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DOES GENERAL GRANT DRINK?

The question whether General Grant uses intoxicating liquors is now happily settled by his campaign partner, Henry Wilson, who, in a letter of testimony to that fact, and adds to it the statement that he is very sorry for it, and that he has long had a mind to ask him to sign the pledge and join a Temperance Society. This is a frank admission that the President not only uses intoxicating liquors, but that Mr. Wilson thinks it time he swore off and joined the Cold Water Army. We are not inclined to dispute Mr. Wilson's statement, as it comes with the weight of official authority; and upon the point no person, however bitter he may be as a partisan, need have any hesitation in accepting the statement at its full value. People of an inquiring turn of mind, however, will wonder that Mr. Wilson, who is known to have a mania for social missionary labors, knowing the President's habits as to the use of intoxicating liquors, has not fully made up his mind to wrestle with him on the subject, and enlist him as a recruit in the Temperance Army. What prouder achievement could Mr. Wilson perform than to rescue the President of the United States from the use of strong drink? What stronger argument could he advance in the cause of temperance propaganda, than to present the example of the President to Chandler, Murphy, etc., as a man who touches not, tastes not, handles not; and, having induced the President to give up the bowl, does it not follow that he would see his other failings in a clearer light, and perhaps give up tobacco, and the society of Harry B. Sims? With such a prospect of making a man out of the President, Mr. Wilson has hesitated to speak his mind, and only indulges in tender lamentations over the sad condition of things.

The mortifying admission which Mr. Wilson has made grows out of a very large stone which Rev. Charles Wheeler Denison, the editor of the Washington National Harbinger, a Temperance paper, has thrown into the glass house. In a letter to a friend, after adducing several facts relative to the President's habits, he says: "In a conversation, last winter, with Senator Henry Wilson, that gentleman said to me, 'President Grant drinks to much,' and concluded with the remark, 'I have told him so.'" In reply to this, Mr. Wilson admits that he said he regretted the President used intoxicating liquors; that he wished he would take the pledge, and that he had a mind to ask him to join the Congressional Temperance Society; which is all that he could have said respecting any person in the habitual use of ardent spirits, as it is only that class who are usually invited to join that flourishing organization. Remembering that Mr. Wilson has made 1,300 speeches since he was one of the tolling millions; remembering that talking is a forte of Mr. Wilson, and that his intemperance consists in the free use of his tongue, it is impossible that he should be able to quote his exact words in an ordinary conversation, and, therefore, the testimony of a clergyman engaged in the Temperance cause, and who would in

a probability, charge his memory with a statement of this nature, is to be preferred to that of Mr. Wilson, who talks all the time. But this point is immaterial, for the one statement virtually amounts to and includes the other.

In view of the fact that Mr. Wilson publicly admits the President uses intoxicating liquors to such an extent that he ought to sign the pledge and join the Congressional Temperance Society, Mr. Wilson should not confine himself any longer to weak and vain regrets over the invariable fact that he should at once by seige to the President and reform him altogether. The partnership of Grant and Wilson expires by limitation in November, and after that time he will not have the advantage of that close association with him which he has now. Should they part company with that duty unfulfilled, Mr. Wilson will have the life long regret of the man who knoweth his duty and doeth it not. Meanwhile, we accept the statement of Mr. Wilson, that the President uses intoxicating liquors to such an extent that he ought to join a Temperance Society, which involves the statement he is alleged to have made, or, good authority, that, in Wilson's opinion, he drinks too much.

FRIENDS OF FEMALE ENFRANCHISEMENT READ.

The following is a letter from the last number of the Pioneer, the Woman Suffrage organ of San Francisco, we commend to the careful perusal of every friend of Woman Rights in Oregon. The "water gruel" plank in the Grant platform gets such a scathing exposure in the article that no person can defend it. Let it be remembered that the Pioneer is the true Pacific Coast woman's friend:

FALLEN WOMEN.

We talk a great deal about fallen women. And why not? In the falling or rising of a single soul, all the world have "regat cibus." All of us, at times, stand on slippery places; all our against obstacles. Some fall to rise no more, while others regain their footing and go on toward new stumbling blocks. There are a variety of unstable places, and various reasons for slipping. Some are pushed out, Ha-20-like, into the world's wilderness to starve or starve. Some are a victim to starvation. Others are too weak to advance, finding no strong hands to uphold, they go down. We wonder, weep and deplore the loss of these fallen souls. That is about all we do toward saving the shipwrecked. There are fallen women; women who learn weakness and dependence; women who are taught to fall gracefully in a strong arm. There is no disgrace attached to this kind of falling. In fact, diplomatic fathers and managing mothers will, without wincing, decoy, beguile and entrap—anything to secure standing ground for their fair young daughters. These *fallen* women are never scorned for falling; never condemned; they are often envied for their shelter gained; or congratulated for their success in life. Men may rebel against the burdens thrust into their breaking arms, but the law has sealed the hands, so that they bear the load as best they may. Such another class of fallen women are those who have sound, honest, earnest faith, put to principle; women who have secured brave enough and strong enough to bear away the gates of Giza, and put a white army of Pharaohs to flight. But the day of trial comes; they faltered and fell, just how and why we do not know. It may be that they mistook the will to the wisp for the real light, dazzled by the false glare and confused by the sound of many voices, and so stumbled into political pits, poor souls! The loss of these women is a loss to all women, a loss to the world. Who ever dreamed that Mrs. Lucy Stone, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore and Miss Susan B. Anthony would have been entrapped by the faint shadows of promises made them by the Philadelphia Convention? It is truly humiliating to know that these worthy women, these chosen few, were so easily and so willingly beguiled into the political meshes. Look at the chaff that won our light and banner bearers. Here is all that can be construed into a woman suffrage plank:

"The Republican party is mind of its obligations to the loyal women of America for their noble devotion to the cause of freedom; their commission to wider fields of usefulness is received with satisfaction, and the honest demands of any class of citizens for additional rights should be treated with respectful consideration."

"Mindful of obligation." Of course they are; and why should they not be? Any clan, clique or party will declare the out-and-out truth when a cause can be won thereby. Gen Grant and the whole Republican party were mindful of the work accomplished by the "loyal women" years ago, but what good did it all do. What return has been made for their sufferings, services and sacrifice during the late war? Has not the Republican party been mindful of the abominable fact that hundreds of women are employed in the government, many of them wives and daughters of dead soldiers; "loyal women" who receive for their service about one half of the amount that is paid to men for the same kind of work? The marvel is, that Gen Grant has not thought to refer to this in his message. With all these facts before the "loyal women," Susan B. Anthony and Matilda Joselyn Gage, on behalf of the Woman Suffrage Association, urge the women to set resolutely to work to elect General Grant, which means defeat, if possible, the election of Horace Greeley. It is indeed a little remarkable that these lost leaders do not know that they are lost. But what is still more pitiable is, that these women are not content to go down themselves, but they cry rejoicingly, "Arise and follow us!" Miss Anthony has done good service in the woman movement, but we mistake the "loyal women" if they join her halcyonals for the Republic as prey.

RADICAL UNITY.

We direct the attention of the friends and worshippers of the "Illinois Dummy" who are ever prating about the peace and unity in the Radical Camp to the following truthful account of the disgraceful scene enacted at the *sooty loyal* Convention held in South Carolina on the 27th of last month. It needs no comment of ours:

New York, Aug. 23.—The furious scenes, yesterday, at the South Carolina Radical Convention, at which Moses, the leader of the ruffing in that state was nominated for Governor, are thus described by the *Health* correspondent: "The Convention has been the scene of the most turbulent excitement ever witnessed in a legislative body, even in Africanized South Carolina. The influence of money proved too powerful for the sake representatives, and the majority of delegates forced upon the party a candidate whose records are furnished with the most reprehensible transactions of the last two Legislative sessions. The lobbies, galleries and halls of the Senate Chamber were thronged with a dense mass of African humanity. Elliot vacated the Chair and charged that Comptroller General Neagle, who supported Chamberlain for the Governorship, offered \$1,000 to each of two delegates, naming them, who were in favor of Moses, to vote for Chamberlain. This produced a fearful scene of excitement. Every delegate, lobbyist and spectator was instantly on his feet, and amid peals of laughter and shouting, rushed frantically to the door, leaving a riot, and, perhaps, bloodshed. Judge T. Mackey excitedly charged that Chamberlain had not only bribed the Legislature of the State to secure the passage of a certain phosphate bill, but that he had, also, as a member of the same body, sold his vote in the Blue Ridge and other railroad bills, and that, as far as Chamberlain's record was concerned, he was as open to charges of bribery and corruption as any other member on the platform. At this juncture the excitement had reached its highest pitch, and the throng of negroes, both without and within, surged to and fro like a great forest shaken by a storm, while the din of yells, curses, and imprecations, nearly drowned the ponderous raps of the President's gavel. As soon as order could be partly restored, Judge James T. Orr, who was a delegate from Anderson County, rose and asked Judge Mackey if he knew anything about \$8,000 being offered to two delegates to control the vote of their respective delegations in the interest of Moses, and Orr further stated that he had this information from the lips of one of the delegates himself. Mackey vociferously retorted that Orr had gone out of the Chamber and induced the delegates in question to make this statement. Orr defiantly replied that that was a lie out of whole cloth, and the Chamber again became a pandemonium.

The appealation of violent mad men is inadequate to give a faint idea of the condition of the crowd at

that time. Elliot rapped the large gavel on the desk with all the powerful force of his stalwart black arm, the perspiration oozing in large black patches through his checkered coat, but, though an expert presiding officer, he failed to make any impression upon the crowd. There were combined yells and cries of "Mr. President," from the Reformers on the floor. One of the delegates who had been offered the bribe of \$2,000 by Moses, obtained the floor, and notwithstanding the noise and confusion, made a clear statement of the various attempts to bribe him by F. J. Moses himself. This was a bombshell in the Moses ranks, and was beginning to have its effect, when it was factually choked off all further debate. When Elliot, by the vigorous use of voice, arm, and gavel, the latter being brought down with all the force of a sledge hammer, ruled that balloting for a nominee of the Republican party of South Carolina now in order. It was in vain the minority moved to adjourn and protested in every conceivable shape against this arbitrary and no parliamentary manner. They were effectually hoisted, yelled, and crushed down, and the calling of the roll began. This was accompanied by cheers and yells, whenever any doubtful vote was cast for Moses. The space immediately behind the President's chair was thronged and packed with delegates, and while the roll was being called, a quarrel broke piece between a delegate and Mr. Elliot, the President of the Convention. What was the origin, I could not discover; but my attention was attracted by the exclamation of Whitmore: "Put up pistol, Mr. President, there is going to be trouble here," and, upon looking up from the reporters' table, I saw Elliot replacing in his breeches pocket what I conceived to be a pistol. The other party, a white man, to the quarrel band discreetly vanished. Shortly after this the vote was announced that Moses had received 69 majority of the ballots, and from that moment was a candidate for Governor of the regular Republican party of South Carolina in the election to take place on the 18th of October next.

This announcement was received with the wildest demonstrations of applause, which continued for nearly ten minutes, the negro band playing "Hail to the chief," a most inappropriate selection, which they followed up with "Dixie," and the delegates yelled as loud and as boisterously as if it had been the "Star Spangled Banner." When this was concluded a committee was appointed to inform Mr. Moses of his nomination, and while that Committee was absent, the tall and the dignified form of Judge Orr was seen surging through the delegates to the centre of the chamber. When he had reached that point, he stopped and facing the chair, said:

"Mr. President, as I cannot endorse the record of Mr. Moses, I respectfully withdraw from the Convention." A volley of hisses and yells greeted the bolt of the South Carolina statesman as he turned his back and strode to the door, but before he fairly got out, Judge Mackey jumped up and yelled out, "Let him go. Mr. President. He never was long on one side in his life." This rally of this political Judge was almost madly cheered. Senator Sawyer, District Attorney Corbin, Collector Clark and all the leading Reformers had just preceded Orr, and it is that bolt is probably the disruption of the Republican party of South Carolina, and the first symptoms of Reform and good Government for the State. There will undoubtedly be a coalition with the whites, and it is privately asserted the State can be easily carried against Moses in October. If that is the result of the bolt, South Carolina will in all probability go for Greeley in November."

SWALLOWING SKUNK.—The editor who are trying so hard to whitewash Grant and Wilson so that citizens of foreign birth, Catholics and temperance men will be able to swallow the dose without gagging, reminds us of the old Indian, who, after a three day's fast, found a tainted skunk, and having a remnant of meal in his pouch, tried to conceal the odor inside by sprinkling meal over a piece of the bull pup—beg pardon—piece of the skunk, which he offered to his squaw, (the same one who was the mother to Grant's oldest hopeful.) Down went the morsel, but, up it came again. Wonder if the temperance men, etc. of Dallas have stronger stomachs than that squaw?

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