten.

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ODDS AND ENDS.

AUTUMN COLORS. The autumn's gorgeous golden cup With wavy, empyrion rim; The sunset lavishly fills it up With rosy wine of heaven's perfume. And while the wind so sweetly grieves The grasses, parched and dead, It spills the wine on the trembling leaves, And turns them yellow and red. The field