

## Morning Star and Catholic Messenger.

NEW ORLEANS, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1874.

that daughter of Messire de Bethune into France: she seems full of Flemish pride and obstinacy; and I shall be pleased to have her at my court. Enough said;—you understand me. To-morrow I leave this accursed land; I have had more than enough of their insolence. Raoul de Nesle goes with us; you remain here as Governor-general of Flanders, with full power to rule the land at your discretion, and accountable only to ourselves for your fidelity."

"Say, rather, at the discretion of my royal niece," interposed De Chatillon, in a tone of flattery.

"Be it so," said Joanna; "I am gratified by your devotedness. Twelve hundred men-at-arms shall remain with you to support your authority. And now it is time for us both to go to rest, my fair uncle; so I wish you good night."

"May all good angels watch over your majesty!" said De Chatillon, with a profound bow; and with these words he left the chamber of the evil-minded queen.

## CHAPTER VIII.

The city magistrates and their friends the Liliards had gone to great expense about the ceremonial of the royal entry. The triumphal arches and scaffolding, and the precious stuffs with which they were adorned, had cost large sums of money; besides which, a quantity of the best wine had been served out to each of the king's men-at-arms. As all this had been done by order of the magistrates, and consequently had to be paid for out of the common chest, it had been regarded by the citizens with the greatest dissatisfaction.

All the machinery of the pageant had long been removed; De Chatillon was at Courtrai, and the royal visit almost forgotten, when one morning, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, a crier appeared before the town-hall, at the usual place of proclamation, and by sound of trumpet called the people together. As soon as he saw a sufficient number of hearers assembled, he produced a parchment from a case which hung at his side, and began to read aloud:

"It is hereby made known to each and every citizen, that the worshipful the magistrates have ordered as follows, that is to say: "That an extraordinary contribution be levied for covering the expenses of the entry of our gracious king, King Philip."

"That each and every inhabitant of the city pay thereto the sum of eight groats Flemish, to be paid head by head, without distinction of age."

"That the tax-gatherers collect the same on Saturday next, from door to door; and that such as by force or fraud refuse or evade payment of the same be compelled thereto in due course of law."

Those of the citizens who heard this proclamation looked at one another with astonishment, and secretly murmured at so arbitrary an exaction. Among these were several journeymen of the Clothworkers' Company, who, without delay, hastened to make the matter known to their Dean.

Deconinck received the intelligence with extreme displeasure. Such a violent blow struck at the rights and liberties of the community filled him with mistrust as to what might follow, for he saw in it a first step towards the despotism under which, with the aid of France, the nobles were endeavoring again to bring the people; and he determined to defeat these first attempts either by force or policy. He well knew that any opposition might easily be fatal to him, for the foreign armies still occupied Flanders; but no consideration could check his patriotic zeal; he had devoted himself body and soul to the weal of his native city. Sending immediately for the company's beadle, he thus commissioned him:

"Go round instantly to all the masters, and summon them in my name to meet forthwith at the hall. Let them lay all else aside, and delay not a moment, for the matter is urgent."

The Clothworkers' Hall was a spacious building with a round gable. A single large window in front, over which stood the arms of the company, gave light to the great room on the first floor; over the wide doorway stood St. George and the dragon, artistically cut in stone. In all other respects the front was without ornament or pretension; it would have been difficult in fact to guess from its appearance that it was here the wealthiest guild in Flanders held its meetings, for it was far excelled in magnificence by many of the houses around it.

Notwithstanding the considerable number of large and small chambers which the building contained, not one of them was empty or unemployed. In a spacious room on the second story were to be seen the masterpieces, or specimens of work which every one had to show before he could be admitted to the mastership; and also patterns of the most costly stuffs that the looms of Bruges could produce. In an adjoining chamber were exhibited models of all the implements made use of by weavers, fullers, and dyers. In a third apartment were laid away the dresses and arms which were used by the guild on occasions of ceremony.

The principal room in which the masters held their meetings, lay towards the street. All the operations which the wool had to undergo, from those of the shepherd and shearer to those of the weaver and dyer, and even to the foreign merchant, who came from distant lands to exchange his gold for the stuffs of Flanders, were exhibited upon the walls in well-executed paintings. Several oaken tables and a number of massive seats stood upon the stone floor. Six velvet covered arm chairs at the further end indicated the place of the Dean and Ancients.

The beadle once despatched, it was not long before a considerable number of master-clothworkers were assembled at the hall, energetically discussing the matter which for the time most occupied them, and overspread every countenance with the deepest gloom. Most of them were violent in their expressions of indignation against the magistrates; nevertheless,

less, there were some who seemed disinclined to take any extreme steps. While the assembly was thus each moment increasing, Deconinck entered the room, and passed slowly through the crowd of his fellows up to the great chair where his place was. The Ancients took their seats beside him; the rest mostly remained standing by their seats, the better to catch sight of their Dean's countenance, and read off from his furrowed brow the full sense of his weighty and eloquent speech. The whole number present was sixty persons.

As soon as Deconinck saw the attention of his fellows directed upon himself, with an emphatic gesture of his hand he thus spoke:

"My brethren! give heed to my words, for the enemies of our freedom, the enemies of our prosperity, are forging fetters for our feet! The magistrates and Liliards have flattered the foreigner who is become our master, by receiving him with extraordinary pomp; they have pressed us into their service for the erection of their scaffolding and arches, and now they require that we should make good the cost of their scandalous prodigality from the fruits of our honest labor; a demand which is an infringement alike on the liberties of our city and on the rights of our company. Understand me well, my brethren, and endeavor with me to penetrate the future; if for this once we submit to an arbitrary imposition, our liberty will soon be trampled under foot. This is the first experiment, the first pressure of the yoke that is hereafter to sit heavy upon our necks. The unfaithful Liliards, who leave their Count, our lawful lord, in a foreign prison, that they may the better be able to gain the mastery over us, have long fattened upon the sweat of our brows. Long did the people serve them,—serve them as beasts of burden, and with sighs and groans. To you, men of Bruges, my fellow-citizens, was it first given to receive the heavenly beam, the light of freedom; you were the first to break the chains of slavery; you rose up against your tyrants like men, and never again shall you bow your necks under the yoke of despotism. At present our prosperity is the envy, our greatness is the admiration, of all the people of the earth; is it not then our bounden duty to preserve for ourselves,—to hand down to our children, those liberties which our fathers won for us, and which made us what we are? Yes, it is our duty, and a sacred one! and whose forgets it is a traitor deserving the name of man, a slave worthy only of contempt!"

But here one of the masters present, by name Brakels, who had already twice filled the office of Dean, rose from his seat, and interrupted Deconinck's speech with these words:

"You are always talking of slavery and of our rights; but who tells us that the worshipful magistrates intend to infringe upon them? Is it not better to pay eight groats than to break the peace of the city? For it is easy to see that if we resist, we shall not get off without bloodshed. Many of us will have to bury a child or a brother—and all for eight groats! If we were to take your word for every thing, the Clothworkers would have their 'good-days' in hand oftener than their shuttles; but I hope that our masters will be too wise to follow your advice on this occasion."

This speech caused the greatest excitement among all present. Some, though but few, made it apparent by their gestures that they thought with Brakels; but by far the greater number disapproved of the sentiments he had expressed.

Deconinck had narrowly watched the countenances of his brethren, and had told over the number of those upon whose support he could reckon. Having speedily convinced himself that the party of his adversary was but small, he replied:

"It stands written expressly in our laws that no new burden can be laid upon the people without their own consent. This freedom has been purchased at a very costly price; and no person, be he who he may, has the power to violate it. True it is, that to one who does not look far forward, eight groats, paid once for all, are no great matter; and certainly it is not for eight groats' sake that I would urge you to resistance; but the liberties, which are our bulwark against the despotism of the Liliards,—shall we allow them to be broken down? No; that were at once most base and most improvident. Know brethren, that liberty is a tender plant, which, if you break but a single branch from off it, soon fades and dies; if we allow the Liliards to clip our tree, we shall soon have no longer power to defend its withered trunk. Once for all, whoever has a man's heart in his bosom does not pay the eight groats! Whoever feels true Claward blood in his veins, let him lift his 'good-day,' and strike for the peoples rights! But let the vote determine; what I have said is my opinion, not my command."

To these words the master who had already spoken on the opposite side rejoined:

"Your advice is evil. You take pleasure in tumult and bloodshed, in order that in the midst of the confusion your name may pass from mouth to mouth as our leader. Were it not much wiser, as true subjects, to submit to the French government, and so to extend our commerce over the whole of the great land of France? Yes, I say, the government of Philip the Fair will forward our prosperity; and every right-minded citizen therefore must regard the French rule as a benefit. Our magistrates are wise men and honorable gentlemen."

The greatest astonishment showed itself throughout the assembly, and not a few angry and contemptuous looks were cast upon him who held this unseemly language. As for Deconinck, he could no longer contain his wrath; his love for the people was unbounded, and moreover he felt it a dishonor to the whole guild that one of his own Clothworkers should thus express himself.

"What!" he exclaimed, "is all love for freedom and fatherland dead in our bosoms? Will you, out of thirst for gold, kiss the very hands that are riveting the chains about our feet? And shall posterity have it to say that it was the men of Bruges that first bowed their heads before the foreigner and his slaves? No, my brethren, you will not endure it; you will not let this blot come upon your name."

Let the cowardly Liliards harter away their freedom to the stranger for miserable gold, and peace such as dastards love; but let us remain free from reproach and shame. Let free Bruges once again pour out the blood of her free children for the right! So much the fairer floats the blood-red standard; so much the faster stands the people's power!"

Here Deconinck made a short pause; and before he could resume, Master Brakels again broke in:

"I repeat it, say what you will. What disgrace is it to us that our prince is a stranger? On the contrary, we ought to feel proud that we are now a part of mighty France. What matters it to a nation that lives and thrives by commerce to whose sway it bows? Is not Mahomet's gold as good as ours?"

The indignation against Brakels was now at the highest,—so high, in truth, that no one deigned to answer him; only Deconinck sighed deeply, and at last exclaimed:

"O, shame! a Liliard, a bastard has spoken in our hall! We are disgraced for ever!"

A tumultuous movement passed through the assembly, and many an eye flashed wrath upon Master Brakels.

Suddenly a voice was heard from the midst of the assembly, "Turn the Liliard out! No French hearts among us!" and the cry was repeated again and again from one to another.

It now required all Deconinck's influence to keep the peace; not a few seemed inclined to violence; and the question was put, whether Brakels should be expelled the company, or fined in forty pounds' weight of wax.

While the clerk was busy taking the votes, Brakels stood with an unconcerned air before the Dean. He relied upon those who had received with favor his first speech; but in this he greatly deceived himself, for the name of Liliard, a sore reproach in the eyes of all, had not left him a single friend. The sentence that he should be expelled the company was given without a dissentient voice, and the announcement was received with general acclamation.

Upon this all the fury of the Liliard burst forth, and a torrent of threats and abuse flowed from his mouth. The Dean sat on in his place with the greatest composure, without deigning to reply to his adversary's insults. Presently there came up two stout journeymen, who officiated as doorkeepers, and required Brakels to leave the hall forthwith, as no longer a member of their body. Full of spite and bitterness, he obeyed, and now thirsting for revenge, presented himself without loss of time before John Van Gistel, the principal tax-gatherer, whom he informed of the opposition organized by the Dean of the Clothworkers.

Peter Deconinck continued at considerable length to address his fellows, the better to encourage them to the defence of their rights. It was far from being his desire, however, that they should do anything tumultuously; and he strictly enjoined them to confine themselves to refusing payment of the eight groats until he should call them to arms.

All the members now left the hall, and made the best of their way homeward. Deconinck proceeded alone and in deep thought along the old Sack Street, intending to have a conference with his friend Breydel. He foresaw how great would be the efforts of the nobles to re-establish their power over the people, and he was meditating on the means of preserving his brethren from falling again under the yoke. The moment he was on the point of turning into the Butcher Street, he found himself surrounded by some ten armed soldiers, while the high constable of the town coming up to him, required him, in the name of the magistracy, to surrender without resistance. His hands were bound behind his back, as if he had been a common criminal; to which, however, he submitted without complaint, well knowing that resistance was in vain. In this way he walked quietly on through four or five streets between the halberds of the sergeants, without seeming to pay any attention to the exclamations of wonder which everywhere greeted the procession; and was at last conducted into an upper chamber of the Prince's Court, in which the city magistrates were already assembled, and along with them the other chiefs of the Liliards,—John Van Gistel, chief receiver of the taxes, and the warmest friend of France in all Flanders,—being at their head. The latter no sooner saw Deconinck before him, than with an angry voice he exclaimed:

"So, insolent citizen, you defy the authority of the magistrates! We have heard of your rebellious doings, and it shall not be long before you pay for your disobedience on the gallows!"

To this insulting speech Deconinck calmly answered:

"The liberty of my people is dearer to me than my life. In such a death there is no shame, and for me there is no fear, for the people die not. There will still be men enough whose necks will never bend under the yoke."

"A dream, a vain dream," replied Van Gistel; "the people's reign is over. Under the rule of our gracious sovereign, King Philip, a subject must obey his lord. Your privileges, extorted by you from weak princes, must needs be reviewed and curtailed; for you have grown into insolence upon the favors shown you, and now rise up against us, as disobedient subjects, worthy not only of punishment but of contempt."

Deconinck's eye flashed with indignation: "God knows," he exclaimed, "whether it is the people who better deserve contempt, or the Liliards, those bastard sons of Flanders, who forget alike their country and their honor, basely to fawn upon a foreign master! Submissively you kneel before this prince who has sworn the downfall of your country; and to what end? that you may bring back into your hands your old despotic sway over the people; and that for greed of gold! But you shall not succeed; they who have once tasted of the fruits of the tree of freedom turn with disgust from the baits you offer. Are you not the slaves of the foreigner? And think you that the men of Bruges are sunk low enough to be the slaves of slaves? Sirs, you forget yourselves strangely! Our country has grown into greatness, the people have felt their own dig-

nity, and your iron sceptre is gone from you for ever."

"Be silent, rebel!" cried Van Gistel; "what have such as you to do with freedom? you were never made for it."

"Our freedom," answered Deconinck, "we have bought and paid for with the sweat of our brows and the blood of our veins; and shall we, then, permit such as you to wrest it from us?"

Van Gistel replied with a scornful smile:

"Idle words, Master Dean; your threats are mere smoke. We have now the French forces at our disposal, and shall soon show you that we can clip the wings of the many-headed monster. The insolence of the commons has long passed all bounds, and they must now be ruled by other laws. Our plans, be assured, are so well laid, that Bruges shall humbly bow the neck; and as for yourself, you shall not behold to-morrow's dawn."

"Tyrant!" cried the Dean; "shame of Flanders! Are not the graves of your fathers dug in her soil? Do not their sacred ashes rest within the earth that you, unnatural that you are, would basely sell for the gold of the foreigner! Posterity shall judge you for your cowardice; and your own children, when they chronicle the deeds of these days, shall curse and renounce you!"

"It is time to make an end of these foolish and insolent declamations," exclaimed Van Gistel. "Here, sergeants, to the dungeon with him until the gallows is prepared!"

Upon this Deconinck was led away, down several flights of stairs, into an underground vault. He was heavily ironed; a chain round his waist made him fast to the wall, while by another his right hand was linked to his left foot. An allowance of bread and water was set before him, the massive door was closed and locked, and the captive was left alone in his solitary dungeon. He now saw clearly from the words of Van Gistel how seriously the freedom of his native town was threatened. In his absence, the Liliards might overpower the citizens with the aid of the foreign mercenaries, and so annihilate the labors of his whole life. This was a frightful thought for him. Ever and anon as he moved under his chains, and their clanking struck his ear, he seemed to see his brethren lying thus bound before him, with shame and slavery for their portion; and a tear of regret would trickle down his cheeks.

The Liliards, in truth, had long been busy with a plot of surprise and treachery. Hitherto they had never been able to lay any firm foundation for their ascendancy in Bruges. The people were all armed, and could not be coerced. No sooner was any recourse to violence attempted, than the terrible 'good-days' appeared, and all their endeavors were in vain: the guilds were too strong for them. At length, in order to remove, once for all, this hindrance out of their way, they had concerted a plan with De Chatillon, now governor-general of Flanders, for surprising and disarming the citizens on the morrow of this very day. An early hour of the morning had been fixed upon for the execution of their design, when De Chatillon was to be ready to support them with five hundred French men-at-arms; but however well their secret might be kept from ordinary observers, they greatly feared the activity and penetration of Deconinck, who, moreover, was evidently possessed of secret sources of information which they had in vain endeavored to trace out. The Dean of the Clothworkers was craftier than them all, as they well knew; they had therefore seized the first opportunity of arresting him, in order to deprive the popular party of their ablest leader, and so fatally to weaken their ranks. Brakels' denunciation and the intended resistance of the Clothworkers, had merely served them as a pretext.

Having thus begun, by the commitment of Deconinck, the execution of their base plans for betraying their native city to the stranger, they were about to break up the assembly, when suddenly a tumult was heard without, the door was burst open, and a man forced his way through the doorkeepers, who, striding proudly up to the assembled magistrates, cried in a loud voice:

"The Trades of Bruges call upon you to say whether you will release Deconinck, the Dean of the Clothworkers,—yes or no? I advise you not to be long in making up your mind."

"You have no concern, Master Breydel, in this chamber," answered Van Gistel; "and I command you to quit it forthwith."

"I ask you once more," repeated Jan Breydel, "will you set at large the Dean of the Clothworkers, or will you not?"

Van Gistel, after whispering to one of the magistrates, cried in a loud voice:

"We reply to the threats of a rebellious subject with the punishment he deserves. Sergeants, seize him!"

"Ha! ha! Seize him!" repeated Breydel, with a laugh; "who will seize me, I should like to know? Take notice that the commons are at this moment about to make themselves masters of the building, and that each and every one of you shall answer with his life for the Dean of the Clothworkers. You shall soon see quite another dance, and to quite another tune too;—that I promise you."

Meanwhile some of the sergeants in waiting had drawn near and seized the Dean of the Butchers by the collar, while one of them was already uncoiling a piece of cord with which to bind him. Breydel, intent upon what he was saying, had hitherto taken but little notice of these preparations; but now, as he turned away from the Liliards, he perceived what the officers were about; and sending from his chest a deep sound, like the suppressed roaring of a bull, he cast his flashing eyes upon his assailants, and cried:

"Think you, then, that Jan Breydel, a free butcher of Bruges, will let himself be bound like a calf? Ha! you will wait long enough for that!"

And with these words, which he uttered in a voice of thunder, he struck one of the officers so violently with his heavy fist upon the head, that the man speedily measured his length on the ground; then, while the rest stood stupefied with astonishment, he rapidly forced his way through them to the door, prostrating

several of them right and left as he passed. In the doorway he turned round upon the Liliards, and again exclaimed:

"You shall pay for it, insolent scoundrels! What I bind a butcher of Bruges! Woe to you, accursed tyrants! Hear me! the drum of the Butchers' Guild shall beat your death-march!"

More he would have said; but being no longer able to hold his ground against the multitude that was pressing upon him, he descended the stairs, uttering threats of vengeance as he went.

An indistinct sound, like the roar of distant thunder, now fell upon the ear from the other side of the city. The Liliards turned pale, and trembled at the coming storm; nevertheless, being determined not to release their prisoner, they strengthened the guard about the building, so as to secure it against assault, and retired to their homes, protected by an armed escort.

An hour afterwards the whole city was in insurrection; the tocsin sounded, and the drums of all the guilds beat to arms. The distant groan of the coming storm had given place to the formidable howl of a present tempest. Window shutters were closed; doors were fastened, and only opened again for the grown men of the family to pass out in arms. The dogs barked fiercely, as though they had understood what was going on, and joined their hoarse voices to the angry shouts of their masters. Here the people were grouped in masses; there they ran hither and thither with hasty steps; some armed with maces or clubs, others with "good-days" or halberds. Among the streaming multitude the butchers were easily to be recognised by their flashing pole-axes; the smiths, too, with their heavy sledge-hammers on their shoulders, were conspicuous among the rest at the place of meeting, which was near to the Clothworkers' hall, and where already a formidable body of the guilds stood drawn up in array. The multitude kept constantly increasing, as each new-comer ranged himself under his proper standard.

At last, the assembly being now sufficiently numerous, Jan Breydel mounted the top of a wagon, which by chance was standing in the street, and flourishing his heavy pole-axe about his head, in a stentorian voice thus addressed the throng:

"Men of Bruges! the day has arrived when you must strike for life and liberty! Now we must show the traitors what we really are, and whether there is a pound of slave's flesh to be found among us, whatever they may think. They have Master Deconinck in their dungeon; let us release him, if it cost us our blood. This is work for all the guilds, and a right good treat for the butchers. Now, comrades, up with your sleeves!"

And while his fellows were obeying the word of command, he himself stripped his tawny arms to the shoulders, and sprang from the wagon, crying:

"Forward! Deconinck for ever!"

"Deconinck for ever!" was the universal cry. "Forward! Forward!"

And, like the surging waves of a stormy ocean, the angry multitude rolled onward towards the Prince's Court. The streets resounded with the cry of "Death to the tyrants!" while the terrible clash of arms might be heard, mingled with the baying of the dogs, the heavy toll of the bells, and the roll of the drums; the citizens seemed possessed one and all with sudden fury.

At the first approach of their frantic assailants the guards of the Prince's Court fled in every direction, and left the building wholly undefended. But hurried as their flight was, it was not rapid enough to save them all; in an instant more than ten corpses lay on the ground in front of the palace.

Impatient of each moment's delay, and furious as an enraged lion, Breydel mounted the stairs by three steps at a time, and meeting a French servant in one of the passages, hurled him headlong among the people below, where the unhappy victim was received on the points of the "good-days," and instantly despatched with clubs and maces. Soon the whole building was filled with people. Breydel had brought with him several of the smiths, and the doors of the dungeons were speedily broken open; but, to the dismay of the liberators, all were empty; Deconinck was no where to be found. Then they swore in their fury fearfully to avenge his death.

(To be continued.)

A veteran officer observes: "I never place reliance on a man who is telling what he would have done had he been there. I have noticed that somehow this kind of people never do get there."

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

## REPUTATION.

## PLATFORM OF THE HIVES.

1. Reputation of the whole of the so-called debt of the State of Louisiana, and refusing to vote for any tax to pay the principal or the interest of the same.
2. The passage of an act by the Legislature of Louisiana, at the earliest moment possible, prohibiting the assessment of taxes, under any name or guise whatever, to pay interest or principal of the so-called debt of any city, town, village or parish in the State.
3. The passage of an act by Congress, complementary to the section of the Federal constitution, declaring that no State shall emit bills of credit, making it a penal offence to assess or attempt to collect a tax to pay the interest or principal of any bill of credit issued by or in the name of a State, or a public corporation created by a State.
4. Abolition of every State tax upon industry, knowledge, or "license tax," prohibition, by legislative enactment, of any such taxes, by city, town, village or parish authority; and the entire exemption, by statute, of all vessels, whether sea-going or river craft, from wharfage, levee or any tax whatsoever, in every port, and at every landing in Louisiana.
5. Reduction of State taxation, for every purpose, to a rate which shall not exceed one dollar and a half per head of the population of the State (say 700,000), according to the census made in 1870.
6. Limitation of municipal or parochial taxes, for all purposes, to a rate which shall not exceed seven dollars per head of municipal or parochial population (say 200,000 in New Orleans), according to the same census.
7. That all taxes, State and municipal, remaining due on the 1st of January, 1875, shall be cancelled, except so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the appropriations due to charitable institutions, to officers, secretaries, clerks and working people engaged in the public service, and for supplies furnished for public use; provided, however, that no rigid scrutiny shall be made into all the claims, whether pay-rolls or accounts, against any department reasonably obnoxious to the suspicion of fraud; that such prices only, not the extravagant prices charged by reason of depreciated credit, shall be allowed; and, provided, that in any event not over one million of such taxes shall be collected in New Orleans—say one-fifth of the amount which will probably remain due at the time specified.
8. That the salary or fees of every public officer, whose remuneration is properly a subject of legislative consideration, shall be reduced to an amount corresponding with the abilities required to perform his duties, and the responsibilities of his place, due consideration being had also to the universal impoverishment of the people.

Resolved, That every nominee of the HIVES shall give his written assent to the Platform, and shall pledge himself to support it.

## CITY ADMINISTRATORS.

Mayor—JOHN J. LANE.

Administrator of Improvements—DAN'L SCULLY.

Administrator of Accounts—

Administrator of Finance—J. L. DAVIES.

Administrator of Assessments—

Administrator of Police—ZEPH. FOLEY.

Administrator of Commerce—DENIS PRIEUR WHITE.

Administrator of Water Works—CHAS. FITZGER.

REITER.

Civil Sheriff—A. H. DELMAS.

Criminal Sheriff—D. A. DENISON.

Coroner First, Fourth, Sixth and Seventh Districts—

Dr. THOS. E. BROADBENT.

Coroner Second and Third Districts—DELPHIN BIENVENU.

Senators First District—B. R. FORMAN, W. W. CAREE.

Senator Second District—ANTHONY SAMBOLA.

Senator Third District—JOHN PASLEY.

## REPRESENTATIVES.

First District—T. A. BARTLETTE, JAS. TIMONY.

Second District—J. A. FLOEAT, JAMES POWERS.

Third District—

Fourth District—NICHOLAS SINNOTT, JOHN FREDERICH.

Fifth District—FRANK MARQUEZ.

Sixth District—

Seventh District—JOSEPH BEURNEAU.

Eighth District—AUG. STUART.

Ninth District—

Tenth District—H. H. WAED, CHAS. H. REED.

Eleventh District—

Fifteenth Ward (Algiers)—

## JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

1. J. C. COLEMAN.

2. WM. H. HOLMES.

3. JOHN L. LARESCHE.

4. JOHN CAIN.

5.

6. JOHN P. HIGGINS.